

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Photo by H. C. Olmstead

LOOKING OUT A NARROW CANYON IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR EMMANUEL MISSION, BASUTOLAND, AFRICA



"DEBT is like a funnel, easy to get into, but hard to get out of."

ALL unmarried men in England between the ages of nineteen and forty-one, not exempt for special reasons, are now subject to conscription.

DON'T be content with doing only your duty. Do more than your duty. It's the horse that finishes a neck ahead that wins the race.—*Andrew Carnegie.*

ON February 4 the Senate passed the Philippines bill, including the Clarke amendment that provides that the islands shall be made independent not later than March 4, 1921.

THE generals of the German army who have won the so-called greatest victories of the war are all over sixty years of age. Many of the soldiers past sixty have performed as valiant service as the younger men.

LIFE preservers with lights are now a possibility. An American has invented a life belt that contains a small electric flash light that will shine throughout a night. When a life preserver is thrown to a man who has fallen overboard at night, he can rarely find it in the dark, but with the flash light attached to it he can reach it easily if he can swim. The new device is efficient also in saving lives after a ship has been wrecked and passengers are floating about waiting for a rescuing ship.

#### Authors in Disguise

1. WHAT author makes men's clothing?
2. What three authors are ecclesiastics?
3. What author is always youthful?
4. What author is very fast?
5. What author is a maker of barrels?
6. What author is a great manufacturing town?
7. What author is an internal pain?
8. What author is a worker in precious metals? —  
*Elma Iona Locke.*

#### Three Hundred Dollars for a Bath

ELEPHANTS need frequent baths. In Africa and in India, where rivers and ponds abound, they can plunge into the water almost at will; but that is not the case with the luckless captives that are exhibited by traveling circuses in France. It is hard to imagine elephants frolicking in the Seine among the washhouses, the pin-naces, and the fen boats, says *La Science et La Vie*, and yet the captive elephants must now and then have a careful scrubbing.

The bath requires the services of three men, and costs about fifteen hundred francs. First the body of the huge beast is smeared with a white soap of the finest quality, of which seventy kilograms are required. The men then rub the soap to a lather with dog grass brushes, and bathe the ears with especial care. After rinsing and drying the elephant thoroughly, they go over him with sandpaper, and then rub his entire body with olive oil, until his skin becomes very soft and flexible. They have to use about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of oil.

The baths are expensive, but they are not required oftener than once a week, and no manager begrudges the cost of keeping a valuable elephant in good condition; moreover, the value of a good animal increases constantly as the roughness of his appearance disappears before the treatment.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### Haiti and the United States

THE treaty with Haiti provides for control of that country by our government. There is to be a receiver of customs, appointed by Haiti's president on nomination by our President, and with this officer there will be a financial adviser, appointed in the same way. The constabulary, composed of native Haitians, is to be officered and organized by Americans. There are to be both urban and rural forces. Eventually the officers will be replaced by Haitians whose fitness has been shown by examinations. The constabulary is to have control of "arms and ammunition, military supplies, and traffic therein throughout the country."

Haiti agrees not to increase its public debt except by previous agreement with the President of the United States, nor to contract any financial obligation unless the ordinary revenues, after the payment of current expenses, are sufficient to pay the interest and provide a sinking fund for final settlement. Haiti also agrees not to surrender any territory by sale, lease, or otherwise to any foreign government.

Engineers are to be appointed, on our President's nomination, to have sanitation and public improvements in charge; and there is provision for intervention in a paragraph which says that "should the necessity occur, the United States will lend efficient aid for the preservation of Haitian independence and the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." By agreement with Haiti, parts of this treaty are already in force.—*The Independent.*

#### Just be an Angel

A PARALYZED patient, who for over a year had lain prostrate in one of our wards, asked me one day, "What can I do, Doctor, that is worth anything?" "Be an angel, dear lad; just be one, so that nurse and all of us shall love to come to your bedside." And he was an angel. His patience, his courage, his ability to feel for others, and his simple attempts to cheer and comfort them, made his corner in the ward heaven.—*Wilfred Grenfell.*

#### New Studies by Correspondence

THE Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, D. C., desires to announce lessons in the following new subjects: Logic, geology, reporting and punctuation, and Bible for grades four to seven. Those interested should write to the foregoing address for further information, and for our booklet entitled "The Fireside Correspondence School in a Nutshell."

C. C. LEWIS, *Principal.*

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

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No. 13

## The Men Who Try

I WAS never a great believer  
In the thing that men call "luck;"  
It takes hard, downright digging  
Ere the vein of gold be struck.  
Dame Fortune may be fickle,  
But none of us can deny  
That she loves to lay her treasures  
At the feet of the men who try.

I've read the records closely,  
I've watched life's battle, too;  
They've taught me one good lesson  
That I would teach to you:  
Fate cannot build a barrier  
So rugged or so high  
But it can be surmounted  
By the men who try, and try.

I honor the man of learning,  
I honor the genius, too;  
The strong man and the brave man —  
I honor them all; don't you?  
But when in the great procession  
Of life they pass me by,  
I lift my hat the highest  
To the men who try, and try.  
— Whitney Montgomery, in *St. Nicholas*

## Temptation

MATILDA ERICKSON



"I'VE got orders, positive orders, not to go there,—orders I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"What special orders have you got? Show us your orders."

John took a wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a neatly folded paper. "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper and showing it to the boys. They looked and read aloud:—

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

Whenever Satan tempts you, will you not answer him as John did the boys? He has only one reason in the world for tempting you. He has lost his position in heaven, and he wants you to lose the one that is waiting for you. Oh, no, that is not the way he introduces his schemes. Like an angler, he shows the bait but conceals the hook; and it is this deceitfulness of sin that makes it appear so delightful and so necessary to our success and happiness. But remember, every temptation is an effort to make you lose your position. It is said of Billy Bray, the Cornish evangelist, that once when sorely tempted he turned to his wily adviser and said: "Thee is a pretty feller to give a man advice. Thee had a good situation theeself, and thee lost it; and thee wants me to lose mine, too, does thee?"

God has reasons for permitting you to be tempted. He who made the Captain of our salvation "perfect through suffering," stands ready to use all the trials and temptations Satan sends you, for fuel in burning all the dross of sin out of your life. And somehow this process not only purifies the life, but strengthens and fortifies it as well.

Then, too, the crushing pressure of temptation and adversity forces out of the life of the Christian its sweetest influence and its best service. An Arab proverb says, "Nothing will get the oil out of an olive but crushing it." Bacon states the same truth in these words: "Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed." So you may find a way of escape from every temptation, and draw from each experience a blessing for service.

But there is something dreadfully lonely about temptations. Our friends help a great deal and save us from many defeats, but the fiercest battles are fought behind a door no earthly friends can enter. They cannot stand by to cheer us in the conflict. In

that lonely, secret place the life-and-death struggle with the tempter take place. There you and I win our victories alone, or go down in ignominious defeat. A feeling of awful and desolate loneliness grips us. Alone?—Yes; no, not alone. There is One who can enter the secret place and vanquish the foe. And tonight, if he is not there, he is knocking at the door. If Christ is in, the enemy cannot defeat us; if Christ is not in, we cannot defeat the enemy.

God wants you to be victorious always. You may be, for he "is able to keep you from falling." But do not underrate the strength of your adversary. The man in the zoo who thought he could play with the serpent was crushed by it. Many presumptuous young people think they can play with sin, and alas! some are undeceived too late.

Be on guard. The tempter will try to rush you blindfolded into sin. Fortify every weak point. Cast out every known sin. It is positively dangerous to be hospitable to even one sin for even one day. Always remember that to do wrong just this once is this once too often. There must be no compromise and no truce.

If the tempter cannot plunge you into sin suddenly, he will try to discourage you. So when things begin to look dark around you, look up. If you are not hiding sin in your heart, the uplook is bound to be bright; for nothing on earth but known sin can ever cloud the uplook or break your connection with heaven. Look up and refuse to be discouraged, for discouragement is the entering wedge for almost all other sins. No matter how harmless and attractive the tempter makes sin appear, remember there is a lie at the bottom of every temptation, and regret and loss are sure to follow.

Finally, do you really desire to be kept from sin, or is it still the fear of the results of wrong-doing that holds you back? Have you formed the habit of meeting God each morning to receive genuine help for the day? If not, this alone is sufficient cause of failure. Ask God to make you hate sin as he does, to make you sensitive to little sins. Know for yourself that through him you can overcome habits, heredity, and sin. Know and believe in your own heart that he can keep you today. And then keep in constant communion with him by studying his Word and by telling him your need, your ambitions, and your gratitude for his manifold goodness. Ask him every day to teach you how to abide in him, for "who-soever abideth in him sinneth not."

# Historical Facts Concerning Good Friday and Easter

A. L. MANOUS

## Good Friday

*What is said of the name "Good Friday" and its origin?*

"Good Friday, the name applied by the Church of England to the Friday before Easter, sacred as commemorating the crucifixion of our Lord." — *The Americana*, art. "Good Friday."

"Good Friday, the usual English name for the day observed throughout a great part of Christendom as the anniversary of the passion and death of Christ. . . . The origin of the custom of yearly commemoration of the crucifixion is involved in some obscurity." — *Encyclopedia Britannica*, New Warner edition, 1903, Vol. X, p. 774.

## A Fast Day

*What is Good Friday said to be?*

"Good Friday, a fast of the Christian church, in memory of the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ." — *Buck's Theological Dictionary*.

"At present, in the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches, Good Friday is a solemn fast." — *The Century Dictionary and Encyclopedia*, 1906, Vol. III, p. 2378.

## When Observed

*When is this Good Friday fast observed?*

"The Friday before Easter, observed in commemoration of the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ." — *The Columbia Encyclopedia*.

"It is observed on Friday in Passion Week, and is called, by way of eminence, 'good,' because of the good effects of our Saviour's sufferings." — *Buck's Theological Dictionary*.

## The Day of the Week

*What day of the week is Friday?*

"Friday, the sixth day of the week, following Thursday and preceding Saturday." — *Webster's Dictionary*, art. "Friday."

"Good Friday, the sixth day of the week before Easter, called Good Friday in acknowledgment of the benefit derived from the death of Christ. Among the Saxons it was denominated Long Friday, perhaps in allusion to the length of the fast." — *McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature*, Vol. III, p. 923.

## The Preparation Day

*What were God's people anciently instructed to do on the sixth day of the week?*

"On the sixth day they shall prepare that which they bring in; and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily." Ex. 16:5.

*For whom was this instruction also written?*

"Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Rom. 15:4.

"They are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." 1 Cor. 10:11.

*On which day of the week was Christ crucified?*

"It was the preparation, that is, the day before the Sabbath." Mark 15:42; Luke 23:54-56.

*Because it was the preparation and the day before the Sabbath, what did the Jews say?*

"And because it was the preparation ['Friday,' margin], the Jews said: These bodies must not remain

all night upon the cross: because the Sabbath was dawning ['coming on,' margin]; and the day of that Sabbath was a great day," etc. John 19:31. — *Murdock's Syriac translation*.

*When Jesus was crucified on the preparation day, what did his followers do?*

"They returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment." Luke 23:56; Ex. 20:8-11.

*What is further said of the sixth day of the week, Friday, as a preparation day?*

"Preparation, or preparation day, is the term for Friday, because on that day preparations were made and meals cooked for the Sabbath." — *Schaff's Bible Dictionary*, art. "Preparation."

"Preparation . . . (Greek, *paraskeue*, making ready) is the term used for Friday, because that on that day preparation was made and meals cooked for the Sabbath." — *The Popular and Critical Bible Cyclopaedia*.

"Good Friday. The liturgical of Good Friday, especially among the Latins, is 'day of preparation.' Among the Jews that was the name of every Friday as the day of preparation for the following Sabbath." — *The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*, art. "Holy Week."

## The Easter Festival

*What is Easter said to be?*

"It is the chief feast of the whole year, as being the solemnity of our Lord's resurrection." — *Catholic Christian Instructed*, p. 260.

"Easter, the greatest festival of Christendom, observed in commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ." — *Sanford's Cyclopaedia of Religious Knowledge*, p. 269, art. "Easter."

"Easter, the annual festival observed throughout Christendom in commemoration of our Lord Jesus Christ." — *Encyclopedia Britannica*, New Warner edition, 1903, Vol. VII, p. 614.

"An annual church festival commemorating Christ's resurrection, and occurring on Sunday, the second day after Good Friday. It corresponds to Pascha or Passover of the Jews." — *Webster's International Dictionary*.

## The Day of the Resurrection

*On which day of the week did Christ rise from the dead?*

"Now when he was risen early on the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, from whom he had cast out seven demons." Mark 16:9, A. R. V.

*What is said of the resurrection day?*

"The day of the resurrection assumed more and more the character of the Teutonic and Slavonic spring festival with all its pagan rites and festive symbols." — *The Jewish Cyclopaedia*, Vol. V, p. 29.

## No Scriptural Command

*Does the New Testament speak of the celebration of an Easter institution?*

"There is no trace of the celebration of Easter as a Christian festival in the New Testament or in the writings of the apostolic fathers." — *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. VII, New Warner edition, 1903, p. 614.

"It was not until after apostolic times that this festival became an instituted observance of the Christian

church." — *Sanford's Cyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*, p. 269.

"The ecclesiastical historian Socrates (His. Eccl. 5:22) states with perfect truth that neither Christ nor his apostles enjoined the keeping of this or any other festival. 'The apostles,' he writes, 'had no thought of appointing festival days, but of promoting a life of blamelessness and piety;' and he attributes the introduction of the festival of Easter into the church to the perpetuation of an old usage, 'just as many other customs have been established.' This is doubtless the true statement of the case." — *Encyclopedia Britannica*, New Warner edition, 1903, Vol. VII, p. 614.

#### Easter in Acts 12:4

"And when he [Herod] had apprehended him [Peter], he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him; intending after Easter [the Passover, R. V.] to bring him forth to the people." Acts 12:4.

*What is said of Easter in this passage?*

"There was never a more absurd or unhappy translation than this. The original is simply 'after the Passover.'" — *Barnes's Notes on Acts 12:4*.

"Tyndale, in his translation of the Bible into English in 1526, used this word [Easter] instead of 'Passover,' and our English translators in 1611 retained it in their version. But there was no Christian feast called 'Easter' in the days of Peter. And the word *Pascha*, which is here translated 'Easter,' means Passover, and should have been so translated." — *Note on Acts 12:4, in the New Testament with Notes, issued by the American Tract Society, 1862*.

"Easter (Eastre, a Saxon goddess). The day commemorative of Christ's resurrection. Wrongly associated with the Saxon Eastre festival and the Jewish Passover feast, but corrected in the R. V., Acts 12:4." — *James P. Boyd's Bible Dictionary*.

#### The Word "Easter"

*What is said of the origin of the word "Easter"?*

"'Easter' is a word of Saxon origin, and imports a goddess of the East." — *Watson's Theological Dictionary*.

"Easter, originally the festival of the Anglo-Saxon goddess Eastre), a mistranslation for 'Passover,' the Jewish feast. Acts 12:4." — *Schaff's Bible Dictionary*.

"The word 'Easter,' — Anglo-Saxon, *Eastre*, *Eoster*; German, *Ostern*, — like the names of the days of the week, is a survival from the old Teutonic mythology." — *Encyclopedia Britannica*, New Warner edition, 1903, Vol. VII, p. 613.

"The word 'Easter' is of Saxon origin, and is supposed to be derived from *Eostre*, the goddess of love, or the Venus of the North, in honor of whom a fes-

tival was celebrated by our pagan ancestors in the month of April." — *Dr. Barnes's Notes on Acts 12:4*.

The foregoing in brief are some of the principal historical facts regarding Good Friday and Easter Sunday; and they reveal the fact that these festival days were not established by either Christ or his apostles, but that they came into the church from paganism after the apostolic days, as have many other customs now among us.

A. L. MANOUS.

#### A Wonderful Deliverance

SOME months ago Elder F. A. Detamore, the superintendent of our Malaysian Mission, wrote of an experience in the island of Java. Learning that two members of the Batavia church were using opium, and knowing the terrible power of that habit, he began to pray for the power of God to aid them in winning the victory.

As he traveled in the island, this burden grew upon him, and he came to feel that if victory could not come to these two native brethren, he might as well confess defeat, and surrender any claim to contact with God and his power. "I realized as never before," he wrote, "how Moses felt when he asked that his name might be blotted out of the book of life unless his people could be forgiven their sin."

Arriving again at Batavia, he spoke of his feelings to the workers there, and they united in prayer that God's power might be manifested in these cases. He wrote: "We went to visit these and other brethren



Ek Yoe, Batavia, Java.

and sisters who were in need of a revival. We held meetings every night for about a week. The first night we asked for those who felt the need of special help to raise their hands, and several responded. We organized the whole church into a prayer band, pleading especially for these who realized their need and who wanted victory.

"One day when we were visiting one of the men who used opium, we found him in the midst of the struggle, for he had gone several days without the drug. With pleading eyes he looked at me, and asked if I didn't have some *obat* (medicine) that would take the desire away from him. Pointing to heaven, I told him that God had the *obat* that he needed, and that if he put his trust in the Lord he would take the desire from him, but that he must be willing to give his life if need be. He at once grasped the promise of the Lord and trusted for victory, and I think never used the vile drug again. The victory was complete, though it came after a hard struggle. He became so weak that he could scarcely walk alone. The other brother did not have quite so remarkable an experience, but I believe he has the victory. Others confessed their sins, and found forgiveness. What joy filled my heart! and I can truly say that the joy of

heaven has seemed more real in anticipation to me ever since that experience."

It is interesting to see how God's work stands. In a letter received not long since, Elder Detamore says, "I have recently visited Java, and had the privilege of talking with Brother Ek Yoe, the brother who gave up the use of opium. It is now nearly a year since he threw it away, and he is rejoicing in glorious victory. His face fairly shone as he told me of his experience. He said, 'I almost died, but when you told me that I didn't need medicine, but that God would give me proper medicine, I believed that God would help. Others have taken medicine and have given up opium, but God gave me victory without medicine.' Another man who was addicted to the

mouth of the Columbia River, under the direction of John Jacob Astor, just prior to the War of 1812. The settlement was called Astoria. Some time afterward, Astoria came into the hands of the Hudson Bay Company. That company, desiring a better location for its trading post, selected Point Vancouver.

There were several reasons for this. At Astoria the climate was so damp and cold that few crops would thrive, while at Point Vancouver nearly all the plants of the temperate zone grew wonderfully well. Here also, on a gentle southerly slope, were many acres of natural meadow, readily cultivatable. This naturally appealed to men cut off from civilization, whose only way of obtaining fruits, grains, and vegetables was by growing them. Then, too, their

cattle might run at large on a near-by island—since called Sauvies—in perfect security from attacks of wild beasts. Of course this removal necessitated a hundred-mile river journey for ships engaged in the fur trade. But this was not so great a disadvantage as would at first appear. The river being readily navigable, one day sufficed for the trip, and the barnacles, which collect on ships in salt water, were dislodged. If the journey were a hundred miles longer for ships, it was shortened by that distance for the Indians, *voyageurs*, and *coureurs de bois* who obtained the greater part of their furs east of the Cascades.

So came Ft. Vancouver into being. And with the motley throng it attracted,

its appearance was undeniably kaleidoscopic. Indians in multicolored robes; French and half-breeds bristling with weapons; Scots in picturesque tartan kilts; and Kanakas, more or less disreputable in appearance, came and went continually. A babel in verity! No, hardly that! For the convenience of these nationalities, widely differing in speech, the Chinook jargon was used. This outlandish thought-vehicle (the Chinook) was a conglomeration of Indian and French words with a dash of English.

Truly, this was the rendezvous of as fierce men as this world ever saw. Surely they required a despot for a ruler. And they had one in Dr. McLoughlin, the representative of the Hudson Bay Company. For long years he dispensed justice and preserved tranquillity in the Northwest. Of mingled Scotch and French extraction, he received a liberal education, after which he forsook civilization to enter the service of the great company. For a wife, he chose a half-breed Indian maid. But instead of treating her as an inferior, as was the custom of men similarly placed, McLoughlin gave her the measure of respect he would have accorded a high-born lady. To him she was always "Madame." Often at his table sat European diplomats, but he was the acknowledged



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Looking for bombs in oil casks consigned to the Allies.

same habit heard of this brother's experience, and came to find out about it. The brother told him that God could deliver. He began to study our message, and threw away his opium. He, too, found victory in the Lord, being fully released from the opium habit. I baptized this man a few weeks ago."

M. E. KERN.

#### Vancouver, the Historic City of the Columbia

PERHAPS you do not know that there is a town named Vancouver in the State of Washington. You may have heard of Vancouver, but very likely it was the city of that name in British Columbia, or it may have been Vancouver Island. Look on your map and you will find it down in the extreme southwestern part of the "Evergreen State," six miles, or a trifle more, from Portland, Oregon. Here the mighty Columbia, a river which carries more water than the Mississippi, makes a bend to the northward, before turning again westward to unite with the broad Pacific.

It was a lieutenant in the British navy who named the point of land which the city now occupies, after his former commander, Vancouver. The first settlement made in the Pacific Northwest was near the

equal of any, and, if the truth were told, the superior of most.

But for McLoughlin a small cloud arose; at first no larger than a man's hand, its size increased momentarily. A band of American immigrants arrived, starving, after their summer's journey over plains and mountains. McLoughlin kindly gave them provisions for the winter, and in the spring gave them seed for planting, advising them to settle a score or more of miles to the south, at what is now Oregon City. He saw that Britain would inevitably lose a part of the Northwest, and with keen diplomacy he strove to maintain British authority in the trans-Columbia country. But the Americans had no notion of remaining south of the river. They continued to arrive in large numbers, and finally disputes arose between Americans and Britons, which led to the spilling of blood. War between the two nations seemed imminent, but was averted by the treaty which established the northern boundary of our country in a straight line from the Great Lakes westward. Reluctantly the British hauled down their banner, and Old Glory waved in triumph over Ft. Vancouver.

This was at the close of the Mexican War. Vancouver immediately became a military post of the United States. Here Grant and Sheridan were stationed for a time. Visitors are still shown the house occupied by Grant, while a lieutenant prior to the Civil War.

I have told you a little of the history of the place. If you wish to learn more, read Irving's "Astoria."

And what of Vancouver today?—Peerless in the beauty of her surroundings, a queen among cities. With near-by meadows perennially green; with the forest-covered hills of Oregon in the distance; with the majestic peaks of Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helen's rising in the distance, the scene is one which fascinates the traveler beyond power of words to describe.

"Here are hills deep-wooded,  
Here are valleys green,  
Breath of pine, and God's sunshine  
Over all the scene, . . .  
Here the earth's green fragrance  
Through the livelong year;  
Verdure lies 'neath smiling skies,  
Springtime ever near."

J. FRED SANTEE.

#### Strong in His Gentleness

In a manufacturing city, a young man who was steadily rising in position in one of the leading factories, had been placed over men older than himself, who resented the condition. Coming home one evening quite worn out with the opposition he had fought all day, he exclaimed to his father:—

"I had thought I'd stay in this manufactory until

I completely mastered the business and felt equal to establishing a place of my own, but I believe I'm ready to give up the job. My rapid rise seems to have done me harm. The men who hold positions as good as mine misrepresent me to those above me, and they interfere with my plans when I know they're good. The men below me catch the spirit, and refuse to obey me. I believe it belittles a man to endure this sort of thing."

"Here's a book you ought to read just now," responded his father, as he laid down a volume of Lincoln's biography. "I don't suppose there ever was a man more severely tried in that same way. The generals in charge of the armies thought he knew nothing of war tactics, and disobeyed his orders, so making fatal errors which were charged back upon



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Women of Riga, Russia, aid in the defense of the city.

Lincoln by the country at large. His advisers in his Cabinet were unfriendly, slandering him to his back, and openly fighting his policies. Yet not a word of reproach did he utter. He was always gentle, conciliatory, patient, forgiving, and kept his moral qualities far above possible reproach. And, son, he held to his job till God released him, though his heart well-nigh broke."—*The Youth's World*.

#### As Seen from the Airship

THE aviator's wife was taking her first trip with her husband in his airship.

"Wait a minute, George," she said. "I'm afraid we will have to go down again."

"What's wrong?" asked the husband.

"I believe I have dropped one of the pearl buttons off my jacket. I think I can see it glistening on the ground."

"Keep your seat, my dear," said the aviator. "That's Lake Erie."—*Western Christian Union*.

WARS are not paid for at the time; the bill comes later.—*Benjamin Franklin*.

"BETTER to be small and shine, than to be great and cast a shadow."



### Light-Making Creatures

**D**EEP-SEA investigations carried on by scientists have disclosed the fact that there are creatures swimming far below the surface that require light in order to gain their food, and they are marvelously equipped for the purpose. Great devilfish and cuttlefish, in the profoundest depths of the ocean, move about by the lights projected from their own bodies.

One great fish, which belongs to a family with the long name of *Eunoplotheutis diadema*, was caught and brought up a great depth and photographed by its own light alone. The scientists say that while below the surface its body seemed as if adorned with diadems of many-colored jewels. The lights on its sides were like iridescent pearls, while those in the middle shone with pure ultramarine blue.

Another fish brought up from the Mediterranean, near Nice, had eight tentacles, joined at the base by a bright-red membrane. Its body and tentacles were studded with small protuberances, resembling electric lamps, that changed color frequently. They shone so brilliantly as to light up the water for several yards around with a phosphorescent glow.

Still another variety caught had no eyes, but on its head were two spots resembling windows, and they were lighted by organs inside the fish. In its case, the lights undoubtedly were to attract, dazzle, and entrap smaller fish.

When the creatures were dissected, it was found that the lights were caused by chemical batteries charged with fluids that are secreted by tiny glands.  
—*Young People's Weekly*.

### "Where Coffee is King"

UNDER this heading Mr. Frank G. Carpenter describes the coffee industry in the state of Sao Paulo, Brazil, where the recent Brazilian biennial union conference was held. The following paragraphs, taken from Mr. Carpenter's article, may be of interest to the INSTRUCTOR readers:—

"The world's largest coffee plantations are to be found in Brazil. This country has the richest coffee soil in the world. It outranks all other lands in this crop, as the United States outranks all others in cotton. It now has less than 5,000,000 acres under coffee cultivation, but it is safe to say that ten acres more could be planted for every one that is now tilled, and that the coffee trees might be multiplied indefinitely. At present the trees in bearing number more than 1,320,000,000, and they occupy a space about one fifth the size of Ohio. They cover, all told, less ground than Massachusetts. When it is remembered that Brazil would make four hundred states as big as Massachusetts, one gets some idea of the coffee areas and the possibilities.

"The best coffee-bearing states are Sao Paulo, Minas Geraes, Rio de Janeiro, and Espirito Santo. They lie in the center of Brazil, and are largely made up of highlands. The best plantations lie at from 1,500 to 3,000 feet above the sea. Of all the coffee states, Sao Paulo leads. It has more than half the coffee

trees of all Brazil, occupying an area of more than 2,500,000 acres, and representing an invested capital of more than \$500,000,000. Sao Paulo has more than 15,000 coffee plantations, and upwards of 1,000 of these have each 200,000 trees or more. One plantation has more than 6,000,000 trees, with 100,000 acres under cultivation.

"Francisco Schmidt, a German who started as a poor boy, owns about twenty large coffee plantations in Sao Paulo. He is said to be the coffee king of the world. On one of his plantations he has 20,000 acres devoted to coffee, with 1,000,000 trees. These produce about 6,000,000 pounds of coffee every year. This estate has drying grounds covered with tiles, which have an area of nearly fifty acres. The animals on the estate include 1,000 horses and mules, and more than 3,000 cattle. The laborers make a community of about 9,000, and the tenant houses number 1,200.

"Nearly all the large plantations are equipped with railroads, and many of them have machinery driven by electricity. Some have model settlements for their employees, including schools for children and hospitals for the sick. The Dumont coffee *fazenda* [plantation] is one of the finest coffee estates in the world. It lies more than 300 miles inland from the city of Sao Paulo. The estate was originally founded by Dumont, the father of Santos Dumont, the famous aviator.

"The coffee trees begin to blossom in September, and a little later the berries appear. They are green at first, later they turn yellow, and then cherry red. The ripe fruits are called cherries. When the berries are dried, they are called coconuts.

"The most of the coffee is picked in April and May. The pickers have great baskets strapped to their shoulders, and they pick the berries into the baskets. Men, women, and children engage in the picking, and are paid at so much a basket. In one day a man should gather enough coffee berries to make fifty pounds of dried coffee. The basket holds about three fourths of a bushel, and the price paid ranges from twelve cents to eighteen cents a basket, according to the season. The pickers earn from \$1.25 to \$2.50 a day.

"After the picking, the berries are carried on the trains to the drying floors and to the factories. The coffee as it comes from the tree is still inside the cherries. The beans, or seeds, constitute the coffee of commerce, and their treatment has scarcely begun. They have to go through a vast deal of machinery to prepare them for use. They have to be taken out of the pulp. They have to be dried, skinned, and polished, and then run through machines which will grade them for the market. They have to be sorted and bagged and shipped to the ports.

"Let us follow the berries. They first go to machines, where they are run through steel cylinders which crush the pulp without injuring the seeds. At the end the whole is a mush of pulp and coffee beans. This is dropped into other cylinders filled with holes of such a size that the beans will pass through them. As the cylinders revolve, the beans drop through the holes into a canal. Here they are washed, and float off into tanks or vats. They are now gummy and sticky, and have to be rewashed. At the end they are as white as snow.

"The beans are now taken out and spread upon cement floors, where they are left out in the sun all day long, and are stirred about by wooden rakes so

that every part of each bean receives its share of the heat. The men who do the raking are in their bare feet. They walk about over the coffee. It is so hot they perspire as they work. It is important that the coffee be evenly dried. The grains sometimes lie for weeks on the platforms. They must be covered whenever it rains, as it is necessary for them to be kept dry. They are also gathered into piles at night and covered to keep off the dew.

"After a time the beans are as dry as a bone. They do not yet look at all like the coffee we have in the stores. They are as white as ivory, and almost as hard. Each bean has now to be skinned. As it lies in the cherry, it has two little coats fitted tight to it. The outside coat is thick, and the color of a new drumhead. It is known as the parchment skin. The inside coat is as thin as a cobweb, and is called the silver skin. Both of these coats have to be taken off before the coffee is of the olive-green color that it has in our stores.

"This work is done by expensive machinery. That on the Dumont *fazenda* is of the most modern kind, and it will clean and grade 70,000 pounds of coffee a day. The coffee beans are first run through ventilators, which fan off the rubbish and dust. They then go into corrugated wheels of cast iron so arranged that the skin on the beans is broken as they pass through it, without hurting or scratching the beans. The next process is to take the skin off. This is done in a second ventilator, in which the skins are blown off like the chaff in a threshing machine. There are other processes, but at the end the coffee flows out in beans of a light olive green.

"The next process is in the grading machines, which sort them; and when they come out through the different pipes, they are in grades each of the same size and about the same shape. Each grade has its own price and its own name in the market. Some of it is sold as Mocha, some as Java, some as peaberry Rio, and others as Porto Rico and Guatemala. The coffee is put into bags or sacks of one hundred and thirty-two pounds each, and it is in this shape that it is carried on the cars to the steamers at Santos or Rio de Janeiro, from where it goes to all parts of the world."

N. Z. TOWN.

#### What is Printer's Ink?

PRINTING inks are mainly composed of pigments and varnish ground together in proper proportion to suit the different grades of work for which they are intended. Pigments furnish the color, and the varnish the "binder," which holds the color to the paper.

Pigments are mineral, vegetable, and animal. Many of the pigments used in the making of printing inks are from artificial mineral sources, derived through chemical action, and include such colors as vermilion, artificial ultramarine blue, Chinese white, pure scarlet, and emerald green. Almost any pigment can be closely duplicated by artificial means.

The varnishes used are mainly linseed and rosin oil, the former being used in the better grades of ink on account of the property it possesses for absorbing oxygen. When spread out into a thin film, it forms a smooth, hard coating, which, after drying a few hours, does not rub off. The rosin varnish does not dry so rapidly. It is used in the cheaper inks, and is intended for softer paper that easily absorbs ink.

Every ink manufacturer has certain secret formulas of his own, and it is only by long experience that he

knows when and how to add to the pigment and varnish certain materials, as tallow, soap, castor oil, and beeswax, which assist the ink in overcoming certain difficulties.—"The American Printer," in *St. Nicholas*.

#### Holding the Stop Watch on a Glacier

GLACIER BAY is only a short distance from where I am writing. This body of water is fifty miles long, and it has more than a half-dozen glaciers of enormous size. The biggest is the Muir Glacier, named after John Muir, who discovered it. It is three miles wide where it enters the water, and the height of the ice wall is almost one thousand feet, seven hundred feet being underneath the surface. The glacier is very lively, and it has been supposed by some to move as much as sixty feet a day, but a fair estimate would probably be one sixth of that speed. Very few of the well-known glaciers move more than a foot a day, although there are some in Alaska that move five and ten feet, and one in northern Greenland that is said to move over four feet every hour. The movement of a glacier may be measured by laying stones upon or driving posts into the surface. As the glacier moves onward, the space between these posts and fixed points on the landscape shows how fast the glacier is traveling.—Frank G. Carpenter, in the *Christian Herald*.

#### Temperance from a Biblical Viewpoint

TRUE temperance is "moderation in all things good, and total abstinence from all things harmful." Enjoined by the apostles Paul (Titus 1:7, 8; Acts 24:25) and Peter (2 Peter 1:6). Mentioned as one of the essentials of a perfect character. Gal. 5:23. Peter rightly places knowledge as the forerunner of temperance. 2 Peter 1:6. Effects of drink. Isa. 28:7; Prov. 23:29, 30. Result of total abstinence principles in Daniel's case. Dan. 1:8, 14, 15, 18-20. A curse is pronounced on not only those who sell liquor, but also on those who "treat" their friends and acquaintances. Hab. 2:15. No drunkards in heaven. 1 Cor. 6:10. Counsel of wisest man who ever lived, in favor of temperance. Prov. 23:31. Earnestness demanded of us in turning our knowledge of temperance to practical account. Heb. 2:1.

CORA FERRIS.

#### A Common Myth Regarding Snakes

THE belief, that if a snake is killed it does not really die until the sun sets, is brought about by the excessive nervous stimuli of the snake. When a snake's back is broken with a stick or its head is crushed, the reptile will continue to twist and move its body and to wiggle its tail for several hours; but the animal is actually dead, although the muscles contain a certain amount of nervous stimulus that produces this movement. The same effect, but in a less degree, may be noted with a chicken. If the head is cut off, the mutilated creature will beat its wings on the ground or run a short distance before the nervous energy or stimulus dies away.

There is absolutely no connection between the duration of the nervous stimulus of the snake and the setting of the sun, although the cool air of the evening may bring about the quicker rigidity of the muscles.—Raymond L. Ditmars, in *St. Nicholas*.



# The Mission Field of the Australasian Union Conference

## Map Article — No. 2

MRS. ANNA L. HINDSON

**I**N this union there are eight organized conferences carrying full work, and there is also the heritage given in the words of Sister White, "Upon the Australasian Union Conference rests the burden of carrying the third angel's message to the islands of the Pacific."

The burden was first taken up, however, by the General Conference, which, on Oct. 20, 1890, sent the "Pitcairn" forth on its first voyage. Pitcairn, the Society Islands, the Tonga or Friendly group, the Cook, Samoan, and Fiji groups, and Norfolk Island received the first rays of light, and in all these islands the light still shines, while it has passed also to others. In many, it is now being carried by those who were then sitting in darkness.

The printed page has been found one of the best means of carrying the truth, and monthly papers are regularly issued in six island languages. In addition to these, books have been translated and tracts written in the speech of several other islands. Much of this translating work is done by the converted islanders themselves, after instruction in Australia.

In Fiji we have a strong training school, in which the natives are prepared and sent out to the various islands of this and other groups, where the work is not so firmly established. The same missionary spirit exists in this school as in our schools and colleges in what we term "Christian lands."

The workers in the New Hebrides are among raw  
(Concluded on page sixteen)

Table Showing Work and Workers in the South Pacific Islands Mission Field

NAME	YEAR ENT'D	WORK CONDUCTED	WORKERS IN CHARGE	OTHER WORKERS	RESULTS
Cook Islands	1891	Evangelical Medical	G. L. Sterling and wife	H. P. B. Wicks and wife H. Streeter and wife	Church
Fiji	1891	Evangelical Schools	A. G. Stewart and wife	H. C. White and wife H. Martin and wife Miss E. Clarke Mrs. E. Meyers	Training school (45 students) Indian Mission 10 churches (230 members) Mission school
Friendly Islands	1891	Evangelical School		E. E. Thorpe and wife H. Tolhurst and wife	Church Mission school
Lord Howe	1912	Evangelical		E. Mitchell and wife	Church
Monamona	1913	Evangelical School	J. L. Banford and wife	R. Totenhofer and wife	Mission school
Maori	1905	Evangelical	R. K. Piper and wife		
New Guinea	1908	Evangelical	A. Lawson and wife	Bennie Tavodi and wife Mitieli Nakasamai and wife	Church Mission school
New Hebrides	1912	Evangelical School	C. H. Parker and wife	N. Wiles and wife	Church Mission school
Norfolk Island	1893	Evangelical	A. H. Ferris and wife		Church
Niue Island	1914	Bible		Vai Kerisome	Church
Pitcairn Island	1886	Evangelical School Medical	M. R. Adams and wife		Mission school
Samoa	1891	Evangelical Medical Colporteurage	J. E. Steed and wife	H. T. Howse and wife Mrs. Dexter	Church
Society Islands	1891	Evangelical Colporteurage	F. E. Lyndon and wife	W. R. Howse and wife H. A. Hill and wife H. S. Cozens and wife J. McCoy	2 Churches
Solomon Islands	1914	Evangelical Medical Schools	G. F. Jones and wife	O. V. Hellestrand and wife D. Nicholson and wife D. Gray	Church 2 Mission Schools

## "Cut Glass, Free"

HELEN ADAIR

"O MOTHER, mother," cried Marguerite,  
With flushing cheeks and dancing feet,  
"O mother, quick! come quick and see—  
A whole world full of 'cut glass, free!'"

And, sure enough, the big flower tubs  
And pedestals, and all the shrubs,  
And hedges, trees, and weeds, and grass,  
Were turned to clearest, sparkling glass!

"And, mother, see the houses, too,  
They all have been made over new!  
They're 'crystal palaces,' ha, ha,  
The beautif'lest I ever saw!  
They beat that one in London town!  
You 'member? that was dirty brown.

"And did you ever see before,  
Fringe like that round roof and door?  
Just watch it, mother, for a minute,  
Each dangle has a rainbow in it!

"And every weatherboard has rows  
Of dingedangles just like those!  
The porch rail, too, and waterspout  
Have more of them all hung about.

"Oh, mother, oh, oh, look up higher,  
And see the ropes and 'lectric wire!  
They seem like rainbows from the sky,  
Made straight, and hung on poles to dry!

"And see those tins'ly Christmas trees!  
And hear them tinkle in the breeze!  
Don't they just look as if alight  
With little candles, they're so bright?

"And did you ever, ever see  
A thing more lovely than that tree,  
That tall one just beside the other?  
It flashes colored flowers, mother!

"You know that rose moss, mother dear,  
Which grew along our flower beds, here,  
What teeny roses grew on it,  
And how I used to sit and sit  
And watch them go to sleep at night,  
And think it such a pretty sight?

"Well, watch that hedgerow for a minute,  
And see the dancing colors in it.  
Does it not look like tall rose moss,  
With many-colored flowers across?

"Oh, mother, isn't this a s'prise?  
Things shine so bright they hurt my eyes;  
And every little weeny twig  
Is just as shiny as the big;  
And every little blade of grass,  
And every weed, is made of glass!

"Out in the weeds, are those real stars  
That twinkle at me through the bars?  
There's one that's red, and one that's green,  
Just like the 'twin stars' I have seen  
Through that long glass up on the hill.

"Oh, dear! I'm 'cited so I'm weak.  
Please, mother, why, why don't you speak?  
Where did it come from? Did it grow?  
Who sent it to us, do you know?  
And may we keep it, mother dear?  
What makes it shine so bright and clear?  
Oh, do you s'pose it is the 'sea  
Of glass' you read about to me?"

## His Mother's Legacy

**C**LYDE DICKINSON, who was on his way home from college for the Christmas holidays, put on his hat and overcoat, picked up his traveling bag, and then dropped listlessly back into the corner of his seat. The train was running through the suburbs of his home city, but he did not see the familiar things that hurried past him; he could see only his father's face and its expression of displeasure—deep sadness, reproach, or something sterner.

Clyde had already had a disagreeable interview with the dean of his college; but Clyde's father could put more crushing force into an expression of disapproval than any one else he knew. Then, too, Clyde loved his father, and the prospect of standing before him as a culprit grew every moment more bitter. Somehow at this distance and in this atmosphere the escapades that had seemed so brilliant to him three or four weeks ago seemed now only flat and foolish.

At last the train came into the station. Sulky and defiant, Clyde pulled his hat over his eyes, swung himself down to the platform, and stalked gloomily across the tracks toward the gate. He intended to walk the three miles that lay between him and home. He knew that no one would be in a hurry to see him.

Suddenly his hand was caught in a warm clasp, and his father's voice greeted him. "Clyde," Mr. Dickinson said, "I am glad to have you home again."

"How are you, father?" answered Clyde weakly, with an involuntary glance of surprise.

But Mr. Dickinson's handsome face and keen brown eyes revealed only sincere pleasure.

"I'm very well, Clyde. I don't need to ask how you are. I watched you coming across the station, and I thought that before long I could load some of my responsibilities on your broad shoulders and you would

never feel it. Somehow," he continued, laughing, "we always think that the biggest men can carry the biggest load of care. I brought the cutter. It's fine sleighing."

"I expected to walk out," said Clyde, seating himself in the sleigh.

"Well, I thought you might like to see Billy," said his father, taking the reins. "I've had him now about three months, and I think he's the best pacer there is around here. He's honest about doing his work, and the most dignified horse I ever saw. Don't you want to try him?"

Clyde took the reins, and bay Billy paced swiftly away with them through the frosty twilight.

"Your cousin Kate likes him," continued Mr. Dickinson, "although he won't exert himself much for her. One day in the fall, before we had any snow, we drove out into the country on an errand, and came to a piece of macadamized road. The mud was thin and about an inch deep. A man with a trotter came up behind us. 'Shall we take the mud or let him go by?' I asked. 'Take the mud,' said Kate. 'Billy would never speak to me again if we kept him back.' So Billy gave us a little mud, but the trotter stayed behind."

Clyde listened to the cheerful talk, and his wonder grew. He knew that his father had been informed of his conduct at college. Besides, he had several times asked for more money, which his father had always sent immediately, without comment. Yet if he had won the highest class honors, his father could not have welcomed him home with greater kindness or respect. As they approached the house, he noticed every window was brilliantly lighted.

"What is going on?" he asked, as they went up the stairs.

Mr. Dickinson made no answer, but opened the door. The hall was crowded with boys and girls, who shouted with delight as Clyde stopped on the threshold and stared in bewilderment. Aunt Elizabeth, who had presided over Mr. Dickinson's house since her husband's death a few years before, smiled serenely at him from the stairs.

"We are a house party!" announced his cousin Kate joyously.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Clyde, shaking hands busily. "You are a surprise party, anyway."

"We are invited for ten days," continued Kate, "and Uncle John says that we shall have a Christmas tree, a skating party, a sleigh ride, and anything else we can think of. You must tell us how glad you are."

"I'm capable of only one emotion at a time," Clyde answered, with a laugh. "Later on I think it will be joy, but just now it is surprise."

He paused at his father's side and looked into his face significantly. Mr. Dickinson's answering glance was open and kind. "I am very glad if you are pleased, Clyde," he said simply.

"Uncle John," said Kate, "when do college men stop growing?"

"Never, I believe," replied Mr. Dickinson, with mock gravity. "They learn at college how to keep on growing as long as they live."

That night in his room Clyde suddenly remembered a long-forgotten incident of his childhood.

"Clyde," his father had said, "you have disobeyed me and must be punished some day."

"Do it now and have it over," Clyde had begged.

"I shall do it when the time comes," his father had answered mildly, and had kept his word.

In spite of this pleasant home-coming and his father's kindness, Clyde knew that sometime his father would speak about his college life.

The ten days passed swiftly, and the house party dispersed. Clyde's last day at home was drawing to a close, and still his father had said nothing about his conduct at college.

After dinner Clyde went to his room to pack his trunk, and his father presently followed him. Mr. Dickinson chatted pleasantly until Clyde had shut the trunk and locked it.

"Come with me, Clyde," he said then. "I want to tell you about your mother's legacy, and I also want to show you how I have furnished the room behind the den."

Clyde involuntarily squared his shoulders as he rose and followed his father. His reproof was coming at last, and he would meet it like a man.

"You know it used to be a bedroom," said Mr. Dickinson. "But we had more bedrooms than we ever used, and I thought we could spare this one. It is not a room for every one," he continued, as he opened the door and motioned to Clyde to enter. "It is more for you and me than for any one else. Just stand still a minute and you will see better. I took out the electric lights. They seemed out of harmony."

He closed the door behind him, and Clyde stood still in amazement.

There was no light in the room except that which came from the front of a small, old-fashioned cook-stove, in which was a bed of snapping wood coals; but by the light thus furnished Clyde could see that this room was not like any other room in his father's house.

The floor was bare except for a strip of rag carpet in front of the stove, and another strip before the door.

An old dining table, with folded leaves, stood against the wall opposite the stove. At one side of the stove was a low wooden cradle, painted green. It held a tiny pillow and a small, faded quilt. Near by stood a high chair, with a broken leather strap hanging from one side. A long-neglected doll sat very much askew in the chair.

In a little nook formed by the cradle, the stove, and a small square stand, was an old wooden rocking-chair.

"Sit there," said Mr. Dickinson to his bewildered son. "Your mother spent many hours in just such a corner. I have reproduced it as nearly as possible."

"I used to sit here," continued Mr. Dickinson, pulling another armchair forward and seating himself in front of the stove. He put one foot on the edge of the hearth, leaned back,

and gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

"Well, Clyde," he said, after a minute, "what do you think of my room?"

"It isn't exactly luxurious," Clyde began cautiously.

"That depends on your point of view," said his father. "Twenty-five years ago it was my paradise. Your mother and I began housekeeping in two such rooms as this, and we didn't notice that we lacked anything. Of course we had a healthy ambition, and intended to get more if possible; but we thought we were pretty well off. But then your mother was there, and that made it home, and home does not depend on any particular architecture or furnishings."

He was silent for a moment; then he went on slowly and sadly,—

"My life has held just seven years of perfect happiness, and they were spent in those two rooms."

His voice broke, and Clyde lowered his eyes before the sorrow in his father's face.

"When I came home from my work at night," Mr. Dickinson continued, "your mother would have supper ready. It wasn't served in courses, but it was hot and well cooked."

"After supper I sat here; she sat over there, and we talked. She told me about her day at home and the bright things you had said or done, and I told her about the things that had happened to me. We were warm, well fed, and decently clothed; we were rich—at least we earned more than we spent."

"We wanted you to have an education, and your mother began to plan for it right away. That is where your legacy comes in. She did plain sewing for the neighbors when she had time, and the money thus earned we put into a savings bank. It was your edu-



"He closed the door behind him, and Clyde stood still in amazement."

cation fund. She spent most of her evenings in that corner, stitching away by the light of the lamp, and talking with me or listening while I read to her. And I want you to understand that it was no hardship; it was a pleasure for her to plan and work for you—and me, too, for that matter.

"Her eyes were blue and her hair brown, like yours. It seems like yesterday, and it seems like a hundred years, since I saw her sitting there with the light shining across her hair."

He was silent again; his eyes were dreamy, and his thoughts were far away.

"You were five years old and the fund amounted to about two hundred and fifty dollars when she died. The day of trouble came to us as well as to others, and darkened round you and me alone."

"I wasn't worth it," said Clyde huskily. "I'm not worth it now."

"Oh, yes, you are, Clyde!" said Mr. Dickinson. "You are worth the best that can be done for you."

"Father," said Clyde impetuously, "don't say another good thing about me—I can't stand it! I am a big, ungrateful, stupid fool!" he finished, slowly and forcibly.

Mr. Dickinson's face lightened with a flash of amusement.

"It doesn't generally hurt any one to come to that conclusion occasionally," he said dryly, leaning forward to poke the fire. "Sometimes a man will say, 'I have sinned,' and not be so ashamed as he should be; but when he says, 'I have been a fool,' he's generally uncomfortable, and tries not to be the same kind of fool again."

"Well," he continued, "the legacy has been drawing compound interest—at a small rate—for twenty years, and amounts to about six hundred dollars. Of course it will not go very far, and I have often wondered how we had better spend it, and when. Lately I have made up my mind that the time has come to use it, and that you had better use it to pay your college expenses with as long as it lasts. So I have deposited it in the bank in your name, and you can spend it as you need it until it is gone. Here is your check book."

Clyde took it and held it gently.

"I thought we'd talk it over here," continued Mr. Dickinson, rising, "because I believed you would like to know how and in what surroundings your legacy was earned."

"Father," said Clyde, "I shall account to you for every cent of this money."

"Just as you please," said Mr. Dickinson kindly. "It is yours. Your mother earned it expressly for you, and you are not accountable to any one for it. Let me know when it is gone, and your allowance will begin again."

He opened the door and they passed out, leaving the little room to solitude and darkness.

When Clyde Dickinson came home for the summer vacation, he sprang from the train before it had fairly stopped, and strode joyously across the tracks to the gate where his father waited.

"You are thin, Clyde," said Mr. Dickinson, with a keen glance that took note of many things.

"Oh, a little, maybe," said Clyde carelessly.

"Billy and the buggy are out here," continued Mr. Dickinson, leading the way. "I thought we'd take the long way round. I should like to get out into the edge of the country."

When they were well out of the throng of vehicles, Clyde pulled his check book from his pocket and handed it to his father. Not a blank was missing. "I have not spent a penny of it," he said in answer to Mr. Dickinson's questioning look.

"What have you spent?"

"Well," said Clyde, "all the way back to college last winter I thought and thought of my mother sewing away in that little room for me. I never have been worth it, and I don't believe I ever shall be, no matter how I might miraculously turn out. The more I thought, the more I felt that I could not touch a cent of that money—yet. It would be stealing."

"You know you gave me fifty dollars for a Christmas present, and I knew that that would keep me going for a while. When I left the train, I went to the president and told him I wanted some work. He looked me through like an X ray for a minute, and then told me he needed some one to help about the stable. So I did that, for one thing."

"In a day or two he told me of a woman who would let me have a room if I would take care of the furnace and keep the walks clean. So my room rent was settled."

"After a while I did a little reporting for a newspaper. And I tell you it was interesting to find out how many cents there were in a dollar and how far they would go."

"Did you find out?" his father asked with a laugh.

"I found out."

"You must have been busy. When did you study?"

"Why," said Clyde, smiling, "that belongs to another discovery. I found out how much time there is in a minute, if you use all the seconds. I believe my grades will be pretty fair."

"Well, Clyde," said his father, after a short pause, "it was your problem, and I'm proud of the way you went at it."

"Thank you, father," said Clyde simply. "It went against the grain with me at first," he added, "but I said to myself that, if you could slave in a factory and my mother could take in plain sewing, I need not be above doing something for myself. But the boys were paralyzed at first. I believe they thought you had failed."

"I'm going to keep on," he continued. "I believe I have been getting into the habit of work, and I don't want to lose it. I can have the same work next fall when I go back—and I wish you could give me something to do here this summer."

"You shall have it if I have to go idle myself. But I'm not so sure of that work at the furnace and stable next fall. You ought not to take the work from boys who could not get through college without earning their way. And your allowance can begin any time,—you will have it all through the summer, anyway,—and then you must remember that it was your mother's particular wish that this money should be used toward educating you."

"I did remember that," said Clyde thoughtfully, "and I concluded that it had been educating me all the winter and spring."—*Eleanor Ingraham, in the Youth's Companion.*

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SELF-DEPENDENCE. Resolve to be thyself; and know that he who finds himself, loses his misery.—*Matthew Arnold.*

## For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of February 15

1. THE two main elements of the atmosphere are nitrogen and oxygen. They exist in proportion of one part of oxygen to four of nitrogen.

2. The elements composing water are hydrogen and oxygen, there being twice as much hydrogen as oxygen.

3. The barometer is an instrument used for measuring atmospheric pressure. In its simplest form it consists of a J-shaped glass tube about thirty-four inches high and attached to a supporting board. The short arm has a pinhole near the top for the admission of air. A scale is fastened to the side of the tube, and the difference of readings at the top of the mercury in the long and the short arm gives the height of the mercury column sustained by atmospheric pressure. The greater the atmospheric pressure about the mercury in the small tube, the higher the mercury rises in the long column.

4. The effect of letting air in the top of the barometer tube would destroy the value of the tube as a measure of atmospheric pressure.

5. The boiling point of water is affected by the density of air, being lowered by a decrease in the pressure. Since the air is frequently so rare upon mountains that water boils far below the ordinary boiling temperature, it does not become sufficiently hot to cook potatoes.

6. The air being driven out between the broken pieces of windowpane by the water, the pieces are held tightly together by the atmospheric pressure on their outer surface.

7. The water is raised in a common lifting or suction pump by the pressure of the air. The first few strokes serve merely to exhaust the air from the pipe below the valve near the top of the pump. The pressure of the air on the water in the well or cistern then forces the water up the pipe, and finally out through the exit pipe.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of February 29

The names of the animals whose pictures were given are:—

Sea anemone.

Crinoid, or stone lily.

Cicada, or seventeen-year locust.

Praying mantis.

## Members of the Finding-Out Club

T. D. Sanford	George F. Webb
Milton K. Dymot	Frances C. Rosenkrans
Helen Salisbury	Earle Stiles
Harold E. Beasley	W. C. Van Gorder
Mrs. Blanch Spriggs	

## The Magic Key

IN every face there is a door  
Through which a thousand words, or more,  
Go rushing every day  
While you're at work or play.  
If kindly ones would come, tiptoe,  
Throw wide the door; they're needed so!  
But when cross words would scramble out,  
And take with them a frown and pout,  
Then quickly turn the key,  
And very quiet be.

—Mattie Lee Hausgen.

THE way to wealth is to waste neither time nor money, but to make the best use of both.—Benjamin Franklin.



## Temptation

(See article entitled "Temptation")

Texts for April 2 to 8

**MEDITATION.**—The text for April 2 challenges me to live the victorious life. The enemy will never be permitted to tempt me above that I am able. From every temptation the enemy sends, God provides a way of escape. If I fail, then, there is a reason within myself. I must discover this reason and face it honestly. Why did I fail today? The promise for April 4 strengthens my determination to study the Bible with a desire to know my Master's will and to obey it. I must heed the admonition given in the texts for April 5 and 6, for without much prayer I can never be strong. I am resolved never to become discouraged in the struggle, for my Saviour feels and understands every heartache I have; and through him I may live the victorious life. I want him to use my life for demonstrating to others that he is "able to keep you from falling."

**SPECIAL PRAYER.**—The subject for special prayer this week touches the motto of our world-wide movement: "The love of Christ constraineth us." The love of Christ for sinners constrained him to come to this world to live and die for their salvation. Have we the same spirit of self-sacrificing love? That is what we are to pray for.

M. E.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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MEADE MAC GUIRE	} ..... Field Secretaries
C. L. BENSON	
J. F. SIMON	

## Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending April 8

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 April.

## The Bible Year

Assignment for April 2 to 8

April 2: 1 Samuel 29 to 31.

April 3: 2 Samuel 1 to 4.

April 4: 2 Samuel 5 to 8.

April 5: 2 Samuel 9 to 12.

April 6: 2 Samuel 13 to 15.

April 7: 2 Samuel 16 to 18.

April 8: 2 Samuel 19 to 21.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* of March 30.

## "Across the Dead Line of Amusements"

"A CHRISTIAN'S amusements must be blameless as well as ingenious, safe as well as rational, moral as well as intellectual," says Hannah Moore. "They must have nothing in them which may be likely to excite any of the tempers which it is his daily task to subdue; any of the passions which it is his constant business to keep in order."

While most Seventh-day Adventist young people willingly agree with this statement, occasions sometimes arise when they feel the need of having their rather hazy sentiments against the theater, dancing, and card playing reenforced by definite arguments. "Across the Dead Line of Amusements," by Henry W. Stough, is a book that tells why. It presents in a clear light the reasons that these amusements, so popular that all the world may be said to have gone after them, are a curse and a blight to the individual and the church and the nation that indulge in them. A good book for our young people to read and to own. 148 pages. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 35 cents. Order of your tract society.



## II — The Anointing at Simon's House

(April 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 26: 1-16.

MEMORY VERSE: "She hath done what she could."  
Mark. 14: 8.

### Questions

1. When Jesus had finished his teaching upon the Mount of Olives, of what coming feast did he speak? Matt. 26: 1, 2, first part.
2. What did Jesus tell his disciples in regard to himself? Verse 2, last part.
3. About this time who gathered at the palace of the high priest? Verse 3.
4. Why had they met? Verse 4.
5. Why did they decide that it would not do to kill Jesus on the feast day? Verse 5.
6. Six days before the Passover to what place had Jesus come? What had made this village famous? John 12: 1.
7. Who lived here besides Lazarus and his sisters? Matt. 26: 6. Note 1.
8. At this supper given in honor of Jesus at Simon's house, who assisted in serving? Who was one of the guests? John 12: 2.
9. While the supper was in progress, who came? What did she bring with her? Matt. 26: 7, first part.
10. Who was this woman? John 12: 3.
11. What did she do with the ointment? Matt. 26: 7, last part.
12. How did the disciples feel when they saw what was done? What did they say? Verses 8, 9.
13. With which disciple did the faultfinding really start? What was his real reason for complaining? John 12: 4-6.
14. What did Jesus say of Mary's act? Matt. 26: 10. What did he say about the poor and himself? Verse 11.
15. What did Jesus understand Mary's act to be? Verse 12. Note 2.
16. How widely would Mary's loving deed be made known? Verse 13. Note 3.
17. What effect did Jesus' rebuke have upon Judas? Verses 14, 15, first part. Note 4.
18. For how much did he agree to sell the Saviour? Verse 15, last part. Note 5.
19. What was his purpose from that time? Verse 16.

### Notes

1. "Simon had been healed of the leprosy, and it was this that had drawn him to Jesus. He desired to show his gratitude, and at Christ's last visit to Bethany he made a feast for the Saviour and his disciples."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 557.

2. "In his mercy, Jesus had pardoned her sins, he had called forth her beloved brother from the grave, and Mary's heart was filled with gratitude. She had heard Jesus speak of his approaching death, and in her deep love and sorrow she had longed to show him honor. At great personal sacrifice she had purchased an alabaster box of 'ointment of spikenard, very costly,' with which to anoint his body. But now many were declaring that he was about to be crowned king. Her grief was turned to joy, and she was eager to be first in honoring her Lord. Breaking her box of ointment, she poured its contents upon the head and feet of Jesus, then, as she knelt weeping, moistening them with her tears, she wiped his feet with her long, flowing hair. She had sought to avoid observation, and her movements might have passed unnoticed, but the ointment filled the room with its fragrance, and published her act to all present."—*Id.*, pp. 558, 559.

3. "When any one did him a favor, with heavenly politeness he blessed the actor. He did not refuse the simplest flower plucked by the hand of a child, and offered to him in love. He accepted the offerings of children, and blessed the givers, inscribing their names in the book of life."—*Id.*, p. 564.

4. "In commending Mary's action, which had been so severely condemned, Christ had rebuked Judas. Prior to this, the Saviour had never given him a direct rebuke. Now the reproof rankled in his heart. He determined to be revenged. From the supper he went directly to the palace

of the high priest, where he found the council assembled, and he offered to betray Jesus."—*Id.*, p. 563.

5. "For thirty pieces of silver—the price of a slave—he [Judas] sold the Lord of Glory."—*Id.*, p. 716.

## II — The Anointing at Simon's House

(April 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 26: 1-16.

### Questions

1. When Jesus had finished all the sayings of chapters 24 and 25, what did he say to his disciples? Matt. 26: 1, 2. Note 1.
2. Who then assembled at the palace of the high priest? Verse 3.
3. What wicked purpose drew these religious leaders together? Verse 4.
4. When did they not think it best to carry out their evil design? Verse 5.
5. Where was Jesus at this time? Verse 6.
6. What was the occasion that brought Jesus to Simon's house? Luke 7: 36. Note 2.
7. What did a certain woman do while he sat at meat? Matt. 26: 7.
8. Who was this woman? John 12: 1-3. Note 3.
9. When the disciples saw what Mary did, how did they feel, and what did they say? Matt. 26: 8.
10. What pretext did they give for thus finding fault? Verse 9.
11. Who was the leader in this faultfinding? John 12: 4, 5.
12. What did Jesus say to the disciples about Mary's act? Matt. 26: 10.
13. What did he say about the poor and himself? Verse 11.
14. How did Jesus interpret Mary's act? Verse 12.
15. What did he say of the fame of Mary's deed? Verse 13.
16. By what parable and its application was Simon tactfully led to repentance? Luke 7: 40-47. Note 4.
17. Where did Judas now go? Matt. 26: 14.
18. What bargain did he make with them? Verse 15.
19. What did he seek from that time on? Verse 16.

### Notes

1. Matthew's wonderful record of the teachings and miracles of Jesus is largely closed with chapter 25. The remaining four chapters narrate the events connected with the betrayal, crucifixion, and resurrection of Christ, closing with the great world commission to his disciples. The words of Jesus at the opening of our lesson are filled with sublime pathos, foreshadowing as they did the solemn events then near at hand.

2. The person mentioned by Luke as "one of the Pharisees" was Simon the leper. He is called Simon by Jesus in Luke's record, chapter 7, verse 40, and onward. He had been healed of his leprosy by Jesus, but had not yet fully accepted Jesus as the Saviour. See "The Desire of Ages," p. 557.

3. At this feast there sat with Jesus both Simon, the healed leper, and Lazarus, whom Jesus had raised from the dead. Then Mary also, who had been cleansed of seven devils, and had been led into sin by this same Simon the leper, was there to pour out her soul in deep gratitude for the forgiveness of sins, as symbolized by the precious ointment she used. Simon, too, repented on this occasion and obtained forgiveness. Wonderful gathering of objects of Jesus' mercy at this his last visit to Bethany!

4. "Simon was touched by the kindness of Jesus in not openly rebuking him before the guests. He had not been treated as he desired Mary to be treated. He saw that Jesus did not wish to expose his guilt to others, but sought by a true statement of the case to convince his mind, and by pitying kindness to subdue his heart. Stern denunciation would have hardened Simon against repentance, but patient admonition convinced him of his error. He saw the magnitude of the debt which he owed his Lord. His pride was humbled, he repented, and the proud Pharisee became a lowly, self-sacrificing disciple."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 567, 568.

### A President and the Bible

If you are looking for a little book to give to a friend on birthday or holiday, or to add to your own Bible reference library, you should send for "Lincoln's Use of the Bible," by S. Trevena Jackson. Instance after instance is cited showing the influence of the Book on the education, public speeches, and life motives of President Lincoln. The booklet is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and is illustrated with one of the later portraits of the President. The price is twenty-five cents. Order of your tract society.

# The Youth's Instructor

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## The Heart of God

I LOVE thee, God, amid the city's sighing,  
I love thee in the solemn watch of night;  
I love thee, Lord, when weary day is dying  
And nature fades in silence from my sight.

Each vesper moment throbs with hope eternal,  
Each soul vibrates with loving sympathy,  
Each life becomes an ardent prayer supernal,  
Which radiates, O Sacred Heart, from thee.

Thou art, O Heart, the angels' supreme glory,  
The dread of demons into hell once hurled.  
The humble saint contritely kneels before thee;  
Thou art, O Heart, my share of this bleak world.  
—Henry B. Tierney, in the Independent.

## Lost Treasure

AN aged man and his wife in France, buried money to the amount of \$10,000 in the garden of their little country house, expecting to recover it after the war. Since it is now considered unpatriotic in that country to bury one's treasure instead of investing it in "victory" bonds, the old gentleman, who is unable to find his buried money, is receiving but little sympathy for his loss. Ought not the same spirit to exist in regard to heavenly things? Now that the world's great conflict with sin is on, is it not unpatriotic, unchristian, for one who claims citizenship in heaven to bury his money in earthly goods and pleasures instead of investing it in heaven's treasure bonds?

## At Attention

THE Irish leader in Parliament, John Redmond, recently visited the front in Flanders. While there he spoke to the Munster Fusiliers under peculiarly exciting conditions. He says of this experience:—

"There was a battery of British anti-aircraft guns on my left, forty yards away, and a battery of seventy-five-millimeter French guns forty yards away on my right.

"After I had spoken a few sentences, the battery on my left rang out with startling suddenness. We then became aware there was a hostile Taube aeroplane right over our heads. From then on to the end of my speech, the British guns on the one side and the French guns on the other fired shrapnel at the airship.

"It was a marvelous exhibition of discipline and steadiness of the men, that, while the firing was taking place, not one of them even lifted his head to look at the aeroplane, but remained absolutely passive at attention."

If military training will do this for a speaker's audience, teachers and speakers would be inclined to welcome universal military training, that our Sabbath school and church school pupils might learn to attend, despite the small distractions that come to them?

## Personal Responsibility

OUR responsibility for doing good and being of actual use in the world is proportionate to our talents, the light we have, and the opportunities that present themselves to us.

Talents were not bestowed upon us by our Creator for us to neglect to cultivate, or bury, or to use in a selfish way; but were given to us to increase and use in bringing light and knowledge and general good to others.

Light is not given us by the Holy Spirit that we should suppress it or permit it to become extinguished, but that we should let it shine out from us to our neighbors and friends around us; and opportunities for doing good come to us only for the express purpose that we should put them to the very best account.

J. W. LOWE.

## How to Transfer Goldfish

IN transferring your goldfishes to the new receptacle you may not have known that the water should be of the same temperature as that in which the fishes have been kept. Their restlessness under the new conditions probably caused them to dart about, striking their snouts against the glass. Fishes are seriously injured in this way, and the blood clots in the head would indicate this as the cause of their death.

Hereafter see that there never is a difference of more than four degrees. Keep the fishes in the old water until the new has assumed the right temperature. A considerable quantity of aquatic plants and snails are also necessary to success.

Do not buy any more fish globes. Get a rectangular aquarium. Globes are the very poorest form of fish receptacle.—Herman T. Wolf, in St. Nicholas.

## The Mission Field of the Australasian Union Conference

(Concluded from page ten)

heathen in all their paint and feathers, yet the influence of the missionary is already seen, and during recent trouble among the native tribes, the only ones upon whom was seen the least restraint were those touched by the missionaries.

One of the latest efforts (Monamona Mission) touches the people nearest home, the Australian aborigines, and it receives the hearty approval of the government, under whose supervision all native tribes must remain. This race is one of the lowest, and therefore this mission calls for the earnest prayers of all Missionary Volunteers.

Another call for prayer comes from the cannibal Solomon Islands, the entrance of whose borders affords a new refutation of the slur that "Adventists are only 'sheep stealers,' and never go among the heathen unless some one else has gone before." Pastor G. F. Jones and his wife have recently returned with reinforcements to this field.

Remember, "The isles shall wait for His law," and pray that the waiting time may be shortened.

THE longest railroad tunnel in America is the Roger's Pass Tunnel, five miles long, under Mt. MacDonald, British Columbia.