

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIII

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No. 49



A BREADFRUIT TREE



# FROM HERE AND THERE

ON October 7, James Whitcomb Riley was honored everywhere in Indiana, on the occasion of his sixty-second birthday.

IN forty-eight years no editor, it is claimed, has been received as a patient at the Longview Hospital of Cincinnati, Ohio, and only one reporter. In that time the hospital has treated 2,159 housewives, 1,264 laborers, 553 domestic servants, 580 other servants, 305 farmers, 249 clerks, and 141 carpenters.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, the ablest leader of the Negro race, died on November 4, at his home in Tuskegee, Alabama. Bright's disease and hardening of the arteries caused his death. Dr. Washington's one purpose in his remarkable and untiring work as founder and principal of Tuskegee Institute, and as a national lecturer, has been the uplift and betterment of his race. He labored for the intellectual, industrial, and agricultural development of his people, and his labors have brought acceptable results.

IN Bulgaria roses are everywhere. They have bloomed there for centuries, but never so profusely as during the last two centuries. At certain seasons the air is almost oppressive with the scent of countless blossoms. Rose gardens, large and small, lie in all directions, in the plains and valleys and on the hill-sides. They present a medley of whites, pinks, reds, and yellows, embedded in a mass of many-shaded leaves. Kazanlik is the world's greatest center for the preparation of attar of roses and rose water. Ages ago Persia and India supplied immense quantities of the former, but now its production has fallen very low. For some years France, Germany, and a few other states have manufactured a cheaper but inferior attar. Repeated experiments, however, have proved that no artificial product can equal the natural one.

## Interesting and Instructive Books

### "Woodsy Neighbors of Tan and Teckle"

MR. CHARLES LEE BRYSON is the author of "Woodsy Neighbors of Tan and Teckle," which is a clever and most interesting nature book for children. It is so charmingly written that the adult reader also finds much entertainment in it. The chapter headings are:—

A Strange Flyer, The New Musician, The Woods Rabbit, The Silk Maker, A Weird Laugh, The Cannibal's Fate, A Living Nest, The Minnow, An Unpleasant Neighbor, The Acrobat, The Mournful Singer, Old Croaker's Cousin, The Soil Maker, Striped Face, The Scourge of Man, The Walking Stone, Another Killer, A New Way to Fly, Snake or Fish? The Carpenter, The Black Sheep, The Bird Who Doesn't Care, Supper Time and Bedtime, Winter at Last.

Price, \$1.25.

### "Fifty Missionary Heroes" and "Missionary Crusaders"

"Fifty Missionary Heroes" gives brief sketches of fifty of the world's most noted missionaries. Price, \$1. "Missionary Crusaders" gives longer biographical sketches of David Brainerd, John Eliot, Hans Egede, William Duncan, Robert Moffat, David Livingstone, Adoniram Judson, and other noted missionaries. Price, \$1.

## "God's Book and God's Boy"

The name of this book shows that it will interest a large number of readers. All who want to know more about the Bible and more about the boy whom minister, teacher, and parent must deal with, will be helpfully entertained and instructed by reading Dr. A. F. Schaffler's book entitled "God's Book and God's Boy." Dr. Schaffler for more than a quarter of a century has been enthusiastically studying both the Book and the boy, and he knows how to tell the results of his study in a helpful way. Price, \$1.

## "The Glory of the Commonplace"

This is a book of helpful illustrations compiled from J. R. Miller's writings. Price, \$1.

These books may all be obtained from the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

## "The Vatican and the War"

ELDER J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH, one of the oldest pioneers in this message, now living, writes as follows of Dr. Magan's new book, "The Vatican and the War:"—

"I have just completed a careful reading of the book, and trust it may receive the wide circulation which it deserves. I was especially interested in the many quotations from Catholic authors, predicting the very things which Bible students declare will take place, thus showing forth the determination of the Papacy that, out of the dreadful struggle of nations, it will again have power over them, even as the Scriptures predict, but which so few see. This volume is destined to open the eyes of many to the real situation."

In three weeks from the time the first copies of the book were received from the bindery, the first edition of 25,000 was exhausted.

The book combines history with the unfailing word of prophecy in a most interesting and scholarly manner, giving a brief history of Rome, and an accurate account of the events that have led up to the European war. It contains 128 pages, and is illustrated. Price of single copies, postpaid, paper cover, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents. In lots of ten or more, the price of the paper cover is but 12½ cents each, and the cloth 25 cents, plus transportation. Order of your tract society.

LILLIAN HICKOK, R. F. D. 2, Miami, Florida, desires clean copies of any of our denominational literature.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

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No. 49

## The Better Way

Who serves his country best?  
Not he who, for a brief and stormy space,  
Leads forth her armies to the fierce affray.  
Short is the time of turmoil and unrest,  
Long years of peace succeed it and replace:  
There is a better way.

Who serves his country best?  
Not he who guides her senates in debate,  
And makes the laws which are her prop and stay;  
Not he who wears the poet's purple vest,  
And sings her songs of love and grief and fate:  
There is a better way.

He serves his country best  
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;  
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,  
And song but one; and law within her breast  
Is stronger than the graven law on stone:  
There is a better way.

He serves his country best  
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,  
And walks straight paths, however others stray,  
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,  
A stainless record which all men may read:  
This is the better way.

—Susan Coolidge.

## In the South Seas

LILY M. THORPE



FAR away from the noise of battle and whirling cities, and the pushing, restless crowd of men and things, set like an emerald in the azure seas of the South Pacific, is a group of islands where the miracle of God is being performed, and where glittering bands of holy ones strive with the hordes of darkness for the supremacy in human hearts.

Did I say, far from the noise of battle? While this is indeed so as far as the greatest of all earthly wars is concerned, yet there is an unseen battle field here in the hearts of men, a place where battles are fought and won. Yes, thank God, they are won. Words are but tame instruments with which to convey to the mind's eye those spiritual battles fought between powers seen and unseen—agonizing battles that leave their refining marks upon the features of our Tongan young men and young women. People say to us, "Your young women are different from others here." Yes, they are different, and we are thankful.

There are many temptations to allure our boys and girls from the message and the church. Young men of pleasing mien but dissolute habits will attend our services with a great show of piety, in order to attract young women who live in our home. Others will sneak around in the dead of night and climb up to the girls' windows and endeavor to get an invitation to go in. But our girls have proved stanch, and will not willingly bring dishonor upon the cause of God; and so their tempters content themselves in indulging in sneers and mockery. One of our girls, named Lusiane, a very sweet-tempered girl, which, by the way, is a wonderful thing, as the Tongans are fostered in passion and ill temper from their babyhood, was offered twelve dollars by a Free Church minister if she would attend

his church. She excused herself, thanked him for his offer, and today stands stanchly for the truth.

We have Prince Tugi's first cousin living with us, who takes her share in the work of the home, and loves the truth. Tugi (pronounced Tungi) offered her a head place in his household, but she begged that he would allow her to remain with us, much to the chagrin of the prince.



"SOME GIRLS CAN USE IN THIS WAY TEN ORANGES AT A TIME"

Another one of our girls received an offer of marriage from an American schoolmaster in Vavau, who says she is the cleverest and best-educated girl in Vavau. This girl's father told her to make her own decision, and she decided by refusing the offer through her father. This is a signal victory, as the height of a Tongan woman's ambition is to marry a white man. The sad part of this, however, is that some white men are not honorable enough to marry Tongan girls.

And now what shall I tell you about some of our boys? I call them boys, but in reality they are men; in other words, "boys grown tall." Lasitani is a happy boy of twenty-one years, with a persuasive dimple in each cheek that gains him ready admittance into all hearts. To hear his great laugh and see his sometimes bantering ways, would not lead one to suppose that Lasitani knows what it is to strive with himself and agonize in prayer. But he has been shaken with emotion when he has poured out his heart to God for having given way to temptations that others had been strong enough to resist. He and his friend Famatau (a baptized member; Lasitani is not baptized) went to another part of the group to spend their Christmas holidays. Before they left, my husband admonished Lasitani, knowing his weakness, and Lasitani said, "Yes, I will try," and went away with a new light in his eyes. He meant to try, and



doubtless he did. But hear his own words when he came back: "Master, I am sorry I have fallen, and I hate my ways. Famatau is good, though; and when



OUR TONGAN TRANSLATOR, VAI BUNA, AND HER FRIEND AT HER RIGHT

I saw him wave away the girls with the *kara* and the cigarettes and their allurements, I wondered how he could be so unmoved. But me? I am weak and bad." It is like cutting off the right hand and plucking out an eye for the boys and girls to give up smoking tobacco and drinking *kara*, the national drink. They are born and live in the fumes and dregs of these things. And then the old, established custom of friends and relatives meeting together almost every day of the week at *kara* parties, is inducive to the destruction of the young. But we thank the Master because Lasitani has now eschewed these things, and is living with us and entering heartily into the work. Famatau is teaching a school for the government, and out of his wages provides Lasitani's food and clothes. We found this out by accident, as Famatau does not believe in letting his left hand know what his right one does. He is a silent man, but well liked. Then there is Finau, a baptized member of the church, who was formerly second head boy in the government hospital here. He has been connected

with us for seven or eight years, and has clung to the truth in spite of opposition. This brings me to Lasikau, his bosom friend, who is one of our trusted boys. As I write, the voices of our little daughter and Lasikau reach me from the schoolhouse. She is explaining Matt. 5: 38-48 to him. There is occasionally a heated argument when Lasikau fails to grasp such verses as verse 39, which she insists must literally mean what they say.

Lasikau carries in his face, and his heart, too, I ween, the marks of his tremendous struggle against tobacco and *kara*. It is likely that the majority of those who read these words have never known the craving for tobacco, and its soothing power. You do not know what it means to have every fiber of your being clamoring for the nicotine when you try to resist. You do not know what it means sternly to say No when the pungent fumes of the weed from one source or another float across your supersensitized senses, and the drumbeat in your temples is maddening, and your parched mouth refuses to be satisfied. You do not know what it means to agonize with your face pressed to the hard ground, and to rise up purged from the taste of the subtle curse. Lasikau knows all this, and his absolute happiness testifies to his emancipation.

Mate is head man in the Vavau government hospital, and is soon to be baptized. A deep sense of satisfaction steals over one when one looks at Mate's large, expressive face, curling hair, and massive shoulders. His weight is nearly three hundred pounds. He is one of the most popular men in the whole of Vavau, chiefly because of his ministrations in his hospital capacity. But his popularity, as well as his being a big chief, has been his undoing, and the Christ stretched his hand very far into the miry clay in order to bring Mate up from the depths; and now where the truth is concerned, his mind is as the mind of a little child. His prayers and testimonies are expressive of a happy heart. He told my husband of a dream he had which decided him for the truth. He



A YOUNG PEOPLE'S GATHERING BY THE SEASIDE

was standing on the doctor's veranda, when his attention was directed to the sky, and he saw Christ with the angels descending to the earth. He described



his terror as being abject until he saw Mr. Thorpe looking so happy, and then he (Mate) ran after him. The influence of this dream has never left Mate, and colors most of his actions. He bids fair to become a valuable worker. Pray for him.

Henele is a married man, and is greatly interested in the truth. It was not clear to him why we began the Sabbath at sunset, but when his questions were answered satisfactorily, his face beamed again, and he said, "I am so happy, because I now understand verses that before were dark to me." He teaches our singing class, and accompanies the singing with his cornet. Remember Henele in your prayers, as his home affairs are very unhappy, and Satan is loath to let him go.

This would not be complete if I remained silent about George, David, and Fagalei, and their efforts to excel in school and in their industrial work.

Much could be written about the everyday trials and cares of our work, but they vanish in the shout of victory over Satan's hosts, as the morning dew disappears in the light of the sun. Discouragements, disappointments—what are they? They are nothing when the streaming light from heaven lightens our pathway.

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### Sin's Strongest Bulwark

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord."

Were we asked to point out the strongest bulwarks of sin, we should begin, no doubt, by calling attention to the dens of vice connected with the saloons and such places, which lead men and women on to complete abandonment in sin. Surely God knows the terrible depths of all this, and such lives seem utterly hopeless to us, so far as the gospel's being able to reach them is concerned. While we look here for the stronghold of sin, God somehow sees another. Read carefully the following paragraph:—

"The strongest bulwark of vice in our world is *not* the iniquitous life of the abandoned sinner or the degraded outcast; it is that life which otherwise appears virtuous, honorable, and noble, but in which *one sin is fostered, one vice indulged*. To the soul that is struggling in secret against some giant temptation, trembling upon the very verge of the precipice, such an example is one of the most powerful enticements to sin. He who, endowed with high conceptions of life and truth and honor, does yet willfully transgress one precept of God's holy law, has perverted his noble gifts into a lure to sin. Genius, talent, sympathy, even generous and kindly deeds, may thus become decoys of Satan to entice souls over the precipice of ruin."—*"Education," page 150.*

This is a startling statement. God's eye is upon that struggling one seeking to overcome some "giant temptation." He knows that that soul is not looking to the abandoned sinner for help, but the hands are outstretched toward those whose lives appear very exemplary. These are looked to to catch the slipping one before he plunges into the awful abyss below. That *one sin fostered, that one vice indulged*, by this apparently good person, destroys his power to save the struggling one, and the soul plunges down to eternal ruin.

"Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more," was spoken to Mary Magdalene, as Jesus reached out his hand to lift her up from the pit of sin, rather than to the Pharisee who had lured her into the snare, and then turned to be her accuser. His most scathing

denunciations were directed to the hypocritical Pharisee who posed as the guide to life, while in very fact, because of being corrupt in heart and life, he was luring souls on to eternal ruin.

And so it is that *one* fostered sin, whatever it is, *one* vice indulged, whatever its nature, in the heart of the otherwise virtuous and noble, the Lord says stands today in the world as sin's strongest bulwark.

That searching question that passed from lip to lip in the upper room, as Jesus spent his last evening with his loved ones, is one that we all, old and young, may well ask of him who still reads unerringly every heart, "Lord, is it I?"

T. E. BOWEN.

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### Hand and Heart

GIVE me the man who loves his work  
 However hard it be,  
 Who only thinks it mean to shirk,  
 And hates the hireling's plea.  
 Though hands and face be hard and brown,  
 That were a trivial thing;  
 Who wears his duty like a crown  
 Is every inch a king.

No honest labor can disgrace  
 The man whose heart is true;  
 He scorns himself and not his place  
 Who can consent to do  
 In any mean, half-hearted way  
 The smallest service given;  
 The common tasks of every day  
 Are all ordained of Heaven.

Is thy task lowly? Lift it up!  
 Let it be wisely willed.  
 Who cares how poor and plain the cup,  
 So it be richly filled?  
 Be it thy task to till the soil,  
 Or do the drudge's part,  
 Fill thy poor cup of common toil  
 With nobleness of heart.

—Rev. Robert Whitaker.

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### Higher Education

UNDOUBTEDLY there are differences in opinion as to what constitutes higher education; but when we consider the matter thoughtfully and carefully, I am sure that if any one kind of education is higher than another it is a knowledge of God.

There are many branches of learning that it is necessary for us to study in order that we may be fitted for the duties of life, but a knowledge of God and of our relation to him and his requirements is far more important and higher than any other knowledge that human beings can possibly obtain.

Moral character is of infinitely greater value than anything else in this world; and if we would be instructed in the things that build moral character, the Bible is the source to which we must go for instruction. Any education that does not involve a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, which impart a knowledge of God and our duty to him and to man, can in no sense be reasonably considered the highest kind of education.

J. W. LOWE.

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KIND words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song which had lost its way and come on earth. It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do to soften the hard and angry hearts of men.—*Faber.*

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TRUTH is the foundation and reason of the perfection of beauty, for of whatever stature a thing may be, it cannot be beautiful and perfect unless it be truly what it should be, and possess truly all that it should have.—*La Rochefoucauld.*



## "Who Then Can Be Saved?"—The Way of Life Made Plain

JOHN N. QUINN



A COMPANY of women and children were standing on the wharf of a fashionable watering place, awaiting a steamer on which were their husbands and fathers. A splash was heard, and the next moment revealed a young man struggling in the water. He was unable to swim, and in his frantic efforts to save himself drifted into deeper water and farther from shore. The women found only one person who could render assistance—an old sailor, standing by motionless, watching the poor man drown. They appealed to him in vain.

As the young man arose the first time, a look of horror came over the little company, who were unwilling to be witnesses of his death. When all hope was gone, the sailor leaped into the water and when the youth arose for the last time, seized him and bore him safely to shore. As the women gathered around him, he said, "I was compelled to wait until he had ceased trying to save himself; for I could save him only when he was without strength."

Sin drowns men in destruction and perdition. 1 Tim. 6:9.

"When we were yet without strength, . . . Christ died for the ungodly." Rom. 5:6.

"What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16:30) is ever the questioning cry of the sinner.

Heaven's answer is: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9. Then after confession comes belief. We must believe that our sins are forgiven, because if we confess, God must forgive, for he cannot lie.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," says the apostle Paul. Acts 16:31. "By grace ye are saved." Eph. 2:5. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." John 6:29. "He that believeth on him is not condemned." John 3:18. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1:29. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." John 1:12.

*Believe God, and receive the forgiveness of sin.* In the days of Napoleon a certain prince had proved a traitor. He was convicted, and the death warrant had been signed. His wife believed him innocent. For five hours she stood in the street, waiting for an audience with the emperor. With tears she pleaded that her husband might be spared. Napoleon looked at her without pity. At last he turned to Talleyrand and held out his hand. A letter was given to him. Napoleon handed this letter to the kneeling woman.

"Is this your husband's handwriting, madam?" Her sobs were her only answer. "What other evidence have we of the prince's treachery?" "None other, sire," replied Talleyrand. "Princess," said Napoleon, tenderly, "put this letter in the fire, and then we shall have none."

Jesus nailed sin to the cross, and there destroyed the evidence of our guilt. Just as the Israelite in whose veins coursed the poison of the serpent, was healed by a look outward and upward to the pole, where in type he saw sin conquered and the enemy's head bruised (Gen. 3:15), so the one who beholds in Jesus the Lamb of God who bore sin to the cross, is pardoned and made whole.

*Behold Christ.* By beholding we become changed.

Behold him as the Lamb of God, who bore your sins in his own body to the tree. Sin will certainly carry the sinner into the lake of fire. God has laid on Christ all your iniquity; then why bear it and its bondage? By faith, lay your hands on the Lamb of God, and by confession transfer your sin to Christ. Then God will declare his own righteousness for the remission of your sins, now *past*. God's own righteousness will bear you into the everlasting kingdom of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Behold Christ, and sin and self will disappear. See in Christ your surety, one who

satisfies every claim of God's law for you. Just as Judah became surety for Benjamin, so Jesus has become your surety to God, and his position at the right hand of the Father is his assurance that he will one day make you to sit with him on his throne of eternal glory.

*Enter into Christ.* The person fleeing for safety to one of the cities of refuge in the land of Palestine, in crossing the threshold could look his pursuing avenger in the face with quiet confidence. Once inside the city, no law could condemn him. There is no condemnation to the one who is in Christ Jesus. Rom. 8:1. He believes, and receives Christ (John 1:12), therefore he is not condemned. John 3:18. Uncondemned persons are not confined in prisons, neither are they punished. There is no wrath awaiting the one who by faith has entered into God's strong tower—he is safe. Prov. 18:10.

*Live in Christ.* Our associations transform us. No one could live with Paul and remain indifferent to the salvation of his fellow men. To live with Christ is to behold his glory, and be changed from one glory to another glory of character, until at last the fullness of Christ is revealed in us. 2 Cor. 3:18; 4:4-6. Things that grow do so without consciousness of effort, so

### FAITH'S MESSAGE

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"AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED"



he who lives in Christ is growing in grace. He is not working into God's favor. He believes, and receives; therefore he makes his boast in the Lord, and is glad.

**Inherit Christ.** On the death of the testator, his executor carries out the provisions of his will. The bequests cannot be purchased — they are received and enjoyed. Christ's will was ratified on the cross, and the believer is made Christ's heir, to receive everything promised. The gospel has *promise* of this life, and also of that which is to come. Eph. 1: 11-13; 1 Tim. 4: 8.

**Enjoy Christ.** Christ dwells in the heart by faith. Eph. 3: 17; Rev. 3: 20. How keen is our enjoyment when a loved friend from whom we have been long parted, comes to visit us in our home! This enjoyment but faintly illustrates that of the believer in whose heart Christ dwells. The gospel is "the expulsive power of a new affection." Sin and its author are expelled from the life, and God and Christ and the Holy Spirit abide with the believer. John 3: 29; 14: 23-28.

**Value Christ.** A check for a large sum, properly signed, received from a millionaire, would be prized by any one. "We have this treasure [Christ] in earthen vessels." 2 Cor. 4: 7. "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil. 4: 19. "All things are yours." 1 Cor. 3: 21. "All things are for your sakes." 2 Cor. 4: 15. God's promissory notes are indorsed by Christ for the race; they are made effective by the Holy Spirit, who is received as a gift from God. John 14: 15-26.

**Enthroned Christ.** The overthrow of Spanish rule in the Philippine Islands meant a new order of things. Christ, enthroned in the life, has the supremacy. He puts under his feet the necks of his enemies — our sins; he enlightens the mind; he educates; he transforms, so that the past degradation and shame are forgotten. He receives us as sons, not as servants. He gives to us fellowship with the Father. He makes us fellow citizens with all the saints; and citizenship means protection. He lifts us when we fall; he upholds us with the right hand of his righteousness; yea, he makes us to be *in himself* the very righteousness of God. 2 Cor. 5: 17-21.

God's promises are dependable; they are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. They rest upon four mighty pillars: —

"1. God's *justice*, which will not suffer him to deceive.

"2. His *grace*, which will not suffer him to forget.

"3. His *truth*, which will not suffer him to change.

"4. His *power*, which makes him able to accomplish."

"I am the way." Walk in Christ, abide in Christ; you will have peace, and at last the eternal inheritance of which the Holy Spirit, whom you have received, is the earnest. Eph. 1: 14.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"He that believeth on him *is not* condemned," he is "accepted in the Beloved."

"From morning until evening  
He sought for peace and rest —  
Rest for a weary spirit,  
Peace for a troubled breast;  
But vain was all his seeking  
From dawn till set of sun,  
His sins lay heavy on him,  
And comfort there was none.

"Then, in the gathering twilight,  
He knelt him down in prayer,  
And the stars shone in upon him,  
And smiled upon him there;  
And while he told his Father  
Of sins as black as night,  
The pure white snow fell softly  
And hid the earth from sight.

"And when, in bitter sorrow,  
He looked into the night,  
Behold, the earth shone brightly,  
Wrapped in its robe of white.  
And the promise came to cheer him  
And bring him peace: "Although  
Your sins be as scarlet  
They shall be white as snow."

Yes, *whiter* than snow; for snow, white though it *appears*, when melted, reveals the presence of impurities. God not only makes the sinner look clean, he makes him clean by the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. Not *whitewashed*, but *washed white* in the blood of the Lamb.

### The Power of a Tract

SOME years ago a sister supplied herself with some tracts, and started out on a missionary trip. She had not gone far when she saw a farmer working in his garden beside the road. She stopped and kindly offered him one of her tracts, remarking that she gave her leaflets to only those who promised to read them. He accepted the tract, and promised to read it.

Upon going into the house, he laid it on the mantel behind the stove. Months passed, and it slipped his memory, until one evening after the chores had all been finished and the family was gathered around the cheery fire, he looked up and saw a corner of the tract protruding from the mantel. This brought to mind his promise to read the tract. Without waiting longer, he reached for it, and drawing his chair to the light, read the tract through. When he had finished, he handed it to his wife, asking her to read it. She pronounced it truth, and together they began to study the subject by hunting up in their Bible the references contained in the tract.

This simple leaflet, "Which Day Do You Keep, and Why?" was sufficient to convince them that the one who wrote it had truth they did not have. It created in them a desire to know more of the things of God, and they began a line of study which eventually led them into the full light of the third angel's message, and this brother has been preaching that message with all the vigor of his soul for many years. Thus the influence of the tract still lives.—*E. R. Numbers.*

### What Seven Men Did

It is said that in Hamburg, in 1835, seven men in a shoemaker's shop resolved to attempt, by personal devotedness and effort, to spread the good news of the gospel and to win souls. Within twenty years they organized fifty congregations, gathered ten thousand converts, scattered half a million Bibles and eight million pages of tracts, and were the means of bringing the gospel to fifty million people.

THERE is scarcely a single joy or sorrow within the experience of our fellow creatures, which we have not tasted; yet the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine in sickness, richness in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success.—*Leigh Hunt.*



## Work for China's Women and Children



IN all the mission fields of China a beginning has been made in the work for the women and children. But it is only a beginning! For seven years Sister B. Miller has worked for and with the women who come to the little chapels in Shanghai and its vicinity. In cold and heat, in sickness and health, often with sorrow of heart, and always with earnest prayer, she has gone about this neglected work. Many have been led out of darkest heathenism into the gospel light through the blessing of God on her labors. A recent report from Sister Miller says:—

"Our work at Nansiang is very encouraging. We have there the poor, the blind, the maimed, as well as the educated, preparing to meet the Saviour. We have a Bible class twice a week. This class studies the prophecies, and it is wonderful how honest ones quickly get an understanding of the Word. A little crippled girl who suffers much is a bright and shining light. She can read, and explains some quite difficult passages of Scripture. These people seem to have a burden for souls. Every one works for others, teaching them of the Saviour. A woman between sixty and seventy years of age walks miles to learn of Jesus. God's Spirit moves on the hearts of this people.

"I will relate an instance of a woman who was an opium fiend as well as a great lover of cigarettes. Such a slave had she become to these poisons that it took one hundred cigarettes and fifty cents' worth of opium a day to satisfy her. But God's Spirit has touched her heart, and when last I saw her she told me that she had had the victory for over three weeks. She is ignorant, and her body is very weak. Let us pray that God may give her strength to continue the victory.

"At Gading we have a large class of women studying the Bible and learning how to read. I find, as we go to the country, that God has many precious souls there to be gathered in for him. This is our time to work in China."

### A Woman of Rank Studying the Message

In Central China results have been seen in the work for the women. Sister Myrtie B. Cottrell says:—

"Last spring, through the influence of one of our Chinese brethren, we were brought in touch with a Chinese woman of rank. Her husband had formerly been the governmental treasurer for the province of Kan-su, but he died about twenty years ago. This *T'ai T'ai* (wife of an official) now lives in her old family home, with her son and his wife, here in Changsha, Hunan.

"Although this woman seems to have plenty of money, she was prevailed upon to rent two rooms in her compound to Brother Ih, our language teacher, and it was through him that she first became interested in the gospel. She began attending our Sabbath services in the chapel very soon after, although she lives quite a distance away, and always comes in a chair or ricksha. Sister Lillie White and I were glad to take advantage of the invitation to visit her, and she returned our call a few weeks later.

"In July, her only grandson sickened and died. This was a very severe loss to her, as the great hope of the family was bound up in him. Of course, Satan made the most of the opportunity to suggest through Hwang T'ai T'ai's friends that this trouble had come

upon her because she was giving up the worship of idols, 'and eating the foreign doctrine;' but we are praying for and working with her, presenting the precious promises written for those in sorrow, and we believe that she is coming through the test only the stronger for the experience.

"Every year, when the universal custom is observed of burning paper to be offered up as money to their dead ancestors in the spirit world, it is quite a trial of faith to all the Chinese brethren and sisters not fully grounded in the gospel.

"Last year, Hwang T'ai T'ai had to hire twenty men to carry the paper she burned outside the city, and when her husband was living, they used to spend as much as one hundred strings of cash in that way; but this year when her son came and asked her for money to buy paper for burning, she refused to give him any, telling him plainly that she is now a Christian and does not believe in it. As he is still a heathen and spends a great deal of time and money in drinking wine, he urged his mother to give him the money, but the Lord helped her to be firm and stand by her decision.

"Mrs. Hwang is very anxious to see her son converted, and desires to place her daughter-in-law in our girls' school. This also will involve a cross, on account of her rank, as, of course, the young woman is not supposed to associate with those of the common class."

### Progress of a Chinese Four-Year-Old

Sister Cottrell also gives this pleasing picture of one of Central China's "little ones":—

"One, two, three, four,—only four years of age was the little Chinese maiden who quietly entered the room where Mrs. Djang and I were talking. Mrs. Djang, our Bible woman, is a real 'mother in Israel,' and beloved by all.

"Calling the little girl to her, she said, 'Come and repeat the commandments for Mrs. Cottrell.' Immediately, in very clear Mandarin, the child repeated, without prompting, the ten commandments. Then Mrs. Djang asked, 'Now will you sing for us, "Jesus Loves Me"?' whereupon the little girl sang, from memory, the four verses of that beautiful, impressive gospel song, and then sang quite accurately, from the song-book, several other hymns.

"This little girl is attending one of our church schools, and, though so young, studies very diligently. Her attainments are but a sample of the good work done for the youth and children in that place. Their leaders seem to believe firmly that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'"

### Removing Her Idols

Workers in South China also find some women among the millions of that populous field ready to follow the gospel light. Brother J. P. Anderson tells of one such:—

"Not long ago, a woman who has been attending services here in Swatow asked us to go to her home and 'steal' her idols, as she did not dare to dispose of them herself.

"Accompanied by several brethren, we went. After offering prayer for her and the other members of her family, we began to remove the idols, some of which had been worshiped for several generations. Some occupied prominent places in her living room, others



'lived' in small niches in the kitchen wall, while others upstairs were only sheets of paper with characters or pictures on them. The paper idols were pasted on the walls. The incense urns were suspended from the ceiling in front of the idols.

"The removal also included what is very dear to the heathen, the ancestral tablets. These are small slabs of wood, each with the name of a deceased ancestor written upon it. At certain times of the year these are worshiped. This woman showed us about the house where all the gods were kept. In all, we gathered up about two bushel basketsful. This woman attends all the services, and gives every promise of becoming an earnest follower of the true God."

#### What the Blind Woman Saw

Another encouraging incident is related by a South China worker:—

"We baptized a blind woman who was sixty-two years of age. As she stood for about twenty minutes answering the questions we asked her as to why she wanted to be a Christian, God's Spirit came in and melted hearts. Tears dampened every eye, I think, before she sat down. Any one of God's servants would have been proud to bury her with her Lord in baptism. Not one question did she fail to answer, and intelligently, too.

"She said she could not see us, and had never seen the Bible, could not read a word of it even if she had her eyesight, but was happy that she could see as far into the kingdom by the eye of faith as any one of us. She said that some day she should be able to see Jesus, and that when he gave her eyes to see, she wanted him to be the first one upon whom they should look, then next she wanted to see the man who had spent so many hours in teaching her the way to heaven.

"About four hundred persons saw her buried in her watery grave. As she came up from the water, she stopped to tell the people why she had decided to go into the back street, into the little room, to worship with the few Christians, instead of with the multitude as she had always done before."

A. B. E.

#### A Hindu English School

SOME months ago Pastor F. A. Detamore, who has charge of our Malaysian Mission and lives at Singapore, made a trip of several hundred miles up the east coast of the Malay Peninsula, to Kota Bharu, where he



PUPILS AND TEACHER OF MALAYSIAN ENGLISH SCHOOL

baptized a young man and his mother. One incident of the visit which Brother Detamore mentions in his letter will, I am sure, interest our young people. Brother Detamore writes:—

"While in Kota Bharu I visited an English school taught by a Hindu. Both Chinese and Malays attend.

It would hardly seem like a school to our young people in America. All the pupils study and talk out loud. Some read in one book while others read in other books, but each tries to make his voice a little higher than his neighbor's. The regular school is held from 8:30 or 9 A. M. till 4 P. M., but the teacher goes to the schoolhouse at night, and those who wish to do so come there to study. I visited them at the study period, and the teacher allowed me to hear some of the boys read. They were much embarrassed, but still they did very well, considering their opportunities. I asked for the privilege of taking a picture of the school, and the students were to come early for this. Some of them were there an hour or more before the appointed time. They learned that I had an interest in them, and when I would meet one on the street, he would gracefully bow to show respect."

Are not they bright-looking boys? How sad that their teacher is a heathen! Notice how quickly they responded to Brother Detamore's interest in them. I wonder if noble Christian young men could not find many opportunities to teach English schools in Malaysia.

M. E. KERN.

#### Ant Raiders

I WAS glad that Brother Laurie Sparrow and I walked in from the Glendale Mission to Ft. Victoria. It was very easy to keep ahead of the ox team, and every now and then we sat down during the eleven-mile jaunt, waiting until we could hear the crack of the driver's whip, or the jolting of the wheels as the wagon came near. Riding on the wagon, we should have missed one sight for which I had looked in vain during all my visit to the stations.

I had heard of the raids the big black ants often make upon the white ant hills; and here, streaming along the footpath and through the grass was a raiding party of ants, hurrying home with the spoils. It was a moving sight. It really looked like an army on the march, or rather in flight. In formation the column was several inches in breadth, and strung out eight or ten feet in length, though we did not wait to see if the last we saw were really the rear guard.

Every soldier carried one or two white ants, or ant eggs. In front were a number of ants as vanguard, carrying no burden, and here and there along the sides were similarly unencumbered scouts, thrown out, evidently, to warn of danger or to keep the formation. There was an air of excitement and hurry about it all that plainly said that a deed of daring had been accomplished, and no time was to be lost in getting back with the spoils.

W. A. SPICER.

#### The Value of Common Things

A NOBLEMAN was once showing a friend a collection of precious stones which he had gathered at great expense. "And yet," he said, "they yield me no income."

His friend replied, "Come with me, and I will show you two stones which cost me only \$25 each, yet they yield me a considerable income."

He took the nobleman to his gristmill, and pointed to the two gray millstones which were grinding out meal.

It is not always the sparkling gem that has real value, but the common stone. It is well enough to be brilliant, but it is better to be useful.—*Junior Christian Endeavor World.*





# 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 Old Folks at Home



ONE day I had occasion to eat dinner at a small country hotel. At the table with me were two old gentlemen. One of them spoke of the situation in Mexico.

"I don't know as much about that as I'd like to," said the other, raising his voice considerably, as his friend was deaf. "Doctor says I can't use my eyes, so I haven't seen a paper for over a week. I hear it talked about, but it isn't the same as reading it for yourself."

"Lucky to be able to hear," replied the other. "I often wish I could hear what the rest are saying about it. Reading it, you get just *facts*, providing they are facts, but hearing it, you get different opinions."

"Aren't you staying with your daughter now?" Again the speaker raised his voice.

"No," the deaf one hesitated over the word, his voice of that monotonous level with which the deaf are wont to speak. "Not for the present. She's got a houseful of company— young folks. Makes it too lonesome. Thought I'd come over to the hotel, where there are others. How is it you aren't over to Ed's?"

"Well," the raised voice also hesitated, "Ed's folks are out a good deal, and— and— when they're home there's generally something going on— bridge clubs or dinners or— something pretty nearly all the time. I have a lot of fun with Ed's children— but— it's just as you say— kind o' lonesome."

They nodded their old heads in mutual understanding, and then ate for a few moments in silence, and furtively I watched them. They were both close upon seventy. Their faces were seamed with the care and burden of years, their hair white, their eyes heavy and sad. Their hands shook, and it was not impossible that a bit of soup should be spilled upon a clean tablecloth. Old age was a burden, and none there seemed to be to help them bear it. Their life companions had passed away. Their children were grown and married, had cares, anxieties, joys, and sorrows of their own.

"Not that Milly isn't good to me, understand, or her friends, either." The old man who had to raise his voice had evidently been questioning the loyalty of his own remarks. "It isn't that; but they never have *time*. They're always in a hurry to go here— go there. They never have time to sit down and read the papers to an old man— O, no! I wouldn't ask it. Sometimes I meet them on the stairs or in the hall, and it's always, 'Good morning, gran'pa, how're you today?' chipper as a sparrow; but I notice they never have time to listen while I tell them. I used to think they wanted to know, and I'd set out to tell them, but—" The other old man nodded his head. He understood.

"And so," the speaker rambled on between soup and meat, "I got pretty lonesome. I used to sit at the table with them. Milly wanted me to. She's a good girl. I used to enjoy their chatter. There's always some company around. Tom's sister stays there a

good deal. I used to enjoy them. Sometimes they'd start talking about something I was real interested in, and I'd join. But seems as if I was too slow for them— behind the times— didn't see things the way they did— or something. I don't just seem to know what, unless it's because— I'm *old*. Anyway I stopped talking— and— seemed sort of— oh— I don't know— I just fell *out of it*."

The other old man, the deaf old man, kept nodding his head. It was an open book to him, an old story, his own story. He read his own name in as the other went along.

"So, finally, I told Milly I guessed I'd come over here and board. There's always some other old back number hanging around for a game of pinochle, or a chat. Back numbers can all talk about the same things, anyway."

Again the other old man nodded his head, and now he spoke.

"You can *make* them be civil to you here," he said, "by paying them." His gentle old face grew hard, and one was surprised at the bitterness in his dull-toned voice. "They dare not tell you you'd better go to bed at seven o'clock when there's going to be company, and they dare not tell you not to come poking around the kitchen before breakfast in the morning. Not that they'd *let* you, but you don't have to be told. *Home*, you'd like to do as you've a mind to."

He jabbed a fork venomously into a bit of meat, and the other old man looked at him in mild astonishment.

"Ed's all right," the old man went on sharply. "He's always civil enough— kind, too— and *he* doesn't know nothing about *her* ways. I don't tell. I just get out."

Again they ate in silence.

"Too bad," said the first old man, "too bad that when one of us has to go, we can't both go. There isn't any place for the one that's left, seems, unless it's at the old folks' home. I've *thought* of that."

"So've I," responded the other, still vigorously. "I've thought of everything. But it's *my* home they're living in. I turned it over to them gladly. All Viny's things are there. I want to stay among them." The old man's chin quivered childishly. A maid came and took their order for dessert. They gave it with little thought.

"Tom's *good* enough to me," the old man raised his voice, "Milly's got a good husband. It isn't that they aren't *good*. They just haven't time to think about it."

They finished their dessert, and went off to play their game of pinochle and listen to hotel gossip. And I— I found my own dessert untasted. I was thinking, and I was seeing pictures.

Evidently these two old men had money enough of their own to pay their board where they chose and



where they could *buy* comparatively congenial companionship. But what of all the old men and old women who *have* to live with their relatives because they can't afford to live anywhere else?

I got up slowly from the table, went slowly out of the hotel doors, and walked slowly up the street. And the thought that went with me—the thought that dragged at my feet and clutched at my throat and tore at my heart—was, How many old hearts are there all about us, hungering for a word, thirsting for love, aching with loneliness? Why do we hurry past them on the stair and in hall with a brief and meaningless, "How are you?" without *caring* how they are, without waiting to hear how they are? How many old cheeks are wet with tears tonight because son or daughter is in *too great haste* for a little chat, a little dip into the past, a little entering into detail of family affairs or asking for the aged one's counsel and advice?

What are we hurrying *after* that we have no time to give to these who have given so much of their youth to us? What better gift can we ask than the pleased smile of an aged parent because of a little consideration and loving thought?

The pictures I saw were varied and not always happy. I saw an old lady sitting by herself in a comfortably padded rocker on the shady end of a pleasant piazza. I had seen her every afternoon for many weeks of a summer in a year gone by, and finally I had come to giving her daily greeting. I had "asked her how she was," and then stood by impatiently, I fear, while she told me at length. Often, too, I had seen her, myself unobserved, wiping a tear from her lonely, wrinkled old cheek.

Oh, these tears of the aged—weary, sorrowful, hopeless tears! The child cries, and his wants are supplied, or his hurt is soothed, and his tears are dried. The youth weeps, but hope is an abounding fountain in his heart, and his grief is soon assuaged. Even the eyes of the mature are not so long in drying, because of the manifold interests at every hand.

But the tears of the aged are of all, fullest of pathos. They fall because a heart that has spent a lifetime in beating for others, is left to pulse away its weary hours alone; because the hands, once so full of loving service, so active in deed, so besought in companionable work, must needs lie idle now while younger hands perform their deeds with greater expediency. They fall because those over whom they have watched in sickness and with whom they have rejoiced in health, are *too busy* to sit for a few hours each day in cheerful and cheering companionship.

I read the other day in some magazine of a unique club, the Borrowed Time Club. It was a club of old men, all over seventy, all living on "borrowed time," organized by a young man who had loved his own old father, and consequently had thought for all old men. He saw lonely old men sitting apart and cheerless on park benches, and the thought came to him that perhaps he could make life a little happier for them. So they organized a club, and he met with them and talked to them cheerfully. They have music and speakers and good times generally. It gives them—what no life is useful or happy without—*interest*, something to think of, to talk about, to *do*.

And others, hearing of that young man's good deed, have organized Borrowed Time Clubs elsewhere.

We may not all, though some of us may, organize clubs of pleasure for the aged within our ken, but there

are few of us who have not some aged friend or relative or acquaintance whose last days we could brighten with small expense. A few hours of chatting, a little gift now and then, a letter, or even a picture postal card,—these are small things surely, and yet they mean much to those whose days hang heavily and whose hearts are often sore from neglect and lovelessness.

Let us pause for a few moments each day in our mad haste for heaven knows what, and look about us for those who have run the race. Perhaps, after all, they may have something to give us out of their experience which may help us in our futile search for happiness and satisfaction. Perhaps words of wisdom worth more than the silver which we seek, may fall from their quivering lips.

They have run the race; they have almost reached the goal. Suppose we ask them what they saw along the way. Let us ask them what, out of all their lives, seems best to them at the end, and profit thereby.

And let us take them into our lives, become an active part in it, feel a share of the responsibilities.

"I'd so *love* to go into the kitchen once in a while," said an old lady to me once, "and make a batch of biscuits just as I used to. I *know* Tom'd like them. Molly thinks, just because I'm getting *old*, that I oughtn't to be allowed to do a turn. I wouldn't be so old if I had something to do."

Many an old man and old woman are growing older by the minute because their children, in all intended kindness, have taken their work out of their hands and left them nothing to do *but* grow old.

Keep them active, as active as they desire. Give them a part of the home to look after, and let them have interest in *all* of it. Don't dump the children on them to be taken care of every time you want to go out, and then shut up like a clam when they want to know where you've been and what you've done. Grandparents love the babies, but babies can become tiresome even to grandparents.

Invite *their* company once in a while. Give them birthday parties. Take them to drive. See that they meet your company. Read the paper to them and an occasional book. Play a game with them. Make little surprises for them.

To be sure, all this takes time. But what's time *for*? If you're not doing something with it that's worth while, you're wasting it. And this is worth while, because you're helping to make some one happy who hasn't many chances.

Never mind the other side. They may be deaf or cranky or selfish or disagreeable or ill-tempered. To be sure, in the case of the latter they don't deserve as much, but nevertheless you can do your share. And God pity you if you let any of *your* loved ones pass on without having made every last day a happy one; for if you don't, you'll live in sorrow and regret to the day you die.—*Della Thompson Lutes, in American Motherhood.*

—◆◆◆—  
 'Tis not the fairest form that holds  
 The mildest, purest soul within;  
 'Tis not the richest plant that holds  
 The sweetest fragrance in.

—*Darves.*

—◆◆◆—  
 WITHIN the oyster's shell uncouth  
 The purest pearl may hide;  
 Trust me you'll find a heart of truth  
 Within that rough outside.

—*Mrs. Osgood.*



## The War of Nations — An Algerian Episode of Aug. 4, 1915

R. T. E. COLTHURST



RUSHING along, a pile of *affiches* under one arm and a paste can in the other hand, comes the billsticker. At each point at which he puts up one of his bills, every one rushes to it. Bare-footed Arab boys, in their voluminous seated cotton trousers, with the legs cut off half-way up the calf and the ends bordered with braid, and wearing their red caps, like upturned red flower pots, of extremely brilliant hue, ran along with bundles of newspapers, each to his allotted selling post. One stops where I am trying to read what the bill says. In an instant his bundle of dailies is gone. The people tear them out of his grasp, give him their cents, and are all reading intently. The Arab tries to collect from some whom he thinks did not pay. Some pay up; some say he has already his due. He cannot make good his account, and "howls." I suppose he fears his progenitor will whip him. No one heeds him but me.

Why all this excitement? It is the call of the nation, "To arms! To arms! Men of the navy, men of the army, defend your soil and your homes!" This is what the bill says.

What say the papers? Two German cruisers, the "Dresden" and the "Breslau," have bombarded a small undefended port at Philippeville and a market town called Brone. Ammunition which was being hastily stacked for shipment to Algiers, is set on fire and crackles off in every direction, killing many of the patrol on guard, and setting fire to the police barracks. One reads: "An unwarranted attack on two unfortified towns (details are suppressed) — a dastardly outrage." One by one the readers curse or chatter according to the temperament of each; the crowd swells, the talk becomes furious; a passing foreigner, innocent, bewildered, is set upon, knocked down, kicked, disappears. From everywhere stories arrive of Germans seized and made to satisfy the lust for revenge now blazing up in all breasts.

In the heart of the city there is great excitement. The police are powerless, but are quickly reenforced, and not a moment too soon. The Apaches, rowdies of the worst sections, are banded; it is their chance; they smell loot, and like a pack of wolves, waving little tricolors aloft, together they roll up the chief thoroughfare like the waters from a burst river dam. Beware, the blond head they espy! Even some French folk were cruelly handled by these ruffians. They then turned their attention on a big German hotel, smashed the fine-stained glass front and plate glass windows, and sacked the dining hall and restaurant, making a bonfire on the square in front. That night no one was safe. On the next day martial law was enforced and peace outwardly imposed.

Considering myself well enough known, I went canvassing again, but had omitted to reckon on another factor. Men were pouring in from the surrounding towns, and soon I was to find myself in an awkward situation. Canvassing along from building to building, picking up two cents here and two cents there, by the sale of my *Signes des Temps*, I entered a house I had not yet worked, and finding no one at the lower door where the *concierge* is often located, I began to canvass the flats. I began upstairs, and was successful in obtaining a few sales at about the middle story.

I saw some trunks being carried into one of the rooms, and simultaneously heard a lot of talk about robbery the night before. However, loud talk in Algerian houses is but a daily way of greeting one another. So I paid no attention. A few minutes later I knocked at the door of the newcomers, and offered my paper, and was curtly refused. In houses with so many doors I have to keep a check of my reception, in order to know how to act on my return the following month; so I was noting the door numbers and remarks as I went toward the next flat, when I heard the man I had just accosted ask me what I was writing, while his little boy flew down the stairs past me. I politely showed the man my notes. He took my book, and asked me if I wrote German. "No," I said, "it is English." I saw he thought I was an enemy, but I took polite leave of him. His answer was, "Oh, yes, go down, go down!" but in such a tone that I wondered what he meant. So I remained silently by his side, asking God to show me what to do and how, for I began to see he must have sent to have me arrested, and the thought had scarcely come to my mind when I saw an "agent" in khaki coming up the stairs, the little boy directing him, and some womenfolk following behind. He saluted as if on parade, but proceeded to take me into his care. I told him he was committing an error, but I was handcuffed, searched, and marched off.

Thus I was at least protected from the angry populace. But God helped me still further. Finding I went so willingly, and seeing I was no ruffian, the agent removed the irons and left me free to walk at his side. I chatted with him, and so we passed quite unnoticed to the station. Here all I had was removed from my pockets, my sous were counted, and my papers scrutinized. These were all in perfect order, and supported my verbal statement that a mistake had been made. I was told to sit down, and was left from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon without food or water. Here also I did well enough, for the policeman sent a boy to buy me a two-cent loaf of bread. He gave me a glass of water at my request. Finally, at three o'clock in came the *commissaire*, and to my surprise and pleasure I remembered I had sold him a paper only the month before. He nodded and went to his office, no doubt thinking I had come to have some little business transacted.

A little later in came my accuser, blazing hatred in his eyes and grim satisfaction in his manner. He had his twelve-year-old boy with him, no doubt to show him how to do the trick of nabbing a German! But when he entered the office of the chief of police and had sent for my papers, he had to eat his rage and swallow his disappointment. Presently I was requested to appear, expecting to be confronted by an irate person or possibly by a courteous gentleman expressing his regret for his hastiness and unwarranted action. But no, there was no accuser. He had fled out at the back door, too ashamed of himself to look me in the face.

The chief politely returned to me my things, and said he saw by my address and language that I was a man of education. He said it was this fact that had led the procurator from Oran to imagine I must be an important catch, probably an aid-de-camp on special spy duty. I thanked him for his flattering supposi-



tions, and told him I had accompanied the agent without protest so as not to cause a disturbance at such a critical moment, but another time should claim my right of protection from my consul general.

He is still glad to accept now and again one of our *Signes des Temps*. This awkward incident turned out to be a protection to me during the next month or two of suspicion, for I had henceforth a police pass, and was able, under this protection, to continue the Lord's work. God's ways are often strange, but are for the strengthening of his laborers.

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**Ninga's Gift**

SHE was only a little African girl ten years old, but she had learned to love Jesus, and her heart was so overflowing with joy and happiness that she longed to share her blessings with every one she knew. Her life had been a very sad one, for she was a little slave girl. Her father had sold her in payment of a debt to a wicked young man, who bought her for his wife. He treated her cruelly, and finding that she was too young for the hard work in the fields, he brought her to one of the schools of the Africa Inland Mission.

"I have heard that you train the boys and girls to be good workers," he said to the teacher in charge. "This is my wife, and I want you to train her so that she can do good work in my fields by and by."

Poor little Ninga! She was so shy and frightened that for some days Miss Emily could hardly get a word from her, but her big black eyes seemed to be pleading, "Don't beat me; I will do the best I can." Soon her fears vanished in the atmosphere of love and kindness which surrounded her. She learned to laugh and shout as the children played their merry games, and no voice was sweeter than hers in song and hymn. She was bright and quick in her classes, and soon learned to read and write.

Her husband visited her occasionally, and after one of these visits Miss Emily found her sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter, Ninga?" asked her teacher.

"He says he is coming soon to take me away. Don't let him take me, teacher. He will beat me again, and I want to stay in the school with you."

Now Miss Emily had been talking with the government officials, for this was in British East Africa, and she knew that she could save the child by paying her father's debt, so she answered kindly, "Don't cry, Ninga, I will try to keep you at the school."

She paid the money to the husband from her own small salary, and Ninga was free.

Oh, how happy the poor child was! "Dear teacher, how I love you," she said. "I wish I could be your slave forever."

"Be a good girl, Ninga," said her teacher kindly. "That is all I ask of you."

As the days went by, Ninga, sitting in the mission chapel, heard often the story of the wonderful love of Jesus, who died to save her, and her young heart took in the message gladly.

One day she lingered in the schoolroom till all the others had gone out, and then said, timidly: "Teacher, I love Jesus, and I am going to be his child always. I did not know till I came here that it was wrong to lie and steal and say bad words, but I have given them all up. I pray to our Father every night, and oh, how he helps me!"

A few weeks after this Ninga came running in one day, much excited. "Teacher," she cried, "there is a

little slave girl down in the village, and her master treats her dreadfully. She is nearly starved, and he beats her every day because she can't do the heavy work in the fields. Please take her into the school, or she will die."

"I should like to take her, Ninga," answered Miss Emily sorrowfully, "but I have not the money. I might spare enough to pay the debt, but there is only mission money enough to feed and clothe the children who are here now."

Ninga turned sadly away, but the next day she came back, crying: "O Miss Emily, please, please take that poor little girl in! He has beaten her till she can scarcely move, and her back and arms are full of bruises."

"How can I take her, Ninga, when I have no food for her to eat, or clothes to wear?"

"I will give her half of mine," said Ninga eagerly, "and she can sleep with me in my bed."

Ninga was so proud of this little bed, for she had never known such a luxury till she came to the school. It consisted of four upright posts, with a bottom of woven ropes. On this were laid two blankets to serve as mattress, and two more for covers, as nights are often cold in this part of Africa. "I don't mind if I am a little crowded," she added anxiously. "Please take her in, and let her sleep with me."

"Will you give her one of your dresses, Ninga?" asked the teacher.

*(Concluded on last page)*

**MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER  
DEPARTMENT**

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

**Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for  
Week Ending December 18**

It has been thought advisable to leave this date free for a special consecration service, to be arranged by the local leaders for both Seniors and Juniors. The article for the mission study—"Work for China's Women and Children"—will be found in this INSTRUCTOR. The section of this article "Progress of a Chinese Four-Year-Old," is recommended for a reading in the Junior Societies.

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**Reading Course Members, Attention!**

DECEMBER 11-18 has been set apart by our denomination as a week of prayer, so you will find in this issue of the INSTRUCTOR no weekly Reading Course assignment. Once again you are asked to lay aside your Reading Course books, and to devote the fifteen or twenty minutes allotted to them each day to prayer.

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**Missionary Volunteer Question Box**

[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

SHOULD a person who does not observe the Sabbath and who uses tobacco be allowed to join the young people's society?

The name of our young people's society is the Seventh-day Adventist Young People's Society of Missionary Volunteers. The members should, therefore, be Seventh-day Adventists, and they should be willing missionary workers. In the call that came to us through the Lord's messenger, which led to the organization of our young people, were these words:—



"Will the young men and young women who really love Jesus organize themselves as workers, not only for those who profess to be Sabbath keepers, but for those who are not of our faith?"

This plainly points out who are to be members, and also the purpose of the organization. A true Missionary Volunteer Society is an association of young people who are earnest Christians, and whose hearts are burdened for the salvation of others, even those who profess to be Christians but are not. Such a group of young people will have "set times to pray together" for the salvation of souls. Those who join the Missionary Volunteer Society sign this pledge:—

"Loving the Lord Jesus, I promise to take an active part in the work of the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society, doing what I can to help others and to finish the work of the gospel in all the world."

These facts clearly show that such persons as are mentioned above could not become Missionary Volunteers. Of course, any one whose conduct is becoming should be welcomed to the general Missionary Volunteer meetings; and when such persons show an interest in our work, we should foster that interest and work for their conversion, remembering always that young men should work for young men, and young women for young women.

There might be cases where it would be so apparent that persons were not coming for any good purpose, that they should be asked to remain away. As a rule, however, if the members conduct themselves "as becometh saints," and the meetings are charged with spiritual power, such persons will not desire to attend.



### Fiftieth Week

*December 12.* Hebrews 6 to 8: Christ the mediator of the better covenant.

*December 13.* Hebrews 9 to 11: The fruits of faith.

*December 14.* Hebrews 12, 13: "Looking unto Jesus." Review Hebrews briefly, and mark the texts that impress you as especially encouraging.

*December 15.* James: Hearers and doers, respect of persons; dangers of the tongue; "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." With each book read its introduction.

*December 16.* First Peter: "Be ye holy;" Christ the chief corner stone; partakers of Christ's sufferings; etc.

*December 17.* Second Peter: Christian addition; false teachers; etc.

*December 18.* First John: Keep the commandments; brotherly love; the test; etc.

### If You Have Time

Add names of other Old Testament heroes of faith to the list given in Hebrews 11.

Make a list of the different Jameses mentioned in the New Testament, and study the facts given about each.

Write a brief outline of the book of Hebrews.

### Hebrews

"The greater weight of testimony favors the opinion that Paul was the author (though probably Luke was the writer) of this epistle. It was probably composed by the former when in very strict custody, either at Cæsarea or at Rome (A. D. 62-64), just before his martyrdom, when denied writing materials, and dictated by him to Luke, who then committed it to writing from memory."

The epistle, which is supposed to have been written to the Hebrew Christians in Palestine, was designed to comfort them for what they had lost, and to strengthen them to endure persecution. In accepting Christ, these believers had lost much that was very precious to them. In this letter, Paul shows them how far Christ is superior to all these—"to angels, Moses, the ancient priesthood, taking these points in order. The apostle goes on to contrast the glorious new covenant with the old one, and closes with a splendid picture of faith and other virtues."

### The Epistle of James

Two of the twelve apostles were named James,—James the son of Alphaeus, or Cleopas, and James the son of Zebedee. The former is known as James the Less, perhaps because he was younger or of lesser stature than the latter, who was put to death by Herod Agrippa I, in A. D. 44. (See Acts 12:1, 2.) But the author of the epistle was James the Just, who is spoken of by Paul as "the Lord's brother." He rose to a position of prominence in the early church, and at the

famous Jerusalem council we find him presiding, as he pronounced the sentence on the question under discussion. According to tradition, he was thrown down from the temple by the scribes and Pharisees; he was then stoned, and his brains were dashed out with a fuller's club.

The epistle of James is the first of the four general epistles. It was written at Jerusalem, about A. D. 62, for all the Christian Jews, those scattered abroad as well as those at Jerusalem. Its purpose was to warn them "against the sins to which as Jews they were most liable, and to console and exhort them under the sufferings to which as Christians they were most exposed." "It is remarkable for its eminently practical nature, the homeliness and aptness of its illustrations, and the bold, plain-spoken rebukes of the oppressors of the poor."

### First Peter

Simon Peter, a fisherman of Bethsaida, was called to his apostleship early in Jesus' ministry. His whole subsequent history is an example of what the grace of God can do in subduing the natural heart, and in working through human instruments to bring men to a knowledge of salvation. Under Peter's ministry, by the blessing of God 3,000 persons were converted on the day of Pentecost, and by him the first Gentile family was baptized and admitted to the household of faith. He preached the gospel to the Jews scattered throughout the various countries of Asia Minor, and it is thought that he suffered martyrdom at Rome about the same time as the apostle Paul. "All agree that he was crucified. Origen says that Peter felt himself to be unworthy to be put to death in the same manner as his Master, and was therefore, at his own request, crucified with his head downward."

The first epistle of Peter is thought to have been written at Babylon about A. D. 60-67. It was addressed to the Jewish Christians of Asia Minor,— "strangers" in the lands in which they were living,— and was written to encourage and strengthen them in a time of severe persecution. They were urged to live lives of practical godliness, warned against special temptations, and reminded of the "soundness and completeness of the religious system which they had already received."

### Second Peter

"This is emphatically a last-day message, culminating in a most vivid and glowing description of the day of the Lord, in which the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up," says one Bible writer. A noteworthy feature of the letter is Peter's commendation of "our beloved brother Paul" and his writings. In his letter to the Galatians, Paul had recorded some things about Peter. It would have been natural for the old Peter to resent this rebuke from one less long a disciple of Jesus than himself; yet the converted Peter showed no disposition to retaliate or criticize. Self and its hurts were lost sight of in the great work given into his hands by his departing Lord—"Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep." The epistle is thought to have been written near the close of Peter's life,— "perhaps about A. D. 68,— from Rome, or somewhere on the journey thither from the East."

### First John

"This, 'the most independent of place and time and circumstance of all the writings of the New Testament,' is an appendix to the Gospel of John, being a further unfolding of many of the unique truths there set forth. John probably wrote it at Ephesus toward the close of his long life; that is, in one of the last years of the first century. It was quite certainly written for the churches in Asia, to which the apostle ministered."— *Wells*.

### Philemon

This brief epistle, "the only one of Paul's letters which is of a strictly personal and private nature," was written near the close of the apostle's first imprisonment at Rome, to Philemon, a Christian of Colosse. This believer appears to have been "a man of means and influence, and of marked Christian character, warm sympathy, and large hospitality and beneficence." His slave, Onesimus, had run away to Rome, perhaps with some of his master's goods. Here he met Paul, and was genuinely converted. The apostle persuaded Onesimus to return to Philemon, and receive whatever punishment might be meted out to him. By his hand Paul sent the epistle to the Colossian believers, and this short letter to Philemon, in which he beseeches grace in behalf of "my son Onesimus."

The letter is "remarkable for its delicacy, generosity, and justice. The apostle maintains civil rights, even of slavery, confessing that Onesimus, though under the liberty of the gospel, is still the slave of Philemon, and justly liable to punishment for desertion." In this letter Paul had peculiar difficulties to overcome; but in it he manifested "a degree of self-denial and tact in dealing with them which, in being equal to the occasion, could hardly be greater."

"KNOWLEDGE without goodness is dangerous; goodness without knowledge is useless."





## XII — Parable of the Vineyard

(December 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 21: 33-46.

MEMORY VERSE: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.

### Questions

1. In another parable which Jesus spoke to show the chief priests and elders their wickedness in rejecting him, what did the householder plant? Matt. 21: 33, first part.
2. How did he seek to protect his vineyard? To whom did he rent it? Where did he then go? Verse 33, last part.
3. After a while, whom did he send to these husbandmen? What time of year was it? For what purpose did he send them? Verse 34. Note 1.
4. How did the husbandman treat his servants? Verse 35.
5. How did the owner of the vineyard again try to secure the fruit which belonged to him? With what result? Verse 36.
6. Whom did he at last send to them? Only how many sons had he? Verse 37; Mark 12: 6.
7. When the husbandmen saw the son, of what, besides the fruit, did they plan to rob the owner? Matt. 21: 38.
8. How did they try to carry out this plan? Verse 39.
9. What question did Jesus then ask the Jews? Verse 40.
10. How did they reply? Verse 41.
11. Of what scripture did he then remind them? Verse 42. Note 2.
12. What did he declare would be taken from them? To whom would it be given? Verse 43.
13. What did he say of every one who would fall on this stone? Of every one on whom the stone would fall? Verse 44. Note 3.
14. What did the chief priests and Pharisees at last understand? Verse 45. Note 4.
15. Whose only beloved son had been sent to them? Memory verse.
16. How were they, at that very moment, seeking to destroy him? Verse 46.

### Notes

1. "The vineyard was let out, probably for a part of the fruit, and the owner sent to receive the part that was his." — Barnes.
2. To understand the meaning of the reference which Jesus made to "the stone which the builders rejected," read "The Desire of Ages," pages 597, 598.
3. As the builders of the earthly temple had rejected the stone which had been planned for the corner stone, so the Jews rejected Christ, the great living Foundation and Corner Stone on which they were to build for eternity. 1 Cor. 3: 11. "To those who believe, Christ is the sure foundation. These are they who fall upon the Rock and are broken. Submission to Christ and faith in him are here represented. . . . And what was it that destroyed the Jews? It was the Rock which, had they built upon it, would have been their security." — "The Desire of Ages," pages 599, 600.
4. The prophet Isaiah, over seven hundred years before, had

plainly called Israel the vineyard of the Lord. He had described how the Lord had planted them as the choicest of vines, had done everything that could be done for them to make them bring forth the good fruits of righteousness; but when he came and looked for good fruit, behold, he found only the wild grapes of oppression and sin. Isaiah also foretold the taking away of their privileges, and their final destruction. Isa. 5: 1-7. After having heard these words all their lives, is it not strange that they were so slow in understanding what Jesus meant?

Symbols in the parable:—

- a. Householder represents God.
- b. Vineyard represents the Jewish nation.
- c. Hedge represents the divine law.
- d. Tower represents the temple.

The tower in the parable was for the convenience of the watchmen. It is a fitting symbol of the work of the priests of the temple in their relationship as watchmen of the flock of God.

## XII — Parable of the Vineyard

(December 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 21: 33-46.

### Questions

1. What other parable did Jesus now put forth? Matt. 21: 33, first part. Note 1.
2. What did the householder do to his vineyard? Where did he then go? Verse 33, last part.
3. What did he do when the fruiting season drew near? Verse 34.
4. How did the husbandmen treat his servants? Verse 35.
5. What did the householder then do? How were these servants received? Verse 36.
6. Whom did the householder send last of all? Why did he send his son? Verse 37.
7. When they saw the son, what did the husbandmen say? Verse 38. Note 2.
8. What did they do to the son? Verse 39.
9. What question did Jesus then ask? Verse 40.
10. What answer did the chief priests and Pharisees give? Verse 41. Note 3.
11. What scripture did Jesus question them about? Verse 42.
12. What application of the parable did he make? Verse 43. Note 4.
13. What will be the result of falling on this corner stone? Verse 44, first part.
14. What will be the result of the stone's falling on any one? Verse 44, last part.
15. What did the chief priests and the Pharisees now perceive? Verse 45.
16. Why did they not lay hands on him? Verse 46, first part.
17. Why did they fear the multitude? Verse 46, last part.

### Notes

1. The householder is represented as planting the vineyard and supplying all the conditions essential to producing fruit. In Isa. 5: 1, the vineyard of the Lord is represented as planted "in a very fruitful hill." Our part is to care for and cultivate the vineyard, whether we think of it as our individual growth or as the work of the Lord for others.
2. This third act of the husbandmen in refusing to render to their lord his own, brings out the terrible results of starting upon a course of evil. They probably did not purpose to go so far in wickedness when they maltreated the first servants. Their greed extended to seizing only upon the crop of the season. This greed indulged, the way soon opened for greater evil—they would seize upon the vineyard itself and make it their own possession. Crime against the servants hardened them for the greater crime of killing the son. So sin of any kind grows rapidly when allowed to come into the life in any degree.
3. The Lord will not be disappointed of fruits. If his offers of grace are rejected by one, they will be made to another. The vineyard misused by the first husbandmen passed into the hands of others who will deal justly with their lord. The stone rejected by the builders ultimately becomes the chief corner stone.
4. See the fourth note of preceding lesson.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Winning Souls

A FRIEND of mine was giving a Bible reading in an Eastern city. At the close a lady came to her and said: "Mrs. Walker, I do not agree with all you said today. You said that all Christians can lead souls to Christ if they will. But that is not true. Look at me, for instance. I am a mother with several small children. I could not have attended this meeting today only that my mother came to take care of the children. So you see that there are some people who cannot lead others to Christ."

Mrs. Walker replied: "Perhaps so, but I do not quite see it yet. May I ask you a few questions?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. Do you employ a milkman?"

"Yes."

"How often does he call at your house?"

"Every morning."

"Is he a Christian?"

"I don't know."

"Does the grocer call at your house very often?"

"Yes, once a day, at least, and sometimes twice."

"Is he a saved man?"

"Well, really, I cannot say. I have never asked him."

"Does the meatman come every day?"

"Yes."

"Has he been converted?"

"Mrs. Walker, I don't know anything about it." And with that she turned and went out of the room.

Two years afterwards Mrs. Walker was in the same city, giving a Bible reading in another church. At the close a lady came up to her and said, "Do you remember me?"

"No, I think I have never seen you before."

"Well, I remember you very distinctly." Then she recalled their former interview, and said: "I went out of that room vexed with you and myself and everybody else. I couldn't sleep very much that night. I pondered the matter long and carefully, and finally came to the conclusion that it was just as much my business as any one's to know about the spiritual condition of those who were daily coming to my door."

"I made up my mind that I would begin with the milkman, and I thought out a nice little speech to fit his case. I arose early, built my fire, and waited for him. Pretty soon he came hurrying in as milkmen do, poured out his milk, and was about to leave. Mean-

while I had been casting about, trying to find my speech; but somehow I could not get hold of either end of it. Finally, in despair, I shouted out his name just as he went out of the door. He hurried back, and began to tip up his milk can, saying, as he did so, 'Do you want another quart?'

"'No,' I replied; 'I want to ask you if you are a Christian.'

"He sat down in a chair; and, looking me straight in the face, he said, 'Mrs. —, why didn't you ask me that question last year? You remember there were special meetings in our church; and I was interested, but I felt ashamed to let it be known. However, I knew that you were a Christian; and so I kept telling you about the meetings, and talking to you every morning about one and another who had come out for Christ, hoping that you would say something to me about my soul. You never said one word, Mrs. —; and now I don't care one cent about the whole business;' and with that he picked up his milk can and left the house.

"Mrs. Walker, perhaps you can imagine how I felt. I lay down on my kitchen floor; and there I lay, and sobbed out my shame and grief before God until I was assured of his forgiveness. I promised him that, if he would forgive me this time, I would try to live so that none who came to my door should ever have just cause to say that I did not care for his soul. Then I arose and prepared for business. And there were nine persons who came to my house that day to whom I was able to give a gospel message, and today seven out of the nine are professed Christians. I believe that you are right when you say that every Christian can, if he will, lead souls to Christ.—*Rev. Howard W. Pope.*

## Ninga's Gift

(Concluded from page thirteen)

Now Ninga's sole earthly possessions consisted of three little cotton dresses. One, a red calico, sent by a kind friend in America, was Ninga's special delight, and carefully kept for best.

"Yes, I'll give her a dress, and half of my food every day."

Each child at the mission received a daily allowance of a quart of dried peas or beans, which they were taught to prepare and cook for themselves, or else a very small basket of potatoes. Small as this allowance may seem, it was more than they had lived on in their own wretched homes, and they grew and thrived upon it.

"Very well, Ninga," said Miss Emily, "I will go to the village, and see what I can do."

Again she paid the ransom price out of her own purse, and after about an hour's absence, returned with the little stranger.

Ninga, who had been watching by the gate, gave a shout of joy.

"May I give her a bath, teacher?" she asked; and receiving permission, she obtained a cake of soap, and started with her charge for the river.

The poor child sadly needed a bath, for she had never had one before. When at length the two little girls returned, Miss Emily's eyes filled with tears, as she saw that the stranger was wearing the little red dress, Ninga's most precious treasure.—*Nettie Carlisle, in Kind Words.*