

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 1



"MAN HATH HAD NO PART IN ALL THIS"

18515

FROM HERE AND THERE

THE postal savings deposits during October increased \$2,150,000 over the preceding month, giving, according to postal officials, a clear reflection of the great tide of prosperity and commercial activity that is sweeping over the country. Chicago stands third in amount of postal savings. Deposits now aggregate \$71,000,000 in the country at large.

THE British have put into service, since the war began, what are known as "submarine chasers." These are large motor boats with accommodations for two or three men, and carry a rapid-fire gun of three-inch caliber. A carbureting device affords the use of either gasoline or heavy coal oil for fuel. They cost \$4,000. They are scattered methodically over areas infested with submarine craft.

The Most Ancient State Paper

ON the walls of two of Egypt's greatest temples, that of Karnak and the Ramesseum at Thebes, carved in the everlasting stone of the dry land of the Nile, is the oldest international treaty known to man. Rameses the Great, one of the signers, is the best-known man of remote antiquity. Khetasar (the czar of the Kheta, or Hittites), the other party to the treaty, is unknown, except to a few, and his nation is little known, even to the scholars.

The Hittites were a mighty race, whose empire, equal in rank with the mighty empire of Egypt and Babylonia, once extended over four hundred thousand square miles of territory in Asia Minor and Syria. Three years ago, practically nothing was known of the life and civilization of these mysterious people. They are mentioned in the Bible, and in the Egyptian and Assyrian records, but until very recently their own story had never been read by modern man. Today, thanks to the excavations that were carried on at the capital city of Carchemish, much has been learned about this great group of tribes, and orderly evidence about them is now available for the first time in two thousand years.—*The Christian Herald*.

The Teaching of Correct Pronunciation

CORRECT pronunciation should be a part of the everyday program in the teaching of English; but this teaching will be ineffectual unless taught by the drill method.¹ It is of no use to look up words unless some method is employed whereby the pronunciation can be remembered. The pupil should be taught to associate words in such a way that the pronunciation can be remembered. To illustrate: Suppose that the word *inquiry* is before the class. The pupil will find on consulting the dictionary that the accent is on the *qui*, pronounced *kwi*, with the sound of I, the personal pronoun. By associating *kwi* with the pronoun I in the sentence, "I made inquiry," the pupil can remember the pronunciation if made to repeat this sentence over and over again. Careless speakers are consoled by the thought that the multiplicity of authoritative variations in the pronunciation of the same word is sufficient excuse for their errors. While two recorded pronunciations are often found, sometimes even more, for the

¹ "The Speaker's Manual" is an excellent drill book. It can be obtained for twenty-five cents of your tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

same word, our dictionaries show a remarkable sameness in their rulings as to what are preferred; and the cultured speaker endeavors to ascertain and to remember what these are. Many words of common use have but one pronunciation; such words as *audacious*, *aunt*, *adipose*, *bouquet*, *bona fide*, *sheik*, *chastisement*, *combative*, *interesting*, *obligatory*, *diversion*, *excursion*, *exquisite*, *February*, *obesity*. When shall we have the pleasure of hearing *hygiene* pronounced correctly, with three syllables instead of two, and *hygienic*; *hysteria* with *e* as in *he*, instead of *hystēria*; *heinous* (haynous) instead of *heenous*. Then there is that united family of "ines" with which we have more or less trouble; *glycerine*, *bandoline*, *Benedictine*, *lanoline*, *butterine*, *vaseline*—all pronounced as if the last syllable were *in*; then the family of *museum*, *colosseum*, *lyceum*, *mausoleum*, with the sound *e* as in *he*, and the accent on *se*, *ce*, *le*. If these families could be taught in groups, and if the words could be associated together in the student's mind, and accompanied with the daily drill, we should soon banish all such mispronunciations as "glycereen," "bandoleen," "Benedicteen," "buttercen," "lanoleen," "vaseleen." Instead of going to the *flawrist*, the pupil would go to the *florist*, associating *flo* with *go*. He would speak of the *vodeville* (vōd-ville) instead of the *vaudeville* (vau-de-ville).

As to the pronunciation of these words, all authorities agree; so there is no excuse for the mispronunciation of this class of words, used, as they are, so generally, in the everyday usage of the language—*usage* pronounced *usage*.—*Correct English, How to Use It*.

War

A FOREIGN war is preferable to one at home.—*Petrarch*.

But war's a game, which, were the subjects wise, kings would not play at.—*Cowper*.

Every milder method is to be tried before a nation makes an appeal to arms.—*Kent*.

Good kings never make war but for the sake of peace.—*Putnam*.

Mad wars destroy in one year the works of many years of peace.—*Franklin*.

One war brings on another.—*German*.

Talk of the war, but do not go to it.—*Spanish*.

The hardest operation of war is to stop it.—*Putnam*.

In war, reputation is strength.—*Ellenborough*.

To die or conquer are the terms of war.—*Homer*.

"WITH patient mind thy course of duty run;
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do, if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as he."

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 1

The Treasure Box

THE New Year is a treasure box,
And it is filled with all that's free;
Each day Old Time the lid unlocks,
The treasures come to you and me.

There's father's love and mother's care,
There's home, wherein are food and rest;
And pleasures waiting everywhere,
With tasks enough to give them zest.

There's school that helps your mind to grow,
And books to read when school is done,
And sunshine warm, and ice and snow,
And every kind of outdoor fun.

The wind that helps you fly your kite,
The lovely blue that lines the sky,
The stars that sparkle in the night,
Are nicer things than you can buy.

So count them up, and use them well,
And watch for them with eager eyes;
The time for some a child can tell,
But others are a dear surprise.

The New Year holds these gifts all free.
Each day Old Time the lid unlocks,
The treasures come to you and me
From out his wondrous treasure box.

—A. W. McCullough.

Joy for the New Year

AS we step into a new year, let us carry with us the knowledge that joy belongs to us as truly as blossoms belong to flowers, and nuts to the trees in autumn. It is a part of the fruit of life when the days are taken at their best.

If the flowers do not bear blossoms and the trees do not yield nuts, we inquire into the causes. We say, "Something is wrong." We dig about the roots, we spray the leaves, we use fertilizers, and we call in the neighbors to counsel over the matter. We are disturbed because the flower or the tree is not fulfilling the purpose of its existence.

It must likewise be so with life's products. If joy fails to be evident in our daily bearing, this should be the occasion for serious inquiry. Paul, writing to the Philippians, said, "Rejoice in the Lord always." Did it ever occur to you from what place Paul wrote those words? It was from a Roman prison. He was under the guard of a Roman soldier. Should we have felt like rejoicing under those circumstances? If we should not, why did Paul feel so? Was it not that life to him meant the higher, better, truer life that bears the fruit of joy?

Most people think that outward surroundings determine the degree of our joy, but such is not the case. Jesus taught that a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses. Riches and honor do not contribute to joy. It is evident that those who have the largest wealth and carry the greatest honors are not the most joyful persons. One of the world's wealthiest men, when asked if his great possessions made him happy, said, "What! Me happy?—No!" Joy would be a cheap thing if money could buy it. Its possession is beyond the reach of gold. Joy is found growing like a luxuriant plant in the homes of the poor. It beams from countenances with overflowing expression beyond the terms of language. It is affected by neither poverty nor riches. The Holy Spirit is the joy breeder, and whoever entertains this divine guest will have joy, whether he be rich or poor, whether he be known around the world or unknown beyond a small circle of obscure friends.

The soul reaches for the joyful experiences of life, even as plants in the dark send out their pale, tender leaves toward the cracks in the wall through which comes the light. We have seen that often in the cellars of our homes. Has it no lesson? The plant belongs

out of doors where the sun shines. And the soul belongs in the outdoors of freedom where all the attributes of God can grow in it. The light of the sun belongs to the plant. The joy of God belongs to the soul. As the plant is weak and pale without the sunlight, the soul is weak and inexpressive without the joy of God.

Joy belongs in the heart of the young as well as of the aged. It belongs to all, and if we do not begin to produce it when we are young, it will not be with us when we become old.

It is pathetic to see the abnormal Christian whose face does not yield readily to smiles, but looks as if he were already dead to things worth possessing. I sat in the street car yesterday and looked into the face of each in the long row that sat opposite me. Most of them were well dressed, and some were handsome, but there was hardly a face there that I should like to have. There were too many lines of care, of fear, of greed,—faces on which histories of shrewd, grasping power were written. It seemed as if the song of joy had never echoed through these souls. In that more than half an hour's ride, I saw on no face scarcely one sweep of joy that told of the inexhaustible peace that overflows hearts when joy is the fruit of the days. I felt a protest rising within me against the grim care that had settled upon those faces. It did not belong there any more than barnacles belong on the sides of ships, or rust on the iron wheels of the railway. Anxiety is rust. Nothing will take it off but the oil of joy.

It is proper to scour our cooking utensils and polish the floors and furniture. But what about life? Some heroic scouring needs to be done, and done persistently, until joy in the countenance shall succeed grim care upon the face.

There is an excitement and exhilaration that is sometimes called joy. It feeds on entertainment. It is like the display of fireworks, which attracts great attention for a little while. It is crowded with laughter and hurrahs. But when the entertainment is over, the excitement dies out, and that indescribable ennui steals over the soul. There is more for us in the shining of stars than in the display of fireworks. The stars were eclipsed for a time; but when the display of the fireworks was over, the stars were still steadfastly shining. The fireworks are superficial. The stars are

permanent. It is a fair comparison between worldly excitement and spiritual joy. There is in the former a kind of empty laughter and effervescence of spirit; while in the latter the laughter is tempered with love, and joy revels in riches which it has no fear of exhausting. Joy gives poise that develops symmetry and beauty of character.

There is a power in joy that makes the man who practices it worth more to his employer and to society than the man to whom it is an unknown quantity. It puts a new asset in a man's life. He becomes at once more desirable as a companion and a citizen. Joy lightens loads and makes work easier. Joy cannot exist of itself. There must be a foundation as deep and as wide as Christ, upon which the soul rests with absolute safety. At the same time, there must be an expectation relative to attaining the highest ideals, which are visible to us only in the character of Christ. Here is at once a world in itself—new principles, new laws, new ideals. These foundations must necessarily have in them immortality, for the vision of joy sweeps both this world and the world to come.

If a man sets out to be joyful, he will never attain to it. If he sets out to know God as revealed in Christ, recognizing that knowledge of God is practicing his principles, then joy will come as blossoms crown the green stems of flowers. The petals of the blossom were in the green stem, unseen and unknown. By the law of nature they burst forth. It is so when the roots of our spirituality are in Christ. The spiritual law operates, and joy becomes the experience of the soul. This was the angel's conception when he announced, "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." The secret of joy lies in the fact of the personality of Christ. From him comes every good to us. We in turn bear it to others and become faint echoes of Christ.

Christianity presents to every soul vast and unused realms. And yet joy seems the most unused of all the fields of human life. Too many live along the shores of the experiences of others. They dare not plunge in for themselves, consequently they become indifferent, and Christianity is to them only a form. They worry, chafe against conditions, and sometimes lose faith. The wreck is a tragedy. It need not be so. We have to practice all things in which we desire proficiency. I hear now the touch of unskilled fingers upon the piano. Ten years of practice, and those fingers will indicate skill. With unskilled attempts we practice at the principles of joy, but in years to come joy will be as natural to us as music is to the musician. The price of attainment is personal commitment to Christ, "who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross." Let us be joyful if ten thousand things oppose us. Let us put laughter in our voices and smiles upon our faces. Let us hold to joy as we do to honesty, industry, and integrity. Let us make it the companion of every other virtue. Then our lives will be filled with songs, and we shall help a weary world into the great fellowship of God.—*Peter Ainslie, D. D., in Young People's Weekly.*

IMPATIENCE is a quality sudden, eager, and insatiable, which grasps at all, and admits of no delay; scorning to wait God's leisure, and attend humbly and dutifully upon the issues of his wise and just providence.—*South.*

"I Come, I Come"

THE accompanying picture shows a humble native Seventh-day Adventist church away over in Zululand, in South Africa. It is on the farm of F. R. Stockil, a European brother who loves the natives and is doing all he can to lead them to Christ. Indeed, while this farm is a private one, it is really a missionary farm; and among our people of South Africa there are many such, where our brethren and sisters are doing all they can to lead the natives to a higher life.

The last Sabbath in October, God met with a little company in this grass-thatched meetinghouse. Our meeting was at eleven o'clock, and at the hour appointed the people in the near-by kraals were notified by the striking of a broken plowshare upon a rock. Soon we could see the people leaving their houses and coming toward the church. In a short time about thirty-five had gathered outside the door waiting for the signal to enter. The plowshare struck the stone again, and quietly the people filed in for service, all the women and girls sitting on mats on the floor, while the men and boys occupied a long seat. How queer the women and girls looked in their bright-colored clothing, with turbans of different colors about their heads!



A NATIVE CHURCH IN ZULULAND, SOUTH AFRICA

Most of them were quite well-dressed, as they have been in touch with civilization for a number of years. But one heathen woman was there who has not yet seen her way to leave the old paths of her people for the higher and better life. She was scantily dressed, her clothing was not clean, and her hair was dressed after the fashion of the Zulu women who are married, being mixed with red clay, with a long projection behind the head.

Surely no company ever assembled in the house of God more quietly and orderly than this band of Zulus. The meeting was opened with singing and prayer in their tongue, after which I, through an interpreter, spoke from Matt. 11:28. All closely attended while I pointed them to the Saviour who gives rest of heart, and takes away all sin and gives victory to the life. God's Spirit was present. It touched hearts and spoke to many in the room. Over in the corner sat two young women whom God had spoken to for years, but who had not yielded. They were thinking seriously, and questioning whether they would not better yield today. Other hearts were affected, too; and then the Spirit told me, "Now is the time to ask these souls to decide for Jesus, whom they have so long slighted." I appealed to them to come to Christ and to delay no longer. I asked all who desired rest of heart and freedom from sin to come forward, and, kneeling, give their hearts to God. A moment of hesitation followed, then quickly the two young women in the

corner made the decision, and coming forward, knelt and gave their hearts to him who loves them. God's Spirit was at work. A young, well-dressed Zulu was affected, and after a few words of encouragement he knelt with the others and gave himself to the Saviour.

But behind me, in the corner, was Brother Stockil's eleven-year-old daughter, with a girl friend of about the same age. These girls had never yielded their hearts to Christ, and in our anxiety for the natives, we almost forgot them. But Jesus was speaking to their hearts, saying, "Come," and their response was, "I come, I come;" and they bowed at the altar with the natives who were seeking Christ. No class or race barrier was there. Together these young people, white and black, sought God. At such a time one sees only Jesus. Others with weeping came, while the Holy Spirit brooded over the scene. And then we prayed that God would impart his peace to them, forgive their sins, and keep them from the evil that is in the world. In the aftermeeting, each one bore a good testimony expressive of his desire to follow Jesus.

To our young people in other lands we say, God's blessing was upon us in this humble little building as well as with you under more favorable surroundings. This is the work that is being done in these little African meetinghouses from Sabbath to Sabbath. May the Lord send many of you to assist us in carrying a saving knowledge of the truth to this people who have so long sat in darkness and in the shadow of death.

W. B. WHITE.

The Other Image and Superscription

TEMPTING Jesus, certain Pharisees and Herodians asked, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not? Shall we give, or shall we not give?"

The Saviour's clear answer not only astonished the men who heard it, but it has impressed many others since, giving, as do his words, clear light down through the centuries as to the duty Christians owe to civil governments, and where that duty to them ends.

Jesus said, "Why tempt ye me? bring me a penny, that I may see it. And they brought it. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? And they said unto him, Cæsar's. And Jesus answering said unto them, Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. And they marveled at him." Mark 12: 14-17.

The reverse side of this statement we do not always think of. Cæsar's image and superscription were stamped upon a coin piece of metal. Because of that, men honored this coin. A certain value was placed upon it. It passed at this given value anywhere within the king's realm. What was levied by the king for tribute was to be paid him in his own coin. Render unto Cæsar that which is his.

But this is not all Jesus said. He added, "And to God the things that are God's." What did Jesus mean by this? In contradistinction to the coin, what belongs to God that we are to render to him? You may say, Our service, our loyalty, our worship. Very good. But with the thought of the king's image on the coin and his superscription printed there, it would seem that the Saviour's thought took in more in his expression, "Render . . . to God the things that are God's."

Might there not be another image, another impress, that he wanted his hearers to see and appreciate? By his very life work among men, another seal was being stamped, impressed, not upon cold metal, like gold or silver or brass, but the image of his own divine character and life was making its impress upon the warm,

living hearts of men and women. Would this be recognized? Would men give back to God that which was his,—their hearts, their lives, *themselves*?

All belonged to God by creation. They were formed in God's image. Now the Son of God was in their very midst to restore that image once more in the soul, so nearly blotted out by sin. Would they yield to his divine imprint? How small, how trivial a matter it was to the Lord of glory, who created and owned all the gold and silver of earth, as to whether Cæsar required tribute of them, compared to whether or not they should be freed from the curse and thralldom of sin, released from their captivity to Satan! This was the main issue in the mind of Jesus. He knew that their souls must receive the divine impress from his life, be transformed into his image, or their shackles would forever hold them captives of Satan. "Render . . . to God the things that are God's," is his authoritative command.

And Jesus' image and superscription were seen by that very generation. His lasting imprint was seen in the lives of those for whom and with whom he labored. The lives of the eleven underwent a marvelous change; so much so that after the Lord had left them and gone back to heaven, it was said of these very men, "Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men [from *their* viewpoint of learning], they marveled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus." The divine image of Jesus' life was distinctly seen upon the hearts and in the lives of these men.

And it has been seen upon hearts from that time until now. Noble men and women have, because they were true to the new life impressed upon their souls by having been with Jesus, suffered death at the hands of powers whose rulers' images and superscriptions were placed upon cold coins.

Those who yield to the Spirit and receive Jesus' impress upon their hearts, are known in heaven. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." While these blessed coins are being gathered out of all nations in that day, the gold and silver, with the different imprints of the Cæsars of the earth, are left to canker amid the rubbish of earth. "In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver, and his idols of gold . . . to the moles and to the bats; to go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth." Isa. 2: 20, 21. But of those who have the divine impress of heaven, this same prophet writes, "The Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee." Isa. 60: 2.

Which image and superscription shall we possess? We cannot have both. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Let us not permit the worldly image and superscription, largely seen in the love of money, the display of wealth, to eclipse in our minds the divine image and superscription heaven desires to impress upon our hearts.

T. E. BOWEN.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—*W. Irving.*

A MAN who is always forgetting his best intentions may be said to be a thoroughfare of good resolutions.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

Gleanings From Korea

IT is hard to know where to begin and where to stop in writing of our work in Japan and Korea. We say "our" work, but really it is His work, and it is only as he allows us to be laborers with him, sharing the sacrifice and the joy, that we can call it "ours." The purpose of this article is not to present a connected history, or outline, of the work in Korea, but a few pictures that will help us to understand some of the conditions in the past, and the progress that has been made.

Work is carried on in Korea from four central stations,—Seoul, Soonan, Wonsan, and Keizan. The headquarters for the mission have been established at Seoul, the most important city in the country. Outside the East Gate, land has been purchased, and a printing office, foreign residences, and other necessary buildings have been erected. Soonan, in the north division, has the training school and the dispensary.

Korean Industrial School

The school work was begun in 1907 by Elder W. R. Smith and Miss Mimi Scharffenberg. A year or two later Miss Helen May Scott arrived, and took charge of the girls' department. Brother Howard Lee took the supervision of the school in 1910. Besides the central school, a number of primary schools are conducted in near-by country places.

It is not customary to have boys and girls in the same school in the Eastern countries; but as the cost for equipment and teachers is so great, the two schools are housed in one building. In the west end of the schoolhouse is the boys' school, and in the east end the girls'. A chapel separates the two.

Subjects Taught

Ten teachers comprise the teaching force. One of these is a Japanese, who gives the required instruction in the Japanese language. Two grades of work are carried—a primary course of four years, and a higher four-year course, which may be supplemented by a teachers' training course and a ministerial course. The subjects taught are Bible, Japanese, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, Chinese literature, botany, zoology, physics, chemistry, general history, agriculture, silkworm culture, geography, drawing, singing, and physical culture. "Korean young people who have a mind to study seem to do this amount of work in the eight years given to do it," says Brother Lee.

The first class to be graduated from this school, consisting of four boys and one girl, received their diplomas, in March, 1913.

The New Buildings

In October, 1913, the new buildings in Soonan, made possible by the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering of the first quarter of 1913, were dedicated. Only those who had struggled along during the early days, under unfavorable conditions, in small, unsanitary, mud-walled



MISSION BUILDINGS AT SOONAN, KOREA

The rear building at the right is the school, and the front building at the right is the dispensary.

buildings, can realize the happiness that filled the hearts of the faithful teachers when the new buildings were completed. The school chapel, which seats three hundred persons and is our largest assembly room in Korea, is already often too small for the Sabbath congregations. The girls' dormitory has in one end a suite of rooms for Miss Scott, who is thus enabled to exercise a watchful care over her charges.

When the buildings were occupied, Miss Scott wrote: "I cannot tell you how much we appreciate the new buildings. At first it seemed strange to hold school in a real schoolhouse. Noises coming through brick walls, sounded so different from what they had coming through mud walls. To hear noises above was strange, too; for Korean houses have no second story. The rooms are light and have plenty of sunshine. We use the chapel for church services."

The Dispensary at Soonan Hill

For more than four years after his arrival in Korea, in 1909, Dr. Riley Russell conducted dispensary work in a small Korean house, mud-walled and poorly lighted. A never-ending stream of suffering humanity passed through this room. More than twenty thousand patients, in every stage of filth, poverty, and suffering, came here for help, and none were turned away.

The need for a better building and a more modern equipment was presented to the friends at home, and money was appropriated for this purpose. Writing at



TEACHER OF DRAWING AND PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE SOONAN SCHOOL

the time of the dedication of the new school buildings and the dispensary, Pastor C. L. Butterfield, superintendent of the Korean Mission, said, "These buildings stand as memorials to the truth in this great heathen field, and they greatly improve the appearance of Soonan Hill."

In answer to a letter from the homeland, written early in 1914, to ask Dr. Russell if he had any regrets in leaving the little mud hut, the following from Mrs. Russell was received, Dr. Russell being absent from home at the time:—

"Your letter came last night, and you wondered if we could do as well with our new equipment, and if we seemed to feel a little homesick for the old 'mud hut.' Well, I am not homesick for it. To ease your mind, let me tell you we feel we can do *very* much better where we can clean up and care properly for the people.

"While Dr. Russell was at Seoul attending medical



READY FOR THE PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS, MISSION SCHOOL, SOONAN

meeting, I took my two babies down every day and looked after the patients. One day a Japanese officer came, bringing a young Korean student from the government school. This boy had met with an accident, and his face was cut so badly I had to put in five stitches. While doing it, several officers stood about and watched. I thought it queer they did not take him to their own Japanese doctor when they found my husband was away; but our fine white operating room, with its professional atmosphere, must have had its influence. The case has made a splendid recovery, and there will be no disfigurement."

The dispensary, complete and fenced, cost nine hundred dollars. The equipment cost six hundred dollars more. The war has seriously affected the work of the dispensary. Dr. Russell writes: "Supplies are getting so expensive that it is a question what to do. Several articles have increased in price three hundred per cent. Grain is so cheap that there is no money in the country districts, and it is hard for the people to pay their taxes. Some have pawned the deeds to their fields for money to pay their taxes."

Dr. Russell is a firm believer in the work of the *medical evangelist*,—the man who will spend and be spent in the service of suffering humanity, that he may gain some for the gospel. "We treated over nine hundred patients at the dispensary during the year 1914," he says, "and best of all, several became Christians."

Native Workers

A number of efficient and faithful native workers have been developed since the mission was established. At the present time there are ten teachers, twenty-two canvassers, three Bible women, and twenty other workers, giving their full time to the work. Their devotion and earnestness are shown by the following incidents:—

"I have just returned from Soonan, where I spent

a week in the Bible class and district meeting held there," writes Pastor C. L. Butterfield, in the *Asiatic Division News Letter*, for February, 1915. "At the close of each evening meeting an invitation was given to unbelievers to give their hearts to God. Our native Korean brethren did the preaching, and during the six nights that I was there, I gave the invitation. Altogether, over forty responded."

"In January," says Dr. Russell, "fifteen church members gave two weeks each to preaching. As a result a number are reported as keeping the Sabbath. This was a great help to the men who made the effort, and also to the churches where the meetings were held."

A Native Report

The following report from Evangelist Kim Na Chun has a sweet, familiar ring:—

"With regard to the work here in Ham Heung, I wish to say that it has been my mind to visit every house, distribute literature, and preach the gospel to all who will hear. I began this work by visiting the houses nearest the church, and then those farther away. During one week I sold twenty tracts and gave away three hundred pages of literature, and had many interesting experiences. As a result of this work, one family and one brother have turned from heathenism to worship the true God. They are now keeping the Sabbath. Others are much interested. I praise God for all this.

"Brother Pak Nong Hae is giving his full time to the sale of our magazine, *Sei Chyensa cui Keuipyel*, in this city and throughout this territory. Brother, pray much that the third angel's message may quickly be preached in all this province.

"This province is far north; and the snow and heavy winds make it hard to do much traveling at this time of year. Please pray much for this weak person."

The Monthly News Letter

A few months ago, feeling that it would prove a bond of union among the native workers, a monthly



BOYS OF A CANVASSING CLASS AT THE MISSION SCHOOL, SOONAN

news letter was started. Items from letters received and the monthly reports of the workers are used, with short, helpful paragraphs from Mrs. E. G. White's writings. This little sheet is greatly appreciated.

The Publishing Work

During 1913 more than 36,000 copies of our missionary magazine, *Sei Chyensa cui Keuipyel*, were placed in the homes of the people. In 1914 this number was largely increased, 57,185 copies having been

sent out from the office. Including tracts, there were more than 1,500,000 pages of literature distributed, in addition to Bibles. "Our sales," says Pastor Butterfield, "amounted to \$1,235.75 in this little country, where, only three years ago, it was said we could not sell literature, for the people were too poor to buy. The year 1914 was a banner year, magazine sales being *sixty-three per cent more than during 1913.*"

Sabbath School Work

The first Sabbath school in Korea was organized at Seoul in 1904. The first lessons were translated into the Korean language in 1909, only 250 copies being required at that time. The membership of the schools in Korea is now nearly twelve hundred, divided among forty-two schools. The Koreans are liberal and willing givers, according to their ability. During 1914, gifts to the amount of \$390.09 were taken up. Memory Verse Cards and lessons for the children have been added recently, and are doing their part in interesting the little ones.

Helping Others

A glimpse at a missionary report for one quarter of 1915 will be suggestive of the work carried on. Miss Scharffenberg says:—

"There are 17 missionary societies, and during the past quarter 289 persons reported work done. There were 70 letters written and 65 letters received; 1,780 missionary visits made and 768 Bible readings given; 33 subscriptions were taken for our magazine, 472 copies sold, and 209 copies mailed. There were 28,310 tracts given away, the poor were helped 118 times, and 93 lessons in reading were given to different persons. One hundred and eighty-nine persons registered for the home study course, and 88 sent in their written examinations."

Is it not a privilege to have a little part in this great work? Some may go, but many must stay. Let us not forget that "prayer is the rail and boat that carries us in spirit wherever we wish to go. And what we do there, in purpose, in spirit, *by prayer*, is woven into actual fact and life."

A. B. E.

The Aborigines of Australia

THE first European ships which touched at the shores of Australia, came in the sixteenth century. It is not known with any certainty who was the Columbus that discovered this wonderful continent of the southern seas. What is known is that Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch ships were spreading their sails to catch the winds which would carry them to any land where they could establish their trade. Time after time these ships sighted the coast of Australia, some of them sending their boats to shore to reconnoiter for water or fresh food, but going away again quite ignorant of the fact that it was anything but an island which they had reached.

The records give us no glimpse of the natives until the daring Dutch sailor, Tasman, rounded the island far to the south, which now bears his name, but which he called Van Diemen's Land. He and a small crew went ashore, and there discovered traces of living beings.

Over the hills curled a wreath of blue smoke; a conch shell sounded afar; in the trunks of the trees growing on the shore were notches cut five feet apart. From this last they concluded that the natives were giants, and they discreetly put back to their bluff-bowed boat without having seen any of the dark people whose later history was to be written in blood and cruelty.

More than fifty years after this, the English king sent out the "Roebuck," with the explorer Dampier in charge, to learn what he could about the strange land of which there were so many vague rumors. For four months Dampier cruised along the barren western coast, making rambling visits ashore. His reports of the land were no more favorable than had been those of the Dutch navigators before him. The land was sandy and waterless, dreary and desolate, to the eye of an Englishman.

To the keen dark eyes of this buccaneer and scholar of two centuries ago, the aborigines presented anything but a pleasing picture. In the report which he wrote when he returned to England his description was:—

"The inhabitants of this country are the most miserable people in the world. The Hodmadods of Monomatapa, though a nasty people, yet for wealth are gentlemen to these; and, setting aside their human

shape, they differ but little from brutes. They are tall, straight-bodied, and thin, with small, long limbs. They have great heads, round foreheads, and great brows. Their eyelids are always half closed, to keep the flies out of their eyes, they being so troublesome here that no fanning will keep them from coming on one's face; and without the assistance of both hands to keep them off, they will creep into one's nostrils, and mouth, too, if the lips are not shut very close. So that, from their infancy, being thus annoyed with these insects, they do never open their eyes as other people do; and, therefore, they cannot see far, unless they hold up their heads as if they were looking at something over them. They have great bottle noses, pretty full lips, and wide mouths. The two fore-teeth of their upper jaws are wanting in all of them, men and women, old and young; whether they draw them out I know not. Neither have they any beards. They are long-visaged, and of a very unpleasing aspect, having no one graceful feature in their faces."

The first unfavorable impression of the blacks of Australia has never been wholly effaced from the minds of Europeans. Nor have the flies improved on closer intimacy; at certain seasons of the year they are a plague in the land.

There are estimated to be about two hundred thousand natives on the continent, the most of them living outside the settled parts of the commonwealth. Tribes of them occupy the semidesert lands of central Australia, and these come only into occasional contact with the whites. In Queensland there are many camps of them, skirting the edges of the settlements, and living far back in the bush-clad hills.

In the east and southeast of the continent, they are fast dying out; but in other parts, where the whites are few, as in the far north of Queensland, in the Northern Territory, and, in the northwest, they still flourish in a more or less wild state. Year by year the white population pushes back from the coast and brings more land under cultivation for flocks and crops. This destroys the game and wild food upon which the blacks depend. And, as they mix with the settlers, they contract diseases which their uneugenically-born bodies cannot resist, and they fall into habits which, though perhaps harmless to white races, prove deadly to black

ones. They are, too, bringing about their own extinction by carelessness and ignorance in the rearing of their infants. It is not unusual for their little ones to be done away with, as they are a nuisance to the mothers already heavily burdened with the hard work, which all falls to them.

Whence came this people, so few in number compared to the vast continent they have overspread, and so low in civilization, is a question yet unanswered. Their traditions or legends throw little if any light on their ancestry, but it is pretty certain that they were not the original owners of the soil. Their predecessors were probably driven south across the wind-whipped Bass Strait, to the island of Tasmania, where they have become extinct within the memory of our own generation.

The present blacks may be descendants of more than one race, there being several theories on the subject, each of which is vigorously maintained.

In all probability the facts can never be fully de-

and sunken. The scientifically correct give the color of the skin as chocolate brown, but it may vary from a dusky copper to a brownish black, the newborn being singularly fair. The smearing of the body with fat and ochre or pipe clay gives the skin a darker shade, but the smear helps to resist heat and the irritation caused by the mosquitoes, fleas, sand flies, and other insect pests in which Australia is rich.

One summing up of type does not fit all natives, any more than one description would fit all Americans or all Germans. Big differences will be seen in one locality; more in different localities. The black fellow is often pictured as a wretched, emaciated creature whose bones may all be told. That picture may be true of those who live where food is always scarce, or of those who are suffering from shortage in a bad season.

In the fertile coastal districts are to be found the most favorable conditions for the physical development of the tribes, the advantages increasing on coming



AUSTRALIAN BLACKS IN CORROBOREE, OR DANCE, DRESS

termined, but there seems little objection to the theory that they came in canoes from the tropical islands to the north, having drifted or been storm-swept across Torres Strait. Having passed down Cape York Peninsula, they spread out at its bottom fanwise, along three main routes of travel. There is a natural highway across Australia, from northeast to southwest. Some took this route, first ascending the rivers on the northeast and then descending those on the southern watershed, while others crept down the eastern and western coasts, until all converged about Lake Eyre. The traveler who fares across the great table-land, say from St. Vincent Gulf to the Gulf of Carpentaria, finds himself continuously among tribes whose customs are similar. There is, too, a uniformity of dialect among tribes diverging north and south; whereas one traveling from Adelaide to Sydney, from west to east, will find very decided differences in dialects and tribal habits in the various tribes he meets.

Not unlike the Negro in appearance, the Australian black has a higher forehead, a less projecting under jaw, and a nose less flattened and extended than the African. The lips are thick, and the eyes large, black,

eastward from Spencer Gulf. The lakes at the mouth of the Murray River, and the extensive lands bordering on them, furnish an abundance of fish and game. And so on around the coast. In well-watered regions wallabies, kangaroos, and small game flourish, and from ponds and lagoons may be obtained edible plants. But in the central deserts, where the fierce heat and the frequent long droughts parch the scanty vegetation and dry up the water holes, life was a miserable existence to the savage.

A very general rule may be given, that the height of the blacks does not exceed five feet, six inches; and yet it is by no means unusual to find a six-footer, especially among the tribes who live in the rich tropical districts of north Queensland. The height and general physique are dependent upon climate, food supply, and it may be, upon descent.

Among native races generally, the young women have an erect and graceful figure, but the drudgery of food collecting and childbearing tells upon them at an early age, and they grow old and wrinkled very fast. A woman of fifty will have reached a stage of ugliness that baffles description.

The custom of ornamenting the body of the men with scars adds ugliness where there is no original need. On the body, horizontal cuts are made. (A piece of flint was used for this purpose in pre-European days.) On the arms the incisions are longitudinal. These are filled with ashes, earth, or the down of the eagle hawk, to keep the wound apart and make the cicatrices stand out thick. Sometimes they are simply for ornament,—beauty marks,—and again they seem to be a tribal or totem mark.

Other horrible forms of mutilation have existed in the past; some are still practiced. Among some tribes of the Queensland coast, the young women amputate the first two joints of the right forefinger by tightly winding about it a thin skein of strong cobweb. The barbarous habit of knocking out one or more of the front teeth is practiced in many parts. The methods of accomplishing this and other terrible rites are beyond belief in the savage cruelty which accompanies them, and the absolute disregard of human feeling in the young boys and men, women and girls, who have to undergo them. These rites must be undergone during the initiation period into manhood. The details of their performance and of the treatment of the dead are revolting beyond any conception of civilized minds.

BERTHA SHANKS CHANEY.

(To be concluded)

Things I Wish I Had Known Before I Was Twenty-One

RECENTLY three men spoke at a men's meeting in Cleveland on the subject, "Things I Wish I Had Known Before I Was Twenty-One." G. Leonard Fels, the first speaker, gave answers sent in to him by twenty-two men. These follow:—

1. What I was going to do for a living, what my life work would be.
2. That my health after thirty depended in a large degree on what I put into my stomach before I was twenty-one.
3. How to take care of money.
4. The commercial asset of being neatly and sensibly dressed.
5. That a man's habits are very hard to change after he is twenty-one.
6. That a harvest depends upon the seeds sown; wheat produces wheat, thistles bring forth thistles, ragweeds spoil good pasture, and wild oats sown will surely produce all kinds of misery and unhappiness.
7. That things worth while require time, patience, and work.
8. That you can't get something for nothing.
9. That the world would give me just about what I deserved.
10. That by the sweat of my brow would I earn my bread.
11. That a thorough education not only pays better wages than hard labor, but it brings the best of everything else; namely, more enjoyable work, better food, more of the wholesome luxuries and pleasures of life, better folks to live and deal with, and, best of all, the genuine satisfaction that you are somebody worthy of respect, confidence, and the priceless gift of friendship.
12. That honesty is the best policy, not only in dealing with my neighbors, but also in dealing with myself and with God.
13. The value of absolute truthfulness in everything.
14. The folly of not taking older people's advice.

15. That everything my mother wanted me to do was right.

16. That "dad" wasn't an old fogey after all. If I had done as he wished me to do, I should be much better off physically, mentally, and morally.

17. What it really meant to father and mother to rear their son.

18. What hardships and disappointments would be entailed by my leaving home against my parents' wishes.

19. More of the helpful and inspiring parts of the Bible, particularly the four Gospels.

20. The greatness of the opportunity and joy of serving a fellow man.

21. That Jesus Christ was with me as an Elder Brother and Friend in every activity and relationship of life.

22. That God's relationship to me was just as helpful and delightful as that of a good shepherd toward his sheep, or of a father toward his son.

23. A faithful friend is a strong defense. He that hath found a friend hath found a treasure. A poor man may be said to be rich in the midst of his poverty so long as he enjoys the interior sunshine of a devoted friend.

24. Friendship cheers like a sunbeam, charms like a good story, inspires like a brave leader, binds like a golden chain, guides like a heavenly star.—*The Industrial Enterprise*.



"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

LITTLE Ruth Slaughter is two years old. A few days ago her mamma asked the church librarian for some Harvest Ingathering papers. The librarian informed her that she had no more of them on hand, but that there were a few Temperance INSTRUCTORS which she might have to sell if she wished. So Mrs. Slaughter took the papers. In the evening she was talking with her husband about who might buy them, when baby Ruth spoke up and said, "I buy dampa book."

The next morning when grandpa, who has always been accustomed to taking what he calls a social glass with his friends, came in to make his regular daily call on Ruthie, her mother told him about the papers, and what the baby had said. When he learned that her desire to buy him a book had sprung from her own mind, that no one had suggested it to her, tears came into his eyes, and he took one of the papers, offering to pay for it; but Mrs. Slaughter said, "No, Ruthie pays for this."

He took it home, read it through, and then hid it, lest some one not appreciating its value as he did, might destroy it; for he looks upon it as a precious token of the child's love.

Now when his friends suggest the social glass, he refuses, saying, "My little granddaughter shall never see her grandpa enter a saloon, or put a glass of liquor to his lips."

Surely, "A little child shall lead them."

BERTHA WRIGHT.

Temperance Notes

NATIONAL prohibition is a favorite topic of inter-collegiate debate in the Eastern colleges this season. The Amherst-Williams-Wesleyan Triangular uses this question, "That the sale, manufacture, importation, and exportation of alcoholic beverages, except for scientific and medicinal purposes, should be prohibited by an amendment to the Constitution." This is a stronger statement of national prohibition than that of the Hobson bill now before Congress. Williams follows the triangular in a dual debate with Union on the same question.

Student Opinion, a stirring new weekly at the University of California, is perhaps the first student publication launched for the distinctive purpose of raising the standards of student activities in a great university. It came into existence in response to a large student demand for a medium of expression on student "politics," cleaner athletics, a more popular and democratic expression in the student governing body, and for leadership against drinking and the sort of influences that go with it, both inside and outside of college life. It is leading the movement at California against the serving of intoxicants at student affairs and after the big games.

"When you down Booze, that is personal liberty; when Booze downs you, that is slavery."

Prof. Irving Fisher, the great economist of Yale, speaking of the conditions which enable an athlete to be at his best, says:—

"I have had occasion to examine the conflicting popular ideas concerning alcohol. I began the study quite willing to be convinced that alcoholic beverages have virtues. I have ended in the conviction that they have none, and I have found that this conclusion is almost universally reached by those who have examined the facts."

Decided advance against the hoary-with-age social customs has been made at Yale this college year. The serving of liquor in fraternities, clubs, and other undergraduate organizations is in disrepute. Both faculty and alumni are taking advanced steps in the interest of temperance.

A Connecticut State law going into effect in November precipitated the issue of fraternity and club drinking. The law provides that social clubs of all kinds desiring to serve intoxicants shall take out a "Club Certificate," or special form of license, at an annual fee of \$100. The serving of liquors to members of clubs, fraternities, etc., without such license, is punishable by heavy fine or imprisonment. Some fraternities took voluntary action against further use of liquor at their houses; others were stimulated to that end by faculty rulings, the faculty not desiring that undergraduate societies should apply for licenses of this sort.

The Yale Alumni Weekly, commenting on the growth of sentiment both on and off the campus, says: "It looks therefore as if the coincidence of a State law binding upon the Yale organizations including minors in their membership, would reenforce the efforts of those who favor such prohibition on moral grounds. Such as it is, Yale's drinking problem appears to be nearer solution than it has been for some time in the past."

The *Minnesota Daily*, one of the greatest student publications of the West, came out vigorously in support of prohibition in the recent Minneapolis campaign.

Two Early Incidents

THE writer's parents were well acquainted with the circumstances of the first organization of a temperance society by Joseph Bates, a retired sea captain. My father has told me often of an incident which happened at a meeting of that society in his father's old barn. A debate was held between the saloon men and the society. At one point in the debate the saloon man was making some extra demonstrations, pounding his fist on the improvised pulpit, and saying, "What shall we do with the corn?" and repeating it with such vehemence as to awaken a drunken man asleep, who immediately replied, "Feed it to the hogs, you old fool you." This answer from one of his own make was somewhat disconcerting to the speaker.

A few years later, the question arose as to whether liquor was being sold in the Capitol building at Washington, D. C. My father went to Washington, and going to a certain room in the basement of the Capitol, he found what seemed to be a restaurant, and asked for some "cold tea." He received a pint bottle of whisky, one of those old-fashioned, round-bottomed bottles which could not stand up of itself, a good representative of a drunkard. The whisky was destroyed, but the bottle was kept in the family for many years.

C. A. STEBBENS.

Ohio Students in Recent Campaign

THAT students of today are not limiting their interest in public affairs merely to the academic side, is shown by the activity of Ohio colleges in the State prohibition campaign which ended November 2. At least 650 students at eighteen of the largest universities and colleges took active part in that great civic "drive" of antiliquor sentiment. Sixteen of these colleges, reporting in detail, furnish the following specific data: Number of students engaged in prohibition work during the campaign, speaking, singing, canvassing, using stereopticons, serving without pay for their services, at least 650, of whom 52 were young women; speakers supplied to 243 meetings and singers to 172; number of teams sent out, of two, three, or four students each, 74; college men speakers at work, 175; singers, 189; women singers, 50; students engaged in canvassing of voters, at polls, etc., 388.

Sixteen colleges sent out an average of 33 students each into this laboratory of civic leadership. Their services counted greatly in the campaign. These colleges were: Adelbert (Western Reserve University), Ohio State, Oberlin, Ohio Wesleyan, Wooster, Denison, Otterbein, Ohio Northern, Defiance, Baldwin Wallace, Heidelberg, Ashland, Hiram, Miami, Mount Union, and Lane Theological.

Wooster made use of two stereopticons, which were out practically every night for three weeks. Oberlin made a high record by sending out 61 different students, with the aid of a professor as coach. In Cleveland Western Reserve men did excellent service at the polls on election day and in the previous street meetings. At Defiance the young women furnished most of the 35 students who aided local committees.

The management of this student campaign was under the experienced direction of the Intercollegiate Prohibition, its field secretaries, and the Ohio State president of the association. The work was done with the cooperation of the Anti-Saloon League and the local county and city federation committees.



Neddy's New Year

A LITTLE shape came floating in
And paused by Neddy's bed;
"I'm half afraid to speak to you,
And yet I must," it said;
"I'm your New Year—and O, I wish
I didn't have to be!
Because I've met outside the door
Your last Old Year, you see.

"He looked so weak and tired and sad,
And carried such a pack
Of angry words and foolish scrapes
Upon his weary back!
'Don't, don't go in!' he cried to me;
'For though you're young and strong,
That boy will make you just the wreck
That I am now, ere long!'

"He stumbled on, with sigh and groan,
I could not take, alas,
His wise advice for come I must
Before the hour should pass.
But, O, if you would only try
A different plan with me,
I'm sure you'd be surprised to find
How happy we could be!"

Ned blushed; he knew the shape was right.
"I'll try!" he murmured low;
And when once Neddy says a thing,
He means it, too, you know.
Quarrels and scrapes were put aside,
The year was free and glad.
And Ned vowed, "'Twas the jolliest year
A fellow ever had."

—Priscilla Leonard, in *Sabbath School Visitor*.

Little Promises

A DISREGARD for little promises frequently undermines one's reputation for truthfulness. People who go to any amount of trouble to measure up to an important obligation, will fail to take the pains necessary to keep a trifling promise. "I'll write tonight." "I'll bring you your book back tomorrow." "I'm coming to see you very soon." These are examples of the pledges made carelessly and broken without a thought.

Sometimes, however, the promise which seems trivial is in reality important. A youth who had been spending the day with his grandparents was about to start for home when the old man said, "You'll go by Mr. Payne's, won't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, will you give him this letter?"

"Yes, sir."

No more was said. The grandfather, being a man of his word, did not think it necessary to add any caution as to the importance of the communication. But the youth had hardly started home when he met some of his young friends out driving, and accepted their invitation to accompany them. It was late when he reached home, and his grandfather's letter was undelivered. The next day he thought of it several times, but never when it was convenient to fulfill his promise. It was the morning of the third day when he carried his grandfather's letter to Mr. Payne, with a laughing apology for its delay.

The failure to keep his promise had far-reaching results. His grandfather had an option on a piece of land owned by Mr. Payne, and the letter contained a check to bind the bargain. But not hearing at the time appointed, Mr. Payne had sold the land to another purchaser. Two years later the property was found to be rich in oil, and its owner became wealthy. That boy's carelessness in keeping a promise cost him a fortune, for he was his grandfather's only heir.

A prominent lawyer had promised a little child of his acquaintance that on a certain morning he would take him to the zoo. On the preceding day he was called out of town on business. He transacted this business

with the utmost expedition, took the train back to his home, and the next morning arrived in time to keep his appointment. "Why, Mr. B——," cried the mother of the boy, "I'm sorry you made such an effort for the sake of anything so trivial."

"I beg your pardon," was the reply, "but I cannot think that keeping a promise is to be regarded as trivial." The matter with which a promise is concerned may be trifling. The promise itself is always of importance.—*Alfred C. Garney*.

A Child's Confidence

A MOTHER had put her children to bed. Soon after, a fearful storm arose. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the rain came down in torrents. The mother began to feel nervous. Taking a candle, she went upstairs to see if the little ones were sleeping. As she drew near the room where lay her frail child of only three summers, she heard him softly singing to himself:—

"Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but he is strong."

She stood for a few moments outside the bedroom door, while the child sang on in the darkness, and the storm still raged without:—

"Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so."

Suddenly the child stopped singing, and the mother entered the room. The boy lay with his large blue eyes fixed on the ceiling, perfectly calm, quietly listening to the rain and the storm. Kissing him tenderly, the mother said: "Willie, can't you see the lightning and hear the thunder? Isn't my little boy afraid?" With a look of surprise on his baby face, he said, "Yes, mamma, I tan hear it thunder, I tan see the lightning, but Willie not 'fraid, mamma; Dod loves 'ittle Willie, and will take care of his 'ittle boy. You 'fraid, mamma? Dod will take care of mamma, too."

This trusting child had knelt at his mother's knee

before going to bed, and in his simple prayer had asked the Lord to take care of him and to bless his mamma, and papa, too. Now in the time of storm and tempest he was able to rest in peace. He knew no fear, he felt just as safe now in the storm as in the sunshine, for he knew that the God who loved him would take care of him.

So it is with that one who has learned to know God and to know that God loves him just the same in times of storm and darkness as in times of peace and safety. He will know no fear amid the most fearful tempest, but will be able to sing: "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."—*T. Buchman.*

Obeying the Call

"It all happened many years ago," began grandma, while her soft blue eyes took on a dreamy look. "We were very young then, your grandpa and I, and lived in a log cabin in the woods. Four little children had come to gladden our home —"

"Was papa one of them, grandma?" asked Beth.

"Yes, dear, the youngest. We did not belong to any church at the time, though we read our Bible, and tried to persuade ourselves that we were sure of heaven. About this time there came to our neighborhood a young minister and his wife, who gave out word that they would hold a series of meetings in the school-house about a mile from our home, through the woods. This man began to preach that Jesus was soon coming again to the earth, and that those who would be ready to meet him must keep the true Sabbath, the seventh day.

"My husband went to several of these meetings, and one evening when he came home, he said, very earnestly, 'These people are preaching truths that cut me to the very heart.' Then he asked me if I would go with him the next evening. Instantly my heart seemed filled with such hatred as I had never felt before, and I answered with bitter words. But when the time came, I went with my husband, not because I wished to hear the preacher, but because I had determined to fill my mouth with arguments against him.

"The sermon that night was a revelation. Oh, how plain the Sabbath truth shone from God's Book! I wondered that all my life I had been so blind. Before the close of that sermon, I fully decided with God's help that I had broken my last Sabbath."

"But how did you settle it with grandfather?" asked John.

For a moment grandma did not reply. "Well," she finally said, "to tell you the truth, I was sorely ashamed, and did not have the courage to speak of my newly formed resolution."

"But what did grandpa say to you?" asked Mattie.

"Not a single word, Mattie, not a single word. You see, he was afraid of arousing my wrath; so the journey home was made in silence, he from fear and I from shame, neither daring to venture a word to express to the other the true state of our feelings.

"At last Friday evening came. All day long, that Friday had been to me indeed a preparation day. My baking and mending were done, and everything was in readiness for the holy Sabbath, as far as I could make it so. I also noticed that your grandfather had finished his work earlier than usual, and I wondered why. At last I took the baby in my arms, and sat down in the one rocking chair that our backwoods cabin could boast.

"Soon my husband also sat down, and quietly began reading his Bible. I stared at him a moment in silence, and he at me. Finally he spoke:—

"Wife, what are you doing?"

"What are you doing, my husband?" I echoed."

"O grandma, what did he say?" asked Elsie.

"Say? Why of course our secret was out at last, and we could only clasp each other's hands in the gathering twilight, and weep tears of gratitude and thanksgiving to God; and thus we began keeping our first Sabbath—on Christmas Eve."—*Abridged from "Those Bible Readings," pages 82-89.*

Mount Baldy

"OLD BALDY" towers above the valley, its bare, rounded, gray pate rising above its wrinkled cheeks, which are furrowed by cañons, creased with ridges and gulches, scarred by the reddish lines of firebrakes, weatherbeaten and sunburned like a withered old man. But like the hoary head which is a crown of honor, the loving glory of sunrise and sunset blazons earliest and lingers longest on its naked, rocky peak in summer and its dazzling snow in winter. But, again, all the blackness and tumultuous fury of the winter storms beat about it; even when the rest of the sky has cleared, the clouds yet center about the mountain and the fogs tower up above it, as about that other mountain which once "was altogether on a smoke" when God there showed himself in fire, as here in storm.

But Mt. Baldy never is grander than on the first clear morning after a storm season. Then the crystalline clearness of the atmosphere causes every detail of its ruggedness to live before the eye in tenfold sublimity, fresh from its baptism of cloud. How like the life which has been chastened by trials patiently borne!

Often, looking at Mt. Baldy, have I thought of the promise, "He shall dwell on high [margin, heights]; his place of defense shall be the munitions of rocks," and wondered if Mt. Baldy might be my place of defense during the last days when human and satanic fury will burst upon commandment keepers.

So in my sleep one night my fancy went forward to that time when we shall be obliged to flee from our homes to the mountains. With the rest of the household I prepared to go. But I packed my trunk, eager that none of my possessions might be left behind. When assistance came to transport the trunk, we found it so weighted down that the combined strength of the men of the household could not lift it from the floor. They said to me, "You must discard unnecessary things." So I packed my suitcase, putting in only what seemed essential or best loved. But to my astonishment, neither could this be carried; it lay upon the floor as immovable as a portion of the earth itself, weighted down by my clinging affections for the things of this life. Then, at last, my dull senses awoke to comprehension, and I joined the others going toward the mountains, my hands empty except for my precious Bible. But a peace and joy filled my heart such as I had never known before. Not one regret for the discarded possessions of my lifetime. Already was fulfilled to me the promise, "The former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind."

So I awoke; but the thought of the dream lives with me, and silent Old Baldy is a daily reminder that I am not counting on this earth as my home, but am looking forward eagerly to Jesus' soon coming to take me to that other home where, for very fullness of joy, I shall shout, "Heaven is cheap enough!"

MARY H. MOORE.

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 January 15

THE programs for the Missionary Volunteer Societies, Senior and Junior, for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for January.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 9—Lesson 14: Review of "History of the Sabbath"

(Answer any ten)

1. How was Sunday regarded during the early centuries of the Christian era? What is Cardinal Gibbons's testimony concerning the origin of Sunday observance?
2. What is the forged chain of Sunday evidence? What is the missing link in this chain?
3. What was the recognized seal of the union between pagan philosophy and fallen Christianity in Constantine's time? What is the mark of the authority of the Papacy today? Give authorities for your answers.
4. How have Protestants finally misappropriated the fourth commandment? What effort are they making to establish an international Sunday? What prophecy are they thus helping to fulfill?
5. To what do the following terms refer: Gnosticism? Anabaptists? Pontifex Maximus? Magna Charta of Roman primacy? Edict of Milan? Truce of God? Inquisition? Scholasticism?
6. Why are the following dates important: 321? 910? 1798? 1870? 1844? 1845? 1855? 1861? 1863?
7. How do the following names enter this history: Clovis? Pepin? Alcuin? Gregory IX? Thomas Aquinas? Calvin? Carlstadt? Cox? Milton? Prideaux? Zinzendorf? Stephen? Mumford?
8. What were the attitudes of the Reformers toward Sabbath and Sunday?
9. Show briefly that the true Sabbath was observed during the first five centuries. What opposition did those who observed it meet?
10. In how many centuries can Sabbath keepers be traced during the Dark Ages? How did the Papacy try to suppress them?
11. By whom and in what countries was the true Sabbath preserved from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century?
12. What modern movement has led to a world-wide observance of the Sabbath? Mention some of its pioneers. How did it originate?

Junior No. 8—Lesson 14: "Friends and Foes in Field and Forest," Pages 65-104

1. How do ants make a living bridge? What do you know about storehouse-ants? For what is their honey used? What do ants eat?
2. Why are some ants called parasol-ants? Where are they found? What harm do they do? What strange thing did Mrs. Susan Lee see in Texas?
3. Why do ants succeed in doing almost impossible work? How do they farm? How do they keep the seeds in their granaries from sprouting?
4. Tell about the dairy-ants. How do they care for their "cows"? Why do ants sometimes have war? How do they fight?
5. Of what use are ants to man? Where have they proved to be destructive neighbors? How? Describe the inside of an ant hill. How does a carpenter-ant build its home?
6. What is the difference between ant eggs and pupæ? How are the baby ants cared for?
7. What have you learned about an ant that lives in Brazil? in Sierra Leone? in Australia? How does the ant that lives in a thorn get its food? Tell the story of Tom and the ants on a Georgia plantation.
8. What have you learned about the little insect that eats its own house? How is the house built? Tell something about the different kinds of galls. Where do people make ink of galls?

9. Describe the ichneumon-fly. Where does it lay its eggs? Why is it called a parasite?
10. Where did the saw-fly get its name? How does it destroy fruit and turnips? To what family does the fly with an auger belong?
11. What have you learned about the grasshopper's color? its music? its family? its food? its gizzard? its ears? its song?
12. How many times does a baby grasshopper change its dress? How does it differ from most baby insects? What is the difference between the two classes of the Orthoptera family?
13. What does the name locust mean? How do locusts resemble grasshoppers? What have you learned about locust babies? Why would a locust army be dreaded by our country? How can locusts travel long distances and cross large bodies of water? How have people in different countries tried to get rid of locusts?
14. Where does the cricket lay its eggs? How are they hatched? Why do crickets not live in big families? How do they build their houses? What do they eat? How do they make their music? How does the cricket live through the winter?



III—Love God and Thy Neighbor

(January 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 22: 34-46.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Matt. 22: 37.

Questions

1. How much had the enemies of Jesus gained by trying to entangle him with hard questions? Note 1.
2. When the Pharisees heard how he had silenced the Sadducees, what did they do? Matt. 22: 34. Note 2.
3. What learned man was next chosen to question Jesus? Verse 35. Note 3.
4. What question did the lawyer ask? Verse 36. Note 4.
5. What answer did Jesus give? Verse 37.
6. What did he say about this scripture? Verse 38.
7. What did Jesus give as the second and like commandment? Verse 39.
8. What did he say further about these commandments? Verse 40.
9. What did the lawyer then confess before all the priests and rulers? Mark 12: 32, 33.
10. What did Jesus mean by saying that all the commandments hung on those two,—Thou shalt love God, and, Thou shalt love thy neighbor? Note 5.
11. When the Pharisees had finished asking Jesus questions, what did he ask them? What reply did they make? Matt. 22: 41, 42.
12. What still more difficult question did Jesus then ask? Verse 43.
13. What was David's language? Verse 44.
14. How did Jesus then repeat his question concerning David? Verse 45.
15. What were the Pharisees from thenceforth unable to do? Verse 46. Note 6.

Notes

1. "His adversaries had gained nothing but the contempt of the people."—"The Desire of Ages," page 606.
2. They were gathered together "to rejoice that their great rivals, the Sadducees, had been so completely silenced," and to lay new plans for ensnaring him.

3. Mark calls this man "one of the scribes." "The scribes were men of learning; particularly men skilled in the law of Moses."

4. The Pharisees had taught that the first four commandments, the ones concerning our duty to God, were greater than the last six, which point out our duty to men. Many, therefore, had grown very selfish in their treatment of one another. Jesus pointed out this sin, and he had said so much about keeping the last six commandments that some accused him of saying that the last six were greater than the first four.

5. When we love God with *all* our heart, we do not want to have other gods; we do not bow down to images; we do not speak his name disrespectfully; we do not forget to keep his Sabbath day holy.

When we love our neighbor as ourselves, we do not disobey our parents; we do not hate or kill our neighbor; we do not steal anything from him; we do not bear false witness against him; we do not covet anything that belongs to him.

We see, then, that love to God causes us to keep the first four commandments, and love to man causes us to keep the last six.

"The second is like unto the first, said Christ; for it flows out of it. . . . When God has his rightful place on the throne of the heart, the right place will be given to our neighbor."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* pages 606, 607.

6. They did not understand that the Son of David was also the Son of God.

III — Love God and Thy Neighbor

(January 15)

Daily-Study Outline

Sab. Read the lesson scripture.

Sun. The "first and great commandment." Questions 1-4.

Mon. The second great commandment and all the law. Questions 5-7.

Tues. "Not far from the kingdom." Questions 8-10.

Wed. "What think ye of Christ?" Questions 11-15.

Thurs. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 606, 609.

Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 22: 34-46.

Questions

1. After the Sadducees had been put to silence, what did the Pharisees do? Matt. 22: 34. Note 1.
2. Whom did they put forward to tempt Jesus? Verse 35.
3. What question did the lawyer ask Jesus? Verse 36. Note 2.
4. What commandment did Jesus quote? Verse 37.
5. What did he say about this commandment? Verse 38.
6. What did he give as the second and like commandment? Verse 39.
7. What did he say further about these two commandments? Verse 40. Note 3.
8. What additional statement does Mark give? Mark 12: 31, last part.
9. How did one of the scribes respond? Verses 32, 33.
10. What did Jesus then say to him? Verse 34.
11. What question did Jesus ask the Pharisees? What was their answer? Matt. 22: 41, 42. Note 4.
12. What did Jesus then ask them? Verse 43.
13. What was David's language? Verse 44.
14. What question did Jesus then ask? Verse 45.
15. What effect did his question have on the people? Verse 46.

Notes

1. The Pharisees stood in no more friendly relation with the Sadducees than with the Herodians, but they could make common cause with them in seeking to entrap Jesus. His plain, pointed teaching had often rebuked both sects, and they sought to break his influence as a teacher, and to disprove his claim to being the Messiah, by entangling him in his talk — by leading him to say something upon which they could seize to condemn him as an impostor. Disputes, too, often arose between these sects, and they sometimes carried these to Jesus to secure his influence on one side or the other. They never came to

him for any purpose without receiving instruction, which, if heeded, would have worked salvation for them.

2. The Pharisees were much more concerned about the technical classification of the commandments than the practical observance of them in daily life. On artificial grounds they had divided the commandments of the law into the great and the small, and this lawyer in effect asked the question, "What kind of commandment in the law is great?" It is evident that his purpose was to show to the people the ignorance of this alleged prophet of Nazareth concerning what the teachers of the synagogue regarded as a most important matter. Jesus, in his reply, brushed aside all these merely technical distinctions, and taught the great principle that love is the fulfilling of the law; and although he did not in plain words reprove the Pharisees for substituting formalism for a heart experience, yet his reply could not fail to suggest their lack of that which is vital in religion.

3. This is a very sweeping statement. Not only are the first four commandments based on love to God, and the last six on love to man; but all that the prophets wrote, and in fact all that Jesus taught and the New Testament writers wrote, was but the unfolding in one way or another of these two great principles.

4. "What think ye of Christ?" is a practical question which the Christian may ask himself every day. Our real estimate of Christ is based upon receiving and appropriating the riches of his grace in our daily walk. We should meditate much upon his character and words, for in beholding we become changed into the same image.

Cloudland

THE clouds go sailing in white glory by,
Across the vast expanse of calm blue sky,
Now piled in fleecy heaps, now slender, shimmering lines
That almost seem to touch the tops of yonder dark-hued pines.

Above yon tree-capped hill a fairy boat
Sails slowly out of sight, on seas of rest afloat,
Its port some island that, like precious gem,
Adorns in beauty rare the sky's rich diadem.

The clouds go sailing, sailing, ever sailing by;
Till, weary with the long day's round, the sun, their great ally,
Ere sinking to his well-earned rest behind the friendly hills,
Waves over all a magic wand, and heaven with color thrills.

CORA FERRIS.

Australia.

Life Everywhere

THE world is full of song and sound,
The earth and air with life abound.

From tiny plant to lofty tree
There's life, as you will all agree.

There's life wherever we may look —
In wayside pool and rippling brook,

In fairy shrimp and water flea,
In snails as slow as slow can be,

In creeping things both great and small,
In elephants and giraffes tall,

In tigers fierce and lions bold,
In fleecy lambkins in the fold,

In squirrels and the water rats,
In butterflies and winged bats,

In birds of mighty beak and wing,
In pretty bobolinks that sing,

In rocky, coral reefs afar,
Built up by animalcula.

No spot on earth, no spot in air
But has its germ life everywhere.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

If the soldier must give up alcohol because it interferes with his efficiency, why should not the civilian promote his efficiency by giving it up?—*W. J. Bryan.*

WELL-ARRANGED time is the best mark of a well-arranged mind.—*Pitman.*

The Youth's Instructor

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A Suggestion for a Happy New Year

SUPPOSE we think little about number one,
Suppose we ALL help some one else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend,
Suppose we ARE ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never HURT any one, "just for the joke;"
Suppose we hide trouble and show only cheer—
'Tis likely WE'LL have quite a happy New Year.

—St. Nicholas.

The Golden Day

THERE are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry. Two care-free days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought. I cannot unsay a word that I said on yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of wrong, regret, and sorrow is in the hands of the Mighty Love that can bring honey out of the rock, and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert,—the love that can make the wrong things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of the night.

Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like the perfume of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; it is God's.

And the other day I do not worry about is tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of mastery as its dead sister, yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or behind a mask of sweeping clouds. But it will rise. Until then, the same love and patience that hold yesterday, hold tomorrow. Save for the star of hope that gleams forever on the brow of tomorrow, shining with tender promise into the heart of today, I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the safe-keeping of the Infinite Love that holds for me the treasures of yesterday. The love that is higher than the stars, wider than the skies, deeper than the seas. Tomorrow — it is God's own day. It will be mine.

There is left for myself, then, but one day of the week — today. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day.

Any man can resist the temptations of today. O friends, it is only when, to the burdens and cares of today, carefully measured out to us by the infinite wisdom and might that gives with them the promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," we willfully add the burdens of those — yesterday and tomorrow — that we break down. It isn't the experience of today that drives men mad. It is the remorse for something that happened yesterday, the dread of what tomorrow may disclose. These are God's days. Leave them with him.

Therefore, I think, and I do, and I journey but one day at a time. That is the easy day. That is the man's day. Nay, rather, that is our day — God's and mine. And while faithfully and dutifully I run my course, and work my appointed task on that day of ours, God, the almighty and all-loving, takes care of yesterday and tomorrow.—Robert J. Burdette.

The Quicksands

THE power plant of a large cement company in New York suddenly sank one morning, without warning, into the ground about thirty feet. The plant employed nearly seven hundred men. Some of these were killed, others injured, and the rest thrown out of employment for months. All this because the plant was built upon a bed of quicksand.

Rarely does an incident of this kind happen in the business world; but often do men build upon spiritual quicksands. And these are no less treacherous. All who do not build upon Christ, the eternal Rock, build upon the quicksands, which cannot stand the test of storm and trial.

The soul can be riveted to the sure foundation rock only through prayer and study of the Word of God. Then let us all, at the very beginning of the New Year, talk more with our Saviour, and listen more eagerly to what he has to say to us through his Word.

The last great storm may break upon us in a day; then small opportunity shall we find for prayer and study.

The love that wins, the love that inspires and strengthens, the love that can make the simplest act of service of infinite worth, the sweet, earnest love that makes Jesus the one altogether lovely to the soul, is born of prayer and study of the Word. Neglect these, and this love, without which no offering is acceptable to heaven, is wanting.

Let us then be diligent in prayer and in reading. Herein lie progress, peace, and efficiency in Christian service.

A Trinity of Evils

DOUBT, Fear, and Worry — these are the three diseases of the soul; and the greatest of these is worry. On a winter's day at Erfurt, when, to the anxious mind of Luther, the Reformation was reduced to a forlorn hope, he heard a robin redbreast chirping under his window; and straightway his Master seemed to be saying, "If your Father careth for these, shall he not much more care for you, O ye of little faith?" Seeing his friend, Melancthon, near by, in an attitude of like despondency, he called, "Come, Philipp, let us sing 'Ein feste Berg,'" whereupon two hearts, new stayed on God, gave praise in the forty-sixth psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea!"—The Christian Herald.