

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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IN Sheffield, England, 250 out of 520 tramcar conductors, are women, who receive the same wages for the same hours' work as do the men serving as conductors.

A LARGE concrete viaduct half a mile long has been built at a cost of twelve million dollars by the New York, Buffalo, and Lackawanna Railroad over the Tuckhannock Valley. This makes possible a new route which saves twenty minutes to the passenger trains running between New York and Buffalo, and one hour to the freight trains.

MR. PALMER COX, a Canadian by birth but a naturalized American citizen, is the author of the famous Brownie pictures and books. Mr. Cox is seventy-five years of age, and is as happy and as joyous as his Brownies. His aim has been to give children clean, wholesome fun, not such as is found in the so-called funny page of many of the ordinary newspapers.

REPORT comes from Germany that the town of Mitlenwalde, whose inhabitants are renowned all over the world as makers of violins, is suffering greatly from the war. In times of peace fully four fifths of the output of instruments went to the United States, but the difficulties of export nowadays have almost entirely cut off this trade. Nevertheless, the violin makers continue to produce the instruments, and store them away in expectation of better days.

MR. FRANK FITHEN is an armless motorist who has spent three years touring the country. When he completes the trip he is now planning, he will have entered every State in the Union, having driven his own six-cylinder car 85,000 miles. Mr. Fithen lost his arms in an accident at nine years of age. He can dress and undress himself. He writes with little difficulty by holding the pen between his teeth. He can swim, ride a bicycle, and perform feats of fancy riding and balancing on the single wheel.

DR. T. KENNARD THOMSON, consulting engineer, claims that he can reclaim fifty square miles of land from New York Bay, and add one hundred miles of new water front for docks. His project fills in the East River, opens up a new East River, a new Harlem River, fills in a part of Sandy Hook Bay, and extends Manhattan Island, together with other additions made to Staten Island. Dr. Thomson's complete project, he says, would cost as much as the Panama Canal; but it would enable New York to sustain easily a population of 25,000,000.

THE success of the Germans in the field, and their still more remarkable success in maintaining the nation when all commerce was cut off, are due to the organization of industry under scientific direction. At the outbreak of the war, Dr. Walther Rathenau, the head of the General Electric Company, was called upon by the minister of war to take charge of the manufacture of war material. His greatest achievement is the development of the process of making nitric acid from the nitrogen and oxygen of the air by means of the electric spark. This provides the nitrates necessary for ammunition and agriculture, and frees Germany, probably permanently, from her previous dependence upon the British nitrate beds of Chile.

Greece Today

GREECE is not at war, but she is as firmly on a war footing as is France or Italy. A man out of uniform is conspicuous, and all day regiments pass through the streets carrying the campaign kit and followed by the medical corps, the mountain batteries, and the transport wagons.

When the army of a country is mobilized, it is hard to understand that that country is neutral. You expect to see evidences of her partisanship for one cause or the other. But in Athens, from a shop window point of view, both the Allies and the Germans are equally supported. There are just as many pictures of the German generals as of Joffre, as many post cards of the German emperor as of King George and King Albert. After Paris, it is something of a surprise to see German books, portraits of German statesmen, composers, and musicians. In one shop window conspicuously featured, evidently with intent, is an engraving showing Napoleon III surrendering to Bismarck. In the principal bookstore, books in German on German victories, and English and French pamphlets on German atrocities, stand shoulder to shoulder. The choice is with you.

Meanwhile, on every hand are the signs of a nation on the brink of war; of armies of men withdrawn from trades, professions, homes; of men marching and drilling in squads, companies, brigades. At times the columns are so long that they are an hour in passing the windows of the hotel. All these fighting men must be fed, clothed, paid; and while they are waiting to fight, whether they are goatherds or piano tuners or shopkeepers, their business is going to ruin.—*The New York Times*.

Guardian Angels

"CAN it be, now tell me, mother,
That when I'm at table eating,
In the back yard running, playing,
At my school examples working,
Or some kindly errands running;
When I'm at the brook a-fishing,
In the field with Fido roving;
Or at night, when I am lying
Sound asleep, or sweetly dreaming,—
Maybe of some funny story,
Like that told by Cousin Mary,—
Where'er I may be, no matter,
That there is some one quite near me,
Whom no human eye can e'er see,—
One who notes my every action,
And whose presence means protection?"

"Yes, my child, our loving Father
Sends an angel down from heaven
To attend the life he's given.
Ever with you, ever watchful,
All your joys and sorrows sharing,
Always loving, always caring,
Is your faithful guardian angel."

C. C. ROBERTS.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 15, 1916

No. 7

Sing!

B. F. M. SOURS

CHEERILY, joyously singing away,
Hear the bird chorus at break of the day,
List the sweet notes from the broad fields of corn,
Where the gay oriole sings through the morn.

Sing of your gladness, O robins and wrens!
Sing in the forests, and meadows, and glens;
Bluebirds and catbirds, at rest and awing,
Fill the far echoes with joy while you sing.

Hark! must I listen, while all these are glad,
And my poor spirit be lonely and sad?
"Hope thou in God!" 'Tis the word of his love,
Pointing my spirit to raptures above.

Oh, when his sunlight illumines the dawn,
Doubtings and dreamings and darkness are gone!
Oh, when his love fills my spirit with words,
How my heart answers in song like the birds!

On the Boundless Deep—No. 1

MRS. C. M. SNOW

THE steamship "Sierra" left Pier 21, San Francisco harbor, Dec. 7, 1915, at a few minutes after two o'clock in the afternoon. Years before we had watched the departure of many a ship, as we bade good-by to friends who were starting for Africa, Australia, or other foreign countries. But this time there was a difference. As the ship sailed out, the friends were on shore and we on deck. Among the group were relatives who never before seemed quite so dear, and friends of our youth.

The steward of the "Sierra" handed to the passengers rolls of confetti, to toss to those they were leaving, while they retained one end of the roll. These varicolored streamers made the scene look quite effective, but they were, oh, so frail! The thought came, Is this frailty symbolic? and I quickly passed my handful of streamers to the one at my side, and turned away for a moment. (Sometimes the salt sea spray dashes into one's eyes.)

The gay ribbons parted as off we sailed, but caps waved and handkerchiefs fluttered until the mass of people became a speck, and vanished. But on we went, past Ft. Mason, Ft. Point, Lime Point, out of the Golden Gate, and into the swelling sea. Soon our pilot went down over the side of the ship into his little boat, and the shore gradually faded from view. Finally, when the mountain peaks had also faded, we began to make out the dim figures of the Farallone Islands. We counted what seemed to be eight islands, but may have been distant peaks of one only, rock-ribbed and uninviting in appearance. Yet nestled below the tall peak on which stands the lighthouse is quite a little village.

One hasty visit was made to our stateroom, to prepare for an emergency hospital in case of necessity, and better to prepare ourselves for a quick dash there if needed. Arriving there, we found some very pleasant surprises. A box nearly five feet long contained a most wonderful bouquet of ferns and white and golden Japanese chrysanthemums as large as bowls. Yes, our name was on the box, and also the number of our stateroom. Another package revealed the latest number of eleven of the most popular magazines, such as *Literary Digest*, *World's Work*, *Ladies' Home Journal*. There were other bundles and boxes, and a big bunch of letters and cards, over half a hundred, which we did not examine until later.

Literature and letters are good forget-me-nots on a voyage. The recipient carries them about, enjoys their

silent companionship, thinks of the giver, and takes a peep now and then, long before he's steady or ready to devour and digest mentally or physically. These were such substantial evidences of friendship and love that they overbalanced the paper-ribbon idea. Some friends are surely large-hearted, true, and dependable.

While the other passengers went to supper, I remained on deck. The dining room had no attraction for me, although I had eaten no dinner and little breakfast. Ere the sun was lost to view, we were favored with the most beautiful omen—the bow of promise stretched across our pathway.

The hundreds of sea gulls that followed us all the afternoon and evening, swooped down with avidity on the remnants of supper that were thrown into the great garbage can that never needs emptying.

As darkness settled over all, and we felt the mighty toss and boom of the restless water, the mad plunges of the ship, we were comforted by the thought that we were guarded by the heavenly Pilot. Trusting in his love and care, which are vaster, deeper, than the boundless ocean, we slept.

That night we struck a heavy southwest blow. The waves were very high. The ship plowed her nose into them continually, taking on tons of water which ran along the deck and into the portholes, which the night watchman had forgotten to close.

Our room was flooded with bucketfuls of water; but we didn't care much—not then. Such heavy waves dashed over the ship that water went through the skylight into the dining room and made a watery waste of it. We heard one of the workmen say in a high-keyed voice, made falsetto for the occasion, "Is this ship traveling upside down, or what?"

Twice they had to stop the ship. We did not then know why, but learned that once it was to enable the watchman to close the outer portholes on the front of the ship. The other time the ship was stopped to let it get a more even keel. It was tipping sidewise so that the propellers were out of water and revolving so rapidly that they were in danger of being lost.

Our little daughter's berth was drenched. When her father rang for dry bedding, they said: "When we can. The whole ship is like this." So I changed places with her. When the dry bedding came, it was too late to be of use.

There were none of the usual morning greetings in our room. Ordinarily our hands could clasp across it,

but now the distance was impassable. Not even a smile passed between my daughter and me. She had not been well for some time, and it was one of the sorriest sights of my life to see her poor dear eyes almost strained from their sockets as she retched and wrenched. Her words, "If only the toss and roll — and nausea — would stop for a minute," expressed our unspoken thought. But old Neptune ceased not to rock our cradle most vehemently and claw at the pit of our stomachs.

However, we did not feel such lonely despair as the boy who said, or who is said to have said: "Nobody loves me, nobody cares. I'm going out into the garden and eat worms." Too many seemed to care, for it was an exertion to say, "Nothing, thank you," so frequently. Even the stewardess was sick, but we were waited on by a kind, solicitous young man. If at this time we had any desire, it was to exchange the stuffy, fetid atmosphere of our close room for the pure breezes on deck. But we had no magic carpet to take us there, no wand to wave and find ourselves dressed. Besides, the deck was a foot or more under water. The next morning in some way we got there, however, and knowing when we were well off, remained very quietly in our steamer chairs until a late bedtime. On deck we found another link, much stronger than paper, in friendship's chain, a fine, substantial reclining chair, with a card attached on which was our name. This was so much more comfortable, steady, and dependable than our frailer ones, that our hearts warmed to the kind donor.

For two days the weather was extremely rough, with west and southwest seas, making it necessary for the commander of the ship, Capt. J. J. Koughan, to slow down the "Sierra" to half her normal speed, which is seventeen knots.

During all this stormy time, we felt beneath us the everlasting arms, and never before did the promises in the Bible seem so precious and so abundant. We learned, too, the value of memorizing the Scriptures. The words of the thunderstorm psalm repeated themselves in our memory:—

"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters:
The God of glory thundereth:
The Lord is upon many waters.
The voice of the Lord is powerful;
The voice of the Lord is full of majesty. . . .
The Lord sitteth upon the flood;
Yea, the Lord sitteth king forever.
The Lord will give strength unto his people;
The Lord will bless his people with peace."

Psalm 91 also was comforting: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day. . . . He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

We realized that we were utterly helpless without him, but that we must trust entirely to his care, and felt in even the most trying moment that we would rather be with Jesus on the water than without him on the land.

Twilight

THE tasks of the day are ended,
And a few great stars gleam bright;
The birds have sung their vespers,
And I feel the hush of night.
The whole wide world seems quiet,
Swinging through shadows deep,
Like a mighty cradle rocking
The sons of men to sleep.

Through the heart of the dancing twilight
Creep the cares and joys of the day,
And out from the glowing embers
Peer faces that fade away;
And the evening's peace comes o'er me
As the shadows are folded low
Over the old earth-cradle
That swingeth to and fro.

O fair is the rosy dawning,
And bright is the noonday sun!
But give me the dusky twilight,
When the day is almost done.
Then sing me a song of the homeland
As the coverlet of night
Shines out with a thousand jewels,
And the pain of day takes flight.

MAY COLE KUHN.

A New Testament Printed in a Cellar

A STRANGE place indeed in which to print a New Testament! But "necessity is the mother of invention;" and if the Word of God cannot be printed in any other place, by all means let it be printed in a cellar.

Spain, until the last century, perhaps, has been in bondage; and any one who read the Bible, sold the Bible, or listened to the Bible was exposed to great danger. In spite of this, many Spaniards longed to read the Word of God in their mother tongue; and as it was almost impossible to get Bibles or Testaments into the country, it was resolved to try to print the New Testament in some nook or corner of the land where it might be done without observation.

"In the course of time a Christian brother was found who could print, a place was selected for the work, an old miserable press and some type were bought, and an edition of the New Testament was begun, by lamplight, in a cellar, amidst much anxiety and many prayers. The machine was so bad and the type so insufficient, that the work which can usually be done in two hours took eleven or twelve days for its accomplishment."

The work was so very long and tedious that it exhausted the strength of the poor printer, and the dampness of the cellar, together with the constant exertion, brought on a severe illness. When the edition was nearly completed, the poor man's life was in so much danger that all his Protestant friends urged him to leave the task for another to finish. But this noble Christian refused to do so, saying, "If these three thousand Testaments cause my death, I shall die with the joyful consciousness of having provided the bread of life for three thousand souls."

After eight months of incessant labor, the task was completed. This was in 1865. One of his sons, quite a small boy, used to help in the work, and for a long time his little hands bore marks of pressure from the hard and unaccustomed exertion.

The whole matter was very nearly discovered, owing to an accident, before the printing was finished. One day, during the absence of the printer, one of his children, who was carelessly playing with matches, set fire to some paper near the press. The flames spread, and the police and firemen would soon have been there, but in God's providence the printer re-

turned unexpectedly, just in time to extinguish the fire.

A copy of this New Testament was presented to the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society, where it may be seen. The lady who gave it said in her letter, "We may hope that this will be the last New Testament which will ever have to be printed in a cellar in Spain." It probably was the last. A change came over Spain, and the above-mentioned society has printed openly, in Madrid, both Bibles and New Testaments. Those who are seeking the true light in old Spain may obtain God's Book today, not, however, through the assistance of the priests. Old Spain is still enshrouded with the papal cloud of superstition and intolerance that has kept the people in the darkness of ignorance for centuries. But God has set his hand to the finishing of his work in the earth, and no power can keep his blessed Spirit from working on hearts that cry after him. Let us pray that God's servants in that land may be kept strong and valiant for their work of witnessing.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Learning to Study the Bible

MANY a reader of the Bible confesses with some discouragement that, to him, the book has not the interest and the helpfulness that others say they find in it. What can be done for such a one? Such an inquiry as the following, for example, represents a very common experience:—

"There is so much said these days about Bible study. I have been told, 'The Spirit uses the Word as his

special instrument as a means of grace.' The Bible is God's word. He must have a message for me individually. Again and again I have sought for that message, only to find the Bible a sealed book, the key to which I am unable to find. —'s Outline Studies were advised, and the course taken, but they did not answer the purpose.

"Can you help me to a way of study? I want especially to learn to hear and know God's voice speaking to me, and the message he brings, so that I may grow more like him whom to know is to love, that my will may be his will, and my service more gladly rendered."

To learn how to study the Bible is one of the costliest things that any one can attempt. But it is within the reach of every one who will attempt it in entire readiness to pay the whole cost; and every one who will can do this.

The first price we must pay is nothing less than ourselves; the complete surrender of self and all that we have unto God's will. Many a Christian, who has honestly repented of sin and accepted Christ as his Saviour, nevertheless has not surrendered the entire life—body, mind, soul, and spirit, every interest, desire, purpose, and aspiration—unto God in Christ, making Christ the Master of the whole present life as well as Saviour for the life to come. But until this is done we cannot even know God's will for us in its completeness, nor can the Holy Spirit give us the full and satisfying message of God's Word.

Obedience to every known detail of God's will for us is another essential. Not sinless perfection is meant by this; but the honest, complete, and habitual purpose to do God's will in everything so far as we know

it at present. A single conscious and habitual departure from God's will, in omission or commission, can seal up the springs of our spiritual life, block the Holy Spirit, and make our Bible study almost meaningless.

Prayer as an invariable preliminary to and accompaniment of our Bible study cannot safely be disregarded. The Bible is God's word, and its real message is wholly beyond the mere intellect of man. He who supposes that he can understand it without the direct and superhuman aid and action of the Holy Spirit, is effectively insuring himself against receiving the full message that God would give him from its pages. Let us recognize this; and let us recognize that prayer for the Holy Spirit's

interpretation of what we are about to read in the Bible, whenever we turn to it, is not merely a helpful accompaniment of Bible study, but an absolute essential to the fulness of its blessings.

The principle of complete obedience to God's will as a life habit comes directly and vitally into play as part of our Bible study. *We must obey what we find in the Bible.* This practice alone has made an utterly new thing of Bible study to some: to read in the Bible until coming to some sentence or suggestion that has a practical application to one's own life; then to close the book and ask God to enable us to obey him in that thing; and then to *go and do it*. The new messages of the Bible to us multiply as we obey those that we find there.

Habit and system are also vital to the Bible study that blesses the life. No normal day is complete without its time specially set apart for Bible study for per-

WHO AM I?¹

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

I steal in the United States alone over \$300,000,000 each year.

I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners a year.

I lurk in unseen places, and I do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless.

I am everywhere—in the house, on the streets, in the factory, at railroad crossings, on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation, and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush, or maim; I give nothing, but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

I AM CARELESSNESS.

¹A poster which the Wells-Fargo people have had printed and distributed to thousands of their employees.

sonal nourishment. This cannot be done in five minutes; and it cannot be done with much blessing at a fag end of the day, or when our strength has been pretty well used up by other things. In other words, the "morning watch" plan, giving at least half an hour at the beginning of the day, preferably before breakfast, to Bible study and prayer, has proved by experience to be one of the most richly blessed of practices in the lives of thousands. The best that God can offer us—himself in direct communion through prayer and his Word—is surely entitled to the best part of our day and the best of our strength and attention. With most of us, that best is in the early morning.

Bible study on this basis is costly, is it not? But is there anything here that is beyond the reach of any one, or that one can safely call unnecessary? If we disregard any of these principles, and our Bible study is barren, why should we be surprised? Oh, let us realize what an infinitely priceless book this is, what infinite pain, and cost, and power have gone into its making, both from God and from man; and then let us cease to wonder that its study should be costly and difficult, rather rejoicing in every demand that it makes upon us, and learning for ourselves how slight, after all, is the highest price we may pay in contrast with the inexhaustible riches that the Father will pour into our lives from the life-giving pages of his Word.—*Copyright, 1911, by the Sunday School Times Company.*

The Philippine Islands and Their People

THE Philippine Islands lie about six hundred and fifty miles from the coast of China, with the China Sea washing their shores on the west and the Pacific Ocean dashing against their eastern shores. The distance from San Francisco to Manila, the capital of the islands, is a little more than seven thousand miles.

About three thousand islands comprise the group, having an area of little less than one hundred and fifteen thousand square miles, equal to the combined area of the six New England States and New York. Only 342 of these islands are inhabited.

Luzon, Mindanao, Samar, Negros, Panay, Mindoro, Leyte, and Cebu are the principal islands of this group. The first two named are nearly as large as all the rest of the group combined.

The chief products are hemp, sugar, rice, coffee, and tobacco. Many tropical fruits, as bananas, oranges, and pineapples, are grown in abundance. Mahogany, cedar, ebony, and bamboo trees grow in the islands. It is not unusual to see the foundation pillars of a native house built of solid mahogany or some other expensive wood.

The policy adopted under Spanish domination held in check all progress in the islands, and their resources were therefore not well developed. American enterprise will soon make the land yield a great increase in production.

The Climate

The climate is a continual summer, the thermometer ranging between 60° and 100° F. According to Nelson's Encyclopedia the highest temperature ever recorded in Manila was 100° F. There are three seasons in the year, the first cool and dry, lasting from November to March; the second hot, but still dry until June, when the wet season begins, and lasts until November. During the rainy season the weather is disagreeable; rain falls daily, and the intense dampness causes bedding, clothing, and even woodwork to mold.

The People

The islands are inhabited by several races of people. The Negritos (little Negroes) live in the forests, and are no doubt descendants of the original inhabitants. There are about thirty thousand of them. They are timid, and remind one of rabbits, as they scurry away at the approach of a stranger. It is seldom that groups of them can be found together. They live largely on game, and the flesh of the monkey, of which they are very fond. This they obtain by the skilful use of bow and arrow. Since the beginning of the centuries of Spanish rule, this people has changed the least of any race, not having amalgamated with any other people. They have never been conquered; yet if unmolested, they are peaceable. They caused the United States army very little trouble during the insurrection. They are savages of the primitive sort, building no houses, and finding their sleeping places by the roots of large trees.

The Igorrotes inhabit the mountains of northern Luzon. There are several tribes of them, each tribe having its own dialect. I spent about one year among them, and became quite familiar with their customs. They are known as "head-hunters." In one year nearly one hundred Christianized Filipinos lost their

heads at the hands of these savages. Their dress consists of a breechcloth only. I was never able to learn their religious belief, but on several occasions, about sunrise, I saw them down along the bank of a stream, gesticulating toward the sun. I surmised from this that they worship the sun. G. Waldo Brown, in his book, "The Pearl of the Orient," says: "They [the Igorrotes] are pagans of a fanatical type, but conceal their gods and graven idols



A TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSE IN THE PHILIPPINES

in the caverns of the mountains."

The Roman Catholic priests told me it was impossible to reach them with Christianity. This may be true, as far as Catholicism is concerned, but the Word of God teaches that every nation, tongue, and people shall hear the everlasting gospel, and the Igorrotes must be included in this prophecy.

The Tagalogs, who also live on the island of Luzon, especially around Manila, are of medium height, are copper-colored, and have pleasant features, black eyes, delicate hands and feet, and coarse black hair. They are the most civilized and hospitable of all the Filipinos. They are very intelligent and quick to learn.

Our workers in the Philippines have found this to be true, and the Tagalogs are proving a great help in spreading the third angel's message.

Altogether there are between thirty and forty dialects spoken. When I was there, Spanish was the



BAPTISMAL GROUP AT MANILA

official language, but no doubt English is taking the place of Spanish with the younger generation.

The average Filipino is a matter-of-fact person. He must always know the *why* of everything. He is sensitive, but courageous. He will wait indefinitely to avenge a wrong. The Filipinos are fond of music, every town having its band composed of from half a dozen to a dozen pieces. I believe they play mostly by ear, as I do not recall ever having seen music while they were playing. They are imitative. To illustrate: When the United States soldiers landed in the islands, a song entitled, "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," was very popular, and our regimental band often played it. Imagine our amusement to see a funeral procession going to the cemetery to the tune of "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Their Needs

Owing to the treatment they have received from the Spanish officials and the insincerity of the officials of the religion administered to them by the Roman Catholic Church, the Filipinos themselves have become insincere. What they need is the real gospel of Jesus Christ and a friendly hand placed upon their shoulder, and to be called "my brother," instead of being threatened with purgatory or other relics of the Inquisition. The public school system conducted by the United States government has done much to uplift these people.

The majority of the Filipinos have no respect for the Roman Catholic religion. The following excerpts from Dr. A. J. Brown's book, "The New Era in the Philippines," illustrate this fact:—

"Wherever I went, the testimony of those familiar with the facts was that beyond a comparatively small number, 'chiefly women and old people,' the attendance on Roman Catholic churches is largely confined to those who come not from 'profound attachment for their church,' but from superstitious fear that the priests would otherwise keep them out of Paradise. High Filipino officials seldom attend. A president whom I met, laughed at a priest who furiously threatened him with excommunication because he would not contribute any more funds to the church. In another town that I visited, the priest ordered the president to

prevent the Protestant missionaries from preaching in the market place. When the president not only declined to prevent them but actually encouraged them, the angry priest tried to bring him to terms by refusing to allow his dead parent to be buried in the cemetery, whereupon the president compelled the ecclesiastic to officiate under an armed guard. Both these priests were Filipinos, so that no anti-Spanish feeling was involved."

"The Rev. Frederick Jansen, of Cebú, received a message from a town on the island of Leyte, which had never been visited by a Protestant missionary, urging him to send a Protestant preacher, the messengers saying, 'Romanism hardly dare lift her head there, and the priests do not venture out after six o'clock in the evening. But the people, who have thrown off Romanism, are reading the Bible and asking for Protestant missionaries.' The justice of the peace and his friend begged for immediate help, saying, 'We are not priest-ridden in Leyte. Do come, and you will see great and immediate results here.'"

From the reports received from our workers in the Philippines, we learn that hundreds of the natives are accepting the third angel's message and are proving most loyal. They will be sincere when they realize that the gospel we are preaching to them is not a sham, but is the revelation of the love of God to the human family, telling of Christ's soon coming to gather his people to the heavenly home, where sin and suffering will no longer be known.

On Sabbath, March 25, opportunity will be given us to help this needy field in a material way.

Let us plan to sacrifice and give to our utmost, that the work in these islands may be forwarded, and that

many other tribes may hear the glad news of the gospel during this year.

EDWARD QUINN, JR.



FIRST S. D. A. CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES

A New Oil Nut

A NEW oil nut has been accidentally discovered in the Philippine Islands. A shipment of twenty-five bags of what the shipper believed to be lumbang nuts was received recently in Manila from Catanduanes, but it was soon discovered they were something else. A botanist studied the nut and classified it as of the family to which santol belongs. The oil is found to be satisfactory in the manu-

facture of soap. Natives of the Philippines call the nut by several names—balucanag, cato, dudoa.

The investigator of the nut says that upward of thirty years ago the oil from this nut was generally used for illuminating purposes in the Philippines, but that petroleum gradually displaced it until the present generation forgot all about the uses of this nut oil.



A Fire that Burned Four Months

DURING a violent summer thunderstorm a bolt of lightning struck the oil-soaked ground near the Potrero del Llano No. 4 oil well near Tampico, Mexico, the greatest oil well in the world. For more than four months, the resulting conflagration resisted all efforts to subdue it. The flames, covering an area of more than a city block, swept over the mouth of the great well, but thanks to the concrete cap covering the orifice, the main body of oil did not ignite.

Upon the first outbreak of the flames, it was thought that the main well was doomed, as well as a great lake of oil near by, containing nearly two million barrels. Twenty-five hundred men were summoned to the work of fighting the flames, and apparatus which had been successfully used at other fires of the same nature was brought to the spot. This great force of workmen labored ceaselessly day and night until the fire was conquered, four and one-half months later.

The first precaution against the spread of the flames was the erection of a retaining wall of sand and dirt which completely encircled the burning area. The earth itself seemed ablaze, for the oil continued to seep through the soaked ground and furnished new fuel for the flames. The fire mounted hundreds of feet into the air, and at night a red canopy covered the sky, visible for many miles. Thousands of spectators watched the work.

A great battery of steam boilers arrived at the spot, and pipes were led to the fire. The laborers worked under continuous streams of water from fire hose, for the heat was so great that without soaking themselves in water, their clothing would have burst into flames. Those playing the streams upon the workers had to direct the hose while crouching behind shields to protect themselves from the heat.

Weeks lengthened into months, and still the fire burned fiercely. Much to the surprise of experts, the great well, although in the center of the conflagration, did not add its huge flow of oil to the blaze. One of the most remarkable features of the fire was the fact that during the time the fire was burning, the managers were able to draw twenty-five thousand barrels of oil daily from the well through the main flow line from the gate valve, which was well protected by concrete.

After attempting nearly every known method of subduing the flames, the engineers in charge set the laborers at work gradually pushing the retaining walls in toward the center of the blaze. Because of the intense heat this was done under the greatest difficulty. The circumference of the wall was gradually lessened, thus slowly reducing the area of the blaze.

Pipes were led to the bottom of the blazing area, and oil was drawn as fast as possible from the seepage. As it was not fit for commercial use, this was pumped to a safe spot nearly five miles distant from the blaze proper, and then burned, making in itself a huge conflagration.

Finally the sand walls had been pushed in so far that the blaze was confined to a relatively small area, and everything was made ready for a last effort, greater than all previous attempts. Tons of chemicals were piled near the scene, and thousands of feet of extra steam pipes were laid from the boilers and pumps. In the first days of the new year, the attempt was made. Chemicals were heaped into the fire area, and boilers and pumps poured a deluge of water and steam upon the stubborn flames. For hours this frenzied work continued, the result trembling in the balance. At last the ingenuity of man conquered the stubborn forces of nature, and the fire was out.

It seemed almost hopeless to attempt to calculate the damage done by that bolt of lightning. The estimated production of the great well was one hundred and fifty thousand barrels of high-grade oil a day, yet for more than four months but twenty-five thousand barrels a day were drawn. Thousands of dollars were expended upon equipment for the fire fighters, and other thousands went for chemicals which were fed to the flames.

The fire was watched with great interest by the oil trade of the world, who recalled another record-breaking fire which occurred several years ago not far from the Potrero del Llano conflagration. The Dos Bocas gusher, one of the largest in the world at that time, caught fire before being capped. For nearly a year the fire raged, and subsided only when it had consumed all the oil in the fertile pocket which it had tapped. At the present time it produces only salt water and gas.—*A. G. Fasbinder, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Mr. A. A. MacFarlane has invented a device for telephoning from a moving train. He claims that a moving train can be in communication with any telephone in the country.

Above all nations is humanity — *Plato.*



ONE OF THE GREATEST OIL-WELL FIRES EVER SEEN

Mission Memories from Malaysia

JAVA, you know, is the most densely populated island in the world, thirty-five millions of people being packed into forty-nine thousand square miles," says Sister P. Tunheim, one of the first to take up work in that island. "Think of it! In the low-lying plains and the large cities the people throng like ants in an ant hill. The heart of the missionary is deeply stirred as he watches such scenes day after day.

"I was among the first missionaries who landed in Java, arriving Nov. 19, 1906. There was then only one Sabbath keeper on the island, but now we have sixty or seventy rejoicing in the precious truth.

"Our first task was to begin studying the languages. This, you will admit, was no small one, as we have five leading languages in Java,—Dutch, Malay, Javanese, Mandoerese, and Soendanese. We have been able to learn only the first three. The others have peculiar written characters, which are difficult to learn to read, and also they each have two distinct dialects. When the natives speak to us, they must speak in the 'high,' so as to show honor; and we in return speak to them in the 'low.'

"After some time we made the acquaintance of a Seventh-day Baptist lady who had a colony for the poor Javanese. She was very anxious that we should take over her colony and run it just as we saw fit. We finally did so, thinking that perhaps some of those who were there might accept the message; but after spending nearly three years at that place, greatly to the impairment of Sister Wood's health and my own, we did not get any to accept the truth. Thus we put in our first five years in Java without seeing much result, though we learned the languages, and obtained many valuable experiences that have been very useful since then.

"Nearly four years ago we started our work in the large cities. Brother and Sister Wood were located in East Java at Surabaya, and I in West Java at Batavia. Brother R. W. Munson had just started the work in Batavia, and a few had accepted the message, when he had to leave on account of his wife's health. I have been working alone there since, for three and one-half years, and we now have a church of forty members. Most of these are earnest and faithful in paying tithe and offerings.

"We have learned that the best way to get the truth before the people is by going out among them with tracts and books, and holding meetings and Bible readings. We have tried a colony, as mentioned above, taught quite a large school, helped the poor and the sick, and provided land and work for those who could work. All this is a good work, we realize, a preparatory work, and helps to open the door for the message; but then comes the entering of the door, the test, the keeping of all the commandments, which means

more to these people than the plate of rice they have been getting.

Hearing the Gospel

"Our experiences are varied. One morning I went out visiting with Sister Kwie Nio, our Chinese Bible worker. The first house we went to was the home of a Chinese family. Chairs are luxuries in many of these homes, so we frequently find ourselves seated on a wide wooden or bamboo bench. Soon the lady of the house is seated beside us. Instead of resting her feet on the floor, as we do, she crosses them on the top of the bench in a comfortable position. After that, she pulls her betel box close to her, and from its respective compartments she takes a little tobacco, betel nut, lime, and gambier (tannin). These she rolls in a betel pepper leaf, which she puts into her mouth to make one generous chew. When this is thoroughly mixed in the mouth with a free flow of saliva, which becomes as red as blood, she pulls a large spittoon close to her, so that she can expectorate freely every two or three minutes.

By this time she is in good humor to listen to the gospel. While she turns and moves the big chew from one side of her mouth to the other and frequently rubs her black teeth, she asks many questions on the different Bible subjects that we have presented. It sometimes seems strange to be in such an atmosphere; for beside us also is a large altar, where are many images which are worshiped instead of the living God. I cannot express in words the joy it gives us when we go to some of these homes after some weeks or months of study, and find the altar gone, the black mouths of



SOME OF OUR TRACT DISTRIBUTORS IN JAVA

the women clean, and the true altar of worship established.

Calls for Help

"A short time ago three of our sisters went to the southern part of Sumatra to sell tracts and take subscriptions. They had very good success, and found one of their relatives who had heard the truth in Java and had worked against it, but the Spirit of God had since worked upon his heart and made it tender and teachable. He has fully decided to obey all the commandments, and has written a very pleading letter for me to come and teach him and several others who are anxious to hear more about the message.

"A man who is working in the Resident's office in Mabon, recently received one of our tracts with our mission address on it. He then wrote to us, ordering a whole case of books, which we sent to him. These have been sold by him and by others to whom he has sent them in different adjacent islands. He has ordered many more tracts and books since, amounting to another case in all.

"There is a man in Timor who has sold more than twenty dollars' worth of books and tracts, and has paid for them. A man from a near-by island has

written me that he has read some of these tracts and books, and feels convinced that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and wants to keep it. Thus we see the way is opening up faster than we can follow."

What It Means to Keep the Sabbath

Brother F. A. Detamore, in charge of this great field, often meets cases in which to accept this truth brings severe financial embarrassment. He says:—

"One brother in Singapore gets eight or ten dollars a month. With this he must pay three dollars for rent, buy food for his wife and three children, and give them a scanty covering of clothes. His wife is a Roman Catholic, and scolds because he stops work on the Sabbath, when he could be working and making more money; but he brings his children to the Sabbath school regularly, and pays his tithe month by month. This is but a sample of the situation of many. Should all our people at home make as great sacrifices for the Lord, there would soon be men and means to finish the work.

"It is enough to move a heart of stone to hear some of them tell how they have to sacrifice to keep the Sabbath. One brother said, 'I can go without food, but when the children cry for food, it is hard.' God has blessed this brother, and now he is doing well financially; but for months he could scarcely get enough to keep himself and family alive. Do you not think that such persons love the Lord? I fancy their stars will be among the brightest that adorn our Saviour's crown in glory."

His Heart Touched

Our mission station in Sumatra is at Padang, the chief city on the west coast. The work was begun there nearly eleven years ago by Elder R. W. Munson and his family, who were there for about six years. A day school conducted in this field has a good attendance. Brother B. Judge, of this station, writes the following incident:—

"I have in mind one young man who was so bad that his parents, having exhausted all other plans for reformation, tried to bring him under the influence of Christianity, thinking there might be something in it that would restrain their son. However, they only wanted him to become a good young man; they did not want him to become a Christian and cast off his parents' religion. Just as long as his parents tried to bring him under Christian influence, he did not want anything to do with it. But one day, when they were no longer interested regarding the influence of Christianity upon him, God touched his heart, changed it, and today he is a worker for God. At times when he is at work among the people, they remind him of his past life; then springs forth his testimony, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'"

The Singapore Training School

In April, 1912, a church school was opened in Singapore, with an enrolment of twenty, Miss Isabel Fox being the teacher. By the end of the year the attendance of the school numbered twenty-five, and during the next two years it increased to thirty-four, the fluctuation in membership being caused chiefly by parents' moving away from the city. At the beginning of 1915 it became the training school for this mission, under the direction of Brother K. M. Adams. At the start, the attendance was thirty-six. Seven weeks later it was forty-eight. The tuition is \$1.75 a month for twelve months in the year.

On his return from the Shanghai general meeting in the spring of 1915, Brother Detamore found four Malay boys from Battakland in Singapore. They had come to be baptized and to go to school. They had sold their small farms, walked six days to get to a port, and then spent nearly all they had to come by boat to Singapore. "All we want is to know how to teach the Bible to our own people," they said.

Concerning the work done by this school, Brother Detamore says:—

"We are doing two grades of work beyond the common branches. This is about like our intermediate schools at home, and all the work is in English. Then we have the Chinese and Malay departments, besides a class for natives who are learning to speak and read English. There are about twenty-five in the home, and fifty resident students, and there will be a material increase the coming year. Those in the home are nearly all preparing for the work, and a number of others are doing the same; so we look forward with hope to the help we shall receive from the students now in training."

Baptism in Battakland

Again and again our hearts have been touched by the appeals that have come to us from this heathen province in the northern part of the island of Sumatra. Recently Brother John S. Yates visited Battakland, and baptized four believers. He says:—

"The work in that part of our field is singularly interesting. The government has not yet given us permission to establish a mission, hence we have no regular mission workers there. However, there are two young men, Brother Siregar (Battak) and Brother Shin (Chinese), who are teaching private schools. Both learned of the truth in Padang, and are now members of the Padang church. These brethren are spreading the message, and are entirely self-supporting. Opposers threaten them, and have succeeded in having Brother Siregar called a number of times before the government officials to answer for his faith. I talked to them about being persecuted, and they both said, 'We do not fear what man can do to us.'"

"Brother Siregar had a list of twenty candidates for baptism. While perhaps the majority of these were keeping the Sabbath and had given up some of their bad habits, on examination only four seemed ready to unite with us. We promised the others that they also might be baptized when they are fully ready for this ordinance.

"In one year the Battakland tithe has amounted to one hundred and seventy-two guilders, or over seventy dollars. This sounds good when we remember that the average wage is only about that much a year. One month Brother Siregar reported spending a little over six dollars on home missionary work."

A teacher for our Chinese department has been secured from the Missions Training School at Shanghai. This man, Lo Khi Kwong, does not stop working when the lessons are recited in the classroom, but goes with his students to hold Bible readings with the people. He also holds readings himself with those with whom he has become acquainted. In addition to all this he holds a meeting in Chinese every week at the church. This means that he has a sermon to prepare. The Malay teacher, Samuel Rantoeng, was born at Mendano, in the Celebes. He accepted the truth in Java. His wife has been a Sabbath keeper for several years, and they are both faithful workers.

Loyal Hearts in Borneo

Borneo is one of the recently entered islands of the Malaysian Mission field; but at the capital of British North Borneo, Sandakan, we already have a church of twenty-two members. Many in different parts of the island are anxious to hear about the second coming of Christ. From Sarawak comes an urgent call for help. Sarawak is one of the political divisions of Borneo, and has a population of about five hundred thousand, most of whom are Dyaks.

A young man in Sandakan, who had been connected for some time with a government hospital dispensary, became convinced that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord. "Shortly afterward he was promoted, and transferred to another place, with double his former salary. However, he was not satisfied to go on disregarding the Sabbath, and decided to resign, and return to Sandakan to learn what it meant to be a follower of Christ. The manager of the establishment told him that he was very foolish to give up such a position to join the Adventists. Another raise in salary was offered him, but he replied, 'I will not work in Babylon, even if I should get a hundred dollars.'"

Only a glimpse of the work in the Malaysian Mission can be given in one article; but we hope that as your eyes are lifted up to look toward this distant field, your hearts and your interests will be united with those of the workers and believers who, like the disciples of old, are leaving all to follow the Master.

A. B. E.

Temperance Branch of the Helping Hand League

READERS of the INSTRUCTOR will recall the request in the article, "League of the Helping Hand," in the Jan. 11, 1916, issue. We look forward with pleasure to reading the general experiences of our young people in helping others, but can we not enlarge this circle, and form a band of temperance workers who will engage in a definite work of fighting the forces of the liquor traffic, and give a helping hand to others who may be living amid surroundings which will draw them into this pit of destruction?

We believe the great majority of INSTRUCTOR readers are shielded from this great enemy, living in homes where Mr. Liquor is not invited or permitted to enter, with the consequent result that no one is hungry, or cold, or heartbroken because of his presence. What a difference in the surroundings of the home (shall we call it *home*?) where his presence is! It is not necessary to dwell on this feature; we are all too well acquainted with it. If not, let us read carefully the first article in our excellent TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTOR ANNUAL for 1916, also Elder G. B. Thompson's article on page 6, in which some insight into this phase of the question is given.

Such incidents as are here given could be multiplied by the thousands of cases even in this land. Surely such a condition calls for the strength and energy of every Christian young person, and a definite organized work along temperance lines. Every member in every Sabbath school, in every Young People's Society, in every church and every home, ought to connect with this department of the Helping Hand League, and work for the elimination of this evil which wrecks so many homes and destroys so many boys and girls.

The great question arises, "What shall we do, and how shall we begin?" If you are anxious to help and willing to join such a band, send us your name, address, and age, stating your desire to connect with the

Temperance Branch of the Helping Hand League, and we will enlist you as a member, and send you suggestions and material for your work. No membership fee will be required; all that is necessary is a willing heart and consecrated hands and feet, to "help others." Let us organize definitely for active service in the fight against the liquor traffic during 1916.

We recognize that "this evil is to be met more boldly in the future than it has been in the past," and that if we do this "hundreds will be won to Christ." Surely, then, in our soul-winning efforts our temperance work must be planned for very definitely.

Send your letters to YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Temperance Branch of the Helping Hand League, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Junior Story

IN every church there are things happening in some of the various lines of endeavor that would help others if passed on. A most inspiring little incident that illustrates this has just come in from one of our ministers. Two little girls, aged eleven and thirteen, when recently baptized, laid away their rings. A little later the minister told them of our missionary work and how the literature is bringing people into the truth. They became much interested, and wanted to do something; so they sold their rings and sent for 25 copies of the *Signs Magazine*. These they sold in a half day, and then ordered 50 for the next month. This wasn't enough, so for the third month they ordered 50 *Signs* and 50 TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTORS. Surely the example of these little missionaries newly in the truth should inspire any one who hears of it.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Why Preach the Gospel

God Wills It

God's
Only
Son
Preached and ministered on
Earth, and
Lives to minister in heaven.

Christ Wills It

Go and make disciples
Of all nations, baptizing them into the faith of the
Father, the
Son, and the Holy Spirit.
Proclaim the good news to
Every creature, He that believeth shall have
Life, and have it in greater fulness.

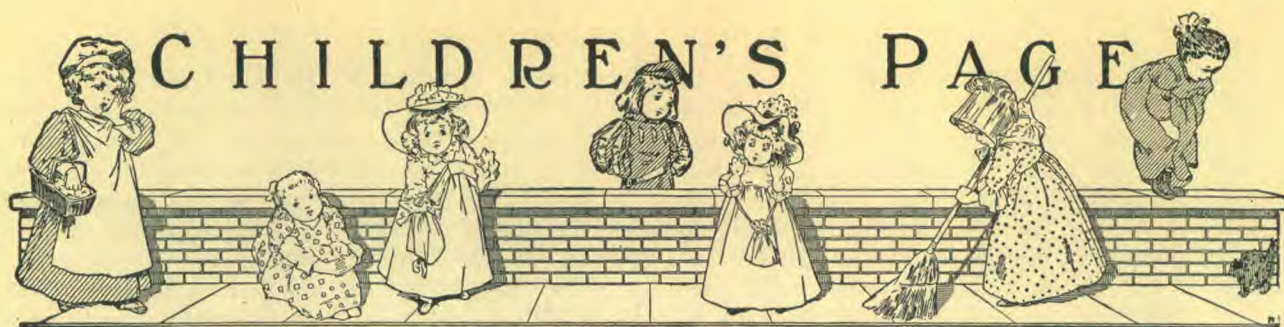
— Selected.

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 February 26

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 February.



Philip's Prayer

A True Incident

MRS. S. ROXANNA WINCE

TALL for his age (he was only five),
Reticent, thoughtful, sweet, and fair,
Healthy, playful, and much alive,
He sobered at bedtime to say his prayer.
Kneeling down at his mother's feet,
His flaxen head on her knee a-lean,—
"God help Philip to be a good boy,
And please, dear God, bless the threshing machine."

He finished, and opened his eyes again—
But why the smile on mother's face,
When most of the days were drear with rain,
And shocks of grain stood still in their place?
His father had said, "The wheat would spoil,
And the beautiful oats, and the long-strawed rye,
And nothing be left for weeks of toil,
While the starving people would faint and die,

"If the threshing machine should break or fail."
He had heard it all, and had understood
Our need to go, in the rain or hail,
Straight to the Giver of every good.
And the mother listened, and ceased to smile,
For the prayer was that of an older head;
There was need to pray as her child the while
In his innocent faith and trust was led.

Phebe as Student and Teacher

CORA FERRIS

BETH and Linna, with schoolbooks on knee, were having a cozy chat.

"I have learned such a helpful lesson lately," confided Beth; "one outside the classroom altogether. You know how difficult Phebe Ransome finds it to remember accurately? I believe the poor girl tries hard enough; but she is almost sure to make some slip whenever she is called upon to answer a question in class. At examination time her nervousness makes her worse, and I have seen her almost in tears because she had misstated something she felt certain she knew quite well."

"Yes," assented Linna; "so have I. Only the other day she lost ten marks because she wrote the answer to a question just the opposite of what it should have been. I'm sure in that instance it was sheer nervousness and nothing else, for the question was a very easy one; it almost answered itself."

"Yes. When Phebe first came to school, not many of the girls liked her. She hadn't an agreeable manner, she seemed a little inclined to be selfish, and she was not always up to time. As you know, students see these things as quickly as the teachers do, and adjust their relations accordingly."

"But I have noticed a great change in Phebe of late, and the expression of her face is growing sweeter. I've petted her a good deal, because the other girls appeared to avoid her, and I thought she must feel lonely at times, especially since she lives too far away from home to go there in vacation."

"And what do you think she said to me not long ago? We were talking about one of our examinations in rhetoric, and Phebe told me all about the mistake she had made in it. In most of her papers, she says, she makes just one blunder: sometimes a big one, sometimes a little one; but it's always sufficient to keep her from attaining to her standard—one hundred per cent."

"It is such an absurdly small error at times," she told me; 'but if there are only five questions, it means a big reduction. I don't feel so cross when I have two mistakes, which happens but rarely; but when I have only one, I think sadly of Browning's words,—

"O the little less, and how much it is!
And the little more, and how far away!"

"Phebe went on: 'Do you know, Beth, I was sitting thinking about the matter on the evening after we got our papers back, and feeling mournful over my habit of inaccuracy, when somehow that feeling suddenly vanished, and another one took its place. It occurred to me that there is not only one kind of examination,—that of the classroom,—but that we are taking other examinations all the time. We take daily examinations in manners, in punctuality, in consideration for the rights and feelings of others; and I was impressed forcibly that every one of these things is just as important as geography or grammar or history or mathematics.'"

"Pardon my interrupting you, Beth," said Linna, "but I'd like to mention something just here that I heard the other day. I happened to be in the room when some one was telling our physiology teacher about how difficult he found one of his studies. The teacher's reply I thought most helpful. He said we should not allow ourselves to think too much of the immediate results of our study—those of marks, etc.—as long as we did our best; but we should bear in mind the fact that what we do when we get away from school is the true test of our ability. We may secure a high percentage for our class work and in our examinations while at school, yet that of itself will not gain us people's respect if we make a failure of matters afterward. But if we make our after-lives worth while, there is no one who will cavil at us over the loss of a few marks that we couldn't help, during school days."

"But please go on with Phebe's story."

"Well," continued Beth, "Phebe's face fairly shone as she said that; and as there was quietness for a little while, I had time and opportunity to recollect that she had already begun to put this idea into practice. I thought of how much neater in dress she seemed to be now than formerly, and of how she had improved in her carriage as well. Then her hair was done so tastefully: not loose and floppy round her face, as she had been wearing it, nor tightly drawn back, like some of those who go to the other extreme; but it was arranged simply and becomingly. And what a difference the way we do our hair makes in our whole appearance!"

"But Phebe's dress and hair are not the only changes. Her roommate came in for a minute while I was there, and though a little inclined to be boisterous at times (a failing I believe she is trying to overcome), she shut the door after her softly when she came in and when she went out, just stopping to say over her shoulder when departing, 'Phebe taught me that—by her example.'"

"The dinner bell rang then, and as we arose to answer it, I noticed two more things about Phebe. Her finger nails were clean, and her boots were as shiny as good blacking and polishing could make them. Evidently she had remembered that old saying about cleanliness being next to godliness."

Linna laughed musically.

"Talking about bootblacking, Beth, for a year I sat across the aisle from a gentleman student in one of our colleges, and in all that time, so far as I was able to learn by careful observation, he never polished his boots, although he blacked them regularly each morning."

Beth laughed, too.

"Well, Phebe and I went down the stairs together, and when we came to the dining room door, she didn't push in ahead of the other girls, but just waited her turn quietly, and then walked in, saying, 'Pardon me,' to a girl who nearly collided with her in her haste to get inside."

"Well, I've been watching Phebe—though she doesn't know it—quite closely since our little talk, and I've seen a number of things that make me resolve to follow her example. She doesn't indulge in light, trifling conversation when in company, for one thing; for another, she has quite tabooed anything approaching slang. Her speech is daily growing in pleasantness, and I can see she is trying to cultivate the art of smiling sweetly and readily. It is an art, Linna, don't you think?"

"Then Phebe is now always in her place in the classroom among the earliest, and instead of sitting drumming her fingers on the desk or whispering, she opens her book at the lesson for the day and studies till class begins. Altogether, I think Phebe is attaining high marks—indeed, if I had the marking I'd give her the coveted hundred per cent—in those subjects that lie outside the range of our school fees."

And as Linna meditated during her silent period that evening, she determined to join Beth in the classes of which Phebe Ransome was the leader.

Why Marshall was "All Right"

"How do you like your new boy? I'm interested in him because he came from up my way."

Mr. Holcomb leaned comfortably back in his revolving office chair and gave his friend a genial smile.

"Marshall's all right," he said comprehensively, "just the sort of clerk I've been looking for."

"Other young fellow didn't fill the bill, did he?"

"Darrow? No, he did not suit *me*, at least. To tell the truth, his tales of former grandeur were a little disconcerting."

"Former grandeur?" laughed his friend.

"Yes, you might call it that. You know his family used to have a very snug income. His father was in the lumber business, but he met with reverses, and I took his boy, partly to help him out. They're old friends of my wife's family, you know."

"Yes, I remember. But how about the 'tales of former grandeur'?"

"Well, young Darrow never was able to forget or to cease lamenting the lowered family fortunes, nor would he permit me to forget them, either. I used to find it rather oppressive—his allusions to their better days. Oh, yes, he'd drop a hint merely, every now and then, but I discovered very soon that he was more apt to do it when his work for me brought him into contact with some special piece of drudgery or something that I suppose he would consider as bordering on the menial. He didn't want me to forget that coming to me was a step down from what he had been used to."

Mr. Gordon laughed appreciatively. "I see," he assented.

"It's been a treat to find a boy like Marshall, ready to do any job that comes to hand, whether it's in the usual day's work or not. And—ah!" He broke off abruptly, for the door was opening. A boy of eighteen, with clear, frank eyes and a mouth so pleasant in expression that it gave almost an effect of smiling even in repose, came in. He bowed courteously in reply to Mr. Gordon's word and smile of recognition, and then turned to his employer to report on the errand that had called him out of the office.

"He says he'll have the papers ready by half past five. We can't have them this afternoon, for Mr. Selvig won't get around to sign them before that."

"Half past five, eh? He'll send them over then?"

"No, sir, he hasn't anybody to send. I told him I'd be back after them."

"But you were to get off at five tonight, you remember—I told you that, to make up for last night."

"Oh, that's all right. I'm in no rush!" Marshall's pleasant smile showed a set of large, dazzling white teeth. He passed on to the next room, where he could be heard making his typewriter click at a rapid pace.

Mr. Holcomb stepped to the door a few minutes later. "When you've finished that letter you can slip along home to your lunch. Get in a little extra time that way."

"Thank you, but I don't need it. Might as well clear these up. Work's light today anyway."

Mr. Holcomb stepped back to his office and resumed his chat with his old friend. A few minutes later he nodded toward the window.

"See that?" he inquired.

"What is it?" Mr. Gordon's glance followed his.

"It's Marshall—sweeping off the steps and the sidewalk! The janitor's boy is sick today and didn't get around to do it. It's something I'd not think of asking him to do, but that's his way. You'd never catch Darrow turning his hand to a thing like that; he'd consider it menial—wouldn't accord with his former grandeur."

Mr. Gordon laughed. "Funny the different ways

that two boys will take the same change of fortune. You're lucky to have a fellow like Marshall."

"But *his* family, you know, haven't any lost fortune to look back to—that I ever heard of," Mr. Holcomb said to correct his friend. "Marshall's mother is a poor widow; they live down in that little cheap block of brick houses on Eleventh Street."

"Yes, but his father? Didn't you know anything about their history?" Mr. Gordon's voice had showed surprise. "Why, he was one of the victims in that bank wreck at Springfield, four years ago, I think it was. Lost half his property, and the other half went down when the panic came. He had a big wholesale stationery store up there. Fine man he was; I knew him pretty well. I remember when they lived in their brown-stone front on Highland Terrace."

"Queer I didn't know anything about it," Mr. Holcomb said musingly. "He came to me well recommended, of course, and I knew he needed the place, for they were poor. But nothing was ever said about their 'better days.' Darrow wouldn't have lost two minutes in telling me all about it, and making me feel he was condescending a good deal in coming into my office. But Marshall—well, you can see for yourself that Marshall is of a different stamp."

"Marshall's all right," said Mr. Gordon with emphasis.—*Bertha G. Woods, in Young People's Weekly.*

States that Will Vote on the Prohibition Question in 1916

| | |
|--------------------|----------|
| Vermont | March |
| South Dakota | November |
| California | November |
| Nebraska | November |
| Montana | November |
| Michigan | November |
| Idaho | November |
| Alaska | November |

The Nineteen Prohibition States

| | |
|----------------|---------------|
| Maine | West Virginia |
| Kansas | Virginia |
| Oklahoma | Washington |
| North Dakota | Oregon |
| North Carolina | Colorado |
| Georgia | Arizona |
| Mississippi | Iowa |
| Tennessee | Arkansas |
| Alabama | Idaho |

South Carolina



Standard of Living

(Texts for February 20-26)

THERE is only one standard of true living—only one; and that standard is "higher than the highest human thought can reach;" that standard is Jesus. He is your standard; he is mine. God has not thrust you and me aside, saying: "Use this person for example. Do the best you can; copy his life, only avoid his mistakes." No, he gives to each one of us the one and only true standard—the perfect Pattern for the Christian life; and if we will use the pattern as the Master directs, we shall succeed in reaching the standard of true living. God commands us to be perfect as he is; and his command brings to us power to be just what he wants us to be.

All may reach the standard of true living. The great and good Whitefield prayed, "Lord, make me an extraordinary Christian;" and it is said of him that in life and service he was all that he had prayed to be. A little child one day after reading the New Testament, asked her mother, "Is Jesus like anybody I know?" Many are asking that question, and every day we should be able to answer it by striving to be more and more like him. We should be able to say, with Paul, "Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Our lives should make our acquaintances and friends who are not Christians long to know Jesus, "the One altogether lovely."

But how can we reach the standard of true living? So many have theories. So did the firm in New York that received an order for goods to be shipped to South America. Explicit directions for packing the goods were given, but the New York firm knew how to pack goods, and ignored the directions sent. In due time, however, a letter came saying whereas the goods had not been packed according to directions, they had been damaged too much for use, and the firm must stand the loss. The goods had to be sent on the backs of mules for miles over an almost inaccessible mountain road. These mules sometimes tumble down the mountain side, and the goods should have been packed for this contingency.

So we may have an idea of what a Christian should be, and how to be one; but our ideas do not change the fact that there is *only* one standard and *only* one way to reach it safely. We must follow the instructions given in the Guidebook. Its pages from Genesis to Revelation, in symbol and in fact, tell what this standard is and demonstrate how it may be reached. Keeping in touch with God through prayer and through the study of his Word is the secret of success in reaching the standard.

The world is languishing for want of young people who will strive to reach this standard. God wants to write in your heart his law of love and purity. He wants your life to be in this sinful world what the pure lily is in the stagnant pool. More than that, he wants you to help other young people to reach the standard of true living. Does not your heart ache to see a young woman selling a useful, noble career for some fleeting pleasure? Are you not pained to see a young man with bright prospects, go galloping on to ruin? Then step into the breach! be a Daniel! be an Esther! For your own sake, for the sake of others, for Christ's sake, strive to reach the standard of true living.

Do not say, "I have made too many mistakes. It's no use to try." One day Michelangelo was looking over some ruins. Among them he found a piece of marble that had been thrown away as useless. But the artist's eye saw something of great value in that piece of discarded marble. So the great Architect of souls sees wonderful possibilities in your life, and he wants to make of it a life that will reach the standard and be a blessing to the world—a better life than you have ever dreamed of making. Will you let him? Then follow the directions in the Guidebook.

Meditations.—How can the texts this week help me? If I love God with *all* my might, he must control *all* my affections. I must strive to use *all* my time to please him. I must harbor *only* such thoughts as he would have me think. If I love my neighbor as myself, I cannot be unkind; I cannot say about him what I would not wish him to say about me.

I must study my Bible in order to know how to "prove all things," and must pray for power to "hold fast that which is good." I must keep very close to God, that I may receive from him knowledge and judgment; that I may learn from him how to "be sincere and without offense;" and that I may receive strength to persevere "till the day of Christ." I am so thankful that God has called *even* me to "fight the good fight of faith;" but I can fight it successfully only when Jesus is enthroned in my life, so I want him to have all there is of me. I pray that he will come into my heart and control my life,—every act, every word, every thought,—that I may "walk in wisdom toward them that are without," and that I may reach the standard of true living and finally be an overcomer.

Special Prayer.—Are you noticing the topics for special prayer? Let us all pray earnestly this week for our Juniors everywhere. Let us ask God to bless the officers in our Junior Societies; and let us ask him to help all our Junior boys and girls to overcome besetting sins, to represent their Saviour to their schoolmates and friends, to be faithful in secret prayer and Bible study, to be kind, courteous, and helpful at home, and to be successful soul winners.

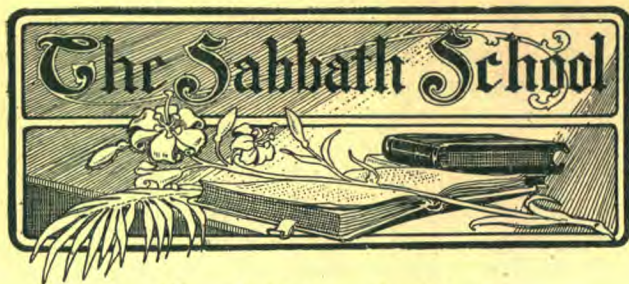
M. E.

The Bible Year

Assignment for February 20 to 26

| | |
|--------------|-------------------|
| FEBRUARY 20: | Numbers 14, 15. |
| February 21: | Numbers 16 to 18. |
| February 22: | Numbers 19 to 21. |
| February 23: | Numbers 22 to 24. |
| February 24: | Numbers 25 to 27. |
| February 25: | Numbers 28 to 30. |
| February 26: | Numbers 31 to 33. |

NOTE.—For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* of February 17.



IX — Gathering the Elect

(February 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 24: 29-41.

MEMORY VERSE: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Matt. 24: 35.

Questions

1. What signs of Christ's second coming were to be seen in the heavens? When were they to be seen? Matt. 24: 29.
2. What did Jesus mean by "those days"? Note 1.
3. In which part of "those days" would these signs first appear? Matt. 24: 29, first part; Mark 13: 24. Note 1.
4. What sign will then appear in the heavens? Matt. 24: 30, first part.
5. What is the sign of the Son of man in heaven? Mark 13: 26; Luke 21: 27. Note 2.
6. What effect will seeing this cloud have on the people of the earth? Matt. 24: 30, last part.
7. How will the angels herald the coming of Jesus? What will the angels do? Verse 31. Note 3.
8. How do we know when summer is near? Verse 32.
9. In like manner, how may we know when Jesus is near, even at the door? Verse 33, margin.
10. What does Jesus further declare? Verse 34.
11. How surely will his words be fulfilled? Memory verse.
12. Although we may know, from these signs, when Jesus is near, who only knows the day and the hour of his coming? Verse 36.
13. In what respects will these last days be like the days of Noah? Verses 37-39.
14. How does Jesus illustrate the condition of the people at his coming? Verses 40, 41.

Notes

1. Matthew, speaking of the signs in the heavens, says they were to appear "immediately after the tribulation of those days." Mark says, "In those days, after that tribulation." While the prophetic days of papal persecution ended in 1798, for the elect's sake the persecution was shortened.

History records that these signs were fulfilled just as the Lord declared. On May 19, 1780, the sun was darkened and the moon did not give her light as usual. Active persecution had ceased before this, so the words of the evangelists were literally fulfilled. The sun was darkened "immediately after the tribulation," yet "in those days." The stars also have fallen, nations are distressed, and men's hearts are failing for fear, as the Lord said.

2. Jesus went up to heaven in a cloud, and he is to return "in like manner." Acts 1: 9, 11.

3. The "elect" are those who are chosen to have a part in the kingdom of glory because they put on the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness, and were faithful to God, as long as they lived.

IX — Gathering the Elect

(February 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 24: 29-41.

Questions

1. What signs did Jesus say would appear in the heavens after the time of tribulation? Matt. 24: 29. Note 1.

2. What sign will then appear? Verse 30, first part.
3. How will this sign affect the people of the earth? Verse 30, last part. Note 2.
4. In what manner will they see Jesus coming? Verse 30, last part. Note 2.
5. How will the angels herald his coming? Verse 31, first part.
6. What will the angels do? Verse 31, last part.
7. What parable did Jesus give to illustrate the meaning of signs? Verse 32.
8. How did he apply the parable? Verse 33.
9. What did Jesus then say? Verse 34.
10. What did Jesus further declare? Verse 35.
11. What does he say of the day and hour of his coming? Verse 36.
12. To what is his coming compared? Verse 37.
13. What characteristics of Noah's time did Jesus mention? Verses 38, 39, first part. Note 3.
14. When will similar conditions be repeated? Verse 39, last part.
15. How did Jesus illustrate the condition of the people at his coming? Verse 40.
16. What second illustration did he give? Verse 41.

Notes

1. In 1780 occurred the darkening of the sun, known in history as the Dark Day. It was followed the same night (May 19) by darkness of unparalleled density. In 1833, (November 13) occurred the falling of the stars.

"The nineteenth of May, 1780, was unprecedented in New England for its great darkness. . . . The darkness extended over several thousand square miles, though differing much in intensity in different places. Nowhere, perhaps, was it greater than in this vicinity. The day was appropriately called and is still known as the Dark Day." — *From "History of the Town of Hampton, New Hampshire," by Joseph Dorr, Salem, Massachusetts, Vol. I, p. 217. Printed by the Salem Press and Printing Co., 1893. (Boston Public Library.)*

"The year 1833 is memorable for the most magnificent display [of falling meteors] on record. This was on the same night of November [13] also, and was visible over all the United States, and over a part of Mexico, and the West India Islands. Together with the smaller shooting stars, which fell like snowflakes, and produced phosphorescent lines along their course, there were intermingled large fireballs, which darted forth at intervals, describing in a few seconds an arc of 30 or 40 degrees.

"These left behind luminous trains, which remained in view several minutes, and sometimes half an hour or more. One of them seen in North Carolina appeared of larger size and greater brilliancy than the moon. Some of the luminous bodies were of irregular form, and remained stationary for a considerable time, emitting streams of light.

"At Niagara the exhibition was especially brilliant and probably no spectacle so terribly grand and sublime was ever before beheld by man as that of the firmament descending in fiery torrents over the dark and roaring cataract." — *"The American Cyclopaedia," article "Meteor." New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1891.*

2. Just what the "sign of the Son of man" will be is not directly stated, but rather implied. Verse 30 speaks of Jesus as "coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." The "clouds of heaven" are probably angels reflecting the glory of heaven's courts. The first visible sign of Christ's approach in the heavens will be a cloud of glory, increasing in size and brightness as it comes nearer. This may therefore be thought of as the very last and conclusive sign of his coming, or as a part of the coming itself.

3. "The sins that called for vengeance upon the antediluvian world exist today. The fear of God is banished from the hearts of men, and his law is treated with indifference and contempt. The intense worldliness of that generation is equaled by that of the generation now living. . . . God did not condemn the antediluvians for eating and drinking; he had given them the fruits of the earth in great abundance to supply their physical wants. Their sin consisted in taking these gifts without gratitude to the Giver, and debasing themselves by indulging appetite without restraint. It was lawful for them to marry. Marriage was in God's order: it was one of the first institutions which he established. He gave special directions concerning this ordinance, clothing it with sanctity and beauty; but these directions were forgotten, and marriage was perverted, and made to minister to passion. A similar condition of things exists now. That which is lawful in itself is carried to excess." — *"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 101.*

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Alaska's Natural Submarines

THE channels of the Alaskan waterways vary as you sail on to the northward. Now they widen into great lakes, now they are rivers as narrow as the Hudson or the Rhine. At times you pass through gorges walled by islands and the mainland, and at times are in fiords like those formed by the half-sunken Andes along western Patagonia near the Strait of Magellan. This part of our territory is made up of the heads of submerged mountains, and in places the waters are a thousand feet deep. In other places there are great rocks as steep, as high, and as sharp as the Washington Monument, which come within twenty or thirty feet of the surface. These are the terrible pinnacle rocks that rip open the hulls of the steamers. They are now being searched for and marked with buoys by the wire drag of our Coast and Geodetic Survey.—*The Christian Herald*.

Two American Medical Colleges for China

THERE arrived in New York City a few weeks ago, after a six months' tour of the Orient, the Commission of the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, composed of the Rev. Dr. Wallace Buttrick, director of the China Medical Board and secretary of the General Education Board; Dr. Simon Flexner, the head of the Rockefeller Institute, and Dr. William H. Welsh, the noted pathologist of Johns Hopkins University.

The commission recommends the founding of two medical colleges in China at a cost for land, buildings, and equipment of approximately \$1,500,000, and maintenance charges amounting to at least \$300,000 annually.

"The Western world," said Dr. Buttrick, "cannot train medical practitioners for China in any great number. We believe that the great body of physicians in China must be trained by the Chinese, and in founding two medical schools of the highest character, it is our hope and purpose to develop through these schools groups of young Chinese who, as producers in the field of medical research and as teachers of medicine, shall themselves create a medical profession for China.

"There are many diseases in China which do not exist in other parts of the world. There are a vast number of medical problems in China which are peculiar to China. It is important, therefore, that Chinese young men who are to be leaders of the future medical work in China shall be trained in their own country."

The American Ambulance at Neuilly, France

MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, who has lately returned from France, tells of the miracles of surgery being performed daily by the American Ambulance, on the men mutilated in war. She says:—

"The Ambulance takes these torn, mutilated beings, without any faces, who would otherwise be unbearably repulsive and almost certainly economically dependent, and makes them over. It turns them into normal men again, so that they can live normal lives, as individuals, and be of service to their country as well. It is this constructive side of the work that is so fine, so hopeful, so interesting. I wish that I could make every one in America understand it.

"I have seen a man brought into the hospital with his jawbone shot away. The lower part of his face was just—gone. What remained of his chin was hanging against his chest as if it were a beard. And I have seen that man leave the hospital, scarred of course, but normal again. I, myself, have watched an operation in which a part of a man's rib was taken out and used to make a jawbone.

"The surgeons give these men artificial jaws, chins, roofs to their mouths; they make lips for them, somehow; I don't know how they do it, but I have seen the men before and after it was done. They actually build new features for these men who would be such horrible wrecks."

For the Finding-Out Club

[Every one who sends in a correct list of answers to any set of questions will be entered as a member of the Finding-Out Club, if the list is received within three weeks after the date of the paper containing the list. Membership lists of answers to be accepted must follow the rules given below:—

1. The list must be written neatly.
2. Pen and ink must be used.
3. Writing must appear upon only one side of the sheet of paper.
4. The answers must reach the editor's desk within three weeks after the date of the paper containing the questions answered.
5. All lists must be folded and not rolled.
6. The questions must not be repeated in the list of answers.
7. Each answer must bear the same number as the question it is intended to answer.
8. Every list must give the date of the INSTRUCTOR containing the list of questions being answered; for example, "Answers to questions in INSTRUCTOR of December 8."
9. Every list must bear at the bottom the name of the one sending in the list.

Failure to heed any one of these rules is sufficient to bar one from membership in the Finding-Out Club. Let us watch the membership grow.—Ed.]

1. (a) WHAT are the two main elements of the atmosphere? (b) In what proportion do they exist?
2. What are the elements composing water?
3. Explain the working of a barometer.
4. What would be the effect of getting a little air in the top of a barometer tube?
5. Explain the phenomenon of water boiling on a mountain, yet not being hot enough to cook potatoes.
6. Take two pieces of a broken windowpane, immerse them in water, and press them together. Now observe that it is almost if not quite impossible to pull them apart. Explain.
7. What makes the water rise in a common lifting or suction pump?

What They Drank

"Come along, boys," said John, with a very good will, "Though the town may be dry, we will drink to our fill; We need exhilaration to climb this steep hill." Then they drank of the liquid with freedom and skill, And grew stronger of purpose and firmer of will— For they drank of the water dipped up from the rill.

MABEL CORINNE CROKER.

If the internal griefs of every man could be read, written on his forehead, how many who now excite envy would appear to be the objects of pity.—*Metastasio*.