

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIII

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No. 40



FROM HERE AND THERE

ALASKA'S output of gold for 1914 was \$15,764,250, or \$140,000 more than for the preceding year.

THE cost of photo-engravings has advanced about two hundred per cent since the outbreak of the war.

ON September 6, John E. Mellish, of the Yerkes Observatory, discovered his fourth comet. It is in the constellation of Monoceros.

THE first full blooded Indian ever admitted to West Point has recently entered there. He is a Cherokee, and bears the suggestive name of Long Lance.

ACCORDING to an exchange, the Canadian authorities have for years endeavored to introduce the American quail, or bobwhite, into British Columbia. Their efforts have not been successful; but last year a few pairs migrated there of their own accord from Washington, apparently liked it, and now bid fair to multiply rapidly.

FOR a number of years New Orleans has waged a war of extermination against the mosquito; now the city proposes to become rat free. The city council has passed three ordinances looking to the abolition of danger from this source. These deal with the use of covered garbage cans, the disposal of garbage, and the prevention of the landing of rats from vessels.

REPORTS constantly appear to the effect that the so-called republic of China is soon to become a monarchy, with its first president, Yuan Shi-kai, as the emperor. Recently Li Yuan Heng, the vice president, resigned. It is said that he informed the president that "while he would not oppose the establishment of a monarchy, he could not sign a petition favoring such a project."

NOT long ago the California Legislature passed a law to the effect that imported eggs must be labeled. Some one had discovered that Chinese eggs, brought into this country and sold to bakeries and other concerns, would pay a handsome profit; and immediately importation on a large scale was begun. Hence the law. Now it has been declared unconstitutional by the superior court of San Francisco; and henceforth free-born Americans may eat as many Chinese eggs as they choose, under any of the pleasing labels under which eggs are sold.

ONE of the saddest results of the present conflict in Europe is the opportunity afforded Turkey to wreak her will on Armenians in her territory. "For months she has been deporting Armenians from the towns and villages in Cilicia, and sending them to the desert lands to the south of Aleppo. The inhabitants of the city and province of Erzerum have suffered the same fate. The deported are not allowed to take with them any of their belongings, and are forced to walk all the way. The weak that fall are allowed to die, and the line of march is strewn with corpses. The men are made to fight in the Turkish Army; murder and rape are common incidents. Martial courts have ordered wholesale executions. Prisons are full of women. The American ambassador protested against the treatment of Armenians, and the government promised to exempt from deportation the members of Armenian Protestant churches. This, however, affects only ten per cent of those involved."

A SHEEP grower at Endicott, Washington, has recently announced that the once-despised "Australian saltbush," which is found over large areas in Washington, Montana, Idaho, and other Western States, and which thrives where nothing else will grow, is one of the best forage plants to be found for sheep in the United States. By experiments on large flocks of sheep he has demonstrated that those fed on the saltbush are in good condition in regard to flesh, and have a superior quality of wool. This discovery will raise the value of millions of acres of land in the West. "A remarkable thing about the saltbush is it grows better in hard, firm soil than on loose, well-cultivated land, and after once getting a stand it requires practically no attention. The weed grows so fast that an ordinary flock of sheep cannot keep a field of good size clear of it, and there is considerable left to be harvested. Another advantage of the weed is that while the sheep like it extremely well, and grow exceedingly fat on it, they never eat enough of it to make them become sick and die, as they do on alfalfa and a number of other plants."

As in the case of every great disaster that was ever chronicled, the blackness of the "Eastland" tragedy was illumined by courage and heroism. If it had not been, the list of dead would have been even greater. A little girl crawled over the slimy side of the ship, and at the risk of her life dragged four children to safety. An unemployed man who had gone to the river to commit suicide plunged in and rescued nine persons, and was then himself dragged out half dead. A policeman saved eight from drowning. Two little boys perished, after helping women and children to safety. These are only a few of the recorded instances of devotion and heroism.

THE ravages of rust cause constant loss to railways and other concerns using large quantities of iron. According to *Tit-Bits*, one large railway system loses more than eighteen tons of metal daily from this cause. Thus far the only way discovered to prevent this loss is to keep the iron surface constantly painted. This is an expensive process, as may be seen from the fact that it costs \$5,000 a year to keep one large railway bridge protected in this way.

THE intensive system of farming has found its way to Iowa, the State of corn and cattle. A truck farm at Waterloo, conducted by five Bulgarians, is said to be a show-place for all the country around. "Using the intensive system of farming learned in their own land, they have produced such crops as their Iowa neighbors never saw before. Those five Bulgarian farmers are worth more to the world than any five Bulgarian generals."

TWENTY-TWO million persons were enrolled in the schools of the United States in 1914. Seven hundred thousand teachers were employed to instruct this army, 566,000 of whom were in the public schools.

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The Youth's Instructor

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The Influence of Song

LORA CLEMENT

FROM the earliest days of history, religion has been wedded to song. Job tells us that when God had completed his creative work and pronounced all things to be "very good," "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." When Israel in their flight from Egypt were safely across the Red Sea, Miriam led the congregation in a song of deliverance. The songs of Deborah illumined the period of the Judges. David, the psalmist, is known as the "sweet singer of Israel." The dawn of the gospel era was heralded by the song of the angels, as they appeared to the Judean shepherds, proclaiming, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century was borne forward on the waves of song, and during the dawning hours of a brighter day Luther and Melancthon encouraged their hearts by singing,—

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

Today we still express our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows, most freely in song. Somehow, gospel hymns are attuned to the most delicate setting of the heartstrings.

Incidents illustrating the power of song are countless.

'Twas a June night in 1896. An elderly gentleman, an American, stood in the topmost gallery of Royal Albert Hall, London. Madame Adelina Patti was to sing, and thousands filled the vast auditorium. He says:—

"The singers are so far from me that I cannot without a glass distinguish Madame Patti from the other members of her concert company. Now she sings difficult Italian music, and her voice is wonderfully flexible and birdlike, clear, and marvelously penetrating. But listen! I hear the opening bars of a familiar melody. The piano is faint, so far is it away, but a deathlike silence has fallen upon the vast throng. I fear I shall not hear the singer; I strain my ears, intently listening. Ah, yes, I *can* hear, so slow and soft, like a spirit voice,—

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble—"

"The hall fades from sight, the brilliant lights vanish. I see no more the great fashionable crowd. I forget that I am listening to the greatest singer in the world. Only a dream whisper, silver clear, yet faint and far away: Home, home, sweet, sweet home. I am borne across the wide sea. The years of manhood vanish. I am a child again. I see once more the dear old home—the old brown farmhouse in Iowa. The old orchard is here. I am swinging careless and free with my brother under the oak tree. I hear the voices of my sisters; I see my father, so true and good; and, O, I see my mother's dear face, full of tenderest love! *She* is singing, and her voice comes to me across the bridge of years.

"Almost with a shock I awake. I hear the last

echoes of the piano notes. The singer is retiring, and the crowd, awakening from the wondrous spell, is beginning to applaud.

"The vision was mine, yet not mine alone. There are tears in the eyes of many whose faces were weary and hardened. They, too, have seen the dear old home, and lived over again the dear dead days of childhood; and to many has come anew the longing for an entrance into the Heavenly Father's home, at last."

Some years ago a party of friends were enjoying the evening on board a Potomac River excursion steamer. Among them was a gentleman who possessed the rare gift of song, and he entertained all who cared to listen by rendering a number of beautiful, well-known hymns. A deep hush fell upon the company as he sang, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

When the musical notes had died away, a gentleman approached the singer and said:—

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the Civil War?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was such a night as this. If I am not mistaken, you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand. The shadows hid me; your beat led you into the clear light.

"As you paced back and forth, you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night floated the words,—

'All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.'

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner and said with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that he has created came to me with peculiar force. If he so cares for the sparrow, how much more for man created in his own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart and ceased to feel alone. 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul' has been my favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

"On an intensely warm day," Mr. H. P. Ford relates, "as I stood on the corner of a sun-baked street in Philadelphia, waiting for a car to take me to the cool retreats of Fairmount Park, I heard a low, quavering voice singing. Looking up to an open window whence the sound came, I saw on the sill a half-withered plant, — a pathetic oasis of green in a desert of brick and mortar, — and resting tenderly and caressingly upon it was an emaciated hand. I could not see the person, but that was unnecessary; the story was all too clearly revealed. I knew that within that close, uncomfortable room a human soul was struggling with the great problem of life and death, and I knew that the life was going out serenely and triumphantly as these words were borne to me on the oppressive air: —

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,—
There by his love o'ershaded
Sweetly my soul doth rest."

"Some years ago a ship was being dashed to pieces on a lee shore. As it drew nearer in the thralldom of relentless breakers, and as the brief winter twilight faded into night, a few men could be dimly seen desperately clinging to the rigging. A small boat could not live in such a sea, and there was no other human means of rendering aid. One by one the sailors gave up the struggle that was beyond mortal endurance, and their bodies were cast upon the beach. The watchers on the shore thought that all had perished, when, in a momentary lull in the roar of the wind and the booming of the waves, a man's voice was heard, full of pleading, away off in the blackness, singing,—

'Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross—'

and then the brave voice was stilled forever. Tender hands drew his body from the surf, and buried it in the village churchyard. When the humble fisher folk gather for worship, the story of the storm and song is often repeated."

The late John Vassar, a well-known evangelist, went into a New England town to conduct revival services. He began his work by going from house to house, distributing tracts and speaking with the people as opportunity came. An Irish woman heard of this strange man who was entering the homes of the town without introduction, and said, "If he comes to my door he shall not be kindly treated." The next day, with no knowledge of her threat, he rang her bell. When she recognized him, she slammed the door in his face. Nothing daunted, he sat down upon the doorstep and sang,—

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do."

In a few weeks this woman applied for admission to church membership, and as she made her confession of faith, she could only say between her sobs, "'Twas those drops of grief. They burned themselves into my heart."

One Sunday evening in 1895, a young lawyer who had scoffed at religion, was lying ill in his room near the Lenox Methodist church in Brooklyn. He was thinking of his wasted life and his godly parents, whose teachings he had ignored. The windows were open, for it was a warm evening, and these words came home to him through the stillness: —

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,—
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am, thy love I own
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come."

And he came. The next morning he sent for the pastor of the church. Holding out his hand to the minister, with eyes full of tears and a voice choked with emotion, he said, "I want to tell you that I have found Jesus Christ to be the Saviour of my soul." Then he told of hearing the song, of his sleepless night, of his struggle, and of the surrender.

It was midnight, but the lights in the Bowery of New York City were bright. A man in threadbare garments — a man who had evidently seen better days — pulled his ragged coat closer about his stooping shoulders and crept along in the shadow. Reputation, health, home, friends, money — all that humanity holds dear was gone, and his steps were bent toward the deep, dark, sobbing river.

As he passed along Water Street, the door of the Jerry McAuley Mission was pushed open, and he heard the sound of singing,—

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far, far from the gates of gold."

The words brought a flood of memories, and he muttered, "Faith, an' that's me. I'm the one outside!" He crept closer to hear more. Inside it was light and warm, and as the song closed, obeying the impulse of the moment the poor drunkard entered. As the service progressed, prayer and exhortation passed unheeded, for the outcast slept; but the voice of the soloist roused him as the meeting closed, and carried a message straight to his aching heart in the words,—

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to cry
Everything to God in prayer!

"Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer."

And the Master heard his stumbling petition. Today this man is a city worker, doing what he can for the Son of God in service for the sons of men.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

The words were sung with a spirit peculiar to a student body. The young people's meeting was in progress in the chapel at Union College. Somehow the words and melody caught the attention of a young woman strolling along one of the campus paths. She was not a Christian, and least of all did she care for missions. But that day her heart was touched. The song took hold of her in a new, strange way. The Saviour's love came into her life, and a few years later she stood on "India's coral strand" to answer so far as she could the call for deliverance.

Yes, the influence of gospel song is as boundless as eternity itself, and will continue to sound through the years, making the world better, faith stronger, and God more real, until a mighty angel, with one foot on the land and the other on the sea, proclaims that time shall be no longer. Then "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads;" then we shall be able to sing in its completeness the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Sunday-Keeping Elephants

MR. BENJAMIN LEFEVRE, ex-Congressman from Ohio, on his return from a tour around the world, gave the following unique elephant story:—

"From Rangoon are shipped the huge teak logs that are floated down from the interior. They are so heavy that they can be handled only by elephants trained for the purpose. One of these will pick up a great log, and, balancing it delicately on his tusks, will carry it to the proper pile, and push it carefully and neatly into place.

"Most of the elephants are owned by native Burmese, who hire them out to lumber merchants. Several years ago, an English firm, finding the native, whose elephants they hired, careless about keeping his contracts, bought a herd of young elephants and trained them in the work of log piling.

"Now the native Burmese has no special day of rest, as does the Jew, the Christian, and the Turk, but rests whenever he feels like it—which is much more frequently than once in seven days. His elephants, therefore, are accustomed to work whenever they are called on. At the yard of the English firm, however, Sunday was strictly observed as a day of rest by men and elephants.

"Now it happened that one Saturday afternoon the river began to rise rapidly, and early Sunday morning the news from the interior told of still greater floods above. The firm had thousands of dollars' worth of logs piled on the river bank, and it became necessary to move them early Sunday morning, if they were not to be swept out to sea.

"At daybreak the manager ordered out his own herd, and told his men to hire every available elephant from native owners. As the Burmese drivers came

hurrying up with their animals, word was given to the beasts in the firm's corrals, to fall into line.

"But not an elephant moved. It was Sunday, and they didn't work on Sunday. The drivers coaxed and cajoled; the herd stood blinking their little eyes in scorn at the hurrying native beasts. Then the drivers borrowed an old tusker from the Burmese and tried to lead them with him. Still not an elephant moved.

"The frantic drivers dug their goads into the necks of their charges, whereupon, as if by preconcerted signal, each elephant swung his trunk, seized his driver about the waist, and put him gently but firmly on the ground, as much as to say, 'You mustn't do that, you know! We'll work faithfully on week days, but we don't work on Sunday.'

"At length the head driver, in desperation, seized the ear of his elephant with the ankus, or hook, used to subdue fractious beasts. Conscious of the indignity, the elephant picked him up in his trunk and flung him against the side of the corral, twenty feet away, then resumed that clumsy swaying that marks the elephant well satisfied with himself. The injured driver was in the hospital for six weeks.

The firm had to relinquish their efforts, and the elephants had their Sunday rest. Several months afterwards Mr. LeFevre, on returning to Rangoon, asked about the Sunday-keeping elephants.

"It was no mere whim," replied the manager. Twice since that time we have tested them to see if they actually kept an accurate account of work days, and once again I got the Burmese to trot their beasts by. But in spite of all I

can do my animals will not work on Sunday.

"There does not seem to be any conspiracy; each brute has figured out the situation for himself. They have arrived at a rudimentary conception of individual rights to their services on week days, and they do not intend that we shall dispute their right to a day of rest."

To go about moping, depressed, blue, out of spirits in general, is to exist, but not to live. It is the condition of a mollusk, and unworthy a human being. Worry is a state of spiritual corrosion. A trouble either can be remedied, or it cannot. If it can be, then set about it; if it cannot be, dismiss it from your consciousness, or bear it so bravely that it may become transfigured to a blessing.—*Lilian Whiting.*



HAULING LOGS, BURMA



ELEPHANT STACKING TIMBER

The Great War—No. 9

The Story of the Rebellion Against the Government of King Jehovah

Why Jehovah Permitted Sin

CARLYLE B. HAYNES



It is impossible to discuss the origin of sin without the question arising, Why was sin permitted? If God knows all things, the end from the beginning, he surely knew what the result would be if sin were permitted to obtain a foothold in this earth. Why, then, did he allow it? We are instructed that God loves his children, even more than human parents love their children, and that he constantly seeks to bring blessings into their lives and guard them against harm. Why, then, knowing as he did all that sin would mean, did he permit this flood tide of evil, sin, misery, anguish, disease, sorrow, and death to sweep over this world where he had placed his children?

We may be sure that God had a purpose in it all, and that his purpose was good. As we study this purpose and the reasons for the entrance of sin into the world, we shall see that this, too, is but an additional demonstration of the unfailing love and justice of God for all his creatures.

The Nature of Sin Not Understood

We must consider at the very outset of our study that the angels were in a much more difficult position to judge what the outcome of sin would be than we are now. They knew nothing of sin, while we have had a practical demonstration of it during the period of our entire lives, and we know from experience that sin is an evil thing, and will result only in evil. None of the created intelligences of the other worlds had known anything of sin. They had never seen any one sin. No such thing existed.

They were under a beneficent government which they knew was good, but there was no way by which they could be sure that another form of government would not be better, for there was no other form, and never had been. They had never known anything but the principles which governed the great kingdom of Jehovah. It is true that the knowledge of these principles was sufficient for their eternal happiness. But as they were free moral agents, and could choose to disobey God as well as obey him, there is no question that the thought must have entered their minds as to what the result of disobedience would be. Undoubtedly there was a tendency to experiment with the law of God, and a wonder as to what would occur if it should be broken. Even before Lucifer indulged in such thoughts, and permitted them to lead him into outright revolt, there may have been other angels who had struggled with the same impulses. But these others had resolutely resisted them, and suppressed them, and put them away as unworthy, and continued their unswerving loyalty to God.

A Demonstration Needed

Lucifer, however, turned these things over in his mind and cherished them, and permitted his mind to dwell long upon them, until with his desire for self-exaltation they swept him from his moorings out into open rebellion against God. God saw that such a demonstration of what sin is and what its results would be must be made in the sight of all the inhabitants of the universe, before they would be able

to see and know and understand that the principles of the kingdom of God were based upon love and mercy and justice, and that no better form of government was possible. Until such a demonstration was made before the angels, it is plain that there would always be the tendency upon their part to experiment with sin. There was but one way for them ever to really know what sin would lead to, and that was to permit them to see a demonstration of it with their own eyes.

So when one of their number, Lucifer, began to question the justice of God and the wisdom of the principles underlying his government, God permitted Lucifer, for the sake of the eternal happiness of all his creatures, to carry forward his work of rebellion. He permitted him fully to develop his plans, though the time came when it would have been folly to have allowed them to be developed in heaven itself, for this might have involved some in all the worlds in the destruction which must inevitably come upon sin and sinners. Hence God limited the field of Lucifer's operations by confining him and his angels to the earth, to which planet he was forced to go when cast out of heaven.

But before Lucifer had gone so far with his rebellion that he could not return, the merciful Father did all that could be done to show him the error of his course and to win him back to his allegiance. But when it became plain that there was no hope of saving Lucifer himself, instead of destroying him God permitted him to continue his work of rebellion, and thus demonstrate before all the universe the righteousness and holiness and love of God.

It will help us to understand the wisdom of God in permitting Satan to continue his work if we permit our minds to dwell a moment on the results which would have occurred if God had followed the opposite course and destroyed Satan at once when it became evident that he would not return to his allegiance.

Destruction of Satan Would Have Spread the Rebellion

Suppose, then, in order to protect the inhabitants of heaven and of all the worlds from contact with sin, God had destroyed Satan at once. There is no question that he could have done so, and the fact that he did not do so is evidence that there was a wiser course to follow. To have destroyed Satan at once, while it would have checked one rebel, would not have destroyed the spirit of rebellion. In fact, it would have spread it. As soon as such an act had been performed, all the remainder of God's creatures would have served God indeed for a time, but they would have served him from the motive of fear rather than of love. Their service would have been based upon the fear of punishment if they did not render service, and in their minds all the charges which Lucifer had advanced against God and his government would have seemed to be substantiated. The government of God would have appeared to them as a despotism. The rebellion would not have been destroyed with the destruction of Lucifer, for other angels would have arisen to lead their fellows in throwing off what they would have considered an intolerable yoke of bondage.

And God does not desire the service which springs from fear. He takes no pleasure in compulsory obedience. He is not a monster whose anger must be appeased. He delights in voluntary service, the service which is prompted by the love which dwells in the heart of his creatures for him, a love which causes them to delight to do his will. This is the only worship which is acceptable to him. And in order to win such service and allegiance on the part of all the created intelligences of the universe, he permitted Satan to continue in his course of rebellion, thus affording to the entire universe a demonstration of his unchangeable love and righteousness.

The Lesson Book of the Universe

And so this world became the lesson book of the universe. The rebellion against the government of God was confirmed here. Satan led his hosts of evil angels to this planet, and laid before them his plans to strike a blow against the government of God by conquering the race which God was to bring into existence here. He was not permitted to carry his rebellion into the other worlds. He was limited in his operations to this world alone, and all the creatures in heaven and on the other planets are permitted to view this conflict between sin and righteousness, between Christ and Satan, on this planet where they have been given a view of its entire course, its terrible consequences, and the ultimate destruction of all sin and rebellion. And when it is finally destroyed, they will have been profoundly convinced that God is just and true and merciful.

"The Prey of the Terrible Shall Be Delivered"

And the inhabitants of this planet, the human race, were not utterly abandoned to their great foe. In the very beginning they were warned of the danger of his attacks, and had they stood firmly against his temptation they need never have been overcome. After having yielded to Satan, and thus become his lawful captives, they were assured of the coming of a great Deliverer who was to break the bands of sin from every soul who accepted him. No human being is left to cope with sin alone. Every one has the assurance of help from God to overcome the devil. Not one need be lost. God gives this promise to all: "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But thus saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." Isa. 49: 24, 25.

In consequence of having been involved in this experience with sin upon this planet, the inhabitants of this world who accept the salvation which has been provided for them through the Redeemer, will be more highly exalted, and occupy a higher station in the world to come, than they would have occupied if sin had not entered the world. This world is to become the center of the universe of God; the great King of kings, Jehovah of hosts himself, is to dwell here; the capital city of the universe, the heavenly Jerusalem, is to come down from God out of heaven to rest upon the earth; and the redeemed of the Lord are to constitute a special bodyguard for King Immanuel, when sin and sinners are no more and everything is made new.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
"REPUTATION is what men and women say of us: character is what God and the angels know of us."

Sonnets

(By members of the literature class of Emmanuel Missionary College)

Apologia

For me, since long I tired my lagging mind,—
That I from stubborn words a rhyme might make
From deepest chaos proper place to take
Among sufficient number of its kind,—
Since after all my diligence I find
That only vainly did I undertake
The princely art of poetry to fake,
This welcome thought, this solace, I do find:
Not of my own devising was this deed;
I knew that I no latent genius had,
And never thought myself so wise to be;
I only hoped to please her who decreed
I must a sonnet write. My verse is bad,
But she must bear. She put the task on me.

— P. Lamont Thompson.

Night

It is the twilight hour, and falls the night.
The distant, wooded shore now to the eye
Like some faint shadow on the lake doth lie;
All nature whispers, "Peace;" and from our sight
Are veiled the toils of man. The gentle light
Which ruleth all, the star's soft beam from high,
The murmur of the sea, the wind's low sigh,
Bid the toiler rest and sorrow take its flight.
O gentle night! thou tellest me a tale
Of love divine; of Him who made us all,—
Of him who fitted nature to our need,
And now doth rule with love which cannot fail.
With reverence, O Holy One, on thee we call;
Teach us, each day, thy voice to know and heed.

— G. H. Straight.

Redemption

O, Saviour, thou didst die for sinful men,—
Didst leave thy home of glory, love, and peace,
That pain and sorrow, strife and death, might cease
Forever from this stricken earth! What can
A loving, compassionate God more offer than
For us he's given? But do earth's woes decrease?
Why has his sacrifice not brought release?
One more event completes the heaven-born plan.
Alas! We have been slow to do our part.
But when we've done the work Christ gave to men,
He'll come again; for there's a city fair
Which he's prepared, and joys to soothe the smart
Of pain, whose fullness none can tell, or pen
Describe. There'll be no sin or sorrow there!

— Laura Foster-Rathbun.

Truth

While blinded by the thousand creeds of earth,
Truth came to me in all her lovely grace,
Showed me what is life's duty to the race,
Retouched my soul; and in place of dearth,
Left me rejoicing in my soul's new birth;
Let me look long into the piercéd Face,
The Sacrifice, which leaves of sin no trace,
And by the price of souls taught me their worth.
So Truth may come to you, and take away
Your burdens one by one, and by the hand
Lead you so gently in the way to go
That you'll not know why you, so meek, obey.
All-wise, the Father knows and understands;
Oh, trust your God, and thank him that 'tis so!

— Gladys McDill.

To Prayer

If pausing, I reflect on prayer, my heart
Responds in gladness. Though I stand, the soul
Is on its knees. Through prayer doth God console.
Divine communion! God gives strength to start
Confiding thus. From him I ne'er would part.
Triumphphant leads he toward salvation's goal.
With wondrous power, faith's prayer will move the whole
Of heaven to help. Religion's life and art
Lie wrapped in prayer. If troubles on me weigh,
Prayer smooths all care as waves do prints in sand.
O prayer, the privilege of Christian's trust,
Teach me without reserve, in faith, to lay
Myself within God's friendly, faithful hand,
Conform my life, and all to him intrust.

— Henry T. Elliott.



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



The Stings in Little Things

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him his strength is proved,
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

And I can tread beneath my feet
The hills of passion's heaving sea,
When wind-tossed waves roll stormily;
Yet scarce resist the siren sweet
That at my heart's door softly sings:
"Forget, forget life's little things."

I can forgive—'tis worth my while—
The treacherous blow, the cruel thrust;
Can bless my foe as Christians must,
When patience smiles her royal smile;
Yet fierce resentment quickly slings
Its shots of ire at little things.

But what is this? Drops make the sea;
And petty cares and small events,
Small causes and small consequents,
Make up the sum for you and me.
Then, on, for strength to meet the stings
That arm the points of little things!

— Selected.

Labor and Its Blessings

ROSSLYN E. GALLION



THE *Youth's Companion* is authority for the story of the boy who, having worked hard all the evening over the twentieth chapter of the first book of Cæsar, at length closed the book with a slam, declaring to his family, "I think, after all, I won't go to college."

"Why not?" asked the father, in surprise, for the great ambition of George's life had always been to go to college.

"Because the entrance examinations are so hard," said George. "I'd have to work and worry all the year to pass my preliminaries, and then go at it again harder than ever for the finals. It's no joke!"

"That's true," said his father, gravely, "it isn't a joke. What will you do instead?"

"Oh, go to work somewhere!" George answered easily, as visions of money in his pockets and care-free evenings without lessons rose up before him.

"Let's see," replied his father; "that means getting up one hour earlier every day than you get up now. It means starting in as an errand boy on a par with the boy who was blacking boots last week. It means no more afternoons for play, except, perhaps, once a week in summer. It means doing exactly as you're told all day long, or else hunting for a new job. It means remaining an errand boy, a porter, or perhaps a clerk at ten dollars a week, unless you work harder than you ever had to work at school. No one makes any advance in business without hard work."

George sighed dismally. "It's work, work, everywhere, and I hate work!" he said.

His father turned upon him sharply. "If you forget everything else I have ever told you," he said, "at least remember what I tell you now: The man who hates work goes through life with a ball and chain dragging after him. He has a curse upon him that blasts his life. The hobos and tramps are haters of

work. Sneak thieves and thugs and worse are haters of work. So are most of the men at the bottom of the industrial scale. They hated work, and dodged it, and slighted what they *had* to do, and did just enough to hold their jobs, and they *stay* at the bottom, hating work still!"

Suddenly the father's tone changed. "When we saw the football game at Cambridge last year," he asked, "do you remember the inscription on the stadium, 'Dedicated to the joy of manly contest'? Learn that 'joy of manly contest' *with hard work*, my boy! Don't run away from work, George! Don't be afraid of it! Meet it bravely, with the joy of manly contest in your heart, and day by day you will find the struggle good, and out of it will come one of the supremely great and enjoyable things of life!"

George sat quiet for a time. Then his jaw closed with a snap. "I'm going to begin right now," he said, "and I'm going to know what this chapter's about!"

One of the greatest blessings given to our first parents after the fall, is hidden in the sentence, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." "The life of toil and care which was henceforth to be man's lot was appointed in love. It was a discipline rendered needful by his sin, to place a check upon the indulgence of appetite and passion, to develop habits of self-control. It was a part of God's great plan for man's recovery from the ruin and degradation of sin."

How many sons and daughters of the fall, bowed by the weight of sorrows, brains reeling with recurring thoughts, and hearts well-nigh broken, have thanked God for the blessings of hard toil! A young man who had passed through a series of tragic sorrows touching all that life holds dear, sought solace in the hill country of a western State. Writing home, he said: "There



is something majestic and comforting in these eternal hills. Swinging an ax and heaping up cords of this bull pine, redwood, and manzanita, somehow helps a fellow to forget. When my thoughts begin to run riot, I apply more energy, and make the chips fly faster. My hands are calloused, and my muscles are like 'steel cables,' but I'm ready for sleep when night comes, and am up in the morning with the dawn."

One cannot read the history of Judson of Rangoon, Mackay of Uganda fame, or of Paton in the New Hebrides, without feeling that work is a desirable, needful part of the missionary's life. It helps to lift up the standard. It crowds out self-pity, and leaves instead a blessed humility and self-forgetfulness. It is a necessary discipline to develop solidity and strength of character. It keeps the mind and heart so full of what is worth while that there is no space for repining. These men spent their lives in patient toil to bring the gospel of peace to sin-darkened lands where the glorious light had never entered. All successful pioneers in the mission fields toiled unceasingly.

But the greatest of all examples is that of the Beloved of heaven, who, in linking himself with the interests and labors of humanity, became the pattern that all who profess his name should follow. Throughout his life on earth he was a constant worker. Being a perfect character, he was perfect as a workman. He expects his children so to use their physical powers as to do the most acceptable service for him. We should give of our best to the One who made it possible for us to hope.

Those of us who enter the vineyard at the eleventh hour may be late, but we mean to do with willing, trusting hearts the work that God appoints. And may it please him to give us a penny, together with those who have borne the burden and heat of the day.

"Success is labor's prize;
Work is the mother of fame.
And who on a boom shall rise
To the heights of an honored name?
The bee by industry reapeth
The stores which enrich the hives.
All that is thrifty creepeth,
For toil is the law of lives;
And he who reaps without sowing,
A bitter harvest reaps.
The law of gradual growing
Is the law that never sleeps."

Her Reasons

A GROUP of people were talking about marriage. Most of the group were young—or the story that this article tells could not have been told. But a good many groups consist of young people, and sometimes they talk about marriage, and that is why this story should be told; for it very often happens that in such a group of youth there happens to be one woman—sometimes more—who isn't quite so young: not old, not even mature, but still not a girl exactly—say thirty-five.

And the young girls in the group fell to teasing the woman of thirty-five about her single state. She was attractive, pretty, in fact; she had charm, they felt that; she played the piano well; she was popular with men, for men sought her, so—

"Why in the world don't you marry?" asked an eighteen-year-old.

"Didn't you ever have a chance?" asked Miss Curious, aged seventeen.

And just then the slightest flicker of a shadow

crossed the face of the woman who had lived thirty-five years.

"Didn't you want any of 'em?" persisted another; she was twenty.

"Perhaps she didn't think they were good enough," said a pert miss of nineteen. She had a brother—also a suspicion!

And the probing went on—ruthlessly to one who watched it, full of joy to those who were doing the probing. But what of the woman of thirty-five?

She, at a lull, looked at the fresh, pretty faces before her, and then with a gracious smile said:—

"Well, you see I just didn't, did I? And now, let's all go over to the tennis courts, and play for an hour."

And the group went forth, the woman of thirty-five going with them.

Yet the man who remained behind knew what the girls didn't know. And what did he know?—That only three days before, he had been refused by the woman of thirty-five; and he was the father of two of the girls who had done the probing. And why was he refused?—Because ten years before there had been another. He had asked the same question and had received a different answer; but after six happy months he had fallen ill. For two whole years the woman of thirty-five had nursed him, and then had laid him and her heart away. That was in the past; now there was a tubercular brother whom the woman of thirty-five was maintaining by work which the group knew not of, there was an aged mother who was riding in an automobile because of the daughter, and there was a father shattered in health and spirits by overwork. And somehow or other the woman of thirty-five, even if she could care again, could not ask any man to share this burden with her.

There are some things in life that the young cannot understand, but it is just as well once in a while to put some of them down in print so that they may at least read them, even if some forget them. And one of them is that it isn't always safe to assume because a woman is not married at thirty-five that she might not have married (the safer assumption is that few women, if any, ever reach the age of thirty when chances have not been theirs); that it is just as well not to ask too many questions of the woman of thirty-five about why she hasn't married (the safer assumption is that she won't tell anyway); and that it is always more gracious, more kindly, for youth not to probe into the innermost recesses of an older woman's heart; for in thousands of women's hearts lie very beautiful and tender memories—memories which keep the face and spirits young; which make, as the years go by, the finest women that we know, and whose reasons for writing "Miss" instead of "Mrs." to their names are very precious, too precious to be talked about or explained.

Some girls find this out later. Before they do, let me ask them to take my word for it.—*The Ladies' Home Journal*.

TUBERCULOSIS cannot be cured by serums, according to the announcement of Dr. Louis Renon, of Paris. He has reached this conclusion after a long series of experiments, by which he is convinced that it must be treated by chemical means. He claims that the addition of certain substances to the body, or the withdrawing of others, will produce a condition that will make the growth of the tubercle bacilli impossible.

Why Christians Were Persecuted in the Roman Empire



THE ancient world, in the time of the Roman Empire, was in many ways extremely corrupt, heartless, and cruel. There were many persons, indeed, who tried to live righteous lives; but even the best of them thought nothing of many customs which would be considered shocking and wicked nowadays. It is hard to believe, for example, that civilized men and women could take delight in watching the death agonies of their fellow men. Yet the great Colosseum at Rome, and the amphitheaters in all the leading cities, were continually thronged with spectators. Here, protected from the sun with awnings, and decked out in splendid robes and glittering jewels, the fashionable men and women of each city looked down from their perfumed, cushioned seats, into the arena, where condemned criminals were torn by leopards, or tigers, or lions, or wild boars; or where perchance trained gladiators fell upon one another in mortal combat. These cruel and terrible exhibitions were what the people of those days called amusements.

Nero even illuminated his own gardens at night with burning Christians, who had been smeared with pitch and chained to stakes. So horrible were these tortures that the people in general began to sympathize with the Christians, in spite of the crimes which they were thought to have committed.

The Unpopularity of the Christians

Into the midst of these practices came the Christians, with their purer and better way of living. They refused to go to these "amusements" at the amphitheaters. They refused to share in the degrading vices which were commonly practiced. As a result, they were unpopular. This unpopularity was greatly increased among those who found that they were losing money because of the new religion. Idol makers, for example, and priests in heathen temples, hated the Christians, because each new convert to Christianity meant so much less revenue for them. There were many persons, however, who were influenced against Christianity through misunderstandings and falsehoods. The Christians were called atheists because they would not worship idols. They were even accused of all kinds of horrible deeds. It was reported that little children were killed and eaten at their meetings. Although these statements were absolutely false, they were believed by many intelligent men.

The Christians and the Roman Government

The Roman government permitted its subjects for the most part to worship whatever gods they pleased. In Rome itself all sorts of foreign religions flourished. One thing only was insisted on: whatever special deity a man might choose to worship, he must also sacrifice to the old Roman gods, who were supposed to protect the Roman Empire. Furthermore, all Roman subjects were required to offer sacrifice, on certain occasions, before the image of the emperor. These laws were readily obeyed by all except the Christians; they alone held aloof and refused to even throw a pinch of incense on the altar in worship of Cæsar. To the Roman officials, this seemed like treason against the government. Furthermore the Christians, as we know, did really believe that Christ was soon to return, and that he would overthrow the Roman Empire and all earthly kingdoms, and establish his own heavenly king-

dom. When the Roman rulers heard about this belief, it was natural for them to suspect that the Christians were actually plotting against the government.

Laws Against the Christians

So from the time of Nero, Christianity seems to have been a "forbidden religion" in the eyes of the law. The emperor Trajan, more wise and just than some rulers, gave orders that the Christians were not to be sought out, but that when accused and convicted, they were to be compelled to sacrifice to the gods or else were to be put to death. Under this rule (about A. D. 110) a Christian was left unmolested unless some enemy reported him to the local governor or prefect. They had many enemies, however, and from time to time fierce attacks were made upon them. At no time, and under no circumstances, could they feel secure. Many of them were cruelly tortured and slain. They were torn with iron claws, hung upon crosses, thrown to wild beasts, covered with skins of beasts and torn by dogs, roasted over slow fires. No form of torture was neglected which ingenuity could devise.

Failure of These Laws to Check the Growth of Christianity

In spite of these attacks the number of Christians increased at a remarkable rate. Christianity appealed not merely to the educated, but to the humble and lowly. The Christians were noted for their kindness to the sick and to the poor. Their gospel aroused the consciences of men and offered them forgiveness and a Saviour from sin. One of the most powerful influences in the winning of new converts was the courage and the constancy of the Christians themselves in the face of persecution, and their willingness to die, if need be, for their faith. Thus for every Christian put to death, many more converts would often be won.

The impression made on heathen spectators by the death of the Christians is well brought out by the following description from "Quo Vadis" of a scene in the arena during the persecutions of Nero: "The turn of the Christians was at hand. Since that was a new spectacle for people, and no one knew how the Christians would bear themselves, all waited with a certain curiosity. The disposition of the audience was attentive but unfriendly. Those people who were to appear had burned Rome and its ancient treasures. They had drunk the blood of infants, and poisoned water; they had cursed the whole human race, and had committed the vilest crimes. The harshest punishment did not suffice for their hatred; and if any fear possessed people's hearts it was this: that the torture of the Christians would not equal the guilt of these ominous criminals. . . ."

"Now the prefect gave a sign. The same old man appeared who had called the gladiators to death, and passing with slow step across the arena amid silence, he struck three times again on the door.

"Throughout the amphitheater was heard the deep murmur, 'The Christians! the Christians!'

"The iron gratings creaked; through the dark opening were heard the usual cries of the scourgers, 'To the sand,' and in one moment the arena was filled with crowds of people covered with skins of beasts. All ran quickly, and reaching the middle of the circle, they knelt one by another with raised hands. The

(Concluded on page twelve)



A Financial Fish Story

YOUNG Lionel Hooker had never a cent,
Nor took the least thought in the world of his purse.
He was therefore surprised, when a-fishing he went,
To encounter such luck as described here in verse.

To begin with, he hauled in some fine silver bass;
Of billfish he took out perhaps half a score.
He landed goldfish in a heap on the grass,
While dollarfish actually littered the shore!

He guessed he had caught them all after awhile;
So under a tree on the old fishing grounds
He gathered them into a glittering pile—
And counted up something like £45.

He stuffed all his pockets as full as he could,
Tied the rest in neat bundles,—his face all agleam,—
Then, before starting home through the shadowy wood,
He deposited them in the bank—of the stream!

—St. Nicholas.

A Suburban Vacation

WHEN Marie came back from town that hot July afternoon, after a half day's shopping, her face wore a troubled look.

"I met Annette in Field's store this noon," she explained to her mother. "That long sickness that she had early in the spring pulled her down terribly. She looks white and thin. It made me feel bad to see her."

"Is she going away for her vacation?" asked Mrs. Nash, laying down her book and moving over to make room for Marie in the porch swing.

"That's one thing that makes it so hard. Her employers were very nice to her while she was sick, and paid her salary all the time. They don't really feel like giving her a vacation now, but they've promised her a week on pay. Annette says it wouldn't pay her to go away for a week, even if she could afford it, and she can't, because her sickness was so expensive. And she might almost as well be at work in the store that one week as to spend the time in that stuffy little flat."

"It is hard, very hard!" her mother said, thoughtfully. "I'm thankful, dear, that you're a teacher, with plenty of time to rest up during the summer."

For a time the two sat silent, swaying gently back and forth in the porch swing. Marie, remembering vividly the glaring, heat-smitten streets of the city, was enjoying the light but refreshing breeze that rustled in the maple tree at one side of the house.

"I'm so glad we live out here, and not in a big, flat building in town," she said, suddenly, giving utterance to the thought that had been shaping itself in her mind as she watched the swinging tip of the climbing rose and the nodding blossoms of the clematis. "If only Annette —"

She did not finish the sentence aloud, but her

thoughts ran on busily along the way that her words had unexpectedly opened up. When she did speak again, it was slowly and thoughtfully.

"Mamma, I've thought of something, but I don't know whether it will be convenient for you. If you think that we can do it, I'll help you all I possibly can. It's just this: Can't we have Annette come out here

for the one week of vacation that she is to have, and stay another week after she goes back to work? I'm sure it will do her more good than to stay at home in the flat; perhaps she'll get a little rested. She can have my bed on the sleeping porch; that will be good for her, you know, and I'll take the little blue room."

"But if she stays the second week, dear, won't it interfere with your getting away to the Dells?"

"It will make but three or four days' difference, and I'd be glad to cut that much off my stay at the Dells if I could only give Annette

something like a real vacation."

"Then you may count on me, dear, for anything you want to plan," Mrs. Nash said, heartily. "If Annette will come, we will do everything we can to give her a good vacation."

After some hesitation, Annette accepted the cordial invitation which came to her over the phone that same evening. Her vacation began the following week, and she came out from town Saturday night, tired, white, and hollow-eyed. After a good dinner Marie settled her comfortably in the hammock on the big porch, and went indoors to help her mother with the dishes.

"I'm almost asleep," Annette murmured, drowsily, when Marie and her mother returned to the porch a little later. "It's so deliciously quiet." Five minutes



PLAYMATES

later she was enjoying the most restful sleep that she had had for months.

As Annette herself said laughingly the next morning, she woke up just in time to go to bed, and the effects of the long night's rest in the cool quiet of the sleeping porch showed when she appeared at the breakfast table. In the afternoon the hammock was swung under the maple tree, and again Annette sank quickly into quiet, dreamless sleep. Monday morning she came downstairs with a protest because she had been allowed to sleep until half past eight.

"You slept every minute of it, didn't you?" asked Marie, looking up from the slice of toast that she was browning daintily for her guest.

"I certainly did!" was the laughing answer. "But that's no reason why I should put you to the bother of getting an extra breakfast for me."

"Lying abed in the morning is my greatest vacation luxury, and I want you to get as much of it as you can. And you're not to worry one bit about my getting the breakfast. It's just good practice for me."

Annette smiled gratefully. "I can't feel poor when I have such dear, good friends," she said, softly.

Tuesday afternoon Rose O'Neill came with her horse and sully. Marie slipped a basket in back of the seat, and the three drove gayly away, as happy as though they were school children again. The road took them through a region of small farms and market gardens and then into a pretty piece of woodland. In a green nook among the trees they hitched the horse, and Marie produced from the basket under the seat some appetizing sandwiches and an interesting book.

Probably Rose O'Neill had mentioned Annette and her suburban vacation to two or three other friends of Marie's, for one day there came an invitation to a long automobile ride in the country; another afternoon the three girls were asked to play tennis on one of the best courts in Ferndale.

"I feel like a society lady," Annette laughed, as she slipped into the fresh white muslin which her mother had sent out from home especially for a luncheon at the Country Club, about a mile from where Marie lived. "Why, Marie, I've had pleasure enough in this one week to last me for a year!"

A queer, choked feeling came into Marie's throat, as she watched Annette's happy face, in which a single week had made so great a change.

"I am so glad, Annette, that the others helped me to make it pleasant for you. And the best of it is that the pleasure isn't over, even if your vacation is. You've made some good friends in Ferndale, dear, and unless I'm very much mistaken, you'll find them helping you to small bits of vacation all through the year. You see," laughingly, "you're such a good subject! It's just fun to make a vacation for you because you show the effects so satisfactorily!"—*Alice L. Griggs.*

The Mainspring of Go

It is said that Tennyson was seventeen years in writing "In Memoriam." He wrote the little song, "Come Into the Garden, Maud," fifty times before he published it. The wife of a distinguished painter said, "I never saw my husband satisfied with one of his productions." Thus self-dissatisfaction lies at the root of our noblest achievements. What is true generally is particularly true as a condition of growth in the divine life. Even if we have been kept from outward

and disgraceful sin, how frequently we come short of the glory of God. If we do not commit trespass, we are burdened with debt. Never yield to discouragement, never admit that failure is a necessary part of your life, never abandon your quest for the highest. Remember that Christ is just in front. "My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me!"—*The Christian Herald.*

Why Christians Were Persecuted in the Roman Empire

(Concluded from page ten)

spectators, judging this to be a prayer for pity, and enraged by such cowardice, began to stamp, whistle, throw empty wine vessels, bones from which the flesh had been eaten, and shout, 'The beasts! the beasts!' But all at once something unexpected took place. From out the shaggy assembly singing voices were raised, and then sounded that hymn, heard for the first time in a Roman amphitheater, 'Christus regnat' (Christ reigns). Astonishment seized the spectators. They saw pale faces, but as it were inspired. All understood that those people were not asking for mercy, and that they seemed not to see the circus, the audience, the senate, or Cæsar. 'Christus regnat' rose ever louder, and in the seats far up to the highest, among the rows of spectators, more than one asked himself the question, 'What is happening, and who is that Christ who reigns in the mouths of those people who are about to die?'

Final Attempts to Stamp Out Christianity, and Their Failure

Before the time of Decius (A. D. 250) no systematic attempt was made by the government to search out the Christians. During the reign of this emperor, however, there were many great public calamities, as, for example, a widespread pestilence. "The Christians have brought these things on us," people said, "by their neglect of the gods." So Decius issued an edict, which was really a declaration of war against the new religion. Christians were now hunted down like murderers, all over the empire. About fifty years later (A. D. 303), after a temporary respite, the emperor Diocletian undertook to carry out the same kind of campaign, with even greater energy. By that time the Christians had begun to have church buildings. These were destroyed. All copies of the New Testament that could be secured were burned. Pastors and church officers were punished with special cruelty. It was a terrible experience for the Christians, but the majority of them proved true. In fact, many who had been lukewarm in their loyalty were awakened to heroism. New converts flocked to the standard of the cross. It is said that a certain actor had been hired to take part in a play which ridiculed and slandered Christianity. He knew these statements were false, however, and when the time came for him to repeat them on the stage, his better nature triumphed. Instead of going on with his part, he came to the front of the stage and declared his belief in Christianity and his purpose to be a Christian. He was immediately seized and put to death. As time went on, the Roman authorities began to realize that it was impossible to destroy a religion which could awaken so dauntless a spirit as this. The persecution of Diocletian was the last of the great Roman persecutions.—"*Witnesses for Christ.*"

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, October 16

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Individual reports of work.
3. Bible Study: "Sabbath Observance." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Isa. 66:23; Luke 4:16.
5. Mission Talk: "Our Work in Burma." See "Helps on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "An Outline of Mission Fields," pages 113, 115, 116, 120, 121. (Our Karen mission will be taken up as a separate study next week.)
6. Reading: "Our Boys in Burma." Let some one either read or tell in his own words the story of these two boys in our Meiktila school. See *Gazette*.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending October 16

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Individual reports of work.
3. Bible Study: "Sabbath Keeping." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Isa. 66:23.
5. Mission Study: Have a paper on "Our Work in Burma." See "Helps on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "An Outline of Mission Fields," pages 113, 115, 116, 120, 121. (Our Karen mission will be taken up as a separate study next week.)
6. "Our Boys in Burma." Let two Juniors tell the stories of these two boys in our Meiktila school. See *Gazette*.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 9—Lesson 2: "Things as They Are," Pages 57-123

1. DESCRIBE a pariah home. What illustration did the missionary use when telling the gospel story there?
2. Who are considered widows in India? What is their fate?
3. How is pantheism related to the religion of India?
4. How does the caste system affect the work of the missionary? Why? How is it like a banyan tree?
5. In the light of these chapters, what do you think of the problem before missionaries in India?
6. What is the Hindu's attitude toward Christianity? What makes the missionary's work among girls so hard and unfruitful?
7. How are Sanskrit and Tamil related?
8. What is the difference between the masses and the classes? Where are the greatest results obtained? Why?
9. How does the author explain the creed chasm in India? Why does Hinduism appeal to so many?
10. Why is caste like electricity? How does it affect the kitchen? the trades? the home in time of sickness?
11. What does the Vedic philosophy teach about God?
12. Why did the missionary call the old Hindu town Petra?
13. Define puja. What made the missionary's work particularly hard in the Christian hamlet?
14. What have some who have become Christians suffered from castes?

Junior No. 8—Lesson 2: "Livingstone the Pathfinder," Pages 31-72

1. ON what ship did Livingstone sail? What did he learn while en route, and why?
2. On the map in the back of your book trace his first journey into the interior, and picture to yourself the journey. Locate Kuruman.
3. What do you know about the eleven-year-old African girl, Pomare, Lepelole, Bakwena, witch doctors, the new gardens in Lepelole, Livingstone's visit to the Bakaa tribe, to the Bakhatla tribe, Mabotsa, Livingstone's broken finger, and Mebalwe?

4. Can you describe an African village stockade? the school at Mabotsa? Why did the children not play in the woods?
5. Where and how did Livingstone get a teacher for the girls? What did Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone have to do besides teach?
6. Why did they leave Mabotsa, and where did they go? What did the chief suggest that they should do to make all the natives Christians? What man in this village learned the whole alphabet in one day?
7. Why did the entire village move to Kolobeng?
8. What kind of animals and plants were seen in the long drive across the Kalahari desert?
9. How was the Bushmen village supplied with water?
10. Why was Livingstone anxious to go on after discovering Lake Ngami?
11. What do you think made the children's trip to Lake Ngami interesting? What made it very hard?
12. What have you learned about how the Bakoba catch animals, about the tsetse fly, the chief of the Makololo, Mamochisane, the Zambesi, the Boers? Locate the tribes Livingstone has visited thus far, and all the places you have read about this week.
13. Why did Livingstone send his family back to England?
14. What was Livingstone's motto? Will you make it yours?

The Last Call

"OPPORTUNITY is like a favoring breeze springing up around a sailing vessel. If the sails be all set, the ship is wafted onward to its port. If the sailors are asleep or ashore, the breeze may die again, and when they would go on, they cannot."

Foolish the sailors, you say, who, longing to go onward, to advance, to reach a desired haven, fail to improve the favoring breeze. But what of the young people who stand sighing at the gate of opportunity—the *open* gate—and fail to enter in? Beyond are wonderful fields, flashing streams, and noble hills, all that is inviting to the eye and satisfying to the soul, theirs to enjoy if they will but take one step forward and enter in. But, "It is too much trouble," they say; or, "We can't afford it," and then turn away to take far more trouble outside the gate, or to spend much more than the price of entrance, for a worthless trifle.

"Opportunities are importunities." Dear friends, and especially you who do not have the privilege of entering our schools this year, will you not at once decide to enter the door of opportunity now open to you in the Reading Course supplied by the Missionary Volunteer Department? In the two divisions of this course suitable reading is provided for both Senior and Junior Volunteers.

Senior Course No. 9 offers three exceptionally good books. The first is a picture of mission life in India that is rarely shown, in "Things as They Are," by Amy Wilson Carmichael. "Unpreparedness" for the conditions to be met, the strength of the enemy to be faced, has caused many a young missionary soldier to lose courage on the battle's front. The object of this book is not to discourage recruits, but to urge those who come, to be "prepared." They must have on the Christian's armor, and have it tested and proved; so only will they be able to overthrow the giants of caste and custom and superstition in these dark lands. The "History of the Sabbath," by J. N. Andrews and L. R. Conradi, is a book of valuable documents, a prize for any library whose owner wishes to be well informed on this vital point of our faith. The "History of William Miller" shows how the power of God can change human hearts. The story of Mr. Miller's conversion, and his subsequent life, when he became the head of the despised advent movement, are "an inspiration and a challenge to Bible study and a deeper consecration."

Junior Course No. 8

Boys and girls alike will enjoy the thrilling story of "Livingstone the Pathfinder," by Basil Mathews. From his boyhood days in the old home at Blantyre to his lonely death in "Chitambo's village," where he was found by his faithful servants "kneeling by the bedside, his head buried in his hands on the pillow," and to his burial among kings and princes in Westminster Abbey, the story of this great man's simple life and faithful service is told in a way to hold the attention and impress the heart.

"Friends and Foes in Field and Forest" will delight its young readers, because it answers so many questions about everyday things that they are interested in — flies and mosquitoes, bees and wasps and bumblebees, ants, grasshoppers, caterpillars, etc. A careful reading of this book, and answering the questions on it that will appear in the INSTRUCTOR, will so fix in mind the information given that it will not be easily forgotten.

The third book in this course is "Sketches of Bible Child Life." In its pages the boys and girls of Bible days live again, and their daily experiences, their joys and sorrows, their love for God and his care for them, show us that though times and customs change, our Heavenly Father's love and the heart of a child are the same in all ages.

If you have not yet sent in your name to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary to join one of these valuable Reading Courses, do it *now*. Remember that the three books for the Senior course will be sent postpaid to one address for the low price of \$2.35; and the Junior books in the same way for only \$1.75. If purchased one at a time, the prices of the books are as follows: Senior Course: "Things as They Are," 75 cents; "History of the Sabbath," \$1; "History of William Miller," \$1. Junior Course: "Livingstone the Pathfinder," 60 cents; "Friends and Foes in Field and Forest," \$1; "Sketches of Bible Child Life," 75 cents. If you cannot purchase the entire set now, by all means get the first book, and begin to read. Make up the few days already lost, and keep up with the enthusiastic young people who have joined these courses, and are reading "with a purpose."

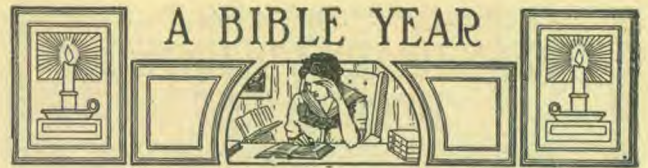
A. B. E.

If you want a book of short, apt illustrations, "The Glory of the Commonplace," by J. R. Miller, author of "Week-Day Religion," "Making the Most of Life," and kindred works, write to the Review and Herald Publishing Association. This book will give the minister, the Sabbath school teacher, and the Missionary Volunteer leader, opportune help.

Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another.
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse.
Or thy handful still renew.
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving:
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

— Mrs. Charles.



Forty-First Week

October 10. Matthew 21 to 23: Parables and admonitions.

October 11. Matthew 24 to 26: Christ's great prophecy; the last supper; agony in the garden; betrayal.

October 12. Matthew 27, 28; Crucifixion and resurrection; the great commission. Review Matthew, marking the texts that have especially helped you.

October 13. Mark 1 to 3: Preaching of John; baptism and miracles; choosing of the twelve. Read the introduction.

October 14. Mark 4 to 6: Parables and miracles.

October 15. Mark 7 to 9: The Pharisees reprov'd; four thousand fed; transfiguration and miracles.

October 16. Mark 10 to 14: The danger of riches; the ride to Jerusalem; closing hours.

For Further Study

Read the Bible Dictionary to get a clear idea of the Herods of the New Testament.

Write the names of the twelve apostles.

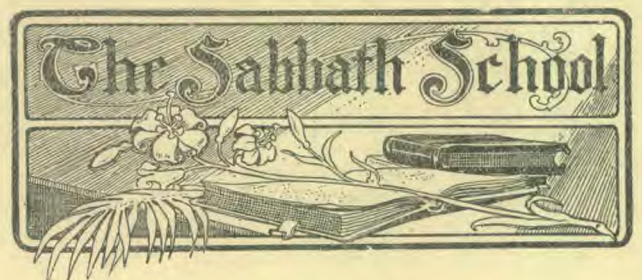
Study the geography of Nazareth, Capernaum, Jericho, Jerusalem, and the temple. Note the visits of Jesus to these places.

Make a list of Jesus' references to, and his work on, the Sabbath.

Mark — the Man and His Book

"John, whose surname was Mark," was a relative of Barnabas, the fellow laborer of the apostle Paul, and accompanied these men for a time as their "minister" on their first missionary journey. Peter went to the home of Mark's mother in Jerusalem, after his miraculous deliverance from prison. Acts 12: 12. From the fact that he refers to Mark as "Marcus my son," it is inferred that the young man was converted under the ministry of Peter, who thus became his spiritual father. It is thought that in accordance with Paul's request, recorded in 2 Tim. 4: 11, Mark went to Rome, whither Peter had also repaired.

Mark's Gospel is the shortest of the four accounts of the Saviour's earthly life; and by some it is thought to be "by far the most vivid and dramatic in its narratives." He is said to be a "true evangelical historian, relating facts more than discourses, in a concise, simple, rapid style, with occasional minute and graphic details." By many, Peter is supposed to have superintended the writing of Mark's Gospel, which is one "of rapid movement and many graphic touches, impetuous as Peter himself." Matthew wrote especially for the Jews, but Mark for the Gentiles. "The frequent explanations of Jewish terms, the omission of reference to Jewish law and of Christ's genealogy, and the use of several Latin words, all point to the purpose of the book to aid the Gentiles, and favor the tradition that it was written at Rome and for the Romans." One peculiarity of Mark's style is his frequent use of the Greek word translated "straightway," "immediately," etc.



III — Jesus the Deliverer

(October 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 17: 14-27.

MEMORY VERSE: "Why could not we cast him out? And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief." Matt. 17: 19, 20.

Questions

I. Who met Jesus when he came down from the

mount of transfiguration? What did one of the multitude do? Matt. 17:14.

2. Upon whom did this man ask Jesus to have mercy? What was his son's condition? Verse 15.

3. To whom had he already brought his son for healing? How had he been disappointed? Verse 16.

4. What sad exclamation came from the lips of Jesus? What command did he give? Verse 17.

5. What did the evil spirit do as soon as he saw Jesus? Mark 9:20.

6. What did Jesus ask the father concerning his son's illness? What reply did the father make? Verses 21, 22.

7. What little word, in the reply, showed that the father himself did not fully believe in Christ's power to help?

8. How did Jesus show him his lack of faith? Verse 23.

9. What did the father then cry out with tears? Verse 24.

10. What did Jesus then do for the child? Verses 25-27; Matt. 17:18.

11. Why had the disciples not been able to cast out the evil spirit? Verse 20, first part. Note 1.

12. What will a very little real, unquestioning faith planted in the heart, soon have power to do? Verse 20, last part. Note 2.

13. Who came to Peter at Capernaum? What question did they ask? Verse 24. Note 3.

14. What was Peter's answer? Verse 25, first part.

15. What conversation took place when Peter came into the house where Jesus was? Verses 25, 26.

16. How was this tribute money provided? Why was it paid? Verse 27.

Notes

1. "The words of Christ pointing to his death, had brought sadness and doubt. And the selection of the three disciples to accompany Jesus to the mountain had excited the jealousy of the nine. Instead of strengthening their faith by prayer and meditation on the words of Christ, they had been dwelling on their discouragements and personal grievances. In this state of darkness they had undertaken the conflict with Satan."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 430.

2. It will feed upon God's Word, drink in the sunshine of his love, and the rains and dews of his Spirit, as the mustard seed drinks in the dew and rain and sunshine and nourishing juices of the earth, and it will grow. It will grow until it becomes so strong that none of Satan's hindrances can stand before it.

3. Every Jew was required to pay tribute each year for the support of the temple. The people of a country must pay taxes for the maintenance of their king, but the king's son would not be expected to pay. Just so Jesus, being the Son of God, was free from obligation. Lest he should give offense, he did that which he was not required to do. "While Christians are not to sacrifice one principle of truth, they should avoid controversy whenever it is possible to do so."

III — Jesus the Deliverer

(October 16)

Daily-Study Outline

Sab. Read the lesson scripture.

Sun. "Lord, have mercy." Read "The Desire of Ages," page 426. Questions 1-3.

Mon. "Help thou mine unbelief." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 428, 429. Questions 4-6.

Tues. "Because of your unbelief." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 430, 431. Questions 7-11.

Wed. The betrayal foretold; paying tribute. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 432, 433. Questions 12-15.

Thurs. Children free, but not to offend. Read "The Desire of Ages," page 434. Questions 16-18.

Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 17:14-27.

Questions

1. Who were awaiting Jesus at the foot of the mount of transfiguration? What did one of the multitude do? Matt. 17:14.

2. What did this man say of his son's condition? Verse 15.

3. Who had failed to cure the afflicted son? Verse 18. Note 1.

4. On beholding the disappointed disciples and the taunting multitude, what did Jesus say? Verse 17.

5. What did Jesus say to the father? Mark 9:23.

6. How and what did the father answer? Verse 24.

7. What did Jesus do for the child? Matt. 17:18; Mark 9:25-27.

8. What did the disciples then ask Jesus? Matt. 17:19.

9. What was the cause of their failure? Verse 20, first part. Note 2.

10. How did Jesus illustrate the power of faith? Verse 20, last part.

11. How only could such an evil spirit be cast out? Verse 21.

12. While they were in Galilee, what did Jesus say to the disciples? Verses 22, 23. How did this affect them?

13. Who came to Peter while they were in Capernaum, and what did they ask? Verse 24. Note 3.

14. What was Peter's answer? Verse 25, first part.

15. What question did Jesus ask Peter when he came into the house? Verse 25, last part.

16. What was Peter's answer? Verse 26. What conclusion did Jesus draw? Note 4.

17. What motive prompted Jesus in paying tribute? Verse 27, first part. Note 5.

18. By what means did Jesus provide tribute money for himself and Peter? Verse 27, last part.

Notes

1. From the connection here it seems probable that the disciples who could not cure the afflicted son were the nine who did not go up into the mountain with Jesus. When Jesus came down from the mountain, the father, together with the disciples, brought the object of their failure to him—the best place to take all our failures.

2. "The selection of the three disciples to accompany Jesus to the mountain had excited the jealousy of the nine. Instead of strengthening their faith by prayer and meditation on the words of Christ, they had been dwelling on their discouragements and personal grievances. In this state of darkness they had undertaken the conflict with Satan."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 430.

3. "This tribute was not a civil tax, but a religious contribution, which every Jew was required to pay annually for the support of the temple. A refusal to pay the tribute would be regarded as disloyalty to the temple,—in the estimation of the rabbis a most grievous sin."—*Id.*, pages 432, 433.

4. "While the people of a country are taxed for the maintenance of their king, the monarch's own children are exempt. So Israel, the professed people of God, were required to maintain his service; but Jesus, the Son of God, was under no such obligation. If priests and Levites were exempt because of their connection with the temple, how much more he to whom the temple was his Father's house."—*Id.*, page 433.

5. Jesus was the Creator and Proprietor of all the earth, yet in his humble station as the Son of man he would not offend civil rulers even if to avoid so doing required the payment of money unjustly demanded by an oppressor. "While Christians are not to sacrifice one principle of truth, they should avoid controversy whenever it is possible to do so."

"If Jesus had paid the tribute without a protest, he would virtually have acknowledged the justice of the claim, and would thus have denied his divinity. While he saw good to meet the demand, he denied the claim upon which it was based. In providing for the payment of the tribute he gave evidence of his divine character. It was made manifest that he was one with God, and therefore was not under tribute as a mere subject of the kingdom."—*Id.*, page 434.

The Youth's Instructor

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

It is said that Thomas a Kempis had one rule that he followed with unswerving fidelity,—“*Strive to remain unknown.*” Surprisingly few persons think of following that rule today.

ACCORDING to its annual report, recently issued, the American Red Cross expended \$1,460,306 during the first year of the war in its relief work. All the countries involved in the war have received the benefit of this ministry. At the present time 71 surgeons and 253 nurses are at work in Europe under the direction of this organization.

NURSING has long been recognized as a promising field for the capable, well-trained Negro girl, and now it seems that the medical profession is opening its doors to her also. In this year's graduating class at the New York Medical College, the highest marks were obtained by a young woman of this race, who secured immediately after her graduation a responsible position in a Syracuse hospital.

Boy Wins First Prize in Bible Contest

THAT sincere application to study can be put to good advantage early in life is illustrated by the case of David Gellar, eighteen years old, who won the first prize of \$100 in a pictorial Bible contest conducted recently by Leon Gomberg for the *Day*, a New York Jewish publication.

Fifteen thousand persons, ranging from school children to gray-bearded grandfathers, and representative of every walk of life and various creeds, were entered in this competition. Yet an eighteen-year-old boy, who has been in this country only ten years, carried off highest honors. Young Gellar, who lives in Brooklyn, is now happy that the time he spent in studying the Scriptures has brought him material as well as moral advantage, and he recommends others to follow his example.

The contest, conducted in both English and Hebrew, consisted of sixty pictures portraying Biblical incidents. The object was to supply the greatest number of correct quotations fitting the pictures. One hundred and three prizes were awarded.

Urgent Business

“My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.” Never was this distressing cry of the prophet more pathetically true than at this critical time. To the young Christian who knows the marvelous story of the advent message in all the earth, the calls of the world to fame, or wealth, or pleasure, must seem insignificant indeed. And when the world beckons to a young person who *knows* the story of missions and has consecrated his life to the greatest business on earth,—the business of saving souls,—he must feel as Nehemiah did when he said, “I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down.” But what about the young people who know little about their Bibles and still less about the wonderful missionary work God is doing in the earth today? O, that is another story, a sad one, a heart-rending one!

Thousands of young people are being “destroyed for lack of knowledge.” They accept the truth or grow up in the church. For a time they are enthusiastic. But soon they become indifferent, and large numbers of them drift into the world and are lost, eternally lost. But how can they be interested in something of which they know very little or nothing at all? Interest feeds on information. Can we expect them to be loyal to a message of which we unwittingly keep them ignorant? Why is it that when young people are urged to read the *Review*, many say, “But it does not come to our home”? Who are responsible?

What will our Missionary Volunteers do about this terrible leak in the church? Are they going to view with indifference this hindrance to greater efficiency in our Missionary Volunteer army? Surely every loyal Missionary Volunteer sees before him a duty, first, to do his utmost to get the *Review* into every Seventh-day Adventist home in his community; and, second, to get every young Christian to read it regularly.

Sabbath, August 28, was *Review* day in the churches. An excellent program was prepared. Good results were obtained. Because of that program many homes will be blessed with the weekly visits of the *Review*. But this is only the beginning of a campaign which should continue until every Missionary Volunteer and every young Christian shall have access to the *Review* every week.

What can your Missionary Volunteer Society do?—You can promote this campaign under the auspices of your church. You can get your executive committee together and lay plans for a house-to-house canvass for *Review* subscriptions. If you have homes too poor to subscribe for it, your committee can find persons who will send the paper to such homes, or you can lay plans for lending the paper to these homes regularly each week. You can arrange to have the *Review* visit every Seventh-day Adventist home in your community every week; and in this way your society will be doing far more than its members realize to build up your entire church, to fortify all the young people against the temptations around them, and to strengthen your division of the world-wide army of Missionary Volunteers. Does not loyalty to our pledge demand that we do what we can to increase the efficiency of our army of soul winners?—Yes, this is our duty; but it is also our privilege, and the present need brings the present opportunity. Let us seize this opportunity to bring a new blessing into the homes that are now deprived of the *Review*.

MATILDA ERICKSON.