

Elson

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ARTIFICIAL WATERFALL ON STRAWBERRY HILL, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

FROM HERE AND THERE

IN Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, old, conservative, and disinclined to political innovations, 1,000,000 men recorded their very practical belief in the political equality of women, by casting their ballots for woman suffrage.

A GROUP of girls in the Portland, Oregon, church have organized a missionary sewing circle. They make things to sell for the support of a native girl in school in India. One little girl has already sold about seven dollars' worth of her work.

FORTY-THREE American physicians and sanitary engineers have been decorated by Crown Prince Alexander in recognition of their services in stopping epidemics in Serbia. The Americans are representatives of the Rockefeller Foundation and the Red Cross.

Porcelain Clay Found

NEWS has been sent to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, at Washington, D. C., that the war is not to cause a doll famine in the United States next Christmas. Thousands of dolls made in Germany and intended for American children have been detained by the war; but the United States Geological Survey men have discovered a clay in America suitable for the manufacture of porcelain, and a large concern in Philadelphia is molding dolls' heads from this material on a large scale that insures an ample supply. In 1914 this country imported dolls and dolls' heads to the amount of \$1,816,000, and the making of this product at home promises to be a highly important industry.—*Young People's Weekly*.

Biblical Word Picture — A Carousal in a Palace

THE night is about to come down on a great city. The gilded towers and gates of brass glitter in the splendor of the setting sun. The streets and squares are lighted and thronged with people. The doors of theaters and galleries of art are open. Scenes of mirth and riot are on every hand, for it is a godless city. Chariots rage in the streets, and there is to be a royal feast in the palace of the king. Ladies dressed in silks and decorated with jewels are escorted into the banquet hall.

The picture of the scene in the banquet hall is one that appeals to the senses. The richest food is on the table. The cups are of burnished gold, and silver baskets are laden with the choicest fruit. Richly chased decanters foam with red wine, and gorgeous banners float on the perfumed breeze. The windows are open into a garden in which are fountains of ivory and statues of marble. The cry, "O king, live forever!" is heard, and wine cups are drained, decanters rattle, and wild laughter bursts from the lips of princes.

Another act in the drama: A moving picture on the wall. A hand appears, and writes strange words that no one can read. The music stops. A strange silence rests upon the assembly. Goblets fall from trembling hands, and hundreds of voices cry, "What is it? What is it?"

The next scene: A modest-looking man stands before the king. The words he utters send a thrill of horror to every heart, for they are prophetic. Death comes in with the rush of a great army. Torn banners,

dead men and women, broken wreaths and dishes, upset tankards and overturned tables, are everywhere. The king is dead.

Who was he? What was the writing on the wall? Who read it? Who captured the city? What was the name of the city? What was the name of the river on which it was built? Why was the city destroyed?

ELIZA H. MORTON.

Miscellaneous Selections and Reflections

LOVE is the taproot of righteousness.

"Let not speculation take the place of revelation."

"The religion that comes from God is the only religion that can lead to God." — *Testimonies for the Church.*

Too busy seeking a livelihood to seek eternal life!

The scientist's conclusions are frequently delusions.

To be under God's protection, be subject to his direction.

God will not accept donations as a substitute for obedience.

"Any effort that exalts intellectual culture above moral training is misdirected." — *Ellen G. White*.

"Actions repeated make habits; habits make character; and character decides destiny." — *Testimonies for the Church.*

The Bible fortifies and purifies — fortifies against temptation and purifies from sin.

People in poor health generally need a change of habits more than a change of climate.

GEORGE M. POWELL.

Things Good and Bad

USE only that which is good, and always refuse that which is of itself bad, as being detrimental to health and personal prosperity.

There can be no reason given why we should indulge even moderately in whatever is of itself harmful.

The least indulgence in that which is intrinsically bad is detrimental to one's health and general good, the harm done being in proportion to the extent of the indulgence.

That which is intrinsically good can do harm only when used to excess, at improper times, or in wrong combinations.

Excess, or otherwise improper use of things which are of themselves good, may do as much harm as the moderate use of that which is of itself bad.

Study to become intelligent concerning the good and bad qualities of foods and drinks in general; then invariably accept the good in moderation, and reject the bad even to its total abstinence.

J. W. LOWE.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Glimpses of Burma	3
The Flood	4
Where "Necessity" Invents	4
The Habit of Prayer	5
The Stone of Life	5
The Great War—No. 15	7
Recitations and Song for the Thirteenth Sabbath, December 25	9
Is It Worth While to Report?	10
Playtime (poetry)	11
In the African Veldt	13
Earnest Purpose and the Use of Spare Time as Elements of Success	16
SELECTIONS	
The Harvest Call (poetry)	3
The Slipperiness of the Snake	6
Thanksgiving Ann	11
Counting the Cost (poetry)	16
When the Doctor Got Busy	16

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

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No. 50

The Harvest Call

O'er the world's fast ripening harvest
There resounds a message clear,
From each land and distant island,
From the far and from the near.

And the rivers in their courses,
And the winds of every clime,
Echo back the warning message,
Haste! prepare for harvest time!

Consecrate your every talent
For the work that you must do;
Though there're many round about you,
None can fill your place but you.

See that mighty host of evil,
Writhing, struggling on their way,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Soon to face a judgment day.

Look again! Behold the reapers
Laboring on amid the strife
And confusion that surround them,
Yielding off their very life.

They have borne the heat of battle
And the noontide's sultry glare,

And the lowering sun beholds them,
Faithful still, on duty there.

But the harvest must be garnered
Ere the close of earth's short day;
Urgently then comes the message,
Glean the fields while yet you may.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the old, old story,
You can say, "He died for all."

Onward go where duty leads you,
Fear no foe nor stormy gale;
List the promise, "Lo, I'm with you,
In my strength you cannot fail."

Gird thine armor on, be ready
In the springtime of thy youth;
Let the world know that you're standing
On the vantage ground of truth.

Then whate'er the future bringeth,
Or what call comes o'er the sea,
Quickly then will come the answer,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me!"

—Rolla R. Werline.

Glimpses of Burma

Crows

R. B. THURBER

ASK any traveler who has been in India or Burma what sound is the most common and universal, and he will tell you the caw of a crow. With all their millions of people, these lands actually seem to have more crows than human beings. They flock like sparrows in both town and country, and flap themselves into every view.

The crows of the East are in size about halfway between the large crow of America and the blackbird. They are prolific and long-lived; and, being ever alert and quick of movement, they are not easily destroyed. It is said that a few years ago they became so numerous in some places as to be an extreme nuisance; so the government offered a small premium for their heads. Then the natives began raising them in captivity in such large numbers that it was a paying industry; so this method of extermination had to be abandoned.

But the crows are one of the greatest blessings of this country. They are its chief scavengers, and are worth more than a thousand doctors and sanitary inspectors. There is nothing that forms a breeding place for germs that crows will scorn as food. In the land of filth producers the crows are filth destroyers. There is no doubt that should these "black wings" be cut off, epidemics would gather a much larger toll of human life than they do at present. It is impossible to estimate their true value as scavengers. Because of this, and also for religious reasons, attempts are seldom made to kill them.

In the outlying districts they may be seen by the hundreds, tumbling over one another in the furrows as they follow the plow to eat the exposed grubs. They ride on the backs of the patient and slow-moving bullocks and buffaloes, deftly keeping out of the way of the swishing tail, and snapping up the insects that

swarm about the beasts. They form a mutual benefit society with a cow; and as bossy lies quietly in the shade, chewing her cud, they perch on her nose or ears and pick at the insects and vermin, only having to look sharp when the bovine resents a too-familiar intrusion on her nasal or auditory property rights.

As soon as a train stops at a station, the crows alight with impunity on the cars, and make common cause with their fellow scavengers, the pariah dogs, in seeing which can be first to grab the discarded food thrown from the windows. And many a battle royal is fought between these two for the prize. The dogs have the strength, but the crows have the wings and the wits. When the pariah gets there first, often the crows will unite in a body to attack him. And what strategy! Some approach from behind and persistently nag till he makes a dash to drive them off. Then, like a flash, those in front pounce on the morsel and are away with it.

For all the good they do, it is difficult to have patience with them about the house. Ever cawing and ever watchful, they perch at the edge of safety zone about the back veranda. They are thieves of the bold bandit variety. A caw, a swoop, a grab, and a swift retreat are the order and method of their predatory raids. Let the housewife or the servant relax vigilance, and through the window comes Mr. Crow, and with a low swish of wings is onto the dining table. There is a rattle and a bang as a dish falls, and a rush to the rescue reveals broken glass, an article of food gone, or the butter suddenly showing its age by crow's-feet lines.

Any small article that shines looks edible to the crow. So it often happens that valuable pieces of jewelry, scissors, and thimbles disappear from the table; and the servant gets the blame. There is no time for

the robbers to investigate closely before the raid, and so, since the trinket is indigestible, it is treated as the proverbial pearls are treated by the proverbial swine, and the owner never sees it again. One invalid lady, who was confined to her bed, was horrified at being compelled to lie still while a crow deliberately carried off her false teeth from the table in the room.

One day we were riding in a cart that toiled slowly through the deep sands of the Irrawaddy River bottom, when we came across a number of huge vultures which were drying their feathers in the hot sun after a dip in the river. They stood on the sands and spread their wings wide, fully ten feet from tip to tip. A number of crows hovered about to catch the insects that swarm around these ugly carrion eaters. For greater convenience, the crows stood on the outstretched wings of the vultures. The added weight was disconcerting to say the least, and the big birds began to take those wild and awkward leaps that are characteristic of these clumsy creatures when on the earth. To see the crows bobbing back and forth trying to keep their balance on the wings, and the strenuous but vain efforts of the vultures to dislodge them, was indeed mirth-provoking; and we greatly enjoyed viewing the maneuvers when a scavenger plagues a scavenger.

Like all common and unavoidable annoyances, the crow soon ceases to attract notice, and we almost forget its presence. But should I go to the ends of the earth and never return to this land, the raucous caw of a crow would ever remind me of Burma's blessing and bother of the genus *Corvus*.

The Flood

THE apostle Peter informs us that "in the last days" some will scoff at the idea of Christ's second coming, because they are "willingly ignorant" that there has been a deluge that destroyed the world as it before existed. Such a catastrophe must have wrought wonderful changes in the strata of the rocks. In opposition to the fact of a universal deluge, they assert, "All things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." 2 Peter 3:4.

Scientists, when stating their claims, use almost the exact words of Peter. As a sample, I quote from Dana's *Geology*, page 351: "All mechanical and chemical processes are still working as they have always worked." Of the claims made by some scientists, Geikie says, "These advocates speak as certain of the origin and sequence of the rocks as if they had been present at the creation of the earth."

Believers in the Scriptures do not question the Mosaic record of the deluge, and the destruction of the form of the world that then was. It, "being overflowed with water, perished." As collateral proof that there was such a flood, we have the tradition of most nations and tribes of antiquity, who received this knowledge, not from the Bible, but from their own traditions. Of these, in our limited space, we note a few:—

Berosus, the Chaldean historian, following the most ancient writings (as Josephus affirms), has related the same things as Moses, of the deluge, and of mankind's perishing in it; and likewise of the ark in which Noah, the restorer of the human race, was preserved, being carried to the mountains of Armenia. Hieronymus, the Egyptian, Nicholas of Damascus, and many others mention these things, as Josephus testifies.

Plutarch, in his "Sagacity of Animals," observes that a dove was sent out by Deucalion, whose entering into the ark again was a sign of the continuance of the flood, but whose flying away afterwards was a sign of serene weather.

Lucius mentions more than once the great deluge in Deucalion's time, and the ark which preserved the small remnant of humankind. He describes also the particulars of Deucalion's flood, after the example of Noah's flood: The present race of men was not the first, but the former generation were all destroyed; the second race sprang from Deucalion; the former was a wicked and profligate generation, for which reason great calamities befell them; the earth gave forth abundance of water, great showers of rain fell, and rivers increased, and the sea swelled to such a degree that all things were covered with water, and all men perished. Deucalion was left for a second generation, on account of his prudence and piety, and he was preserved in this manner: He built a great ark, and entered into it, with his wife and children, and to him such creatures as the earth maintains came in pairs into the ark, and in friendship they sailed together in the ark as long as the waters prevailed. At the beginning and the end of Lucius' record, he says he obtained it from the Grecians. He could not then be accused of copying from the Scripture record.

The ancient "orthodox" Persians believed in a flood, also the Burmese and the Chinese, so also the Goths, Druids, Mexicans, Peruvians, Brazilians, Nicaraguans, the Cree Indians of the polar regions of North America, the Otaheitans and the Sandwich Islanders before their conversion to Christianity.

For this list we are indebted to Horne's "Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures." He gives the book, page, etc., where the record of these ancient traditions of the flood can be read. Surely the fact of the flood is so well established that, as stated by Peter, they who doubt it must be "willingly ignorant."

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

Where "Necessity" Invents

DURING the dry season the two deep wells at our Solusi Mission station, in Bulawayo, Rhodesia, nearly dry up, and furnish only sufficient water for the two cottages. Some means had to be devised to get water for the school. For some years one of the farm wagons was used to draw water in tanks from a spring about half a mile away, but this necessitated unloading the wagon after each trip, taking a good deal of time. Finally, a two-hundred-gallon tank was made: some old wagon axletrees from Bulawayo, with blocks of wood bolted to them, formed the frame; and sections of a large log, bored out for the axletrees, furnished the wheels. This tank on wheels, with half a dozen yoke of oxen to supply the motive power, was named the "Soluti Water Express." The most difficult step in the whole process was boring the holes in the solid wheels. We had no suitable auger, and boring into the end of the wood was difficult. Finally, we were obliged to resort to a small bit, and then burn the holes to the required shape and size to fit the axletrees. The wood being green made the job long and tedious. Nevertheless, in this far-off land, in a wilderness nearly forty miles from a town, we proved again the truth of the old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

Sometimes we read of traction engines used in more

avored countries to break the land, prepare the soil, sow the seed, and harvest the crops; and sometimes we even see pictures of these wonders. But so far we rely on our forty yoke of oxen, six mules, and my saddle horse, for motive power. We are slow, but sure.

The four-mule team shown in the picture, is our mainstay for getting around "light;" when we have heavy hauling to do, the oxen are used. For "running



THE FOUR-MULE TEAM OF OUR MISSION

over to Bulawayo" for supplies for the mission workers and goods for the "store," which is operated on the mission property, and for visiting our outschools, this mule team is invaluable. When not on the trail these animals are used for general farm work, such as hauling corn from the fields. The corn is husked on the stalk, and drawn to the *ingalonas*, or cribs, and then stored until it is thoroughly dry, and ready for the market.

When we go for a trip to visit our outschools, we put some hay in the wagon, with our camping outfit, grain for the mules, and food and bedding for ourselves. Two native boys go with us to drive and care for the mules and look after the camp. We usually plan to be away for about two weeks, driving from one school to another, and staying a day or two at each. Here we look over the teacher's work, and visit with and prescribe for the natives who flock to us with all sorts of ills. We must extract teeth, give treatments, do minor surgical work, and prescribe simple medicines for their ailments.

During a two weeks' trip we often travel nearly two hundred miles, frequently camping in the open, beside a fire, sometimes sleeping on the hay in the wagon, and often on the ground, wrapped in our blankets. When we can, we call the natives together and preach to them, and sometimes show the stereopticon pictures. Mrs. Walston usually accompanies me on these trips.

Our friends often ask if we are not afraid of the wild animals and the snakes, which are so numerous here. To this we must answer No. The Lord is just as able to care for us in the wilds of Africa as anywhere else, and we trust him and fear not.

W. C. WALSTON.

The Habit of Prayer

FELIX NEFF, in speaking on the subject of prayer, has forcefully remarked: "When a pump is frequently used, small effort is necessary to obtain water; it flows out at the first stroke, because the water is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when it is wanted, one must pump a great while, and the stream comes only after great efforts. And so it is with prayer. If we are instant in it and faithful to it, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the water in the well gets low."

The thought is full of suggestions. The human heart is a leaky vessel; and in a world like this, the tendency of spirituality, like that of water, is downward. If we neglect prayer, little by little we soon lose its spirit; and its spirit declining, its habit is soon laid aside, or retained only in the form. The form itself will soon be given up, the soul becoming prayerless, and the heart and life consequently weakened.

ERNEST LLOYD

"The Stone of Life"

THERE are some picturesque and graphic phrases in the Sintebele tongue. Sintebele is the name of the language spoken by the Matabeles. This giving of one name to the tribe and another name to the language is very common in Africa.

Talking with Brother George Hutchinson, at Somabula, I learned the name of the stone which is a part of every household outfit in native South Africa at least. More important even than the house is the grinding stone on which the women grind out the meal for the daily food. It is usually a flat stone, hollowed out by months or years of the grinding process. The smaller stone, smooth and flat, is the upper millstone, while the large slab below is the nether. Back and forth the small stone flies, and the corn or other grain is quickly turned to flour.

"What do they call the stone?" I asked Brother Hutchinson; for I had learned from him that many a pleasant surprise lay hidden to me in the vernacular phrase.

"They call it," he said, "*ilitje logusila*. *Ilitje* means stone, and *logusila* means life. It is the 'stone of life.'"

"Good!" I said; "that is a fine name! We call bread the staff of life, and surely the stone on which the meal is ground out should be the stone of life."

When the kraal or village moves, the stones usually move along with it. I suppose the Matabele housewife gets to love the well-worn stone just as our housewives love the old paring knife, worn to the right shape by years of use. No new one could replace it.



A BASUTO WOMAN GRINDING GRAIN

Yet in visiting a deserted kraal location near the Glendale Mission, in Mashonaland, one day, I saw an old grinding stone that had been left behind. Perhaps the hands that had ground out the meal for the bread of life upon it had long ceased their toil. Somehow the old forsaken "stone of life" seemed unworthily treated, to be left lying about among the rocks and rubbish.

The accompanying picture shows a woman grinding away for the daily bread. This scene is in Kolo.

Basutoland; and many will recognize the missionary included in the picture, as Elder W. B. White, president of the South African Union Conference.

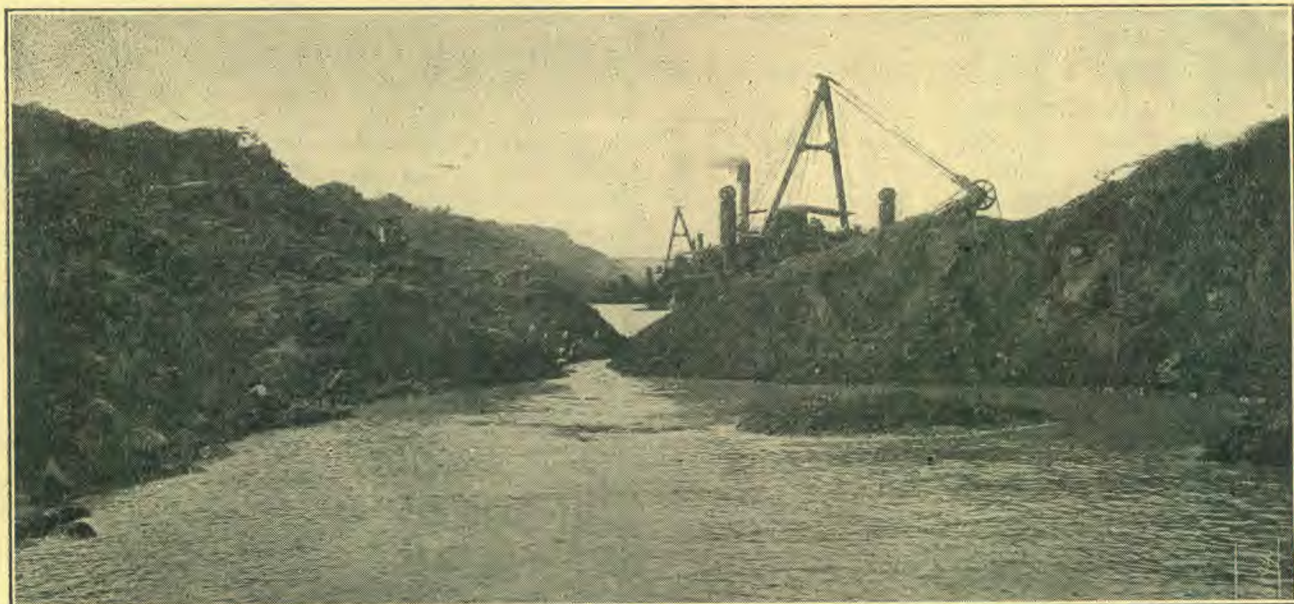
W. A. SPICER.

The Slipperiness of the Snake

THE Spaniards seem to have known what they were about when they called the cut Culebra, or the "Snake." We were too previous when we tried to change the name to "Gaillard," after the gallant colonel who was supposed to have conquered it. For this old earthworm, this subterranean monster of the slime, is still alive and wriggling. Every week the *Canal Record* reports 200,000 cubic yards of dirt dug out, and every week as much more flows in to fill the ditch. The dipper dredge "Gamboa" races day and night with her sister, the "Paraiso," for the championship of the isthmus, but still no ground is gained. Their

tion is estimated at 10,000,000 cubic yards, and if removed at 200,000 yards a week—but there is no use trying to figure out when the canal will be open to traffic. There are too many X's in the problem.

Meantime, Uncle Sam is in an embarrassing position. Having invited the nations of the world to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal, he finds it closed. The tourists who started for San Francisco by water found themselves obliged to cross the isthmus ignominiously by rail, as they could have done any time in the last fifty years. A hundred vessels are waiting at Balboa and Cristobal for passage, or, having given it up in disgust, have gone on around by the Strait of Magellan. Fruit from California and Hawaii is spoiling by delay. Miles of switch yard tracks in New Jersey are clogged with cars loaded with locomotives and munitions to be sent to Vladivostok for use in Russia. A million-dollar shipload of wool from



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HOW THE LATEST LANDSLIDE CHOKED THE PANAMA CANAL

names may soon be changed to "Sisyphus" and "Tantalus."

Not content with pouring in soil from both sides, old Culebra humps its back in the middle, and suddenly an island fifteen feet high arises in the midst of the canal. The earth breaks into waves like water, and one follows another into the excavated prism. Any one who has tried to walk across one of those big pneumatic mattresses which amuse the Midway crowds, will understand how it works.

The stuff of which this ground is made is tough enough to dig; but once soaked up with tropic rains, it begins to flow like molasses in cold weather or tar in hot weather, under the unbalanced pressure of the hills on either side. There are 175 acres of land now mobilized, and they are advancing on the front of more than half a mile.

It is no wonder that the "angle of repose" has not yet been found, because it is very small. Some of these landslides have been propelled by an inclination of one in ten. What a lucky thing for us that President Roosevelt rejected the advice of the foreign consulting engineers, and decided on a lock canal instead of a sea level. If we had had to cut down eighty-seven feet deeper, the Canal Zone would hardly have been wide enough for the slope of its sides, and the working force might have settled down in Panama for life. As it is, the situation is bad enough. The area in mo-

Australia, much needed by the mills of Massachusetts, was held up by the blockade.

The seal of the Canal Zone bears the boast, "The land divided, the world united." But nature has vetoed this. What we see now is the land united and the seas separated.—*The Independent*.

Why Are There Poor Heathen?

WHOSE fault is it that there are any poor heathen? A speaker at a recent meeting of the Laymen's Missionary Movement drove this question into the consciences of his Christian hearers. If your father left in his will an inheritance for you and your brother, and your brother, being at a distance, could only receive his inheritance if you sent it to him, should you feel free to decide whether to send it to him or not? and if you did send it to him, should you take considerable credit to yourself for doing so? That's foreign missions. People talk complacently about the poor heathen. Why "poor"?—Because the heathen have not received their share of the inheritance which the Father left us to give them.—*The Sunday School Times*.

PLEASURE must first have the warrant that it is without sin; then, the measure, that it is without excess.—*H. G. Adams*.

The Great War—No. 15

The Story of the Rebellion Against the Government of King Jehovah

God Sends His Son to Win Back the World

CARLYLE B. HAYNES



SATAN, though he had gained the world by causing the fall of man, was not left in undisputed possession of it. In the promise given in the garden of Eden, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, there was an assurance that an attempt would be made on the part of God to win this earth back to its allegiance to the Ruler of the universe.

Satan had studied the prophecies of the Bible, and knew that Christ would be born in Bethlehem. When his birth took place, and Satan was sure it was indeed the Son of God who had been born, he immediately attempted to destroy the Christ child by arousing the jealousy of Herod. Herod sent soldiers to Bethlehem, and all the children under two years of age were destroyed, in the hope that the One who was to be "the king of the Jews" might perish with the rest.

But God protected the helpless child from the wrath of Satan, sending him into Egypt. Later, when Herod was dead, Joseph and Mary returned and took up their residence in Nazareth. Here the Saviour received his early training from his mother. At the age of twelve he was taken by his parents to Jerusalem, where, by seeing the lamb offered in the temple, he caught the deep impression of what his own mission in life was to be.

For eighteen years after this journey to Jerusalem he remained at Nazareth with his parents, quietly doing the work of a carpenter in the humble little village. And then, at the age of thirty, recognizing his call in the preaching of John the Baptist, he started out upon his work of ministry, which was to lead him to the cross.

Jesus Tempted

Immediately upon the beginning of his ministry, as soon as he was anointed at his baptism, the devil met and opposed him. Having fasted forty days, and being hungry, he was visited by a being in the form of an angel. This being talked with him, and said that if he were indeed the Son of God, as he had just been told at his baptism, it would be an easy matter to demonstrate that fact by turning stones into bread, and thus satisfying his hunger. But Christ was not to use his divine power to help himself, and he refused this temptation.

The World Offered to Christ

After also failing in tempting Christ to cast himself down from a pinnacle of the temple and thus presume upon the protecting care of God, Satan revealed himself to Christ in his true character. He openly avowed himself to be Lucifer, who had sinned in heaven. And, he declared, he knew full well why Christ had come into the world. He knew that he had come to regain the world. He pointed out that to do this Christ would be compelled to die a most ignominious death and to undergo almost unbearable suffering. And he declared that such a course was entirely unnecessary. If Christ had come to get the world, he need not travel such a blood-stained path and die such a terrible death. The world was in Satan's power, and he could give it to whomsoever he would.

Taking Christ to a high mountain, he caused all the kingdoms of the world to pass before him in a moment of time, and showed him all the glory of them, and said, If this is what you have come for, if this is what you want, you can have it all. "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Matt. 4:9.

The Tempter Defeated

It was a temptation indeed. The world was the very thing Christ had come to gain. He was told that he could have it all, that he need not endure the shame and ignominy of the cross to secure it. But he saw at once that to take it on such terms as were offered by Satan would be to acknowledge all that Satan had contended for in heaven,—that he was superior to Christ,—and that he must then hold the dominion of the earth subject to Satan. Seeing that if he accepted this proposition the great conflict of the ages would be decided in favor of Satan, he turned to the tempter with the words, "Get thee hence, Satan." Matt. 4:10. He determined to go on with the work of redemption, in harmony with the purpose of God, though the decision meant that he must go down into the valley of the shadow of death.

Defeated in his purpose, Satan nevertheless was determined that even yet he would prevent Christ from winning the victory. He buffeted him at every step, harassed him wherever he went. He caused the Jewish leaders to reject him. He did all he could to oppose and destroy his work, and finally moved Judas to betray him into the hands of his enemies.

The Destiny of the World in the Balance

The strongest temptation with which Satan wrung the heart of Jesus was in the garden of Gethsemane. Here the weight of the sins of the world with all its awful force was felt by the Saviour. He saw that he must die with these sins upon him, bearing also the frown of God because of sin. Tempted that this might mean that he was never to have a resurrection, but must bear the frown of God forever, and thus be forever separated from his Father by death, Christ cried out, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." He was unable to see that he could ever be brought from the tomb if he died with the sins of the world upon him. His own future was dark.

It was here that the fiercest temptations of the devil wrung the agonized heart of Christ. Almost he was tempted to let man bear the consequences of his own guilt and die for his own sins, while he himself returned to that place which he occupied with the Father before the world was created. The sacrifice to be made for sin seemed too great if it meant that he must be blotted out of the universe. The wages of sin is death, eternal death. The sins of the world were upon him, and for the first time he was realizing all their terrible guilt. He was experiencing what the sinner will feel when he suffers the consequences of transgression.

It is taught by many that the punishment of the wicked will be eternal torment. But this cannot be true, for if it were, then Christ, in taking our punishment upon himself, would have been consigned to eter-

nal torment. Eternal torment is not the wages of sin, but eternal death and separation from God. And it is evident that Christ could not take our place as our sin bearer without experiencing the awful fear and dread of eternal separation from God. It was this thought that forced from his pores in the garden the sweat which "was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Luke 22:44. His Father's face was hidden from him; he was conscious of his Father's frown; he felt that the burden of the world's sin which he bore was separating him from God, and that if he should die with it upon him he could not hope for a resurrection; he was unable to see beyond the grave, his hope in the future was dimmed, and the agony seemed more than he could bear.

Will he make the great sacrifice? Will the Son of God take the place of the human race and die? The fate of the world hung upon the answer.

The Great Decision Is Made

When the struggle seemed about to become too great for his strength, he was given a view of the human race which he came to save. He saw that unless he took its sin upon himself, it must perish. It was his life or the existence of the race. It was separation from God for himself or for humanity. Some one must die for the broken law, and it was either the race as a whole or the sacrifice which God had freely offered and which Christ had volunteered to be.

With this vision of the lost race before him unless he makes the sacrifice, and facing the darkness shrouding his own future, Christ makes his decision: he will go forward upon his great mission at any cost to himself. "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." John 13:1. He faced again the great purpose for which he came into the world, and he decided in favor of the race which he loved. He set his face steadfastly toward the cross; and as he rose from the ground in submission, he cried, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." Matt. 26:42.

And so while his disciples slept, the great decision was made. Alone, with none to help or comfort, he drained the last drop of the bitter cup, the cup that none else could drain. If men were to be saved, there was no other way for him but this. And having made the decision, his temptation was over — the temptation to escape by his own divine power the fate in store for the human race. From this time on the flesh was conquered. He had determined to meet the full penalty of sin, and no lesser pain could now make him afraid. The priests and rulers might insult and jeer him, the whole nation might taunt and gibe, but not one cry would be forced from those lips by pain, or thirst, or glaring noonday sun, or thorns, or nails, or prison chains, or smittings of sin-stained hands. As a sheep before its shearers, so would he be dumb.

Taunts With Jeers and Mocking Words

And so they hurried him before Annas, before Caiaphas, and then before Pilate, and on to Herod, and back again to Pilate, always in the midst of the taunting crowd, who buffeted him, and smote him with the palms of their hands, and spit in his face, and demanded that he perform for them a miracle. Taking him the last time from Pilate's judgment hall, after the sentence of crucifixion had been pronounced, they crushed down upon the weary head the cruel crown of

thorns, and bowed in mockery, crying, "Hail, King of the Jews." With no rest through the long night, hurried from one proud ruler to another, travel-stained, weary, footsore, and bruised and lacerated with the cruel scourgings he had received, now, in addition to it all, he is laden with the weight of the heavy cross, and, with no covering for his head from the broiling midday sun but the crown of thorns which had torn his brow in heavy gashes, he staggers on, the world's Redeemer, through taunts and jeers and mocking words.

Reaching Calvary, they stretched his weary frame upon the cross and drove the nails through the quivering flesh. Then raising the cross with the Saviour upon it, they let it drop with a dull thud into the hole they had prepared for it, tearing wider the wounds of the hands and the feet where the nails had pierced. With jeers and mockery they watched his dying agonies. And thus the Son of God gave up his life for you, and in giving it up brought this old world back into the fold of God.

If Jesus had committed one sin, he never would have been brought from the tomb, and the human race would also have been hopelessly lost. But because his own life was spotless, and there was not the stain of one sin upon his own character, he was brought up again from death.

The Lost Dominion Regained

Thus Jesus regained the world which had been lost by sin. He became the second Adam, and won the victory over sin which the first Adam failed to win. He met the devil on his own ground, in his own dominion, and wrested the control of the world away from him. He regained the lost dominion, and made a way of escape for all who had fallen under subjection to Satan.

And in consequence of his victory he drove Satan out of the courts of heaven for the last time. And now "we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." 1 John 2:1. Our representative in the councils of heaven is now the Lord Jesus. We have a friend at court. It is this time of which John speaks: "And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night. . . . Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." Rev. 12:10-12.

Taking Your Measure

PEOPLE do not wait for a great occasion to take your measure. Your employer sizes you up on the average, uninspiring day when you feel a little lazy and a little dreamy. Your careless, impatient speech may settle in the mind of some acquaintance that you do not deserve the name of gentleman. If we could know beforehand when our measure was to be taken, we could prepare for it, as we prepare for having a picture taken; but unluckily the operation may take place when we are most off our guard. Only as we do our best continually are we sure that the estimate our friends and acquaintances form of us will do us justice.—*Young People's Weekly*.

Recitations and Song for the Thirteenth Sabbath, December 25

A Chinese Maiden's Prayer

TEN years, ten long and weary years,
Have passed since last I gazed upon this scene;
Ten years spent far away from home,
With stormy winds and rolling seas between;
Ten years spent in a foreign land,
The land they call the Home of Liberty;
Ten years spent where I learned of God,
And of the Son he gave to die for me.

'Twas just today I reached my home;
My mother, glad to see her child once more,
Directly led me to her gods,—
The old ancestral gods above the door.
Of course, I could not worship them,
For I had learned to pray to God above;
And mother, in a fit of rage
And horror, drove me from the home I love.

And so I came away up here,
Where I can be alone to think and pray,
For now I feel that I have need
Of strength divine to meet each coming day.
There is no place where I can go,
No place on earth that I can call my home;
But I'm so glad of this one thing—
My God is with me everywhere I roam.

Here, from this lofty mountain top,
I look upon a varied scene below,—
The little towns and villages,
With winding roads between; the great Hoangho
That flows down to the Yellow Sea,
Along whose banks live thousands of my race,
Degraded, sinful hordes of men
Who know not God nor of his saving grace.

Just down the trail a little way
There stands a large and fine old locust tree.
This tree is covered with small boards
And bannerets, for it is thought to be
The home of some great spirit who
Can heal disease; and when some one is ill,
This oracle is visited,
And offerings made to merit his good will.

Just over there, upon that hill,
There is a group of rare and noble trees;
The bamboo, with its feathery boughs,
Lifts high its head, to catch the straying breeze.
Can sin be there?—Ah, yes; beyond
I see the temple of some hideous god,
Not worshiped from a sense of love,
But from a fear of his avenging rod.

And at the foot of that same hill
I see a field of poppies, pink and white,
So beautiful, yet they are used
To plunge men's souls into eternal night.
Look! slowly coming up the path
I see a group of pilgrims. Watch them bow
Their heads and kneel each step or two,
As on they journey to fulfill some vow.

'Tis just the same through all this land,
The people serve the same old gods today
They served twelve hundred years ago,
And do the same things in the same old way.
They have their temples and their tombs,
With hundreds of their gods each one is filled;
They serve the sun, they worship men
Whose hearts and voices long ago were stilled.

Yet, they're my people, snared by sin
And superstition. Oh, what would I give
If I could tell them all of God,
And of his Son who died that they might live!
I'll give myself—but what am I?
I'm only one, and there are millions, yes,
Four hundred million souls in all,
Whose lives are filled with sorrow and distress.

Four hundred million! can it be
That these must all go down into their graves
And never hear of Jesus Christ,
Who loves, who rescues, who redeems and saves?
O God! if thou dost love us so,
Do help us some way, as thou seest best,
And all the glory will be thine
Forever, Lord; so hear this, my request.

FLORENCE WHITNEY

Anhwei

If I told you of a neighbor living just across the street,
Needing doctor's care or nursing, needing clothes, or food to eat,
"Why, I'll come at once and help them!" I can almost hear
you say;
Would you come if I should tell you of the needs of "dark
Anhwei"?

Not your neighbor? You're mistaken, for it is your neighbor,
too,
Just across the world *you* live in—yards adjoining straight
down through!
And suppose that you'd been born *there*, and the other folks
lived here,
And *your* life the life in bondage to an awful, slavish fear,—
Fear of spirits of ancestors, fear of evil spirits more,
Fear to dig lest you disturb them, fear lest they should find
your door,—
Just suppose, dear friends, that those folks there were *you*
instead of *they*:
Don't you think that you'd be thankful for some light in
"dark Anhwei"?

True, good work is going forward from our quarters at
Nanking,
And two churches now established, where our gospel songs
they sing;
Two! That's good, of course, and yet, I'd like to ask you,
what are they
'Mid the three and twenty millions of the province of Anhwei?

Ignorant and superstitious, of all foreigners afraid,
It was through our papers chiefly that this opening was made
And if some one now could go there, a dispensary to start.
I am sure 'twould win their confidence and help to reach
their heart.

It is needed, oh, so badly! They are precious in God's sight;
And not simply to enjoy, ourselves, he's given us such light
If you think he's coming soon, then there's not time for
much delay,
If some jewels for his kingdom shall be gathered from
Anhwei.

PEARL WAGGONER

Shantung

SHANTUNG, the northern province
Of all those in the East;
The last one to be entered,
Although in need not least,
Where none but native workers
Have heretofore been sent,—
'Tis this, the needy province,
I wish to represent.

'Tis true we have one worker —
This summer just gone by —
Who went up there for *health's* sake
For fear he else might die,
And, while his health regaining,
Is doing what he can
To tell about the Saviour
Who gave his life for man.

Yet, nestling in the valleys,
Or studding thick the plains:
Are villages, all swarming
(In markets and in lanes)
With denser population
Than any other part;
Think! thirty-eight full millions —
All hungering in heart!

And hungry, too, in body,
Since poor the crops and soil,
With drought and floods acquainted.
Yet men of patient toil,
From whom arose Confucius
And others strong of mind;
Ah, what will be the harvest
When once the *truth* they find!

If "in this generation"
These millions you would reach,
Some one must go (and quickly!)
God's blessed Word to preach.
No folk more honest-hearted,
More sturdy are, than these;
I plead for help, for workers
Among the Shantungese!

PEARL WAGGONER

A SONG FOR CHINA

W. C. JOHN.

BARBARA KNOX ALBERTSWORTH

First verse and chorus

2. The lit - tle yel-low boys and girls Know not of Je - sus' love. O, let us help them learn of him, the King who reigns above.

D. C. to Chorus.

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3. The mothers bind the girl babes' feet,
Which then can scarcely grow;
Let's give, to teach them better ways;
Let's give, our love to show.

4. We'll go and teach them how to pray
To Christ, our Saviour dear;
We'll drive the idols from their homes,
Teach them our God to fear.

Kiang-Su

PEARL WAGGONER

FROM the best-known Eastern province,
From Kiang-su, the most progressive,
From its foremost seat of culture,
From its seat of wealth, come I;
Where our work was first to enter,
Where we have our East headquarters,
Training school, and printing center,
In the city of Shanghai.

Where the mighty Yangtse floweth,
Flows from west through south of province,
Where unnumbered lakes and rivers
And canals abound, I dwell.
But though waterway extensive,
Yet the land still needeth water,—
Needs the gospel's living water,
Which to you is known so well.

From the capital of Nanking
On the west, to e'en the coast land,
Spread its fertile rice and wheat fields,—
Flat in tract, but rich in yield.

But another harvest waiteth,
Calling loudly for more reapers,
Waiting for some hand to gather
For the Master of the field.

Rich in silks and flowered satin
(Exports from the city Su-chau),
Are the people of this province;
But in some things, oh, how poor!
Will not you, who know the gospel,
Help to send them further teachers,
That they, too, may have a portion
In the riches that endure?

And whatever here occurareth
Straightway spreads to every province,—
Sets the fashion for all China;
Hence would I appeal to you
For this great, important center,
For this mighty, leading province,
For this needy Eastern province,—
For the province of Kiang-su!

Is It Worth While to Report?

SOMETIMES this question is asked. And one would almost think that it had been answered in the negative by many, judging from the difficulties our Missionary Volunteer secretaries have in getting reports.

Why should we report missionary work done?

We are engaged in a great work,—a work which requires faith, devotion, perseverance, and self-sacrifice. There are discouragements in Christian work. Often our efforts are not appreciated, and many times it seems that what we do brings very meager results. We need always to remember that the Lord is our leader, and that our cause cannot fail.

Nothing is more heartening to the one who toils for the Master than to hear of others' success in the work. It gives new courage to us in our little corner of the vineyard to know that many others are at work, and that the combined efforts of all are bringing large results.

When Nehemiah told his fellow workers how wonderfully God had led him, "they strengthened their hands" for the work, and rose up to build. When Paul and Barnabas returned from their first missionary tour, they gathered the church, and "rehearsed all that God had done with them."

So when we come together in our Missionary Volunteer meetings, let us not hesitate to tell in a modest way what we have endeavored to do for our Master. When all these reports are gathered, it is a great encouragement to the whole church to see the evidences of increased activity on the part of our youth the world over. Many young people in all parts of the world are watching these reports. From Porto Rico comes this word: "We were much interested in the report of the Missionary Volunteer Societies in Germany and the East Indies, and it has spurred us on to do more."

Of course, the work is more important than the reports, but the report is very important to ourselves and others. Let us make daily use of the reporting pages in our Morning Watch Calendar. As we seek fresh supplies of grace from our Heavenly Father each morning, let us also put down what, by his grace, we have been able to do for him. Is it not true that the reporting page shows to quite a large degree the results of our vital connection with God? For is it not just as natural for a Christian to work as it is for a light to shine?

Will you not resolve now to be more faithful in reporting,—to form the *habit* of recording and reporting your missionary efforts?

M. E. KERN.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

Playtime

CORA FERRIS

Down beside the winding river
Little footsteps love to steal,
Where, among the mournful willows,
Merry sunbeams dance and wheel.

Calm the water lies, and silent,
Shadows in its depths of gray,
Here and there a ripple breaking,
As a curlew flies away.

Underneath a shady gum tree
Stands a playhouse all complete,—
Table, chairs, and many "dishes,"—
Everything kept clean and neat.

"Here's the parlor, there's the bedroom;
This is where we bake our bread;
We black our stove up every morning,"
Earnestly small Thelma said.

"Sometimes Rover comes to see us,
Then we shake his paw, or bow;
And we put him in the armchair—
He can sit up nicely now!"

Down beside the winding river,
Playing, playing all the day,—
Playing "mother," playing "teacher,"—
So the glad hours speed away.

Thanksgiving Ann

IN the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and purple clusters, an old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing just now a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name,—a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise:—

"Thankgivin' an'—"

"Johnny, don't play in de water, chile!"

"Thankgivin' an'—"

"Run away now, Susie, dearie!"

"Thankgivin' an'—"

"Take care o' dat bressed baby! Here's some ginger bread for him."

"Thankgivin' an' de voice of melody."

You smile! But looking after all these little things was her work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann, and that she would be now to the end of her days. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, had a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and a voice in most matters that concerned the father and the mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was present. But while she was busy in the kitchen, the gentleman had departed unobserved, and Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket. "Didn't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just as if 'cause a pusson's old an' colored, dey didn't owe de Lord nuffin'," she murmured.

However, Silas, the long-limbed and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of respect and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest. And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, he returned.

"Well, I came up with him, and gave him the three dollars. He seemed kind o' flustered to have missed it—said it was a 'generous donation'—equal to your master's. And that proves," said Silas, meditatively, "that some folks can do as much good just offhand as some other folks can do with no end of pinchin' and savin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat don't have no great amount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it beforehand as other folks will dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believes in systematics 'bout such things," and with an energetic nod Thanksgiving walked into the house.

"Thankgivin' an' de voice of melody,"

she began, in her high, weird voice; but the words died on her lips; her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out'n all der 'bundance," she murmured. "Folks, an' hosses, an' tables all provided for—an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happen when de time comes! Well, der're missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so beloved, paid little attention to the old servant's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'."

"The idea of counting up one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for the Lord, makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax," said Mrs. Allyn one day. "I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes."

"If ye ain't give so freely and gladly for Miss Susie's new necklace an' yer own new dresses dat ye don't have much when de time comes," interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way," said Mrs. Allyn, not seeming to heed the interruption. "All these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best, and another person another."

"'Pears to me it's a matter of which way de Massa likes best," observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no reply to her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her little store, she carefully laid aside one

eighth. "I'd like to frow in a little more, for good measure," she said.

And now another call had come.

"Came, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," Mrs. Allyn said, regretfully. "However, we gave all we could. I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning as she moved about her work.

In the course of the forenoon Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of peaches, the first of the season. "Aren't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, and give us some for dinner."

"Sartain, I'll give you all dar is," she replied.

Presently came the pattering of small feet, bright eyes spied the basket, and immediately arose the cry: "Oh, how nice! May I have some?"

"Help yourselves, dearies," answered the old woman composedly. She was sitting in the doorway, busily sewing on a calico apron. She still sat there, when, near the dinner hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and, a little surprised at its quietness, asked, wonderingly:—

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Haven't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I'd give you what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too; and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation. But when the dinner hour arrived, both master and mistress looked at the table in astonishment, so plain and meager were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever been served in that house.

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Allyn.

"Dat's all de col' meat dar was—sorry I didn't have no more," said Thanksgiving, half apologetically.

"But I sent home a fine roast this morning," began Mr. Allyn, "and you have no potatoes, nor vegetables of any kind."

"Laws, yes! But den a body has to think 'bout it a good while beforehand to get a good dinner cooked; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, and I didn't happen to have much of nuffin'. 'Clare, I forgot de bread!" and trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

"No bread!" murmured Mrs. Allyn.

"No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might of made biscuits or muffins if I had planned for 'em long enough, but dat kind o' makes a body feel as if dey *had* to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all o' my warm feelin's, when de time come."

"When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to have a small share of it himself," remarked Mr. Allyn impatiently.

"Cur'us how things make a body think o' Bible verses," said Thanksgiving musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout 'who giveth us richly all things to enjoy,' an', 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to'ard me?' Dar! I didn't put on dem peaches!"

"Has Thanksgiving lost her senses?" asked Mr. Allyn, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is a 'method in her madness,'" said his wife, a faint smile on her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly de-

spoiled of its morning contents; and composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit dish.

"Dat's all! De chilern eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I's sorry dar ain't no more, but I hope y'll 'joy what dar is, and I wishes it was five times as much."

A look of intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes, as he asked, "Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Wall, dar now! 'spose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone. "B'lieve I will next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I heard givin' whatever happened to be on hand was so much freer an' lovin'er a way, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear as if dey fared slim, an' I s'pecs I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see?" asked Mrs. Allyn of her husband, when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see—an object lesson with a vengeance."

"And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem like this?" said Mrs. Allyn, with a troubled air.

"She is right, Fanny; it doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our Master, and believe that every blessing we have in this world is his direct gift; yet while we provide lavishly for our own needs, we apportion nothing for the interests of his kingdom or the forwarding of his work. It doesn't seem like very faithful or loving service."

There was a long talk over that dinner table; and that afternoon the husband and the wife examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred to the Lord, doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure."

Mrs. Allyn told the old woman of the arrangement, and concluded laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes,—

"Ann, now I suppose you are satisfied?"

"I's 'mazin' glad," said Thanksgiving; "but *satisfied*—dat's a long, deep word; an' de Bible says it will be when we awake in his likeness."

"I don't believe anybody ever loses by what one gives to the Lord," said Silas; "he's pretty certain to pay it back, with compound interest; but I don't suppose you'd call that a right motive, would you?"

"Not de best, Silas, not de best; but it don't make folks love de Lord any de less 'cause he's a good paymaster, and keeps his word. People dat starts in givin' with dat kind o' motives soon outgrows 'em." And she went into the house with her old song upon her lips,—

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody!"

—Kate W. Hamilton.

BENEFACTENCE is a duty. He who frequently practices it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good.—*Kant*.

"It takes a little courage,
And a little self-control,
And some grim determination,
If you want to reach the goal."

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.—*Sheridan*.

In the African Veldt

ONE who does exceptionally well what he has to do, we admire; and when we find one who has real talent in a certain line and also takes an interest in that work, we know that success must come to such a one. Many fail, not because they lack talent, but because of carelessness. They do not watch the little things, they do not give faithful attention to details.

John Juys is a Dutch transport rider in the Lusakas District, in Northern Rhodesia. He also rode transport in Southern Rhodesia before the railroad was put through. A transport rider is a teamster, but instead of driving a large team of horses or mules, he drives oxen.

Mr. Juys is a man of fifty years, and is tall and slender. The evening I met him, he was standing beside one of his wagons, talking to one of the two white men who were driving for him. He wore blue overalls and a felt hat, and his hand was bandaged. He was not a handsome man, but one look into his eyes showed he was master of his calling.

As I shook hands with him, he invited me to sit down beside one of his wagons, and called to a boy to bring me a cup of tea; but as I do not drink tea, he took the cup, and I had a glass of water. These men drink very little water, but drink an abundance of black tea and coffee.

The water is usually so filthy that it is unsafe to drink it. Even after it is boiled, it may be vile, and the presence of tea or coffee scarcely changes its flavor. In many parts of this country there are only little water holes where man and beast must get water to drink.

After a few moments the clearing was alive, for the boys were bringing in the oxen which had been grazing during the day, and were making preparations for the night trek. Two span were herded together; and as they came in, they would pass to their respective wagons, and take their places on one side of the cable to which was attached their yokes. A reim was then placed around their long horns and tied to the cable. Then, one by one, they were placed under the yoke, and in a very short time all were inspanned and ready to trek. They will trek six or seven miles during the first part of the night, then tie up for several hours' sleep, and again trek the same distance very early in the morning, in order to be outspanned by sunrise.

These reims, or straps, to which I have referred are tied around the horns of the oxen, two animals being tied together so that if the yoke becomes unfastened, the ox is held by its mate. When a halt for the night for a few winks of sleep is made, the oxen are tied again to a chain or cable, to keep them from straying, or from running away in case a lion visits the camp.

Mr. Juys had nine teams, or spans, all picked oxen and well matched. They were large and in excellent condition, and had long, massive horns. One ox had a strange-looking pair of horns. They had been broken by a lion. Some spans of oxen were black, some were brown, and others were gray and white. One span had twenty-two oxen in it, six spans had twenty each, and two span had eighteen each. Though to me many of the oxen looked just alike, Mr. Juys would call each by name. He looked after them as if they were children. As a boy of twelve he began this, his life work, and it is said that he has not slept inside a house for over thirteen years.

The oxen that lead are so well trained that they can

pick out the right road in the darkest night, and the drivers know the country so well that they can walk beside the wagon in the darkness and not fall over a stump or a snag.

If a lion comes around the camp in the night, the oxen run back to the wagon, and care must be exercised, else one will be more harmed by the frightened oxen than by the lion.

Mr. Juys has lost large sums by losing cattle in the area of the tsetse fly. When he was hauling copper ore, he scarcely slept at all, for at night he trekked, and in the day he watched the cattle as they fed, so that they would not wander into the bush and be bitten by the fly. He told me he once lost only seven, where another, less careful, lost three hundred in the same area.

He was offered \$175 a month to superintend the transport of government supplies for the troops, but refused the offer. He said that he couldn't stand walking any more. He knew he would have to walk fifteen or more miles in front of the wagons to look for water and a place to outspan, then walk back and drive a team, which meant a walk of about forty-five miles a day, and scarcely any sleep.

While Mr. Juys was born, as it were, a transport rider, his great success in his work, I believe, is due to his constant vigilance, his attention to small matters.

S. M. KONIGMACHER.

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 25

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have a short paper on "Ezra."
2. Reports of working bands.
3. Bible Study: "The Lord's Portion." See *Gazette*. Both Seniors and Juniors will enjoy "Thanksgiving Ann," in this INSTRUCTOR.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Lev. 27:30-32; Mal 3:8-10.
5. "Current Missions." (To be gleaned from the *Review* and other periodicals.)
6. Recitation for Juniors: "Saying and Doing." See *Gazette*. Reading: "Thanksgiving Ann."

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 9 — Lesson 11: "History of the Sabbath," Pages 561-631

1. WHAT have you learned about Sabbath keepers in Abyssinia?
2. Where did the Nestorians preserve the Sabbath?
3. What reason did the Chinese Christians give for keeping the Sabbath?
4. Who were the Thomas Christians? the Jacobites?
5. In what countries can you trace Sabbath observance during the Dark Ages?
6. What prophecy was fulfilled in the attitude of the Papacy toward God's children?
7. What was the condition of the Roman Church in the Middle Ages as regards customs and power? Upon what authority did the Papacy build its claims?
8. Who was Thomas Aquinas? How did he interpret the fourth commandment? How did Dr. Eck explain the change made in this divine command?
9. How does the Roman Catholic Church regard tradition?

Why is Sunday rightly regarded as the mark of papal authority?

10. What brought about the Reformation of the sixteenth century? What was about the first aim of the Reformers? How did they regard Sunday? Why? Are they authorities for us to follow? In what should we imitate them?

11. How does the Reformation rank in historical events? Who led in it? What inconsistencies appeared in their work? How do you account for them?

12. What was the attitude of the Reformers toward the decalogue? toward the Sabbath? How may it be said that they destroyed Sunday?

Junior No. 8 — Lesson 11: Review of "Sketches of Bible Child Life"

NOTE.—The book may be used in answering these questions.

1. Why did Cain and Abel grow up to be very different young men? Who is our brother?

2. How was Abraham different from his relatives? To what religion do most of Ishmael's descendants belong?

3. What mother was paid regular wages for taking care of her baby boy? What great work did he do?

4. What were the schools of the prophets? Who started them?

5. Tell briefly about the two boys and one girl that were brought back to life.

6. What man was healed of his leprosy and led to the true God through the missionary efforts of a little girl?

7. What was the ceremony of "redemption"? What was the Passover?

8. Write a short story about Jesus as a boy.

9. Mention three things Jewish children did every morning; three things they learned in school.

10. Tell one thing you have learned about each of the following: Mt. Moriah, Bethlehem, Shechem, Shiloh, Dothan, Seth, Hazael, Eli, Elisha, Joash, Cyrus, Zechariah, Jehoiada, Simeon, Anna, Augustus Caesar, and Herod.

11. Get the third book, "Friends and Foes in Field and Forest," in this Course at once, and begin reading it. Will you?

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.]

Is it right for Seventh-day Adventist young people to "keep company" with young people not of our faith, even though "there is no one else to keep company with in the neighborhood"?

Space will not permit an adequate answer to this question, which is one of the most vital questions confronting our young people today. Read the following Missionary Volunteer Leaflets: No. 35, "Marrying Unbelievers;" No. 44, "The Marriage Altar;" and No. 49, "What God Hath Joined."

There is one very important consideration that some of our young people seem to overlook. The Bible says, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and those who say they would "never marry out of the truth," will still engage in courtship with such, little realizing that they are being caught in the snare. Surely, if it is wrong to marry unbelievers, it is wrong to engage in courtship with unbelievers.

And as for flirtation, "the devil's counterfeit of love," I quite agree with Amos R. Wells when he says—that it is "a travesty on the most sacred thing in all the universe."



Fifty-First Week

December 19. Second John: Love one another. With each book read its introduction.

December 20. Third John: Follow that which is good.

December 21. Jude: Contend for the faith.

December 22. Review the seven general epistles, and write a summary of their contents; as, "James—Faith and Works," etc.

December 23. Revelation 1 to 3: Messages to the churches.

December 24. Revelation 4 to 6: The seven seals.

December 25. Revelation 7 to 11: The seven angels; the seven trumpets; the little book; etc.

If You Have Time

Arrange the Pauline epistles and the general epistles according to their probable chronological order.

Locate the isle of Patmos, and study its geography.

Second John

"This very brief letter repeats some of the teachings of the first epistle. It is addressed to 'the elect lady and her children,' by which some think John meant the church, and others think he meant an actual person. Neither explanation is wholly satisfactory. Date and place of writing are also unknown, though probably the same as those of the first letter."

Third John

"Several persons named Gaius or Caius are mentioned in the New Testament, but none of these can be identified with the person to whom John wrote this letter. There is no reason for assigning it to a date or place different from those of the first two epistles."—Wells.

Jude

This brief but important epistle is usually attributed to the Jude who was the brother of Jesus, and also the brother of James who wrote the epistle bearing that name. Probably Jude "is addressing the same audience that James addressed,—the depressed Jewish Christians, whom he urges to hold fast to the faith in spite of false teachers and many temptations."

Adam, Cain, Enoch, Moses, Korah, and Balaam are mentioned, together with the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and the deliverance from Egypt, thus indorsing the Old Testament record of these persons and events. The vital subjects of translation and resurrection are introduced; Enoch's beautiful prophecy of the second advent is here alone preserved to us; the believers are exhorted to keep themselves in the love of God, and to work for others; and finally "glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever," are attributed to him who "is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." This brief letter abounds in beautiful figures of speech, used not to decorate but to emphasize the great truths presented.

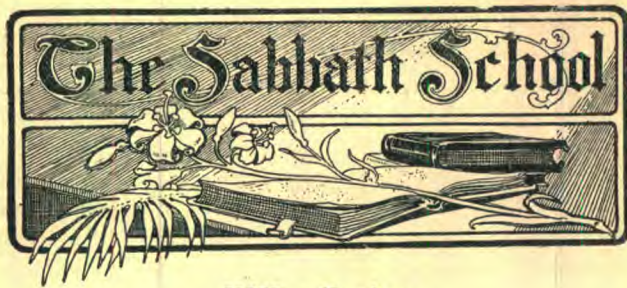
The Revelation

If one book could be called more important than another in the whole canon of Scripture, surely it would be "the Revelation of Jesus Christ," given to him by God himself, "to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass." It is the Revelation; not the Hidden, the Secret, the Mystery. Its purpose is to show forth, not to obscure. In the original Greek it is called the Apocalypse, which means "the removal of the veil; the unveiling." In the face of all this, it is surprising to find this book often referred to as "sealed;" but the Lord himself, knowing that this very thing would be said, gave this instruction to his servant: "Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand."

Of the book of Revelation, Elder Uriah Smith says: "Scenes of glory surpassing fable are unveiled before us in this book. Appeals of unwonted power bear down upon the impenitent from its sacred pages in threatenings of judgment that have no parallel in any other portion of the Book of God. Consolation which no language can describe is here given to the humble followers of Christ. . . . No other book takes us at once and so irresistibly into another sphere. Long vistas are here opened before us, which are bounded by no terrestrial objects, but carry us forward into other worlds. And if ever themes of thrilling and impressive interest, and grand and lofty imagery, and sublime and magnificent description, can invite the attention of mankind, then the Revelation invites us to a careful study of its pages, which urge upon our notice the realities of a momentous future and an unseen world."

John, the beloved disciple, and the writer of the Gospel and the epistles that bear his name, was "the penman employed by Christ to write out this Revelation for the benefit of his church." It was written while John, who had miraculously escaped martyrdom, was banished by the emperor Domitian to the isle of Patmos, "a rugged and barren island in the Aegean Sea, twenty miles south of Samos, and twenty-four west of Asia Minor." From this inhospitable, lonely spot, "where Domitian thought he had forever extinguished at least one torch of truth, there arose the most magnificent Revelation of all the sacred canon, to shed forth its divine luster over the whole Christian world till the end of time."

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.—*Whately.*



XIII — Review

(December 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 16: 13 to 21: 46.

MEMORY VERSE: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

Matt. 16: 13-28

1. Under what circumstances did Peter declare his belief that Jesus was the Son of God?
2. In reply, what important statement did Jesus make concerning his church?
3. What caused the Saviour to give Peter a stern rebuke?
4. What must one who desires to follow Jesus be willing to bear?

Chapter Seventeen

1. Describe what took place upon the mount of transfiguration.
2. What future event was represented?
3. What had nine of the disciples tried to do while Jesus was up in the mount? Why had they failed?
4. Who were expected to pay tribute money for the maintenance of the temple? Why did Jesus pay it? How was the money provided?

Chapter Eighteen

1. What lesson did Jesus teach from a little child placed in the midst of the disciples? from the parable of the ninety and nine?
2. What did Jesus teach about forgiveness?
3. What parable did he relate to emphasize his teachings?

Chapter Nineteen

1. What did Jesus say when little children were brought to him?
2. Relate the conversation between Jesus and the rich young ruler.
3. What lesson may we learn from this incident?

Chapter Twenty

1. What lesson is taught by the parable of the laborers in the vineyard?
2. What request was made for two of the disciples? What path leads to true greatness?
3. What example of perseverance is given?

Chapter Twenty-One

1. What striking fulfillment of the prophecy is given?
2. What lesson is there in the acted parable of the fig tree?
3. What is the meaning of the parable of the householder?

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Matt. 16: 24.
2. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him." Matt. 17: 5.
3. "Why could not we cast him out? And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief." Matt. 17: 19, 20.
4. "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Matt. 18: 14.
5. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matt. 6: 15.

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

7. "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Matt. 19: 17.

8. "Go ye also into the vineyard." Matt. 20: 4.

9. "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Matt. 20: 27.

10. "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Matt. 21: 9.

11. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Luke 13: 3.

12. "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.

XIII — Review

(December 25)

CHAPTER 16: 13-28 — "THOU ART THE CHRIST;" "GET THEE BEHIND ME SATAN;" TAKING UP THE CROSS

1. Under what circumstances did Peter declare the deity of Christ?
2. What was the response of Jesus?
3. What gave occasion for Christ to rebuke Peter?
4. Give the reasons and the reward for one's taking up the cross and following Jesus.

CHAPTER 17 — THE TRANSFIGURATION; HEALING OF THE AFFLICTED SON; PAYING TRIBUTE

1. What do you learn from the transfiguration?
2. What lesson of faith did Jesus connect with the healing of the afflicted son?
3. What does Christ's example in the paying of the tribute teach us?

CHAPTER 18 — LESSONS FROM A LITTLE CHILD; THE NINETY AND NINE; RECONCILING A TRESPASSING BROTHER; PARABLE ON FORGIVENESS

1. What lessons did Jesus teach from setting a little child in the midst? from the parable of the ninety and nine?
2. How may a trespassing brother be restored?
3. Give the occasion for the parable on forgiveness, and the lesson drawn from it.

CHAPTER 19 — THE MARRIAGE RELATION; "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN;" RICH YOUNG MAN WHO DESIRED ETERNAL LIFE; REWARD OF FORSAKING ALL FOR CHRIST

1. Why could not the rich young man have eternal life? Who, then, can be saved?
2. What did Jesus promise Peter for those who forsake all and follow him?

CHAPTER 20 — PARABLE OF THE LABORERS; THE GREATNESS OF SERVICE; HEALING THE BLIND MEN

1. What principles are taught in the parable of the laborers in the vineyard?
2. What is the road to greatness among Christ's followers?

3. What lesson may we learn from the healing of the two blind men?

CHAPTER 21 — THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM; CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE; CURSING THE FIG TREE; QUESTION OF AUTHORITY; PARABLE OF THE TWO SONS; PARABLE OF THE HUSBANDMEN

1. What help is there for the Christian in the story of the triumphal entry? In the cleansing of the temple?
2. What lesson from the acted parable of the fig tree did Jesus give the Jews? the disciples?
3. How did Jesus deal with the challenge of his authority by the Jews?
4. What is the leading lesson in the parable of the two sons? in the parable of the wicked husbandmen?

The Youth's Instructor

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Counting the Cost

To make one little golden grain
Requires the sunshine and the rain,
The hoarded richness of the sod —
And God

To form and tint one dainty flower
That blooms to bless one fleeting hour
Doth need the clouds, the skies above —
And love

To make one life that's white and good,
Fit for this human brotherhood,
Demands the toil of weary years —
And tears.

— Strickland W. Gillilan.

When the Doctor Got Busy

ONCE, down in New Orleans, we were called to a man who was in great danger of death. Watching the doctor would have told us that fact, had the condition of the patient not sufficed. No leisurely examination of symptoms in that instance, no jollying of the patient to cheer him. Oxygen was pumped into the system of the sick man, and the doctor could only work and sweat. There were not merely a few alarming symptoms; the disease was radical: it was a question of life and death.

There are just such occasions in the life of Christians, when it is a quick rally or death. When there is a lack of kindness or of good cheer in your heart, when there is an inclination to be stingy in the cause of the Lord, symptoms are in evidence that require attention, or there will be the funeral of the soul, at which the devil acts as chaplain and the angels of heaven as mourners. But the soul may be in a far more alarming condition. When there is no more heart-to-heart talk with God, no desire to read God's Word, an absolute repugnance to prayer; or when there is a sinking into total indifference through the sin that has swallowed us, with the voice of conscience silent and dead,— then the funeral of the soul is not to be expected: it is in progress then and there.

The reapers are gleaning the harvest fields with shouts of hurry and smiles of cheer. It is also the Holy Spirit's harvest time. How about our inner life? If there is no personal fellowship with God on our part, it is time for a quick, determined rally: it is a question of life or death — and the one and the other is eternal.— *Lutheran Youth.*

Earnest Purpose and the Use of Spare Time as Elements of Success

THERE are many other successful correspondence schools besides the "Fireside." One of them has obtained my address, and it keeps beseeching me with earnest solicitation to pursue some of its subjects of study. In the last letter received from it, some considerations are presented which I think would be well for all our young people to bear in mind. Here are a few extracts from the letter:—

"We cannot emphasize too strongly that what keeps a man down nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is not inability or lack of opportunity. It is simply failure to turn ability to use."

"All of us come into the world on equal terms. All are utterly helpless. All know absolutely nothing. The manner in which we develop our minds and utilize our opportunities determines our standing in life."

"Any one can succeed who will pay the price in honest effort. Make up your mind that you will be somebody. Then bend might and main to the accomplishment of your purpose."

"You have it within yourself to decide whether your life shall be a success or a failure — gray and sad, or merry and glad. No one else can make the decision for you."

"Youth and health and the power to choose are yours. Which shall it be?"

"Knowledge is the basis of all progress. Ask yourself, and do not deceive yourself in the answer, whether or not you are doing all that you can do to increase your knowledge."

"How do you spend the hours between quitting time and bedtime? Remember that if you are wasting those hours, you are cheating no one but yourself. You alone suffer the consequences."

This reminds me of what Professor Thurber wrote in closing his study in psychology, away in Rangoon, Burma: "I have thoroughly enjoyed these psychology lessons. I have studied them at spare moments, during busy days and exacting labor, on the trains and in public places, and under the cool, restful shade of the pine trees of the Shan Hills."

These thoughts I want to press home on the hearts of the thousands of our young people who for various reasons are not able to attend our resident schools. Do not give up to discouragement. Do not waste time in vain regrets, or in bitter complaint because you are not so fortunate as others. Nothing but your own lack of energy and perseverance can prevent you from getting the training necessary to become a successful worker. One of our students has said that the lessons are worth all they cost, for the training they give in economy. With equal truth and force it might be said that they are worth all they cost, for the training they give in grit and perseverance; and the exercise of grit and perseverance is what makes useful men and women.

Make up your minds that during the long evenings just ahead of us, you will take up some study in the Fireside Correspondence School and push it through to a successful completion. What is your purpose in life? and how do you use your spare time? These are the questions that will largely determine whether or not you are to become a successful man or woman.

For our "Nutshell" booklet, address the Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, D. C.

C. C. LEWIS, Principal.