

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIII

October 26, 1915

No. 43



THE LAST OF A SUMMER PLEASURE



## FROM HERE AND THERE

THE loss by death in the membership of the Grand Army of the Republic during 1914 was 11,434.

AN ostrich often lives to be more than seventy years old, and yields marketable feathers from the time it is six months old until it is more than fifty.

THE thick-growing African dew plant is the plant that gives to the Panama Exposition wall its picturesque-ness at the main entrance to the South Gardens.

THE trustees of Sailors' Snug Harbor, in Staten Island, have decided that no liquor can be sold within the limits of the property owned by the institution in Manhattan. This section of ten blocks will be the biggest dry area in the city, except Central Park.

JUST as women were finding that the new wash dressed kid glove fulfilled every requirement of a good glove, importations of the French skins from which it was made stopped. Then the American tanners went to work. Now they have produced a dressed kid that washes well. From this kid our glove manufacturers will make gloves that wear well—and one of the problems raised by the war is solved.

### A Unique Table

A STUDENT of the East Orange, New Jersey, high school has received word from the secretary of the New Jersey State Commission at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, that a table which he made is on exhibition at the New Jersey State Building.

The table has a leather top, on which is inscribed the great seal of the United States, the seals of the various States, the signature of President Wilson and all the governors.

The table was started on its travels for the collection of the signatures a year ago, and has just arrived at San Francisco, with the list complete. It was lost for a time, when the governor of Texas misunderstood what the package was, and let it lie, in the belief that it was meant for his predecessor.

The student who made the table learned carpentry at school, and turned out this unique article of furniture during his spare time.—*Young People's Weekly*.

### A Little Chinese Boy — Lost and Found

ONE of our Chinese evangelists relates the following experience:—

"One day my little son Su-Lai [gift come] went outdoors to play; but when evening came, he did not return. I was very much frightened and quickly went in search, inquiring of neighbors and friends, with the hope that I should find him with them. It soon became evident that my son was lost,—had been carried away by some wicked person. My wife and I were exceedingly anxious, and quickly put out handbills, and also went everywhere beating a drum, inquiring for the lost boy. We also continually prayed to God about the matter. Thirty days passed and still there was not the slightest indication of his whereabouts. We then advertised in the church paper, with the hope that those who read it would help me search for my lost boy.

"My son was only four years old, but he had learned to pray and sing. It happened that he was sold into

a heathen family, and morning and evening, and before eating his rice, and also before retiring, the lad would always pray. The people who had bought him were very much surprised to see the child perform his devotions, and knew by this that he was the child of a Christian family. Next door to them lived a Christian family who were good neighbors, and with whom they were very friendly. They one day took my son into the home of this family and said, 'See here, I have bought this lad; he is a worship-God man as you people are. He prays, sings, and worships just as you people do.' When the Christian woman heard this, she remembered that not long before she read in the church paper about a child's being lost. She therefore carefully noticed the child, to see if he answered to the description given in the mission paper; and sure enough, he answered to every point.

"Immediately this Christian family wrote a letter to me, asking that I come and see. I at once took the boat and went to Amoy; and when I heard this sister describe the lad, I knew that it was my child. Though I had learned the whereabouts of my son, yet I did not have the power to demand him back, because these people were very fierce and wicked. I did not have money to force them to give up the child. And then, again, the person from whom they bought the lad had disappeared. Therefore it was no easy matter to get the child. While in these circumstances I knew that it was not in man's power to accomplish, but I knew that the Lord was able, so I prayed very earnestly that God would open the way.

"After ten days he did indeed open the way by impressing the members of the church to help. The foreign consul assisted, and the mandarin sent his soldiers and brought the child out from that family, and I received him, without any great expense.

"Truly, this recovery of my son was due to the fact that as a small boy he had learned to worship the Lord, so that he bore witness for him even in a heathen family. My son is now grown and has finished the course of study in our mission school, and is preaching the gospel in the city of Amoy."

### Thought Pearls

HE who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.—*Milton*.

Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves.—*Colton*.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—*Chesterfield*.

### Principal Contents

A Little Chinese Boy — Lost and Found .....	2
Live for a High Purpose (poetry) .....	3
Witnesses for the Seventh-Day Sabbath .....	4
Report From Honolulu .....	5
Love One Another — the Rainbow .....	6
The Hollyhock's Lesson .....	7
Buying the Truth .....	8
Reading the Bible Through .....	8
China, Korea, and Manchuria .....	9
Table Showing Work and Workers in China, Korea, and Manchuria, .....	10
Helpful Penelope .....	11
The Passing of the Medicine Bottle .....	16
A Modern Writer .....	16



# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 26, 1915

No. 43

## Live for a High Purpose

J. W. LOWE

LIVE for a high purpose, with an object in view,  
And with earnest effort that object pursue;  
Never lose your ardor in your calling, if right,  
But press ever forward and win in the fight.

Let nothing discourage; obstacles override,  
Not allowing yourself to drift with the tide.  
Be a man among men, not a weakling, and frail,  
For the man who succeeds faces many a gale.

Lose not your balance when things seem to go wrong,  
For equilibrium always helps to make strong;  
The halt and the weak-kneed are sure to fall out,  
The prize being won by some other more stout.

Live for a high purpose, definite and true,  
Though your talents are meager and decidedly few;  
Live in an atmosphere that tends to uplift,  
Making the best use of every God-given gift.

## Christian Work on Europe's Battle Fields



Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Norton sailed recently for England and France, to devote their time to preaching Christ and distributing Testaments to the soldiers. They have heretofore spent considerable time in this public and personal work for the soldiers. Mrs. Norton says:—

"Never was personal work so easy. On streets, in railway carriages, wherever a soldier in khaki is met, there is a chance to lead a soul to the Saviour.

"One night last December we were early at the Waterloo Station, having to wait some minutes for our train. As we stood there my husband spied a soldier limping across the passageway toward us. Advancing to meet him, Mr. Norton inquired kindly, 'Just back from the front, are you, old fellow? How did you receive your wound?' This mode of address never displeases a soldier, and this one was no exception. Soon he was telling us about his wound, received while in veterinary service. His business was to go onto the field of battle and carry off wounded horses. It was most dangerous; he had had a close call, being himself crippled, and his horse shot from under him.

"In the face of such dangers,' pursued my husband, 'do you not feel the need of a Saviour? Have you given the matter any thought?' The man immediately became serious, and standing there on the platform of Waterloo Station, we had the joy of hearing this soldier acknowledge his acceptance of Christ.

"Many wounded soldiers back from the trenches in northern France have told us of the horror and soul sickness that have seized them as for the first time they have seen death flying overhead, and striking down their mates by their side. They have told us of a whole battalion filing into the trenches for the first time, forgetting 'Tipperary,' forgetting aught but the flying shells, and to a man dropping on their knees in prayer. They have told us how as never before, to a soldier in the trenches, as to a drowning man, come the visions of his past sins and of his need of God. And even the enlisted men who have not as yet tasted actual conflict have felt something of the solemnity of their position as we have talked with them, and have been eager and ready for the message of salvation.

"One of the greatest factors in the success of this work has been the distribution of Testaments and Gospels. It is an invaluable adjunct to personal work, as nothing else makes approach to a man so easy as

offering him a Testament. These Testaments are gratefully received, and after the acceptance of one it is always easy to speak a word as to the man's personal relation to Christ.

"And the Testaments are giving their messages to the dying men.

"A Scottish soldier in the British trenches in Flanders, struck by a fragment of exploding shell, was dying. To a comrade less seriously hurt he said:—

"Mate, what do you know about God?"

"No more than you,' was the appallingly helpless reply to a man who had but an hour betwixt time and eternity. 'But wait a minute,' continued the comrade; 'some time ago in the camps in England a man gave me a little book with part of the Bible in it. Maybe it will help you.'

"Out of his uniform or knapsack the comrade fished a pocket Testament. In feverish haste his fingers turned the leaves to find a verse in bold-faced type, and presently he came to some such passage as this: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'

"That settles it for me,' said the wounded man. 'I see it. It's all right.' And soon afterwards he died."

## When Your Life Ship Is Torpedoed

CAPTAIN FINCH, commander of the "Arabic," recently accomplished the saving of three hundred and ninety-one lives in eleven minutes, after his ship had been torpedoed. What a lesson in efficiency, in quick decision, in discipline, in executive leadership!

There are unforeseen happenings in every life, emergencies, decisive moments, which call for prompt action, the result of which may seriously affect our future, our whole after lives. Whether we meet such crucial tests well or ill will depend largely upon our previous training. Alertness of mind, quickness of perception, promptness and firmness of decision, self-control, will not rush to our aid when we most need them unless these qualities have become so firmly fixed in our nature through daily exercise that they will act automatically in great crises.

Nothing else so quickly and completely reveals one's character and training as a great emergency. What unwise things some people will do under such circumstances as train wrecks, shipwrecks, floods, etc. They don't think at all; the automatic side of their character takes the lead. What they do then is from impulse, not from deliberate reason. This, in a small



way, was illustrated by the man who, after the "Arabic" was torpedoed, waited to throw two dogs overboard, animals which could swim under any circumstances if they were not stunned by blows from spars or wreckage.

I once witnessed a ludicrous instance of lack of thought in a great emergency in a hotel which had caught fire. There was a panic, and everybody in the building was rushing for the stairways and fire escapes. In the midst of the *melée* the proprietor of the hotel was seen coming downstairs, in his night shirt, with a water pitcher out of which was sticking a feather duster, grasped in his hand. He carried nothing else, and had left his wife's jewels and other valuables in the room from which he had fled.

There is nothing in life more valuable than the clearness of vision, the quick perception, which enables one to act as coolly and efficiently in a crisis as in the ordinary routine of life. It is the man with the cool head, who knows what to do in an emergency, the masterful man, that is in demand for the important positions.

Go into any town or city, and you will find that the most brilliant men are not those in the most responsible places. You will see men on school boards, as trustees of banks, and in other positions of trust, not because they have great talent or brilliancy, but because they are level-headed, because what ability they have is dependable.

One of the first steps to success in life is to learn to keep one's mind always in the ascendancy; to have such perfect control of one's mental faculties as not to be fazed by any emergency, not to succumb to any discouragement or misfortune, however great. The poised, balanced mind, the cool, level hand, will find a way out of every difficulty.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

### Witnesses for the Seventh-Day Sabbath<sup>1</sup>

#### From Paul's Day to Ours

THE records of early Christianity are very meager; for the apostasy made sad havoc in the true church even in the days of the apostles. It is well, therefore, to find our bearings as to the beginnings of the church from the Sacred Scriptures.

"The apostate Jewish church, by rejecting Jesus as the Messiah, rejected the unanimous testimony of the law and the prophets. In their blindness they styled the Israel of God, that is, the true Israel, a *sect*, their belief in Christ a *heresy*, and Paul a *pestilent fellow*, the *ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes*." By this we see that the sect of the Nazarenes is none other than the true Israel of God. They were given this opprobrious title by apostate Israel, because they accepted Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah.

The charge against Paul on this occasion was that he had "profaned the temple by bringing a Greek into it; but this, however, was false. Had Paul forsaken the Sabbath, or instructed his followers to do so, this charge would surely have been made."

Paul's attitude toward the Sabbath is clearly shown by his words to the leading Jews of Rome. When, a prisoner to be tried for his life, he reached that city,

<sup>1</sup>This article is based upon, and abridged from, chapters in "History of the Sabbath," showing that from the days of the apostles to the present time God's holy Sabbath has not lacked witnesses. The quoted portions are also from that book. Altogether, the incidents given are only a few links in the strong chain of evidence there presented.

he called the leading Jews together, and declared: "Though I have committed nothing against the people, or customs of our fathers, yet was I delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans." Further, he explained that "for the hope of Israel" he was "bound with this chain." The reply of the Jews is suggestive: "As concerning *this sect*, we know that everywhere it is spoken against."

Thus the true church met active opposition from without. From within, various differences of opinion arose. The Greeks complained that their poor were neglected; the Jews urged that circumcision be incorporated into the church. Dissension and murmuring came into the ranks of those who had, at the first, been "of one heart and of one mind." But in spite of persecution from the unbelieving, and the developing apostasy, the true Israel kept "the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus."

The headquarters of the early Christian church were at Jerusalem, and remained there till the faithful fled just before the destruction of the city. That these observed the Sabbath, and that believers from the Gentiles joined them at first, is thus attested by Eusebius, a church historian: "While the Jewish Christians of Palestine retained the entire Mosaic law, and consequently the Jewish festivals, the Gentile Christians observed also the Sabbath and the Passover (1 Cor. 5:6-8), with reference to the last scenes of Jesus' life, but without Jewish superstition."

Another, Guericke, calls these Jewish Christians Nazarenes; and we find this title associated as a term of reproach with the Sabbath-keeping Christians, Jews and Gentiles alike, during many centuries.

In the year A. D. 372 Gregory of Nyssa thus censured a certain church for allowing disturbances on the Sabbath: "With what eyes can you behold Sunday, if you desecrate the Sabbath? Don't you know that these days are brethren? He who little esteems the one disregards also the other."

However, the Laodicean Council, held between 343 and 381, declared that "Christians shall not Judaize and be idle on Sunday, but shall work on that day." The anathema of this council reveals that "during the fourth century many Christians rested from all their work on the seventh day, according to the commandment." By the unbelieving Jews they were called "the sect of the Nazarenes," and by the Catholic Church they were regarded as heretics. However, there are many First-day writers who contend "that the Nazarenes should not only be excluded from the list of heretics, but that they were in reality the orthodox Christians." It is admitted by Walch that as far as the chronological order is concerned, "the first question of controversy was the observance of the Sabbath."

#### From the Fourth Century

"From the middle of the fourth century onward, testimonies are forthcoming for the Christian observance of the Sabbath, and, moreover, at once in great abundance," says Dr. Th. Zahn in his history of Sunday.

At the beginning of the seventh century there were still Sabbath keepers as we learn from an epistle of Pope Gregory I. "It has come to my ears," he said, "that certain men of perverse spirit have sown among you some things that are wrong and opposed to holy faith, so as to forbid any work being done on the Sabbath day."

Very early the gospel found its way northward to



Britain. In the sixth century a zealous Christian church was in existence in Ireland; and by the labors of its missionaries, especially of Columba, who with a little company settled on the west coast of Scotland, the gospel torch was lifted in the Western world. The Netherlands, France, Switzerland, Germany, and even Italy were entered.

Thirty years later a company of Roman monks came to southern England. Their mission was not only to convert the heathen, but to bring "this Scotch-Irish church, which had hitherto been free from Rome, in subjection to the papal chair." No means were left untried to accomplish this end; but that many held fast to the Sabbath of Jehovah until the time of Queen Margaret, in the middle of the eleventh century, is thus attested by Andrew Lang: "They worked on Sunday, but kept Saturday in a Sabbatical manner."

As late as A. D. 791 the Sabbath was kept by Christians in Italy. At this time a canon was issued by the council of Friaul, which has been summed up by Bishop Hefele in these words: "The celebration of Sunday begins with Saturday evening. It is enjoined to keep Sunday and the other church festivals. *The peasants kept Saturday in many cases.*"

#### Onward From the Eleventh Century

From the night of the Dark Ages a few glimmers of the Sabbath light come to us. "As late as the eleventh century Cardinal Humbert still referred to the Nazarenes as a Sabbath-keeping Christian body existing at that time." Another authority says: "We find them emerging at once in the eleventh century, in countries the most diverse, and the most remote from each other, in Italy, France, and even in the Harz districts in Germany." Strong's Cyclopaedia, New York, edition of 1874, says: "Traces of Sabbath keepers are found in the times of Gregory I, Gregory VII, and in the twelfth century in Lombardy."

From the eleventh to the thirteenth century the Latin records of the Inquisition make frequent mention of the Pasaginians, who, according to Erbkam, "observed the seventh day."

In an edict, in 1192, King Alphonso of Aragonia mentions the "*Inzabbati*," a name which has puzzled many historians. At least one of these (Goldastus, 1576-1635) declared that "they were called Insabbati, not because they were circumcised, but *because they kept the Sabbath according to the Jewish law.*"

Among the churches of the sixteenth century, A. Ross enumerates: "8. Sabbatarians, so called because they reject the observance of the Lord's Day as not commanded in Scripture; they consider the Sabbath alone to be holy, as God rested on that day and commanded to keep it holy and to rest on it."

From this time frequent mention is made of the Sabbatarians. They are refuted, exposed, ridiculed, persecuted by the Papacy, rejected by the Reformers, and scattered by imperial decrees; yet their light is not extinguished. For many years they were found in Moravia, as well as in Bohemia, Silesia, Poland, Holland, and northern Germany.

In the seventeenth century many arose to defend the keeping of God's Sabbath. Theophilus Brabourne, a minister of the established church, wrote in 1628 a "Discourse Upon the Sabbath Day," in which he set forth: "1. That the Lord's Day is not Sabbath day by divine institution. . . . 3. That the seventh-day Sabbath is not abolished. 4. That the seventh-day Sabbath is now still in force." Later Brabourne was led to re-

cant; but it is worthy of note that "his followers, however, did not all accompany him back to orthodoxy."

In 1664 Edward Stennet, an able minister of the established church, published a book called "The Seventh Day Is the Sabbath of the Lord." As a result of his dissent he was deprived of his living, and was kept in prison for a long time. A letter addressed by him in 1668 to "the remnant in Rhode Island who keep the commandments of God and the testimonies of Jesus," proves that the Sabbath truth had already found lodgment in America. From another letter (dated 1670) we learn of the conditions in England at that time: "Here in England are about nine or ten churches that keep the Sabbath, besides many scattered disciples."

In 1664, forty-four years after the landing of the Pilgrims, Stephen Mumford, sent out by the London Seventh-day Baptists, arrived in Rhode Island. Those who began to observe the seventh-day Sabbath under his labors did not at first wish to leave the church of which they were members, but finally "they were forced to leave the fellowship of the Baptist Church, or abandon the Sabbath." Some ceased to observe it, but the loyal believers withdrew their membership. On Dec. 23, 1671, the first Sabbath-keeping church in America was organized.

From that time the Sabbath has made its appeal to thousands of the honest in heart; and today in every nation under heaven are found loyal men and women who are glad to be known as Sabbatarians.

A. B. E.

#### Report From Honolulu

IN writing from Honolulu, Hawaiian Territory, Mrs. Birdie Conway, among other encouraging items, tells about their "wide-awake Missionary Volunteer Society." She says:—

"We read the recent message Mrs. E. G. White sent out to the young people. This message found its way into the hearts of our youth and young people, and they are taking a more decided stand to study the Bible and the good books given us on the message.

"What a change this would make in our young people if they would heed this message from the Lord and put away all books and papers that do not build them up in the truth and that will not prepare them to meet the soon-coming Saviour.

"Some of the members of our society here are selling the TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTOR and 'The World's Crisis.' We ordered one thousand copies of the TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTOR and five hundred of 'The World's Crisis.' They are going fast. We also sell about four hundred copies a month of our other good magazines, such as the *Signs, Watchman, Liberty, and Health and Temperance* besides Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Filipino, and Hawaiian tracts.

"The Lord is going before us, and his rich blessings are attending the work here. Some new converts were recently baptized. Five of our bright young Chinese boys go to the Pacific Coast soon to enter our colleges, to prepare for better service in the Lord's ripe harvest field."

Surely such reports of interest and activity on the part of young people in the Hawaiian Islands ought to stimulate us all to great love and zeal. Jesus is coming soon, and all who have been faithful will go home, taking some fruit of consecrated effort.

M. E. KERN.



## Love One Another — The Rainbow

I. C. KILGORE

**S**OME time ago California had a rainstorm which lasted longer than usual. It lasted several days, and made all the Californians in my part of the State thoroughly tired of mud and slush — and all the more weary because we were not supposed, by all the laws of California weather, to be having such a downpour so late in the season. We are jealous of our climate, and a straggling cloud that lets out a few rain drops on us when we think we shouldn't have them is likely to be regarded as an enemy. The cloud with us is never given too hearty a welcome.

The clearing-up day finally came, and a west wind drove the clouds eastward, far past us. All this just a few moments before the sun slid down behind the hills of San Francisco into the ocean, and just as I, glad of respite from the rain, thrust my head from a window of my home and looked out. The world outside was as lovely as I have ever seen it; drops of freshly fallen rain still clung to tree leaves and grass blades, and each drop was lighted, firelike, by the passing rays of the setting sun. And the dazzling scenery near me exaggerated the dark sky beyond in the east, for the rain clouds, bright on the side toward the sun, were heavy and dark underneath, and made black shadows on the eastern hills. Before long a faint haziness spread over the distance, and the faintest color tint appeared. The haze was caused, of course, by rain which was just beginning to fall again on the hills from the far-away cloud. The color grew brighter as the rain fell heavier. And it became finally a rainbow — one of the brightest I have ever seen, arching far up into the sky, brilliant and perfect, a beautiful thing, showing up against the black clouds. All this was done as quietly as light shines, and just as the sun was dipping behind the western hills.

### A Scientific View

Scientists who have been inspired by such beautiful scenes as I have tried to describe, have sought to find out the cause of the rainbow phenomenon, and have given as the result of their study the following explanation: —

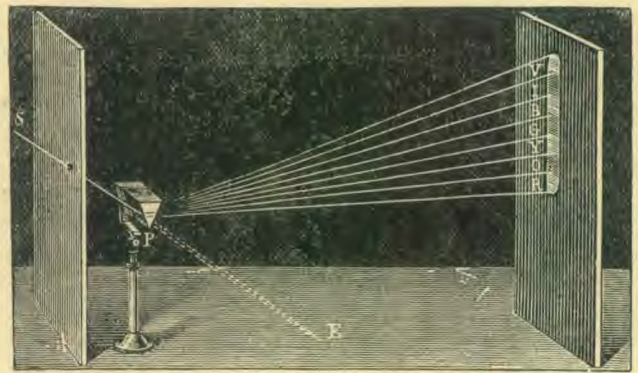
A rainbow acts as does a glass prism held in a ray of sunlight as it comes through a window. A window rainbow, or a spectrum, appears on the wall or the floor, opposite the window, and it looks very much like the real rainbow in the sky when rain is falling and the sun shines upon it from a fairly low point in the sky. And so when we know how the sun and the glass make the spectrum on the wall in our room, we know how the sun and the rain make the spectrum in the sky.

Briefly it is this: A beam of light coming from the sun is made up of rays of at least seven different rates of vibration or wave lengths, and this causes each color to be bent or refracted at a different angle from that of any other color. (See drawing.) Violet is the color which has the shortest wave length, and red the color with the longest, and all the other colors which we know anything about come in between in the order shown in the figure. The reason why we cannot see them in the sunlight before it enters and passes through the glass prism is because they are all mixed up together, and we cannot segregate any one color in

the sunbeam and look at it without seeing all the rest along with it; so that altogether the sunbeam looks perfectly white. It takes the glass prism to do the separating for us.<sup>1</sup>

The rainbow I saw in the sky that evening was made in exactly the same way as the spectrum is sometimes made in people's houses. It is the same sunshine, in both cases, so that the source of light is the same, and then we know that the water is transparent like glass; and so we are sure that the raindrops act as does the glass prism — they *refract*, or bend, the rays of light as they fall on them, thus separating the ray into its seven colors, which makes the rainbow.

All this I thought of that evening as I watched the rainbow in the sky, until the sun was out of sight, and



SUN'S SPECTRUM, SHOWING THE SEPARATED COLORS  
rainbow colors had given place to evening's drab and blue. Then the window was closed, and the gazer became for a while the thinker, who thought long about many things for which the rainbow is responsible.

### A Spiritual View

Often have I read the Bible's love chapter, 1 Corinthians 13, and once I memorized it. And the rainbow and the love chapter seemed to me that evening to be connected in some way. I could not tell how until I had thought a long while, and then I knew.

"God so loved the world," the Book says, "that he gave his only begotten Son;" but long, long before the Son came, God had so loved the world that he gave the rainbow. And when he gave it he said it was a promise, a love promise, he was putting in colors in the sky — his promise that there would never be another flood. If God had not loved man he might have left the world in an exasperating state of distrust and fear toward every fleecy cloud, lest it gather strength and precipitate enough water to wash everything away again. But now there is none of that fear. No one is afraid, even when rain falls heavily, that it is going to flood the earth and drown every one; for the promise says, No more universal floods; and every rainbow lovingly reiterates that promise.

<sup>1</sup> It is an interesting experiment to cut out round pieces of paper of convenient size, coloring each piece one of the seven colors of the rainbow, and paste these as close together as they will go on a large piece of white cardboard, leaving a part of the white cardboard showing in the center. Through the center fasten the point of a rather heavy top by means of fine wire running through the cardboard and around and over the top. Spin the top, the cardboard with it, as fast as possible. The colored pieces of paper will be indistinguishable from the white center of the cardboard when the top spins very rapidly. This shows how all the cardinal colors blend together to make white sunlight.



The Love Spectrum

I shall group in a certain way those sentences of Paul's which begin with the fourth verse and continue on to the seventh:—

- |   |   |               |
|---|---|---------------|
| “Love suffereth long”                   | } | PATIENCE      |
| “Is not easily provoked”                |   |               |
| “Endureth all things”                   |   |               |
| “Covereth [R. V., margin] all things”   | } | KINDNESS      |
| “And is kind”                           |   |               |
| “Envieth not”                           | } | UNSELFISHNESS |
| “Seeketh not her own”                   |   |               |
| “Vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up” | } | HUMILITY      |
| “Doth not behave itself unseemly”       |   |               |
| “Rejoiceth not in iniquity”             | } | GUILELESSNESS |
| “Thinketh no evil”                      |   |               |
| “Believeth all things”                  |   |               |
| “Hopeth all things”                     |   | COURAGE       |

There are seven colors in the rainbow; and there are just seven parts of this definition of love which the apostle gave so long ago.

These are the traits of character which Paul says Heaven counts of greater worth than dying for Christ, or giving all one's belongings to the poor, or being a wonderful orator and winning many converts, or having the ability to read the future. They are more than all, he says. And small wonder; for they stand for the living of a lovely life, the finest thing known. Paul is right when he says all these other worthy things are nothing without love. Love is greater than faith or hope.

The Bible is what carries the knowledge or *light* about God and Jesus and love. *Light* is often used to represent truth and knowledge.

To get the spectrum, the glass prism must be in the sunlight. Now sunlight, every one knows, comes from the sun. And, strange to say, one of the oldest words which has ever been used by mankind to mean the *sun*, when translated and the *real meaning* understood, means just *light bearer*. Those who lived so long ago believed and said every time they spoke of the sun, that it was just a light bearer, that is, got its light from something else and sent it on down to us. And that is just about what some of us are coming to believe now in the twentieth century. We know that the sun supplies us with light, but just how we cannot tell, because we really do not know what light is. It simply comes to us from the sun, and we cannot live without it, and that is really about all we know.

Well, then, the sun is the bearer of physical light to the world, and now we realize that the Bible is the bearer of spiritual light or truth to the world—the truth about God and Jesus Christ and love. And by keeping in that truth we live true lives, and shall continue to live eternally. The sun and the Bible are doing very much the same thing,—bearing the light to the world,—and God, who made the sun, made also the Bible, so that he is the great source of all light, physical and spiritual.

God then being the source of spiritual light, the Bible is the sun, and bears to us the light from God; and the Holy Spirit is the great prism which breaks up the love ray into its seven parts and makes it “spread abroad in our hearts” and shine out of our hearts into our lives. The ray of light as it comes from the sun seems to be just pure white light, and it is this pure white light that breaks up through the glass prism into the seven colors. White stands always for purity. “They shall walk with me in white,” says Jesus, “for they are worthy.” This means that through a great deal of patient effort his people shall have gained absolute purity of character and be “without blemish,” the seven colors of Christian character having blended into that absolute purity which will enable them one day to walk with Jesus in white.

These are some of the things that the rainbow after the storm told me.

The Hollyhock's Lesson

RIGHT in front of my window, at a respectful distance, the hollyhocks bloomed. In fair weather or foul their tall, straight stalks were covered with gay flowers that looked modestly up from every direction. I coveted the opportunity to make a water-color sketch of those nearest me, and each morning led me to the window to make at least a mental picture of their fresh beauty.

But there came a day when it looked very much as if my friends, the hollyhocks, were saying, “Now, when these have finished, we must stop.” There had been several days of scorching weather, and the blossoms were wilting and drying up for lack of moisture in the earth. The hose sprinkler was turned toward them, but not until a heavy shower of rain came did the plants gather courage to lift up their leaves and flowers. Even then the flowers looked withered, and I began to fear that blossoming time was almost gone. Imagine my surprise and pleasure the next morning when, peeking out, I saw apparently the old flowers looking crisp and new, and with the same modest upward turn as before. They were not the old ones, however; for, glancing down, I saw them in the grass underfoot.

Surely, I thought, those withered blossoms were the hollyhocks' defeats, but under the gentle influence of the rain they are gone, and in their places fresh flowers—new victories—are there.

We are plants, not so common as hollyhocks, for we are told that we are choice vines of God's planting. We are expected to bear the precious fruits of the Spirit. When the scorching heat of the fiery trials assails us, let us look up humbly and trustfully to God, and remember that he has promised the abundant latter rain for the time of harvest and gathering of the precious fruit.

MINTIE E. BODWELL.

“SILENCE is not golden when a mistaken impression is to be corrected, or a wrong waits to be rebuked, or a slander on another's good name is to be denied. There are times which call for silence, and others when plain, straightforward, ringing words are the only things that can meet the emergencies of the case.”

“THE jewel must needs be glorious in the sun, which glitters in the shade.”



### Can You Answer These Questions?

WHAT two good men had grafters for sons?

Who hid under a pile of flax on a roof? who under some baggage? who in a well?

What king lost 185,000 soldiers without a battle?

Who hung between heaven and earth by the hair of his head?

What woman held court under a palm tree? and what woman of the same name was buried under an oak tree?

What great victory and what great return were marked by stones?

What trophy of a great battle brought harm and disgrace to the nation which won it?

Where was water poured out as a symbol of repentance?

When did thunder win a battle for a discouraged army? — *Samuel Scoville, Jr.*

### Buying the Truth

AWAY up in the Transvaal, nearly one thousand miles from Cape Town, in the vicinity of Johannesburg, are a great many gold mines. Between two and three hundred thousand native men and boys are employed there. They come from all parts of South and central Africa and from all the different tribes. Many



A SOUTH AFRICAN COLPORTEUR SHOWING HIS BOOKS

of them are quite intelligent and can read in their own language.

Two years ago we secured the right to enter the compounds where these boys live, and sell to them our native books, tracts, and pamphlets. The boys at certain hours swarm out of the mines, covered with grime. They go at once to their rooms and to the shower baths, removing the dirt and changing their clothes. Then many of them come back to our novel little bookstand, to examine and buy our literature, as shown in the picture.

You will notice a young man at the left wearing a straw hat. This is Bob, a native colporteur who is employed by the South African Union Conference to labor among these natives. Bob is a Christian, and feels a burden for his people. He can speak many languages; it does not make any difference what tribe a boy is from, Bob will generally converse with him.

The European in the center of the picture is H. J. McMullin, who divides his time between the natives and the whites. Hundreds of pounds of literature are sold to these natives. When they return to their

homes, they carry these books with them, and thus the truth through the printed page is carried to nearly all parts of South and central Africa. We should have much more native literature that can be sold and given to these native men. We are producing it as fast as we can, but we find it slow work.

Surely it is sweet to work for Jesus, and those who labor in Africa among these native tribes find the Holy Spirit ever present to bless the faithful worker.

W. B. WHITE.

### Reading the Bible Through

HUNDREDS of our young people set out to read the Book of books through this year. Many of them have attempted it one or more times before, but failed to persevere to the end. We still have a few months of this year left, and I wish to encourage any who may have lost enthusiasm, or for any reason have fallen behind in their reading of the Bible.

Surely every reason which prompted us to start this reading has as much force now as when we began. In fact, the steady march of events which show the coming of the Lord very near only emphasizes the importance of more prayerful and continuous Bible study. If we have lost our enthusiasm, or the Bible has lost its charm, would it not be well to ask ourselves the reason? It may be that other reading has blinded our eyes or spoiled our taste for the best. A noted minister says concerning our neglect of reading the Bible through: —

“Is it not dishonoring to God for us to treat his authorship thus? We are living in a time when, if only for good form, we feel an obligation to be acquainted with the best authors. But shall we say that Dante or Shakespeare or any other of the masters is able to interest us in what he wrote, while he who created us is unable to do so? Are we prepared to confess that God cannot write a book as capable of holding our attention as that of one of his creatures? What an indictment we are writing down against ourselves, and how it convinces us of sin!”

We should do well to remind ourselves daily of the many blessings we may confidently expect from faithfully reading the Word of God. Recently I met a young woman of twenty-three who has read the Bible through ten times. While in the fourth grade in school, she read it through four times in a year — once in only thirty-two days. It is needless to say that she loves the Bible, and bears witness in her countenance and life to its power to uplift and make noble and beautiful.

One of the young people who read it through last year wrote: “I am so glad I promised to do it, for if I had not, I fear I should not have read it. . . . It seems as if every chapter I read draws me nearer the Lord. I really have learned to love the Book which before seemed so dry and hard to read. It seems now the most interesting book I ever read. I intend this year to study it systematically.”

Let us persevere in this good endeavor, and as soon as we have finished, notify our conference Missionary Volunteer secretaries.

MEADE MACGUIRE.

“LET our motto be, Temperance in all things that are not wrong, and abstinence from all that are evil.”



**My Leader**

WHEN earthly joys have all passed by,  
 And clouds are lowering in the sky,  
 Though oft by human hopes deceived,  
 I know in whom I have believed,  
 And although gloomy seems the day,  
 When traveling on life's weary way,  
 I know that he has said to me,  
 That "as the day thy strength shall be."

And so, while trusting in his word,  
 I lean upon my gracious Lord,  
 And feel whate'er my lot may be,  
 "Still by his hand he leadeth me."

**China, Korea, and Manchuria**

To any one who knows the history of missions in the Far East, and the difficulties which must be met there, the story of Seventh-day Adventist missions is really wonderful. Twenty-eight years ago dear old Brother La Rue, who now sleeps in the Hongkong cemetery, pioneered the way at his own expense. It was only thirteen years ago that our Mission Board sent out its first missionaries to China, and now we have fifteen main stations in nine of China's eighteen provinces, four stations in Korea, and one in Manchuria, with

over 3,400 believers, and about 450 workers, native and foreign. This map presents a beautiful picture to one who knows the story and is interested in sending "the advent message to all the world in this generation." The Missionary Volunteer programs will soon be on the Far East, so we hope each society will use this map to fill out its outline wall map.

The table on the following page gives a comprehensive statement of our work in these countries.

The only natives in this list are those who have been ordained to the ministry. There are many others,—evangelists, Bible women, colporteurs, and teachers.

Since this map was made two more provinces have been entered. At the general meeting held at Shanghai, at the time of Elder Daniells's visit in May, it was recommended that C. P. Lillie and wife open up work in Shan-tung, and that Hwang Dzun Dao and wife answer an urgent call to begin work in the Kiang-si Province. The exact locations of these new stations are not known.

Another station, Fu-chau, is not marked on the map. It is on the coast north of Amoy, about three eighths of an inch on this map.

This statement may not be correct in every particular. Much we know is not included. It has been somewhat difficult to gather all the information desired. But putting it in this form gives us at a glance something of the extent and results of our work and the distribution of the workers.

Where several churches are mentioned as belonging to one station, it does not mean that they are all in that place, but they are in the surrounding territory and are looked after by the missionary at that main station, with the help of native evangelists.

Our young people will be glad to know that we have hundreds of loyal Missionary Volunteers in China. In the East China Mission alone there are eight societies.

M. E. KERN.



It may be that the path is rough—  
 Still, if he leads, it is enough,  
 For on his word I will depend:  
 "Lo, I am with you till the end."

—Mary M. M. McFarland, in the  
*Christian Herald.*

**Little Things**

THE little common things of life—  
 A kindly word, a little trust,  
 A friendly smile amid the strife  
 That crushes souls into the dust;

A flower for some tired eyes,  
 Or music for a weary heart—  
 "Just little things," not any size,  
 But, ah, the sweetness they impart!

—Edith McKay, in *Our Dumb Animals.*



## Table Showing Work and Workers in China, Korea, and Manchuria

NAME OF STATION	YEAR ENT'D	WORK CONDUCTED	WORKERS IN CHARGE	OTHER WORKERS	RESULTS
<i>South China</i>					
Canton	1902	Evangelical Schools	B. A. Meeker and wife P. V. Thomas and wife	Geo. Harlow and wife	Strong church 2 outstations Girls' school Boys' school
Hongkong	1902	Evangelical Publishing	A. L. Ham Mrs. E. H. Wilbur A. Mountain	Mrs. A. L. Ham Mrs. A. Mountain	Church
Waichow	1906	Evangelical Schools	S. A. Nagel	Mrs. S. A. Nagel	2 churches (about 70 members) 10 outstations 9 schools
Wu-chau	1914	Evangelical	Dr. Law Keem	Mrs. Law Keem	Church (about 25 members) Company
Swatow	1907	Evangelical Schools	J. P. Anderson and wife T. K. Ang F. E. Bates and wife	Mrs. T. K. Ang	Strong church 10 outstations 9 schools
Amoy	1905	Evangelical Schools	W. C. Hankins B. L. Anderson	Mrs. W. C. Hankins Mrs. B. L. Anderson	Strong church 4 boys' schools 1 girls' school 3 outstations
Fu-chau	1913	Evangelical School	N. P. Keh	Mrs. N. P. Keh	Church (about 75 members)
<i>East China</i>					
Shanghai	1908	Evangelical  Printing plant Treasury Dept. Editorial Publishing Dept. Training school Dispensary	K. H. Wood and wife R. C. Porter and wife Mrs. B. Miller Mrs. C. N. Woodward W. E. Gillis C. N. Woodward J. E. Shultz H. M. Blunden Olive Osborne	Florence Wilson Florence Shull Mrs. W. E. Gillis Mrs. J. E. Shultz Mrs. H. M. Blunden	2 churches (120 members) 2 church schools 3 companies
Nanking	1910	Evangelical Schools	O. A. Hall H. J. Doolittle	Mrs. O. A. Hall Mrs. H. J. Doolittle	2 churches (about 80 members) 5 schools
Shan-tung (Prov.)	1915	Evangelical	C. P. Lillie	Mrs. C. P. Lillie	
<i>Central China</i>					
Yen-cheng	1913	Evangelical  Dispensary Intermediate school Primary schools	Fred Lee Liu Djen Bang O. J. Gibson O. J. Gibson	Mrs. Fred Lee Mrs. O. J. Gibson	9 churches (about 250 members) 16 companies 14 outstations 2 primary church schools
Hankow	1910	Evangelical  Dispensary  Training school Primary schools	R. F. Cottrell and wife Dr. A. C. Selmon Drs. A. C. and Bertha Selmon R. F. Cottrell and wife	R. J. Brown and wife	14 churches 4 companies 10 outstations 4 church schools
Changsha	1906	Evangelical  Dispensary Schools	S. G. White and wife S. G. White and wife		12 churches (about 375 members) 13 outstations 7 church schools
Kiang-si (Prov.)	1915	Evangelical	Hwang Dzun Dao and wife		
<i>West China</i>					
Chung-kang	1914	Evangelical	F. A. Allum and wife M. C. Warren and wife		Church
<i>Korea</i>					
Seoul	1909	Evangelical Printing plant Publishing Dept. Bookkeeping Mission night school	C. L. Butterfield B. R. Owen H. A. Oberg Mrs. H. A. Oberg	Mrs. C. L. Butterfield Mrs. B. R. Owen	2 churches (about 100 members)
Soonan	1906	Evangelical  Industrial School  Dispensary Schools	Dr. Riley Russell Nee Keun Ok Pyong Mun Kuk C. L. Butterfield Mimi Scharffenberg May Scott Dr. Riley Russell and others Dr. and Mrs. Riley Russell		Church (about 150 members) 5 primary church schools
Wonsan	1909	Evangelical	W. R. Smith	Mrs. W. R. Smith	Church (about 30 members) Church at E. Won, 200 miles N. Work started at other places on east coast
Keizan	1910	Evangelical Mission school	R. C. Wangerin	Mrs. R. C. Wangerin	Church (over 60 members) 6 companies
<i>Manchuria</i>					
Mukden	1914	Evangelical	B. Petersen and wife O. J. Grundset and wife		Church (about 20 members)





## Helpful Penelope

**M**RS. CRANSTON stood at the station, watching for the coming of the train which was bringing her daughter home. She had come early purposely, not knowing how many hours can be crowded into anxious waiting minutes. And yet, uneasy as she felt, she did not for a moment regret her overpromptitude.

"Fancy having her come, and no one to meet her!" she said to herself.

She consulted her watch and the station master again and again.

"Train's late, Mrs. Cranston," he said; "no cause to be alarmed. They're oftener late than on time."

He said it glibly and carelessly, as if he — she — any one — did not know that overdue trains betoken wreck and disaster.

She had worked herself into a nervous state before a distant whistle was heard. The station master nodded to her in kindly comprehension. "There she comes!" he said.

And presently the long train, with its precious freight, whizzed into view and stopped. Mrs. Cranston, her hands clasped together, peered into coach after coach with her nearsighted eyes, missing the face she sought. And all of a sudden her fruitless search was stopped by a tall girl, who set down her suit case, and gathered the seeking woman into her capacious arms. Mrs. Cranston laughed and cried and kissed her daughter all at once, then held her off, and searched her face with love-wise eyes.

"Why, Penelope," she said, "you've — you've grown up!"

"Yes, little mother," laughed Penelope, "I'm a 'woman growned;' I must be five or six inches taller than you."

"I didn't mean the height, dear. You aren't much taller. It's something or other in your face that wasn't there when you went away."

Penelope, reaching one hand for the suit case, stopped to look at her mother, with sober, earnest eyes.

"I know what you mean, mother. I'm glad it's there. I know you'll understand. This last year at college has done me worlds of good. I — O, I could hardly wait to come home and begin all I want to do! All the year I've thought and planned. There's so much work ready for me right here at home. Those poor girls in the factory — many of them pass our house twice a day. How white and tired they used to look, even in the morning! And I scarcely thought of it till this last year. And then I began to puzzle how I could help them — and others."

She bent again to pick up the suit case, half ashamed

of the tears in her eyes. Her mother patted the arm next to her with a soothing gesture.

"I know, I know, dear," she said. "But this is nothing new for you. You were always like that. You were a mite of a thing when you ran out with the watch father had given me, and presented it to a tramp who had asked you the time. I had a time to get it back, I tell you. I gave the tramp four or five dollars for it, and you one for your generosity, if I remember rightly."

"What a little wretch 'I was!' said Penelope as they walked along. "Giving away other people's things is a very poor form of generosity. I'll promise not to practice that kind of charity again."

Their walk up the street was rather of the nature of a triumphal procession. Old friends, old neighbors, and girl friends met and stopped them again and again. Several of the girls walked on with them, proposing gay plans to the returned wanderer. Before Penelope knew it, she was engaged for days ahead. But at last she thought. Her face flushed a little as she spoke.

"Girls," she began, "I — didn't think. I'm so glad to see all of you that I keep forgetting what I want to do. I want to help people, to brighten lives that don't have much brightness, to do some work in this topsyturvy old world. Now, don't think this is a goody-goody lecture, — I'm not a bit good, — but I've thought of this all last year. I want to get into the heart of things, and work. And I can't begin too soon."

"Why, Penelope Cranston!" said Amelia Barr. "Do you think you're the only one who'd like to do something in the world? We'd all love to. And, if we work together, I think we'd accomplish a whole lot more than trying singly."

The other girls nodded approval of their spokesman's speech. Penelope, her eyes shining, answered at once: —

"I'm foolish not to have thought of that before. It's the only way — all pull together. We'll begin immediately. Couldn't you get the rest of the girls, and come up tonight about eight o'clock? Then we can talk things over, and get into line."

Mrs. Cranston beamed on their smiling faces as she cordially seconded the invitation. She put away the evening she had planned, with only half a sigh, and that quickly smothered.

"We must let the girls have a good time," she said after they had left. "I can make all kinds of sandwiches, and I've four different cakes. I made ice cream, too, for a treat for you. But there isn't enough. I'll make more."

"You oughtn't to have gone to all that fuss just for me, mother," said Penelope. "But won't it come in handy? I like to give the girls a regular 'spread.'"



The Cranston house sat far back, toward the end of its half acre of grounds. It was an old-fashioned house with its low-spreading roof and columned veranda, twined and retwined with honeysuckle and roses. Penelope thrilled with the beauty of it as they drew near. She gave her mother's arm an ecstatic little squeeze.

"Isn't it dear," she said, "the old home? I've often pictured to myself just how it looked. But the garden is more beautiful than ever, and how the vines have grown? And there's father! O, it all seems too nice to be true!"

She ran all the way to the house, though burdened with the suit case, and in a moment she was in her father's arms. The eyes of neither were quite clear when he released her.

"My little girl!" he said, holding her off and searching her face as her mother had done. "I'm afraid I'll have to alter that soon, and say, 'My big girl.'"

"But, big or little, always your girl, father," said Penelope softly.

Inside the place was gay with welcome. Thousands of California poppies had been strung on cord, and reached from corner to corner; the pictures were festooned with them; they made the dim old living room alive with incarnate sunshine. Penelope praised it all unstintedly.

"How *did* you ever get so many, mother?" she asked.

"I got the little Benson boys to help me pick them," answered her mother. "It took us about half a day. I strung them myself. We must have gathered thousands."

"All to waste on one young lady," interposed her father teasingly. "Think of the people robbed of their beauty sight to give it all to you!"

"Why, yes," said Penelope, "I never thought of that. I'm afraid they'll miss them, mother."

For the first time a shadow fell over the mother's face. She looked distressed.

"I suppose I shouldn't have pulled so many," she said, "but I did want the place to look pretty. We pulled them with short stems and no buds."

"They'll bloom again," laughed Mr. Cranston. "By tomorrow or next day your vandalism will be hidden by a cloak of gold. Don't bother over it, Ruth."

But the little shadow lay on her face till they caught the sound of hurrying feet.

"Here come the boys," she said.

"The boys!" echoed Penelope. "And I haven't even asked about them!"

But she was genuinely glad to see her brothers, and they to see her. There was much to tell and much to ask. At last Mr. Cranston made himself heard above the babel of youthful voices.

"You may monopolize your sister now, boys; but after dinner she's mine."

Penelope looked up. "O father," she said, "I'm so sorry, but I can't tonight. A lot of the girls are coming up at eight. I asked mother to have dinner early."

Mr. Cranston started to speak, but did not. Something of the shadow that had rested on his wife's face fell across his own. But Penelope, deep in a discussion with the boys, did not notice.

Promptly at eight the girls arrived, a round dozen of them. Penelope led them into the library.

"Father and mother are in the living room by the fire," she said. "We can talk better in here. Now, girls," she began as soon as all were seated, "all of

you know what we are to talk about tonight. I'll tell you what I think, and then you must all tell me whether it's good or not. I've brooded over it a long time; so whether it's feasible or not, I hardly know. I think in a neighborhood like ours, where there are few really poor people, the few there are should be our especial charge. Now, those girls in the factory pass our home morning and evening. They look dead tired and out of heart, poor things! They walk miles and miles to get to and from work. I don't doubt their wages are small. Couldn't we do something for them, girls—get up little entertainments, teach them to like music and books? Bring a little something besides work into their leaden-colored lives?"

Penelope's voice was earnest and persuasive. There was instant response from the others. For an hour the girlish voices rose and fell. Then a tap came at the door, and Mrs. Cranston's pleasant face looked in.

"Come into the dining room, girls," she said, "and have a cup of chocolate."

But there was more than a cup of chocolate. The festive table held so many dainties that the girls protested.

"O Mrs. Cranston," they said, "everything's perfectly lovely; but you shouldn't have taken all this trouble for us. No one makes sandwiches like you, but I've an idea they take a lot of time."

"No more than I had to spare," she answered. "No, girls, I won't sit down. Nora isn't well tonight, and I told her I'd see to things."

"Why, she was in fine spirits when I came home," said Penelope.

"Yes," said her mother, "it was just after dinner she complained of feeling ill. She was in great pain. I made her lie down."

"And you washed all those dishes," said Penelope. "What a shame!"

"Indeed, I didn't mind," answered her mother.

Nora's aches and pains developed into a case of inflammatory rheumatism, and Mrs. Cranston waited on her, and attended to her work. Mr. Cranston objected strenuously and futilely, as a man must in household affairs.

"You'll tire yourself right out, Ruth," he pleaded. "Let me get a girl."

"No," objected his wife, "I wouldn't for the world. Poor old Nora would feel dreadfully if she thought she was putting us to any more expense. It worried her when I told her you were going to pay the doctor."

Mr. Cranston knitted his brows. He knew Nora's fierce independence; knew that she supported her mother and crippled sister, and had little to spare for herself. But—

"Let Penelope help," he said at last. "It'll do her good, and I'm sure she wouldn't mind."

Mrs. Cranston shook her head.

"I just couldn't," she answered, "when she's so interested in helping those factory girls. It's so sweet of her—the dear, warm-hearted child! She has a gift for helping others, just as some people have for writing or music. I wouldn't interfere with it for worlds, Reuben. It's probably intended."

Mr. Cranston said no more. But that night he slipped into the kitchen and took the tea towel from his wife's hand.

"Seems a pretty big pile," he said. "I never can see where all the dirty dishes come from. There don't seem many when a table's set."

"Well, some of these are left overs," confessed his



wife. "Work isn't very plentiful at the factory, and four of the girls had an afternoon off. So Jennie Armstrong took them for a ride in her machine, and Penelope brought them here for luncheon. They seem such nice girls, and Penelope says they are happier already. It pleases me more than I can say. But I'm sorry about the dishes. I thought I'd surely get them washed, but Nora had a bad afternoon — there was a troublesome dinner — O, half a dozen things prevented it!"

Mr. Cranston shut his lips tightly, and said no word. When the dishes were finished, he picked his wife up, carried her into the living room, and established her in the easiest chair.

"No more work tonight," he said.

When Penelope came in, rosy from her brisk walk, the sight was a pleasant one. Her mother lay back in the chair; and her father bent toward her, talking softly not to disturb the two boys, studying at the low round table.

"Hello, sis!" called Bob, the elder boy. "Give me a hand on my algebra, will you? I can't make head or tail of it tonight."

Penelope bent and caressed his dark head.

"I would in a minute, dear, if I had time. But I'm simply obliged to practice tonight. We're all to meet at the Armstrongs' tomorrow night, and they want me to play. I shouldn't want to play anything without trying it first."

"Well, if you are going to practice, how can we study?"

"Take your books into the library, like good boys. I can't very well move the piano. And tomorrow — no, the next night — I'll help you all you want."

"That'll be too late," muttered Bob as they left the room.

Penelope tried the new music several times, and then drifted into hymns and old songs that her father and mother loved.

"I can't think when I've enjoyed an evening so," whispered her mother, as she kissed her good night. "It rested me."

The weeks of Nora's illness, of the mother's wearisome work, dragged on; and the bettering of the condition of the factory girls flew on apace. They were pathetically grateful for the good times that had come into their lives. The other girls, led by Penelope, persevered in the good work as they had never done before. And they felt better for it. They took turns entertaining the factory girls, playing for them, reading to them and with them.

Mrs. Cranston drew a sigh of relief when Penelope's turn was over. The extra work had taxed her strength sorely. Nora bid fair to be up and about before Penelope's turn would come again.

"And then everything will be all right," said the mother to herself. "Dear old Nora!"

But even while she smiled at the thought of it, Penelope came hastily in.

"Mother," she began, "can you fix up any kind of luncheon for nine of us? We were to meet at the Levinsons'; but their cook has left, and Mrs. Levinson is ill. Mary just rang up and told me. I told her to hold the line while I asked."

"Why, yes, dear, certainly," answered her mother.

Penelope was back in a moment or so.

"Mother," she said, "there's no one like you. You get up the nicest luncheons and in the shortest time.

I was so glad not to disappoint the girls today, though I was really ashamed to bring any one so soon again. We're going way down the road in Jennie's car to gather a big load of ferns and wild flowers to take to that little Morasky girl. She has been ill, and she loves flowers. And we're all to go to Barr's for dinner; so I won't bother you again today."

The luncheon was on time, and was a decided success. And presently the great car whizzed away with the merry crowd. Mrs. Cranston looked after it wistfully.

"Out in the woods," she said to herself. "I wish I were going, too."

It was late when Penelope came home. Mr. Cranston met her in the hall, and drew her into the library.

"Father," she began, "we had such a good evening! We went to the home of that little Morasky girl. She has been very ill. Her mother is a nice little woman. We're going —"

"My dear," her father interrupted her, "I've something to tell you, and I scarcely know how. Be my brave girl, Penelope. Your mother was taken ill today. I came home and found her. She had fainted while she was washing dishes. The doctor could hardly bring her to. And she went from one faint to another. There's a trained nurse with her now. We were frightened. But she's a little better now."

He sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. The strain of the day had told on him. He looked suddenly bent and old.

Penelope lived her life — a thousand lives — over as she knelt outside the door guarded by the obdurate nurse, who had taken her place, — no, not her place; taken a vacant one. Penelope acknowledged that. She was quite honest with herself, as people are in the great events of life.

But at last the sight of her stricken face moved to pity the heart that beat so calmly beneath the uniform of blue.

"You may come in a minute, Miss Cranston," she said, "if you'll promise to be very quiet. Everything depends on that. You mustn't speak more than half a dozen words."

Half a dozen words! Penelope wondered how she could tell the thoughts and resolves that thronged her mind in six little words, — how say that she would no more practice charity at another's expense; that what she did for others should no longer hurt those she held most dear; that her hands should be honestly free when she reached out to help; that she would still work for others, but in her *own* time; how make her mother understand that her days of servitude were over, that she should be cherished, loved?

Hot tears blinded her as she tiptoed through the dim room after the nurse. Six words! Words of endearment, of self-reproach, of promise, rushed to her lips as she saw her mother's face. But her new self only said quietly, as she bent to kiss her, "I understand everything better now, mother," — *Ida Alexander, in Christian Endeavor World.*

---

Nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own; and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy that we can scarcely mark their progress. — *Edwards.*



## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

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

### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending November 6

NOTE.—Our Senior and Junior Bible studies are very much alike. So in order to allow more room for notes and mission material, it has been suggested that we try the plan of leaving the adaptation of the Bible study to those in charge of the local Junior societies. Some notes on the Bible study, especially adapted to the Juniors, will be given, and, as usual, attention will be called to parts of the missions material that are well adapted to the Junior program.

1. Review the Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of working bands.
3. Bible Study: "Sabbath Keeping in the Early Church." In addition to the notes given in the *Gazette*, read "Witnesses for the Seventh-Day Sabbath," in this INSTRUCTOR.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Acts 28: 17.
5. Have a paper or talk on "Our Work in South China." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; "An Outline of Mission Fields," pages 122-130; and "A Flood in China" (INSTRUCTOR, September 28). Use your map.
6. Reading. Seniors: "A Chinese Heathen Company's First Prayer to God." See *Gazette*. Juniors: "A Little Chinese Boy—Lost and Found." See this INSTRUCTOR.

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

#### Senior No. 9 — Lesson 5: "Things as They Are," Pages 249-304

1. WHY does India need well-educated missionaries? Do you know of any "isms" gaining adherents in America that savor of Brahmanism? What texts did the missionary use in trying to lead the Brahman to Christ?
2. What qualities do you think a missionary must possess who wades courageously through experiences like that related in chapter 28?
3. What showed that the friend of Dohnavur did not comprehend the gospel? What interesting experience came to Blessing and Golden?
4. What were some of the missionaries' experiences in house-to-house work? Why did the woman demand that the missionaries stop praying?
5. What is pathetic about the group worshipping the Unseen? How will you answer the questions on page 272? What three things must be done for India?
6. What sterling qualities of character do you detect in the boy called "Shining of Life"?
7. How does the author answer three objections to missionary work? Why does she hesitate to indorse the "mass movement"?
8. What per cent of the world's population is heathen? Mohammedan? Hindu? Buddhist and Confucianist? pagan?
9. How many sink into Christless graves every day in India?
10. What is the only plan that brings success in missionary work?
11. Will you answer candidly and seriously the personal questions found in chapter 32?

#### Junior No. 8 — Lesson 5: "Livingstone the Path- finder," Pages 159-202

1. WHAT did Livingstone see in the slave market at Zanzibar?
2. What have you learned about Rovuma? Livingstone's visit to Lake Nyassa? to Mpende's village? the ink Livingstone made? Musa? Mr. Young? Chitanè? Baraka? Chitapangwa? Susi and Chumah? Mohammed Bogharib?
3. Why did Livingstone suffer from hunger at this time? What happened when he reached Tanganyika? Why did he not go to Ujiji at once? How did he finally get there? What terrible disappointment awaited him there?
4. While Livingstone was winning back his health in Ujiji, what plans was he laying for further explorations? Why was he so anxious to carry them out?

5. What was the soko? What did Livingstone see at Bambarre? What did he witness at the Nyangwe market? What other results of the slave traffic did he see?

6. What were Livingstone's three hairbreadth escapes in one day?

7. How many times did Livingstone read his Bible through while he was in Manyema?

8. What cruel disappointment came to Livingstone when he again returned to Ujiji? What joy was at hand?

9. What did Stanley say about Livingstone after he had lived with him for four months and four days? Why did Stanley come to find Livingstone? What did they do while they were together?

10. Why did not Livingstone return to England with Stanley? Why do you think Stanley had an American flag on his canoe? Why did Livingstone wait in Unyanyembe?

11. Where did Livingstone next go? Why? What hindered him from carrying out his plan? What were the last words he ever wrote? What must he have been doing when he died?

12. What did the natives do with his body? How did they finally succeed in getting it to the coast? Where did Livingstone die? Where was he buried? When? What was written on his tombstone?

13. What was Livingstone's reason for going back to Africa? See page 198.

14. How may it be said that the Pathfinder is still at work in Africa?



#### Forty-Fourth Week

October 31. John 16 to 18: Words of comfort for the disciples; Christ's prayer for the believers; betrayed and tried.

November 1. John 19 to 21: On the cross; risen; by the seashore.

November 2. Review the four Gospels. Note that "Matthew shows us Jesus as the Messiah; Mark, Jesus as King; Luke, Jesus as the Saviour; and John, Jesus as divine."

November 3. Acts 1 to 3: Jesus' last words; ascension; day of Pentecost; a sermon in Solomon's porch. Read the introduction.

November 4. Acts 4 to 6: Unity of the believers; Ananias and Sapphira; prison doors opened; seven deacons chosen.

November 5. Acts 7 to 9: Defense and death of Stephen; persecution; Philip and the Ethiopian; Saul converted.

November 6. Acts 10 to 14: Cornelius and his company receive the gospel and are baptized; Peter's defense; deliverance from prison; etc.

#### For Further Study

Gather up all the texts dealing with the life of Jesus from the time of his resurrection to his ascension.

#### The Book of Acts

This book, the fifth of the New Testament, is a record of the early diffusion of the gospel. Two men—Peter, one of the twelve, and Paul, a converted Pharisee—had a prominent part in beginning this great work; and the narrative may be properly divided into two parts, the first dealing more particularly with the deeds of Peter, and the second with those of Paul. Instead of the title "*The Acts of the Apostles*," the book is called in the Greek, "*Acts of Apostles*," which seems a more appropriate title.

The Acts was written by Luke, and by him inscribed to the same Theophilus for whose enlightenment his Gospel, referred to as "the former treatise," was written. Luke was himself an eyewitness of many of the events recorded. It is supposed that he wrote at Rome, about two years from the date of Paul's arrival there, as recorded in Acts 28:30. The book was evidently written for Christians, both Jews and Gentiles; "for its contents are such as are of the utmost consequence to the whole church. They are:—

"1. The fulfillment of the promise of the Father by the descent of the Holy Spirit; and,—

"2. The results of that outpouring by the dispersion of the gospel among Jews and Gentiles.

"Under these leading heads all the personal and subordinate details may be arranged."

The history covered in Acts occupied about thirty-three years. Four Roman emperors—Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero—reigned during this period.

"In order to read the Acts of the Apostles with intelligence and profit, it is necessary to have sufficient acquaintance with geography, with the manners of the times and peoples referred to, and with the leading historical events."





## VI — Loyalty to God's Plan

(November 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 19: 1, 2, 13-15.

MEMORY VERSE: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 19: 14.

### Questions

1. Where was Jesus during the time mentioned in the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of Matthew? Matt. 17: 22.
2. When he left there, where did he go? Matt. 19: 1. Locate these places on the map.
3. Who followed him? How did Jesus show his love and pity for them? Verse 2.
4. Who were brought to Jesus? Why were they brought? Verse 13. Note 1.
5. Who were displeased with the mothers for bringing their children to Jesus? Verse 13, last part. Note 2.
6. But with whom was Jesus displeased? Mark 10: 13, 14 (first part).
7. What did he say his disciples should do? What did he say they must not do? Matt. 19: 14. Note 3.
8. What does "suffer" here mean? Note 4.
9. Why should little children be permitted to come to Jesus? Verse 14, last part.
10. What does Jesus mean by "of such is the kingdom of heaven"? Luke 18: 17. Note 5.
11. How tenderly did Jesus receive all these little ones who came to him? Mark 10: 16; Matt. 19: 15.
12. What does Jesus still promise to the children and youth who will come to him? Prov. 8: 17.
13. Relate how one child of tender years was called to the service of God. 1 Sam. 3: 1-10.
14. What did Timothy know from his childhood? What was he commanded to be, even in his youth? 2 Tim. 3: 15; 1 Tim. 4: 12.
15. Who was instructed by the Lord in dreams when he was seventeen years of age? Gen. 37: 2, 5.
16. What missionary work did a little captive maid do for Jesus? 2 Kings 5: 2, 3.

### Notes

1. "Among the Jews it was customary for children to be brought to some rabbi, that he might lay his hands upon them in blessing."
2. When the mothers came to him with their little ones, the disciples looked on them with disfavor. "The Saviour's disciples thought his work too important to be interrupted in this way. They thought these children too young to be benefited by a visit to Jesus, and concluded that he would be displeased at their presence."
3. "One mother with her child had left her home to find Jesus. On the way she told a neighbor her errand, and the neighbor wanted to have Jesus bless her children. Thus several mothers came together, with their little ones. Some of the children had passed beyond the years of infancy into childhood and youth. When the mothers made known their desire, Jesus heard with sympathy the timid, tearful request. But he waited to see how the disciples would treat them. When he saw them send the mothers away, thinking to do him a favor, he showed them their error, saying, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.' He took the children in his arms; he laid his hands upon them, and gave them the blessing for

which they came." — "The Desire of Ages," pages 511, 512.

4. To suffer the children to come unto him means to "permit," or "allow," them to come.

5. "In the children who were brought in contact with him, Jesus saw the men and women who should be heirs of his grace and subjects of his kingdom, and some of whom would become martyrs for his sake. He knew that these children would listen to him and accept him as their Redeemer far more readily than would grown-up people, many of whom were the worldly-wise and hard-hearted. In his teaching he came down to their level. He, the Majesty of heaven, did not disdain to answer their questions, and simplify his important lessons to meet their childish understanding. He planted in their minds the seeds of truth, which in after years would spring up, and bear fruit unto eternal life." — "The Desire of Ages," pages 512-515.

## VI — Loyalty to God's Plan

(November 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 19: 1-15.

### Questions

1. Where did Jesus go from Galilee? Matt. 19: 1.
2. Who followed him? What did he do for them? Verse 2.
3. By what question did the Pharisees tempt Jesus? Verse 3.
4. In reply, how did Jesus say the Creator made mankind at the beginning? Verse 4. Note 1.
5. In harmony with his plan, what did the Creator say a man should do? Verse 5. Note 2.
6. What conclusion did Jesus draw from the facts cited? Verse 6, first part.
7. What admonition does the Saviour then give? Verse 6, last part.
8. What is the marriage relation employed in the Bible to represent? Eph. 5: 24. Note 3.
9. How are husbands to love their wives? Verse 25.
10. What was Christ's purpose in giving himself for the church? Verses 26, 27.
11. In what other way is it said that men ought to love their wives? Verse 28.
12. What mutual relation should exist between husband and wife? Verse 33.
13. What additional instruction is given on the marriage relation? 1 Peter 3: 7.
14. Who were brought to Jesus? For what purpose were they brought? Matt. 19: 13, first part.
15. What did the disciples do? Verse 13, last part.
16. What did Jesus say? Verse 14.
17. What did he then do? Verse 15.

### Notes

1. In referring the Pharisees to the Inspired Record, Jesus set us an example of how to answer the questions of unbelievers, or of any who may be seeking light sincerely. It is better to let the Bible answer questions as far as possible. It is our part to become familiar enough with its teachings that we may readily quote from it, or refer to it on any occasion.

2. "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him." Gen. 2: 18.

"As the Creator joined the hands of the holy pair in wedlock, saying, 'Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh,' he enunciated the law of marriage for all the children of Adam to the close of time. That which the eternal Father himself had pronounced good, was the law of highest blessing and development for man." — "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," pages 99, 100.

3. There are striking points of likeness between the marriage relation and the believer's relation with Christ: (1) It is voluntary; "whosoever will," let him come; (2) it is for life; "no man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God;" (3) it is a holy alliance; nothing but sin can break the tie; (4) it is a renouncing of all others; "Christ, only Christ;" (5) it is a sharing in sorrow and in joy; "if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together."



# The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - EDITOR  
ADELAIDE BEE EVANS - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

## Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription - - - - - \$1.25  
Six Months - - - - - .70

## CLUB RATES

	Each
In clubs of five or more copies, one year - - - - -	\$ .85
Nine months at the rate of - - - - -	.90
Six months at the rate of - - - - -	.95
Three months at the rate of - - - - -	1.00

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

## Why He Rejoiced

I RECALL a humble hero, unknown to fame, who had all the stuff that martyrs are made of. The headman of his village, often elected to the local assembly of his prefecture, a man of influence in his locality; subjected at one time to petty persecution on account of his faith, and once openly attacked with violence, his name was placarded on the fences and walks and telegraph poles of the whole countryside as "traitor," because he had abandoned his ancestral faith. "Tsuchida, the Christian traitor," was the formula. Asked one day how such advertising affected him, he replied, with tears in his eyes, that he never saw his own name thus coupled with that of his Lord but he felt himself most unworthy of the honor; but if his neighbors had seen anything in him to suggest that those names should go together, he could only rejoice, and thank God that he had been permitted to bear the testimony.—*"The Last Call for Japan."*

## The Passing of the Medicine Bottle

IN the October number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* the following pertinent paragraphs on the present widespread tendency to discard medicines for the rational method of treating disease are credited to Sir William Osler, M. D., "unquestionably the foremost living American physician and the highest authority on drugs in the medical world:"—

"The new school does not feel itself under obligation to give any medicine whatever, while a generation ago not only could few physicians have held their practice unless they did, but few would have thought it safe or scientific.

"Of course there are still many cases where the patient or the patient's friends must be humored by administering medicine, or alleged medicine, where it is not really needed, and indeed often where the buoyancy of mind, which is the real curative agent, can be created only by making him wait hopefully for the expected action of medicine; and some physicians still cannot unlearn their old training.

"But the change is great. The modern treatment of disease relies very greatly on the so-called natural methods, diet and exercise, bathing and massage; in other words, giving the natural forces the fullest scope by easy and thorough nutrition, increased flow of blood,

and removal of obstructions to the excretory systems or to circulation in the tissues.

"One notable example is typhoid fever. At the outset of the nineteenth century it was treated with 'remedies' of the extremest violence—bleeding and blistering, vomiting and purging, antimony and calomel, and other heroic remedies. Now the patient is bathed and nursed and carefully tended, but rarely given medicine.

"This is the result of the remarkable experiments of the Paris and Vienna schools into the action of drugs, which have shaken the stoutest faiths; and partly of the constant and reproachful object lesson of homeopathy. No regular physician would ever admit that the homeopathic 'infinitesimals' could do any good as direct curative agents; and yet it was perfectly certain that homeopaths lost no more of their patients than others. There was but one conclusion to draw, that most drugs had no effect whatever on the diseases for which they were administered."

## A Modern Writer

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, sometimes called "the prima donna of American literature," was born in Philadelphia, Sept. 28, 1859, and when she was nineteen she went to California as a kindergarten teacher. For a while she taught in Los Angeles, and then was one of the instructors of the Santa Barbara College. Later she organized a kindergarten in San Francisco, the first free kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains; and from this beginning sixty similar schools were started in different localities along the Pacific coast. When she was twenty-three, she married Mr. Sam. Bradley Wiggin, and gave up teaching. Two years before her marriage she had written a short story for *St. Nicholas* magazine, but it was not till ten years later that she brought out the books that made her famous, "The Story of Patsy" and "The Birds' Christmas Carol." These books met with such great success that Mrs. Wiggin and her husband went to New York in order to be nearer her publishers, and the next year Mr. Wiggin died. Mrs. Wiggin continued her writing, and six years later married Mr. George Riggs. Besides being a writer of distinction, Mrs. Riggs is a gifted musician, having composed many charming kindergarten songs. It has been said of her that she is the "most accomplished woman engaged in the philanthropic work in America."—*Selected.*

## Awakened

DR. BROWN smiled gently as he heard the boy talk. "Did you ever hear," he asked, "of the woman who meant to take a dose of quinine, but swallowed a large dose of morphine instead? Her appearance soon became so alarming that a physician was called. He tried to rouse her from the lethargy in which she lay. 'If only I could go to sleep, I'd be all right,' she drowsily insisted. 'Unless she is roused, she will die,' the physician answered—which is an allegory. How often in life we face the same danger! We cry, 'I want life to be easier!' 'If only I didn't have this unending financial strain!' 'If only I were not compelled to work so doggedly!' 'If only I were relieved of this anxiety and that burden!' which is our way of saying, 'If only I could sleep, I'd be all right!' But the Great Physician sees our need more clearly. Our souls are awakened, and we really live. The Great Physician has saved us."—*The Youth's Companion.*