

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 17



Photo by H. C. Olmstead

A SCENE NEAR EMMANUEL MISSION, BASUTOLAND, SOUTH AFRICA



FROM HERE AND THERE

"The voice with the smile wins."

MR. HARRY G. PETERMAN hires all the clerks for a thousand stores.

MORE than eight hundred of our daily newspapers refuse liquor advertisements.

THE largest Sunday school in America is in Canton, Ohio, and enrolls 5,223 members.

THE church at Elgin, Illinois, has ordered nearly one thousand TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTORS.

ROLLED newspapers cut into small pieces are used as fuel by Italian soldiers. They give as much heat as a spirit lamp.

MANITOBA, Canada, is dry by vote. All bars, wholesale liquor houses, and licensed clubs in the province will close May 31, 1916.

VIRGINIA is to have a prohibition commissioner, whose business it will be to see that the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors is enforced.

FORTY miles an hour is the speed an ostrich of Kansas City recently attained in a race with a policeman on a motor cycle.

"It is a rare attainment to be able to refrain from speaking of the faults of others, although keenly alive to the fact they exist."

GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH of Pennsylvania, in an open letter, declared himself out and out for county option. The whole State is aroused, and the fight to obtain it is on.

THE Trenton (Missouri) Chamber of Commerce has a motto which reads, "Get acquainted with your neighbor—you might like him." Is not this as good a motto for the Christian as for the commercial man?

MORGAN PARK, the site of a new steel plant, is a town ten miles from Duluth, Minnesota. It was recently built by the United States Steel Company. The whole thing—steel plant and town combined—represents an investment of \$16,000,000.

OUT of 4,043 American millionaires, all but twenty started life as poor boys, and all but forty of them have contributed largely to their communities. But, alas! not one rich man's son out of seventeen dies rich.—*Russell H. Conwell.*

ELIZABETH while out roller skating was asked by a lady wishing to purchase some plants, where the nurseries were. The term was a new one to the child, but knowing that *nurses* were a part of a near-by sanitarium equipment, she replied that "they must be at the sanitarium."

A WALK across the continent backward is the task set himself by Mr. Harmon, of San Francisco, who expects to reach New York in July. Mr. Harmon is fifty years old, and is making a schedule of fifteen miles a day. He walks the whole distance to the East with his face to the setting sun, and the traditional wager of some \$20,000 is to be won on arrival in New York within the two hundred and sixty days set for the trip. The whole route of his walk, 3,000 miles, is to be made with his face to San Francisco and his feet moving toward New York. Mr. Harmon uses a mirror, hung on a special frame, to guide him on his way, and is accompanied most of the time by walking companions.

AN eclipse is a shadow in which the people who see it are standing. An eclipse of the sun is caused by the passage of the moon between the sun and the earth. The moon prevents the light of the sun from coming to the earth. An eclipse of the sun is, therefore, the shadow of the moon cast on the earth, and those who are within that shadow cannot see the sun because the moon is in the line of sight. An eclipse of the moon is the shadow of the earth upon the moon. The earth then is between the sun and the moon, and prevents the light from passing to the moon.—*St. Nicholas.*

"Mother Hubbard"

SOME weeks ago a request was made in the *Review* for papers to be used in missionary work here in San-turce, Porto Rico. For a while hundreds of papers came in response, but the supply has gradually become less and less, until the other day when I went to get some for the young people to use, I was made to think of the nursery story about the old woman who went to her cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, but found it bare. You may believe that story, for it might be true; but I think you do not believe that when earnest young people in Porto Rico are desirous of doing missionary work they should be kept from it because they have no means or material with which to do it. I am sure that with this reminder many will be glad to gather up their INSTRUCTORS, *Little Friends*, and other papers, such as the *Signs*, *Watchman*, and *Review Extras*, wrap them well, and send them to the writer, so that his missionary cupboard will no longer be bare. A limited number of clean *Reviews* can be used.

When these papers come, my mother, who has loved this message for forty years, takes charge of them. She sorts the papers and places on each a stamp telling where other literature can be obtained, and then wraps them in bundles for the young people.

In many Porto Rican homes are young people who have been taught English in the schools, and there are older ones who are learning to read it, so the youth's papers are very appropriate for them. Since most of them read Spanish, the stamp serves as an invitation to attend the church services.

There is also a great demand for such papers as the *Signs* and our excellent magazines to place in the hands of lawyers, merchants, and the Americans who are here engaged in business.

It should be remembered that the same rates of postage apply here as in the United States.

D. D. FITCH.

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 17

Our Work in Mexico

G. W. CAVINESS

IN order to understand the difficulties and conditions which confront the work in Mexico, it may be well to give a brief description of the people, together with their history. When Cortés discovered and conquered Mexico, some four hundred years ago, he found the people well advanced in many respects, having a civilization much superior to that of the Indians farther north. Of course they had a system of pagan worship, with its gods and goddesses, and some of their rites were vile and cruel. But the Roman Catholic Church, that has had control of them during all this time, has changed matters only in name in many things, and in some respects they are in a worse condition than before. In almost all the houses, and even in the huts and stores, one finds images, and candles or incense burning to them. The image most extensively used is that of Guadalupe, which for many takes the place of Mary, the mother of Christ.

The history of the worship of Guadalupe is as follows: An Indian passing a rocky hill near the city of Mexico, claimed to have seen the apparition of a virgin, who told him that a temple must be built on this particular spot, and that he should go to the bishop and tell him about it. The Indian went to the bishop as ordered, but received no encouragement. On returning by the place, the vision again appeared to him. When the Indian told the virgin of his failure to gain the support of the bishop, she told him to pluck some flowers that were growing there and carry them to the bishop. The flowers were miraculously produced on the bare and rocky spot, and the Indian, placing them in his blanket, set out to see the bishop again. This time, as he made his business known, he opened up his blanket to show the flowers, and behold the image of the virgin was painted on the blanket in indestructible colors. With this the bishop was convinced, the church was built, and the wonderful blanket was framed and hung up in it. Copies of the picture have been reproduced, and are now found in almost all the houses of Mexicans, and the Virgin Guadalupe has been made the patron saint of Mexico.

A few years ago, in order to give additional honor to their saint, the Church of Rome decided to crown her. Thirty thousand dollars was raised to purchase the crown, and as a literal crown could not very well

be placed on the head of a picture, it was hung just in front of the top of her head. All the clergy of Mexico, with the archbishop, and visitors from other parts of the world, were present at the ceremony, thus sanctioning the fraud.

Many other stories of pretended miracles are disseminated by the priests in various parts of the country. Every one, even the most ignorant peon, knows that they are frauds, and he can have but little confidence in a church that is always seeking to advance

her interests by means of such tricks. They are sometimes called "pious frauds," and it is no wonder that nearly everybody looks upon the church and the priests as *frauds*, with but little *piety*. That the very poor and ignorant understand this, is clear from what an uneducated Indian told me. He had heard me speak about the vanity and uselessness of their saints and images, and so told me the following story:—

In a certain village there lived a shoemaker. In his yard there was a tree, under which he frequently sat while engaged in his occupation of mending shoes. A priest who often passed that way, sometimes stopping to chat with the man, noticed that this tree was of fine wood, and decided to buy it in order to make a saint. Having bought the tree, the priest had it cut down and the trunk of it taken to a wood carver and made into a saint, which he called St. Francis. The saint was set up in the church, and soon there were rumors of great miracles that it was performing,—healing the sick, lame, and blind. Meanwhile the shoe-

maker took the limbs of the tree and used them for firewood to cook his meals. One limb that was of considerable size, he decided to keep for use, and made a pig trough out of it. When he heard of the miracles of the new saint, he went to the church to see about it. Entering the church, with hat in hand, he stood before the image and looked him over carefully, then said: "Well, St. Francis, I haven't forgotten you. We used to be companions in days gone by, but you have grown very great indeed, such wondrous things I hear of you. But, St. Francis, you must remember that you are a full brother to my pig trough."

The priests, when they enter upon their office, take the vow of celibacy, but very few of them are true to their vows. While I was in a little village in the



"The Virgin of Guadalupe," near Mexico City, Mexico

southern part of the country, talking with some acquaintances, a woman passed by. One present said, "There goes the mother-in-law of the priest." I asked them if the priests had mothers-in-law, and they said, "Yes, that is what we call them." When a church is engaged in propagating "pious frauds" and her priests are untrue to their vows, how can the people have very much respect for religion? The church claims the right to celebrate marriage ceremonies, and the government has declared that only civil marriage is legal. The fact is that a large part of the people live together as they see fit, without respect to either church or government. For the church it is a question of dominating the people, and

central part, at San Luis Potosi and Mexico City, and in the south on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. There are also believers in Guadalajara in the west, and Tampico in the east. The change that takes place in these people when they accept the truth is very noticeable. They drop all such habits as the use of strong drink and tobacco, and become more industrious. They begin to clean up and live better, and to get in better conditions in every way, so that often their neighbors say, "I am going to be a Protestant so that I can get rich." Of course they are not rich, but are so much different from their neighbors that in comparison they seem rich. Many of the poor people live in mud huts, without floors and with

no furniture, except by chance a rude bench or a box. Their bill of fare is not very extensive either. I have frequently dined with them on corn cakes and beans, and for drink had cinnamon tea. Many of them sleep on the ground, wrapped up in a blanket, with only a straw mat under them. It certainly is good to see such conditions change for the better.

In one of our churches the brethren formerly had land, but they had lost nearly all of it.

After receiving the truth, they began to buy back small portions of their property. The last time I was with them, it was in the time of roasting ears. With what pleasure the brethren invited me to accompany them to their little cornfields. There they roasted some corn, and we had a feast. On the way to their patches of



A pyramid built by ancient Mexicans, on which to offer human sacrifices

getting money out of them. A servant girl whom I knew wished to get married. She asked the priest what it would cost. He said, "Twenty-two pesos." The poor people can never get that much money together to pay for getting married, so they dispense with any ceremony in the matter.

When the church itself is connected with so many frauds, it is no wonder that fraud and dishonesty among the people prevail. I have been told that it is quite customary to search all the laborers on a job as they leave in order to prevent them from carrying away something. I have known such cases. When a building is to be erected, a wall is built about the lot on which it is to be built. Then the workmen as they leave for dinner and at the close of the day, have to pass through a door and be examined to see that they do not have some tool or something of value concealed about them. Anything, such as a hammer, hatchet, or saw, or a garment, can be carried to the pawn shops, which are plentiful, and disposed of for a few cents. In the city of Mexico there is one place called "the thieves' market," and almost anything that one can think of is there, and without doubt the greater part of this merchandise has been stolen.

In a country full of pious frauds and deceptions, wooden and painted saints, immorality and theft, the preaching of the gospel still has power to convert hearts and change the life and practice. It is indeed a blessed sight to see the saints thrown out of the houses and burned, and the law of God hung up in their place. This, in a word, is our work in Mexico. We have now companies and churches scattered from one end of the country to the other, the main centers being in the north at Monterey and Torreon, in the

truth, they began to buy back small portions of their property. The last time I was with them, it was in the time of roasting ears. With what pleasure the brethren invited me to accompany them to their little cornfields. There they roasted some corn, and we had a feast. On the way to their patches of



A human bone-yard, Mexico

corn, we passed other fields. On asking them, they would tell me the names of the owners, then they said: "A few years ago we would not have passed by others' fields to go to our own, but would have taken corn wherever we could get it." One can realize from this little incident something of the change that has taken place in them. One old man who had given up his saints, to whom he had been accustomed to pray, or rather repeat certain formal words without any particular meaning, said he did not know how to pray at all any more. He was shown the Lord's Prayer, and as he had a Bible, he soon found many prayers in the Psalms, some of which he could



Mexican workers and Sabbath keepers

make his own, and he could pray as well as anybody.

There certainly is a great joy in seeing the transformation wrought by the preaching of the message. The greater part of our brethren can read and write, although the per cent of the illiterate is about eighty. It is very evident that the Church of Rome has not tried to educate the people very much when such conditions prevail in this twentieth century. For over five years the country has been in revolution, and for more than two years it has not been possible to travel to any great extent, so we have not been able to visit our brethren. By letter, we learn that nearly all of them are faithful, and that in almost every place others are awaiting baptism. I have the names of about sixty that have asked for baptism, and there are more who with proper instruction will soon be ready to unite with us. None of them have been forced into the army.

A few families, because of politics, have been led astray, and one worker, a young Spaniard, who was laboring on the isthmus, left us last year for the Millennial Dawn delusion. This leaves us without a laborer among our Zapotecan Indians. There seems to be an excellent opening among this people who number more than five hundred thousand in all. This part of the country has been in comparative peace all through these troubled years, and even this year our canvassers have done well in that part of the field, one man selling nearly a thousand Mexican dollars' worth of literature in the month of January. We are looking for a consecrated young man who understands Spanish to take up the work in that part of the vineyard. From Mexico City, where we united with the Red Cross in helping the poor, comes the report that many homes are now open to our Bible worker. We have but one in all that great city of a half-million inhabitants. She has many more openings than she can possibly fill. From Guadalajara, also, comes the word that a number there are anxious to study the Word of God. If once the country could have peace, there would be a wonderful opportunity in nearly every part. We should be prepared to enter with greater force and do the work rapidly when peace comes.

The few workers that we have are still at their posts, and the Lord is blessing their work. Our lit-

erature has been disseminated in many parts, and has been our principal evangelical agent. But when we think of fifteen millions of poor people, more than seventy-five per cent of whom can neither read nor write, and all that they have known of the gospel is what they have learned through the Catholic Church, which in Mexico appears to be one great *fraud* without much *piety*, we realize that a great work must be done, and we plead earnestly for laborers. We know that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to them that believe. We have seen some of its proofs in poor benighted Mexico, and we firmly believe that from this dark land, so long held under the double curse of ignorance and superstition, a goodly number of faithful

ones will yet come to sit down with us at the supper of the great King in the everlasting kingdom of our God.

New Every Morning

INSTEAD of looking at the duties and burdens of the new year until we are weary with a sense of responsibility, suppose we regard each day as an opportunity fresh from the hand of God. In his inter-



Zapotecan Indian girl of Mexico

esting and practical way, Dr. H. W. Pope tells us the outlook will be something like this:—

“Three hundred and sixty-five days in which to walk with Jesus. You remember the walk of the disciples to Emmaus. How their hearts burned within them as He talked with them by the way and opened to them the Scriptures! Three hundred and sixty-five similar walks for us, in a companionship just as close and intimate as we choose to make it.

“Three hundred and sixty-five days of intercession for others. How much a single prayer has often accomplished! Think of three hundred and sixty-five days of such opportunity, before an open mercy-seat, with the undivided attention of God and with the Holy Spirit to help frame your pleas and suggest what you forget. When you mingle with the children, pray that God will keep them pure. If a tramp calls at your door, remember him and his class. Who needs your prayers more? When traveling, ask God to bless the trainmen and the passengers. Some are in trouble, others in temptation, all in need of the grace of God. Pray for our schools and colleges. Pray for those who are making their wills, that they may remember their Elder Brother. What a variety of needs are suggested by each day's contact with the world! Remember that intercession is the mightiest weapon in the Christian's army.

“Three hundred and sixty-five combinations of Providence in our behalf, for ‘all things work together for good to them that love God.’ Consider what a single combination has often wrought,—a word, a tract, a little loan or gift of money. How a sickness or bereavement has broadened our spiritual vision! How disappointment has revealed our self-sufficiency and brought us in penitence to our knees! How a letter or a chance acquaintance has stirred our hearts and given life a new meaning! Three hundred and sixty-five just such combinations, and each the best God can devise for that day.

“Three hundred and sixty-five days for the Spirit to reveal to us the blessed will of God. A single glimpse of it has often fired our souls with a holy purpose, but think of three hundred and sixty-five days in which the Spirit will pour the truth into us just as fast as we are able to receive it. Last year it was true of us as of the disciples, ‘I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.’ This year, if we desire it, we may reasonably expect that he will unfold to us more of the deep things of God.

“Three hundred and sixty-five days to witness for Christ in our appointed place, to stand at the post of duty, though it bring no praise or honor save the approval of him who knoweth his own, and who hath said, ‘Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.’ Regarded in this way, how attractive the new year seems! We are eager to enter it and to share in its joys and triumphs.”

At the bloody battle of Marengo the French line fell back in complete rout, and the officers rushed to their commander, crying, “The battle is lost!” “Yes,” exclaimed the general, “one battle is lost, but there is time to win another!” Inspired by his faith and courage, the officers hurried back, turned the head of the retreating column, and when in a few hours the last gun was fired, the French camped on the field of battle. Marengo had been won. So if we are thinking of battles lost during the past year, in school or business, or, worse still, in character,—lost temper, lost patience, lost spirituality or prayerfulness,—let us re-

member that there is yet time to “win another battle.” Raise the standard once more, take fresh courage, put on the *whole* armor, and God will surely give the victory. Somewhere I have read that “God's plans for us each day are greater than our ambitions for ourselves.” So let us trust him. Let us be sure that we let him have his way in us if we desire him to grant us to realize our highest aspirations. “So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

ERNEST LLOYD.

The Terrible Results of Association with the Ungodly

THE Bible is that book above all others which will thoroughly furnish “the man of God” “unto all good works.” 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.

In the thirty-fourth chapter of Genesis we have recorded by inspiration the terrible results that came from the association of Dinah with unbelievers. She “went out to see the daughters of the land.” That seems a very simple and harmless thing to do, but it brought the most terrible results that one could possibly imagine.

Referring to this very experience one writer truly says:—

“The tarry of Jacob and his sons at Shechem ended in violence and bloodshed. The one daughter of the household had been brought to shame and sorrow, two brothers were involved in the guilt of murder, a whole city had been given to ruin and slaughter, in retaliation for the lawless deed of one rash youth. *The beginning that led to results so terrible was the act of Jacob's daughter, who ‘went out to see the daughters of the land,’ thus venturing into association with the ungodly.* He who seeks pleasure among those that fear not God, is placing himself on Satan's ground, and inviting his temptations.”—“*Patriarchs and Prophets,*” p. 204.

The words to which the reader's attention is especially invited are italicized. And the reader is also requested to reread and study carefully the lesson brought out on this point in the book just quoted, chapter nineteen. ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

“At Waterloo, the English troops, obeying orders, fell on their faces for a time, and let the hot fire of the French artillery pass over them; then they sprang to their feet, and rushed to the thickest of the fight and beat back their foes. The Lord wants his people flat on their faces before they attempt to meet the great crises of life.”

“A MARBLE cutter, with chisel and hammer, was changing a stone into a statue. A preacher looking on said, ‘I wish I could deal such clanging blows on stony hearts.’ The workman made answer, ‘Maybe you could, if you worked like me, upon your knees.’”

“WHEN the heroic Gordon went to the Sudan, his parting message to me was,—written on a card, and referring to a prayer meeting held at his house,—‘I value more the prayer of that little circle than all the wealth of the Sudan.’”

“SIN has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.”



Resurrection

O BREAK in song, celestial bands,
The "Christ is risen indeed"!
We come, before his feet we bow,
We bring to him our homage now,
From death forever freed.

O break in song, ye riven hearts
Whose pathway has been drear!
He is your Saviour; now redeemed,
The glory, as from heaven streamed,
Is than the sun more clear.

The grave is burst, the fetters broke,
The Christ is risen again:
Lift up your gates, O heaven above,
He rises to the throne of love,
Redeemer now of men.

B. F. M. SOURS.

God's Man



A YOUTHFUL man of forty came to our town a few years ago to take charge of a manufacturing business. It thrived from the start. He was a very likable man, and soon found many friends in the town. He did not respond to nearly all the social demands made upon him, pleading as his excuse that his shop kept him busy.

But he always had time to answer another kind of demand. Was there a poor widow in a dingy alley, he could always find time to visit her and arrange for her comfort. Did some overactive boy get into trouble, he had time to go to court, and help straighten the matter out, and afterward keep an eye on the boy. He had time for the ambitious youngsters who hoped for an education though there wasn't much ground for hope, time for the discouraged head of the family, struggling with sickness and unpaid bills. He gave to this sort of work so much more time than his business associates thought that they could spare that people wondered about it.

In a little group that knew him intimately he was asked one time how he managed, and why he chose just this sort of thing for the "recreation" for his hardly gained leisure hours. He told a little story in answer that is worth the attention of every young person choosing his paths in life and eager to make his life worth while:—

"When I was a boy about eighteen, I left home, and went into another city to take up work. I had been brought up by a devout Christian mother, and partly by my own choice and partly to please her I united with a church in the city. The church had established a Sunday school mission in the worst part of the town; and when they asked me to go there and take a class of boys, I consented. My boys were little chaps of about eight. I liked them, and did my best for them. By some small kindnesses and treats that cost little besides effort I soon bound them to me, so that I had great influence over them. What teacher said was law and gospel to them.

"But you know the temptations that come to the boy away from home. I made friends in the office. The boys introduced me to their social sets, and I had many invitations to pleasant affairs. There was nothing wrong about it. I had no gross tastes, and was not in danger of dissipation. The young people

I associated with were well-bred and clever. But my social life was beginning to fill up all my spare time.

"I determined at length to give up my class. I had become irregular in church attendance because I was so tired Sunday mornings that it was easy to persuade myself that I needed to sleep Sunday mornings. It was only justice to my business that I should not be overtired on Monday. None of the other fellows gave up their Sunday afternoons to a dozen poor little ragamuffins. Why should I? Probably it did no good, anyway. Their surroundings were against them. I couldn't hope to make them useful men by an hour's teaching on Sunday. At length I convinced my lazy soul that it was quite all right to drop that class.

"I went a trifle early to Sunday school the afternoon that I intended to be my last at the work. I had been secretary, too, and I sat down behind a partition that made the office, to get the records in order. Two of my boys came in, and sat down together just outside the partition.

"'I ain't coming any more after today,' said one. 'He's going to quit.'

"'No, he ain't neither,' contradicted small Tony, indignantly.

"'Yes, he is, too. The boss of the Sunday school said so.'

"'No, he ain't neither. He dasn't quit.'

"'Yes, he dast, too. He's grown up, and got a job and lots of money. He don't have to mind nobody.'

"'Yes, he does, too, have to mind. Don't matter how big you are, or what kind of a job you've got, there's the boss, and you've got to mind. I guess you wasn't here when he first came, but I was the first boy in his class. And us kids asked him one Sunday what made him come 'stead of going out riding and to picnics and things. And he said God sent him to teach us. And he said God was his boss, and he had to do as he said. And he said God was the boss of all of us; only some folks didn't get in and work when they ought to, and of course they wouldn't be on hand when pay day comes round. He's God's man, I tell you, and he dasn't quit.'

"'Betcher he does,' said the doubter. 'God ain't always paying attention, and lots of folks does what they want to.'

"'But still stanch little Tony declared I was God's man, and couldn't quit.

"He was right. Sitting there behind the partition, I took a look at my life. I was crowding out the high, eternal things for the glittering things that perish in the using. I was God's man, but I had been about to shirk my job. No, I dared not do that. I was under orders, and I would stay and do my best.

"There was another thought, too. Those boys were reading God in me. I was God's man, and they'd judge of my 'Boss' by what I did. If I didn't care much, they would think he was too far away to care about poor little chaps in the alley. I had to show them the God I knew.

"I've tried to do that ever since. If ever I got lazy and wanted to shirk, I've said to myself, 'God's man,' and then I've had to be what that name meant.

"All of the good things of my life, even to my business promotions, have come out of that. The fellow that stays on the job is bound to be there when pay day comes round, and I'll tell you, God's pay is big. It's out of all proportion to the work you've done."—*Zelia Margaret Walters, in Christian Endeavor World.*

The Abiding Three

As I walked through the Valley of Time, I came upon a man that was going the same way as I. He was a strong man, clothed in a full suit of armor. He walked like a conqueror, and seemed not to notice the little thorny vines stretched across the way, and the stones scattered along, making the way rough and tedious. We came to a river that had overflowed its banks. He rolled his coat together and smote the waters, and they parted, so that we went across on the dry river bed. When we came to a mountain, he spoke and it disappeared. He put great armies to flight; he spoke to the rocks, and water flowed from them; in desert lands he called to the heavens, and bread fell in the morning. I asked him what he looked at so often and intently, as I noticed him raise his eyes above the misty horizon and look away into the blue. He said that beyond he could see a city whose builder and maker is God, and he soon would be there. Only once during the time I was with him did he seem to become discouraged, and that was after he had slain a thousand men in a desert. He stuck his spear into the ground, threw down his shield, and betook himself to prayer. Upon rising from his knees, he found a spring of water trickling down from the top of the spear to the ground, and he drank and was revived.

I parted from this man and soon overtook another. He was singing when I first met him,—something about "a land that is fairer than day." He was not clothed in armor like the first, nor was he as strong. He was dressed like the poorer classes of the country, and his coat was threadbare and his shoes patched. He did not do any wonders as the other, but he climbed the mountains and scrambled over the rocks with wonderful alacrity. When he came to a swollen river, he sat down by the stream and played upon his lyre and sang, or went about the banks gathering the flowers until the river went down. Then he resumed his journey, singing as he traveled. He often raised a glass that hung by his side, and looked away into the distance, as the other had done. I asked him what he saw, and he replied, "I see but darkly through my glass, but there is somewhere beyond a place where I expect to meet my friends and be free from toil and sorrow."

Again I went on my way and found another, this time a young woman. As she traveled, she helped little children over the stones, and supported the aged as they slowly made their way up the steeps. She seemed to be always busy. In her company were wounded soldiers to bandage, sick people to nurse, and little children to watch. In her spare moments, she would take out of her workbag hanging at her side her needle and a garment, and sew. I asked her for whom she sewed, and she pointed to a group of children playing about, who were clothed in rags. As she sat upon a rock by the way, I noticed that the little ones ran to her to settle their disputes or to be soothed in sorrow. Occasionally a child would come with a cut finger to bind up, or a bruised knee for her to anoint with a little salve, which she carried always with her. She had a kind word and a smile for all who met her. Although she often took her own scanty dinner and gave to the hungry, yet she never referred to it afterward, by word or deed. I asked her if she did not see the beautiful city that we were journeying to. She said that she knew there was such a place, and had read about it in the Guidebook, to the old

and blind in the company, but to look for it herself she had not time.

These three I found in the Valley of Time. Who are they? Their names are found in 1 Cor. 13:13.

HELEN ROSSER.

What Saith the Scriptures?

Do the Scriptures say that the Lord blessed the Sabbath?—Yes. Gen. 2:3.

Do they say he blessed Sunday?—No.

Do they say that he commands the keeping of the Sabbath?—Yes. Ex. 20:8-11.

Do they say that he commands the keeping of Sunday?—No.

Do they say that he calls the Sabbath his holy day?—Yes. Isa. 58:13.

Do they say that he calls Sunday his holy day?—No.

Do they say he offers great rewards to those who keep holy the Sabbath?—Yes. Isa. 58:14.

Do they say that he offers great reward to those who keep Sunday holy?—No.

Do they say that the Sabbath will be kept in the new earth?—Yes. Isa. 66:23.

Do they say that Sunday will be kept in the new earth?—No.

Do they say for Christians to pray about the Sabbath?—Yes. Matt. 24:20.

Do they say for Christians to pray about Sunday?—No.

Do they say the holy women kept the Sabbath according to the commandment?—Yes. Luke 23:55, 56.

Do they say the holy women kept Sunday according to any commandment?—No.

Do they say it was Jesus' custom to worship on the Sabbath?—Yes. Luke 4:16.

Do they say it was Jesus' custom to worship on Sunday?—No.

Do they say it was Paul's manner to worship on the Sabbath?—Yes. Acts 17:2.

Do they say it was Paul's manner to worship on Sunday?—No.

Do they say the Lord punishes nations for not keeping the Sabbath?—Yes. Jer. 17:27.

Do they say the Lord punishes nations for not keeping Sunday?—No.

Do they say some power will think to change God's time?—Yes. Dan. 7:25.

Do they say the Lord will ever change?—No. Mal. 3:6.

Do they say that teaching for doctrines the commandments of men is vain worship?—Yes. Matt. 15:9.

Do they say that teaching for doctrines the commandments of God is vain worship?—No. Matt. 19:17.

Do they say that those who keep the commandments of God are blessed?—Yes. Rev. 22:14.

Do they say that those who keep the traditions of the Roman Church are blessed?—No. Rev. 14:9, 10.

Do they say there are six working days?—Yes. Eze. 46:1.

Do they say the Sabbath is one of the working days?—No. Ex. 20:8-11.

This is what the Scriptures say. Do you say *amen*?

T. H. JEYS.



What the Crocus Said

SEE US standing in a row
 Or a circle, in the snow.
 Blue or gray the sky o'erhead,
 We our silken skirts outspread.
 Easy 'tis to be a rose,
 When the balmy south wind blows;
 But it's hard to break the mold,
 And spring nights are long and cold.
 But we cannot, cannot wait.
 "Spring will come; let's not be late!"
 Thus we cry, and then we grow
 Till we push up through the snow.

— Anne Schultze.

Butter from a Bird

Cows are rarities in Trinidad, so when natives of this island want butter for their bread they are compelled to seek a substitute. Fortunately for them there is another possibility close at hand; not in churned mare's or goat's milk, as one might suppose, but in the pure fat of the guacharo.

This strange bird, which makes its habitat in the darkest recesses of caves, is rarely seen abroad in daylight. Like our owl and whippoorwill, it seeks its food only after sundown.

The fledglings of the guacharo are the sources of Trinidad's "butter." They are plump little chicks, and are almost pure fat—the natives call them oilbirds. They are taken from the nests when they are three or four weeks old, killed, and "boiled."

No water is added in this odd "boiling," because of the enormous amounts of soft grease the fledglings exude in the slightest heat. As the process goes on and the fat is extracted, little remains of the fledgling. The heavy grease so obtained is very satisfying to the native appetite.

Considerable difficulty is encountered in getting to the nests, although their positions are well known to the natives. Oftentimes stagnant, or even flowing water, is in the bottom of the cavern, and the footing is treacherous and faulty. Wooden torches are commonly carried in the search for nests containing the young.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

Giving Eyes to the Blind

NEARLY blind children should be given glasses to keep them from going entirely blind. Extreme nearsightedness is generally confused with blindness. As long as there is any sight, it should be stimulated with glasses and the eyes made to perform their function; for disuse of an organ occasions the loss of power to use it, or atrophy. On the other hand, correction of nearsight by the proper glasses progressively decreases the nearsight, and a nearsighted person whose eyes are regularly examined keeps getting less nearsighted.

But the problem that has confronted oculists is this: All were agreed that reading lenses when focused nearer than ten inches could not safely be prescribed, as they would overstrain the muscles which turn the eyes toward each other; and reading lenses for the near blind would have to focus at less than ten inches, perhaps at three and one-half inches.

By accident Dr. William Richards, of New York City, who successfully fitted with lenses a near-blind boy having one glass eye, conceived the idea of making other children "one-eyed for reading." In ac-

cordance with this idea Dr. Richards now covers the lower part of the glass over a child's poorer eye with a black wafer, pasting it on just as a reading lens is pasted upon the distance lens in a bifocal glass, and fits the other eye with a reading lens which focuses it at three and one-half inches. This relieves all strain from the other eye. Out of one hundred and fifty children that he examined he found that ninety-nine of them could be made to read from their books instead of being placed in the blind classes where the Braille system of raised dots is used.

These children were thus put in the way of a constantly improving sight rather than of a steadily decreasing sight due to nonuse.

Clothes Will Not Burn

A NEW fire protective liquid is now on the market. It is "colorless, odorless, and it will not hurt the hands nor cause the dyes in delicate fabrics to run. Any cloth fabric, from a lace curtain to an Oriental rug, that is treated with the preparation will resist successfully all encroachments of flames. Women's house dresses, treated in this solution, cannot be made to burn by any known method. Furthermore the appearance of the fabric is said to remain the same after treatment with the liquid.

"Apply the liquid and allow it to dry, then attack the cloth with the intense heat of a plumber's blowtorch. The fabric will scorch and crumble wherever the direct flame plays upon it, *but it will not take fire*. This test can, of course, be as easily carried on with a match, a hot coal, or any burning object, and the result will be the same, although not so severe. Even lace curtains—supposed to be absolute tinder when it comes to the matter of inflammability—withstand such tests as those outlined."

A Fortune in a Tree

THE most valuable tree in the known world is the famous avocado, or alligator pear tree, owned by Mr. Harry A. Woodworth, of Whittier, California.

The tree is just eight years old, and this year made \$5,002 for its owner. Mr. Woodworth has recently had a thirty-foot fence erected around his tree to keep out miscreants, and has had the tree insured against fire and wind, with Lloyds, of London, for \$30,000. A local nurseryman produced this tree from a seed sent from the Mexican highland. Several more of these seeds were planted at the same time, and have grown into beautiful trees; but none have borne fruit. This tree stands thirty-five feet high, and its trunk is forty-eight inches in circumference. Another peculiar feature about it is that it began bearing when only three years old, as the avocado seldom bears before the age of eight or ten years. The fruit is the shape of a very large pear. It has a very dark green skin and contains one large seed, while the meat is of a creamy consistency. The tree bore 3,865 pears this year, which brought from six to eight dollars a dozen.

In order to save his tree from ruin in satisfying bud wood purchasers, the owner has raised the price of buds from ten to twenty-three cents each. Of this year's receipts from the tree, \$2,570 came from the fruit, and \$2,432 from the sale of bud wood. The raising of the avocado promises to become one of the leading industries in California. It is being propagated by thousands; and hundreds of acres are being set out to young avocado trees.—*Henrietta A. Woodworth, in St. Nicholas*.

A Zoological Problem

ONE of the most perplexing and important problems for the curator of zoological gardens is that of feeding. Not only must the keeper of the zoo know *what* to feed, but *how much*, and *when*. Before animals are thoroughly acclimated they should be fed twice a day; after that once every twenty-four hours is sufficient. Since wild animals are unable to make known their likes and dislikes in the matter of their food, an accurate knowledge of those things on which they subsist in their wild state is necessary, and this knowledge forms one of the essentials which the man in charge of a collection of animals must bring to his job. While some animals of the higher order, as, for instance, the monkey, are anatomically very similar to humans, their peculiar digestive organs must be catered to, or else the zoo will have a sick monkey on its hands. And while the monkey is very intelligent, he is not yet amenable to reason and argument, and probably would not consent to have a mustard plaster placed upon his back, or to hold a hot water bottle upon his stomach for any length of time. Hence the idea of "an ounce of prevention" must be kept in mind always when dealing with the health of wild animals.

An instance of the thought and ingenuity exercised in the feeding of animals and reptiles is illustrated in a novel method adopted by Cy De Vry, of Lincoln Park, Chicago, in feeding the large pythons which form so interesting a part of the park's exhibit. These large reptiles in their natural retreats capture their own prey and crush it in their coils, covering it with saliva before devouring it. Contrary to a general belief, they will not swallow anything live, nor will they devour any animal after *rigor mortis* has set in. Yet in captivity these reptiles often refuse to eat, and voluntarily starve themselves to death. They have been known to go without food for over two years. It is therefore sometimes necessary to feed them forcibly. The ordinary method was to kill five or six rabbits, and after skinning them to tie them together after the manner of links of sausage, greasing them thoroughly in olive oil or some other lubricant. A long pole was then fastened under the jaw of the first rabbit, and, the snake's mouth being forced open, the rabbits were shoved down its throat by means of this pole. When you consider that the length of one of these reptiles is over twenty feet, and that a snake's stomach does not begin until two thirds down its body, you can see the forcible feeding of a snake is something of an undertaking, if only because of the size of the task.

But the pole is likely to slip and injure Mr. Snake internally, and since he is a valuable specimen such chances must not be taken if a better way can be found. In casting about for an improved method of giving the snake his bimonthly meal, it occurred to Mr. De Vry that an ordinary sausage grinder could be used to advantage. He thereupon secured one suitable for the purpose, and the snake which required feeding was brought out and placed in position for his meal. After getting His Snakeship's mouth open, the men held it so by inserting a square block of wood, in the middle of which a hole had been bored. A rubber hose was then attached to the outlet of the grinder and was forced, through the hole in the block of wood, down the snake's throat. Ground meat was forced into him, while his head was being worked gradually nearer the mill until his jaws were

at the outlet of the grinder. As the meat passed down into his stomach, the attendants gently massaged his body, that the food might be evenly distributed. In this way forty or fifty pounds of meat were forced into him, little of it being disgorged, and he was ready to take another nap for a couple of months or so.

If proper temperature is not maintained in cages occupied by snakes, they catch cold, the affliction usually taking the form of scurvy of the mouth. When this happens, the reptile is put in a warm cage with a large water tank, where it may lie for weeks with only the tip of its nose above water. The water has a curative effect, the purulent parts become loosened and are shaken off.—*Frank Mason, in Illustrated World.*

By Way of Prevention

By far the best way to deal with the cigarette in relation to your boy is to prevent him from beginning the use. *Prevention is ten times easier than cure.* However, in perhaps more than half the individual cases, the unsuspecting parent discovers that the boy has acquired the smoking habit secretly. Therefore, to all parents of even preadolescent boys we must sound this word of warning: Take nothing for granted. Do not put the matter aside with, "My boy is too good to smoke cigarettes." None are immune till guarded and guided through a danger zone of from five to ten years' duration.

Money Considerations

A judicious use of money will often prove effective in preventing the boy from using cigarettes. Offer him an allowance of so much a week, say, ten to twenty-five cents for regular abstinence. If you are so inclined, you may consider \$1 to \$2 a month as a valuable investment if it proves effective in establishing a permanent nonuse of tobacco on the part of your boy. In case you make this regular allowance of money, counsel with your son as to its expenditure. Some of it may go for mere knickknacks, but a part should be used for some more permanent good. A small bank account may be built out of it.

Another well-tried method of prevention to be applied to the cigarette problem is to offer a stated sum to be given at the time the youth becomes of age, provided he practices total abstinence from tobacco. In order to make the matter impressive, call your young son into a private place, go over the situation seriously with him, hand him your promissory note for \$100, with or without interest, and due on the day he is twenty-one. Have this note deposited with some good, friendly banker, and take a receipt therefor.

The fact that smoking is fatal to the success of the young athlete, and the further fact that a large number of business firms now refuse to employ cigarette users, will also furnish strong incentives for youthful abstinence from tobacco.—*American Motherhood.*

DON'T be consistent, but be simply true. The longer I live, the more I am satisfied of two things: First, that the truest lives are those that are cut rose-diamond fashion, with many facets answering to the many-planed aspects of the world about them; secondly, that society is always trying in some way or other to grind us down to a single flat surface. It is hard work to resist this grinding-down action.—*Holmes.*



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



Two Little Flowers

Two little flowers, one pink, one blue,
Both in a city garden grew;
The street was dusty, the garden small,
But the flowers nodded so sweetly to all,
That whoever happened to pass that way
Felt a wish to come on another day.

Two little girls in a household grew,
And one wore pink, and one wore blue;
The street was dusty, the house was small,
But the little girls nodded so sweetly to all,
That whoever happened to pass that way
Was certain to come on another day.

—Mary Starck.

The Question

A BOY, when chided by his associate for speaking to the family laundress on the street, replied, "The question is not who she may be, but rather, Am I a gentleman?"

It may be there is some one in your home who is not altogether agreeable to you. Since it is not convenient for two persons to live in the same home without a degree of conversation, what do you do when it seems necessary to answer some question? Do you frown while it is being asked, and then snap, growl, or grunt out the reply in a manner unbecoming to a lady or gentleman? It may be you were interrupted in a conversation of especial interest. You may not be feeling well. The question may have been ill-advised or even impertinent. Should any or all of these things make any difference with your reply?—Indeed not. The question is not how trying may have been the conditions, but, Are you the lady you should be and that in future you will wish you had been?

I am a very practical woman, and could not be justly charged with being in the least artistic, and yet I possess a studio. It is as old as my years indicate. It is as well filled with pictures as it can conveniently be.

Webster defines studio as the working-room of a sculptor or painter.

In my studio there are many pictures,—some beautiful ones, and some that, to say the least, are marred. An artist is usually at fault for possessing other than correct representations of his subjects, but as my studio is mostly filled by other people, the fault cannot be wholly mine. Some of these pictures have been contributed by false statements and unkind criticisms, others by innuendoes, inferences, and comparisons.

Expressions of doubt as to the truthfulness of the statements of a mutual associate have left in my mental studio pictures I would fain reverse. For instance: "Well, but you know Dr. Smith doesn't always tell things exactly right."

An ugly portrait on the wall of my room may eventually fade and be relegated to the garret, but seldom will those placed in the mind be obliterated. Only the grace of God is sufficient for such a work.

My studio is not wholly occupied by untrue and unpleasant pictures. Many beautiful ones are hung in memory's hall, placed there by kind words uttered in commendation of mutual acquaintances.

Moral: Is it not well for us to place in the minds of others only those paintings they will wish to retain, rather than reverse or destroy?

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Talking Things Over at Home

THE dining-room table was not a silent place in this home. Mealtime meant talking time. It is a poor meal that doesn't. And as the young people and the father and the mother were eating and talking that day, a question came up that no one could answer. The father pushed back his chair, stepped over toward the window, lifted a big reference volume from its stand, turned over its pages, and in a moment all had the answer to their question. The book was put back into its place, and the meal went on.

That was in the home of H. Clay Trumbull, years ago; and the children of that family, now the heads of homes of their own, have reason to be grateful for the wisdom of the father. He made it a point to have in the dining-room an unabridged dictionary, a cyclopedia of general information, and a geographical gazetteer. These books were not in the adjoining library, but in the dining-room itself; and his purpose in putting them there was to have immediately at hand trustworthy information that would help to make the table talk worth while.

Are we all deliberately and thoughtfully pressing into service every available and simple means of this sort in order that as we "talk things over at home" our talk shall not be mere chatter, mere unguided opinion, but shall increasingly become more and more profitable as the days and years pass? Are our children as familiar with the use of a Bible dictionary as they are with the use of a Webster? Do they know how to use the Bible concordance? Why should not reference books of this sort become a "commonplace" blessing in the home? It is so easy, at the table, or during the home evenings, or on a Sunday afternoon, to start a conversation (deliberately, though not too obviously) that will lead on into real riches of history or travel, art or music, or of the Christian life and the Word of God.—*Sunday School Times.*

"GOD shows us what is his estimate of riches, first, by what he says about them: 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;' and, secondly, in the condition in which he permitted his own Son to enter and pass through this world. 'Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.'"

"SELFISHNESS seeks inlets and limits, but never outlets. Love seeks outlets, but is strangely indifferent to inlets and limits; it is self-abandoning, more eager to give than to receive, and knowing no limits but opportunity and capacity."



CHILDREN'S PAGE

"Little Scotch Granite"

BURT and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good.

At night, before the close of the school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say ten if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the school-room seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Somehow, it made the boys ashamed of themselves seeing this sturdy, blue-eyed boy tell the truth. They nicknamed him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

At the end of the term Willie's name was low down on the credit list. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General Garibaldi, the great Italian hero.

"The signs of rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really

the most conscientiously 'perfect in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.—*British Evangelist.*

Generals Funston and Pershing

Two names have been frequently on the lips of the American people during the last few weeks. One is that of Frederick Funston, the little Kansas general who commands all the troops now guarding the Mexican frontier on the American side of the Rio Grande; and the other is that of John J. Pershing, hero of the Moro wars, whom General Funston has ordered into Mexico to round up Francisco Villa, the notorious bandit of Chihuahua. Both are products of the West. Funston was born in Ohio, but has claimed Kansas as his home since he was a lad of sixteen. Pershing has always been from Missouri. Funston is a major general, and Pershing a brigadier, pointed straight for the two stars of the higher rank.

Many have questioned, "What kind of man is this border commander in chief?" He happens to be just big enough physically to get into the army. If he were any shorter he would be Fred Funston, private citizen.

When the Funston family moved West in 1881, Fred entered the State university, where he completed his education. After leaving school he became a railroad conductor, and as such had runs that took him to the Mexican border. From railroading he turned to newspaper work, and became a reporter in Kansas City. Later he joined a government expedition into Death Valley, California, and nearly lost his life. After that he was a member of a government exploration sent into Alaska. He was one of the first white men who went over Chilkoot Pass. While in Alaska he broke the white man's record for traveling on snowshoes, after which he paddled, absolutely alone, eleven hundred miles down the Yukon River, his only baggage being a change of clothing and a copy of Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads."

A friend speaking of this Alaska trip said: "Probably for continued hardships, unceasing danger, and uninterrupted adventure, this journey has been unexcelled by any other on this continent in a century."

Funston next went to South America and tried his fortune as a coffee planter. Failing in this, he returned to the United States about the time the Cuban insurrection against Spanish rule broke out. He decided to go to Cuba, and for two years he served as lieutenant of the Cuban artillery.

With the outbreak of the Spanish-American War came his appointment as colonel of Kansas Volunteers, and at the head of his command he reported for duty at Tampa, Florida. But the company was not called

into service, and they were still in camp when the war ended. Then one day the Twentieth Kansas was ordered to the Philippines, and a happy man was the little commander of that regiment.

These men were called to a task which many an old veteran had ventured to pronounce impossible—the capture of Emilio Aguinaldo, the Filipino chieftain who caused Uncle Sam as much trouble fifteen years ago as Villa is making for him at present.

With his infantry and a company of picked Filipino scouts, Funston forced his way into the heart of southern Luzon, where Aguinaldo had sought refuge. The American officers went into the fastnesses of the rebel leader as prisoners of the Filipino scouts, who sought him for the avowed purpose of delivering the captives. The ruse worked. They finally reached his rendezvous, and were able to take the chieftain without firing a shot. On March 28, 1901, Funston and his famous prisoner landed in Manila. Soon after returning home he received his commission as a brigadier general.

Funston's next service was at San Francisco, after the earthquake. He directed the work of rescue, and brought order out of chaos, thereby winning the official gratitude of our nation.

Years passed, and in 1914, the city of Vera Cruz was taken by American sailors and marines under Admiral Fletcher. Funston was ordered to take over the command, and he went. His soldiers transformed the city from a pesthole to a health resort; and when the government was returned to the Mexicans, he returned to the United States and assumed command on the border. Then came the recent raid at Columbus, New Mexico, and once more Funston is busy.

And what of Pershing, the field commander whom Funston selected to lead the American regulars into the desert wastes of Chihuahua? Like Funston, Pershing's career is one of splendid achievements in the service of the country. From that day in June, 1886, when West Point turned him over to the regular army as a second lieutenant of the famous Sixth Cavalry, Pershing, as one of his friends put it a few days ago, "has never been out of the saddle."

In the first few years of his service he fought in the fierce border campaigns against Apaches in Arizona, he led his troopers in the Sioux wars of the early nineties, fought in the campaign of Santiago de Cuba, and when, by the Treaty of Paris, the Philippines came under the American flag, Pershing was ordered to the islands, where, as one of the leaders against the turbulent Moros, he was to gain fame and honors, and finally, as a reward, win the star of a brigadier, being at the time of his nomination the youngest West Pointer ever named as a general of the regular army.

Ten years ago the big problem in the Philippines involved the pacification of the Moros on the great island of Mindanao. General Pershing was named governor of the Moro Province and commander of the Military Department of the Mindanao. His orders were to pacify the Moros. The job sounded easy from a distance of some thousands of miles, but the fact remains that a harder problem had seldom been given to an officer of regulars. This was in the last days of 1911, and the jerky, short news dispatches that filtered out to civilization told a story of six hundred desperate Moros—every one of them a Mohammedan fanatic—intrenched in the crater of the extinct volcano Bud Dajo on the island of Jolo.

With a thousand picked men, regulars and Philippine

scouts, General Pershing promptly set about to capture Bud Dajo. For centuries until the coming of the Americans that stronghold had proved an impregnable retreat for the Moros. Pershing's command followed the enemy through jungles and over mountains to the crater stronghold. Then the soldiers formed a complete cordon around the mountain, and calmly instituted a campaign of real "watchful waiting."

At last the "iron ring" began to make itself felt, and in small detachments the Moros tried to gain the open jungle by dashes through the American cordon. Every dash was frustrated. Finally, on Christmas Day, 1911, the four hundred Moros still in the crater did something a Moro seldom does—they marched down the mountain side and surrendered. However, detached bands still gave trouble, and almost every day there was some sort of skirmish. Still Pershing kept on, determined never to stop until American authority was duly recognized. At last in June, 1913, came the great battle of Bagsag, which broke the backbone of the Moro insurrection.

With the beginning of 1914 Pershing returned to the United States, and shortly thereafter was assigned to the command of the Eighth Brigade of the Army, with headquarters at El Paso. Here the orders of his chief reached him on February 10, and he is once more in active service for his country and his country's flag.—*Adapted from the New York Times.*

Poverty and Success

A MAN who has risen from the modest job of railroad telegrapher to the presidency of one of America's greatest railroads, said:—

"The young man without money, friends, or pull has the best chance of success in a large corporation."

Judging from his history, he ought to know. Questioned regarding his statement, he replied in substance:—

"Success comes to those who fight for it. It can't be bought nor received as a gift nor inheritance.

"A poor boy has to fight for all he gets. The more he fights, the better he becomes able to fight. A man's mind and courage grow by use just like his muscles. You can't learn to swim wearing a life preserver, nor to walk leaning on crutches.

"The poor boy must swim or sink, stand up or fall. He knows this, and instead of looking for help, helps himself. On the other hand, the boy who is well-born in a material sense, whose family educates him, whose friends find jobs for him or set him up in business, never knows his own strength or weakness until friends, money, and pull are gone. Too often, misfortune overtakes him after the character-forming period, and finds him a *leaner*, afraid of himself, helpless without help. There are of course exceptional men, who by sheer force of character have overcome the handicap of early affluence and influence, but only because they realized their handicap and fought against it."

Does not observation of current affairs as well as history bear out this successful man's contention?

Napoleon came to Paris an unknown, unwelcomed Corsican soldier, yet in a few years was the commanding figure of Europe.

George Washington rose from the work of a poor surveyor to become the successful opponent of Great Britain.

Abraham Lincoln was so poor he did farm labor for

a living, borrowed books for self-education, and studied nights by the light of a tallow dip. We all know the heights he attained.

John D. Rockefeller was a store clerk; Andrew Carnegie a telegraph messenger; Thomas A. Edison a train boy; Schwab a laborer; and so on with practically all the kings of commerce.

So if you are poor, friendless, and broke, don't class yourself with the down-and-outs, but rather with the millionaires and world leaders just mentioned. You stand at the foot of the pathway to success.

You can earn money and make some of it start earning more. You can make friends and make them worth more than money to you. You can get the help of strong men, not from pity nor benevolence, but because in helping you they see a means to help themselves.

Don't envy the lucky fellow whose path is smoothed for him. Pity him. Some day he will seek your favor. Success is the product of character. The development of your character is in your own hands, and poverty plus honest ambition is the best environment for character building.—*Du Pont Magazine.*



Obey God's Word

(Texts for April 30 to May 6)

WHEN Sir Walter Scott was dying, he said to his secretary: "Give me the Book." "Which book?" "There is only one book," said Scott; and the secretary handed him the Bible.

The Bible has always been the Book of books. No rival has ever defeated it. Many foes have arisen against it; but always when the smoke of strife has cleared away, the Bible has come forth wearing fresh laurels of victory.

Every successful missionary enterprise has the Bible for its foundation. Every civilized land has drawn upon the Hebrew code in the Pentateuch for its best laws. All who have given to the world literature that inspires high Christian ideals, have themselves received the gift they are passing on from the pages of the Book of books. Ruskin said that the scriptures he had learned so influenced his life that he could never write frivolous or superficial English.

But the most vital question for you just now is not what the Bible has done for others; but, What is it doing for you? It is the great guidebook of life. "It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any admixture of evil for its matter." And because of its authorship, because of its purpose, and because of its contents, it becomes to all of us the great guidebook of life eternal.

When God gave Israel his Word, he said, "O that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children forever!" Today the Father is saying to you and to me, "O my child, will you not obey my Word, that it may be well with you forever?" Obedience to God is the pathway to heaven. We cannot be saved

unless we learn to obey; and we cannot lead others into the path of obedience until we have trained our own feet to walk in it.

"How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

"'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides me all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead my way.

"Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

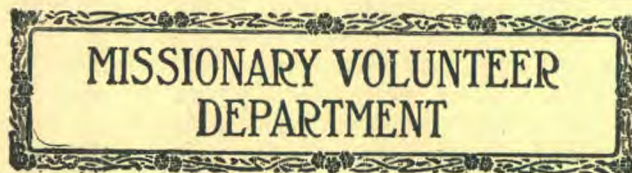
"Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That Holy Book shall guide my youth,
And well support my age."

Sometimes you will find that God's commands run directly across your most cherished plans; and it seems hard to say, "Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done." But soon, very soon, my dear young friend, God will say to the angels, "Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." You desire to be ready for that happy gathering. Then resolve, by His grace to obey his Word, and soon you will begin to enjoy giving up your selfish plans, for you will find in the path of obedience joys sweeter than you had ever dreamed could be tasted by humans here.

MEDITATION.—As I meditate on the texts for this week, I grow more determined to obey God's Word. I am thinking how important it is for tourists in the mountains and other dangerous places to obey their guide promptly and fully. Just one misstep may hurl them into eternity. The walk of life all the way is close to the edge of a precipice, and the Bible is the only chart we have of the path that leads to heaven. I must obey it, for it tells me just where to step; and I do not know. I've never been over the path before.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—For closer fellowship with God.

M. E.



- M. E. KERN Secretary
- MATILDA ERICKSON Assistant Secretary
- MRS. I. H. EVANS Office Secretary
- MEADE MAC GUIRE } Field Secretaries
- C. L. BENSON }
- J. F. SIMON }

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending May 6

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 May.

The Bible Year

Assignment for April 30 to May 6

- April 30: Psalms 38 to 40.
- May 1: Psalms 41, 103, 104.
- May 2: Psalms 3 to 5, 7.
- May 3: Psalms 42, 43, 55, 61.
- May 4: Psalms 62, 70, 71, 69.
- May 5: Psalms 86, 143, 144, 18.
- May 6: Psalms 8, 30, 91, 145.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* of April 27.



VI—The Trial of Jesus

(May 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 26: 57-75.

MEMORY VERSE: "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." Isa. 53:7.

Questions

1. When Jesus was arrested in the garden, where was he taken by his captors? Who were gathered at the high priest's house? Matt. 26: 57. Note 1.
2. What did Peter do? Verse 58. Note 2.
3. What were the chief priests and elders seeking against Jesus? What was their purpose? Verse 59.
4. How did they at first succeed? Verse 60, first part.
5. Finally what did two false witnesses say? Verse 60, last part, and 61. Note 3.
6. What did the high priest ask Jesus? Verse 62.
7. When Jesus made no answer, what did the high priest ask Jesus to say under oath? Verse 63.
8. What reply did Jesus now make? Verse 64, first part. Note 4.
9. What did he say that the high priest would one day see? Verse 64, last part. Note 5.
10. What did the high priest do to show his feelings? Of what did he accuse Jesus? Verse 65.
11. When he pressed the council for a decision, what verdict did they pronounce? Verse 66.
12. What cruel treatment did Jesus then receive? Verses 67, 68.
13. What did a damsel say to Peter as he sat without in the palace? Verse 69.
14. What reply did Peter make? Verse 70.
15. After a little while, what did another maidservant say? Verse 71.
16. What did Peter do the second time? Verse 72. Note 6.
17. What did bystanders say to Peter a little later? Verse 73.
18. What did Peter then begin to do? What immediately took place? Verse 74.
19. What did Peter now remember? Verse 75. Luke 22: 61. Note 7.

Notes

1. "The armed band, with their prisoner, threaded the dark and narrow streets, guided by torches and lanterns, for it was yet early morning, and very dark. Amid insult and mockery, the Saviour was hurried to the palace of the officiating high priest, Caiaphas."—*The Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, p. 107.
2. "After deserting their Master in the garden, two of the disciples had ventured to follow, at a distance, the mob that had Jesus in charge. These disciples were Peter and John."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 710.
3. Early in the morning Christ had said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," speaking of the temple of his body. One of these false witnesses who had been paid to speak against Jesus, declared, "This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days." He did not give Christ's words as he had spoken them. Had he done so, they would not have secured Christ's condemnation. They applied this statement to the temple at Jerusalem, which was not only dear to every Jew, but in which the Romans also took great pride, as they had recently rebuilt it.
According to the rules of Jewish law the penalty for procuring false witnesses was death.
4. "To this appeal Christ could not remain silent. . . . Christ would not fail to show proper respect for the law. . . . Every ear was bent to listen, and every eye was fixed on his face as he answered, 'Thou hast said,' meaning that what Caiaphas said was true—he was the Son of God. Christ would not deny his relation to his Father, even though he knew that to answer now would make his death certain. By his own example, Jesus here teaches us an important lesson. See Matt. 10: 32.
5. "In these words Christ presented the reverse of the scene then taking place. He, the Lord of life and glory, would be seated at God's right hand. He would be the

judge of all the earth, and from his decision there could be no appeal."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 706, 707.

6. Peter was afraid to have it known that he was a Christian. It is not safe to be in the company of those who mock at religion. In doing this, Peter placed himself on Satan's ground, and was easily overcome. It is always best to let our true colors be known.

7. "It was in sleeping when Jesus bade him watch and pray that Peter had prepared the way for his great sin. . . . Had those hours in the garden been spent in watching and prayer, Peter would not have been left to depend upon his own feeble strength. He would not have denied his Lord."—*Id.*, p. 713.

VI—The Trial of Jesus

(May 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 26: 57-75.

Questions

1. Where was Jesus taken by his captors? Matt. 26: 57. Note 1.
2. What did Peter do? Verse 58. Note 2.
3. What did the council seek deliberately to do? Verse 59.
4. How did they succeed? Verse 60. Note 3.
5. What testimony did the false witnesses bear? Verse 61.
6. What did the high priest ask Jesus? Verse 62.
7. When Jesus held his peace, what did the high priest then say to him? Verse 63.
8. What answer did Jesus give? Verse 64. Note 4.
9. What did the high priest then do and say? Verse 65.
10. When he pressed the council for a decision, what verdict did they pronounce? Verse 66.
11. How was Jesus then treated? Verse 67.
12. What did they say to him in mockery? Verse 68.
13. What did a damsel say to Peter as he sat without in the palace? Verse 69.
14. How did he answer her? Verse 70.
15. What did another maid remark about Peter in the porch? Verse 71.
16. How did he answer this time? Verse 72.
17. What did bystanders say to Peter a little later? Verse 73.
18. With what emphasis did he deny his Lord a third time? What happened immediately? Verse 74.
19. What words of Jesus did Peter now recall? Verse 75, first part.
20. What did Peter do? Verse 75, last part. Note 5.

Notes

1. John's record (18: 14) identifies this Caiaphas with the one who had declared that it was expedient that one man should die for the people. The occasion of this utterance is found in John 11: 47-54, where it is said that the expression did not originate with Caiaphas, but that as high priest he had been used of the Lord to utter a prophecy concerning Jesus' death. Now he takes a leading part, by illegal and unbecoming means, in bringing about the condemnation of Jesus.
 2. Peter's first mistake was that he "sat with the servants" instead of openly following his Master into the trial room as John did. John 18: 15. Here the rougher element would be gathered, and this bad company became the means of his downfall, though it was through his own lack of courage that he was in the place of trial.
 3. According to the rules of Jewish law as cited in the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, "the penalty for procuring false witnesses was death." Other violations of these rules were: "the trial by night, the sentence on the first day of trial, the trial of a capital charge on the day before the Sabbath, the suborning of witnesses, the direct interrogation by the high priest." Also "the condemned was not to be executed on the day of his trial."
 4. When asked directly by the proper person to declare his identity, Jesus did not hesitate to answer. His words, "Thou hast said," are equivalent to an affirmative answer, as when he used the same expression in answering Judas in verse 25.
 5. Luke says (22: 61) that when the cock crew, "the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter." That sad, tender look melted the heart of Peter to sincere repentance. He went out where he could be alone and wept aloud bitterly, as the expression means.
- WHEN Napoleon's horse ran away, and a common soldier caught him, Napoleon said, "Thank you, Captain," and the man at once went to the officers' quarters and sat down with them at mess. Had not the emperor called him "captain"? and was not his place with the captains? Let us take our place with Christ.—*F. B. Meyer.*

The Youth's Instructor

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The Gateway of the Kingdom

THE gateway of the Kingdom
It bendeth very low,
Within the reach of every place
Where common people go.
'Tis grand, but grandly simple.
'Tis great, yet very small,
Though wide enough that ever
There's passage way for all.

The gateway of the Kingdom
Is not of common gold;
Its pearl is far more precious
Than earthly realm can hold;
It has no rusty hinges,
No marble steps are piled:
The gateway of the Kingdom
Is the spirit of a child.

—Clarence E. Flynn.

Remarkable Service

ONE man in this country believes in young men. This is Dr. Russell H. Conwell, pastor of Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. As an evidence of this confidence he has delivered eight thousand lectures at an average net profit of \$150 each, and devoted the entire sum to poor boys who were working their way through college.

Forty years ago at the age of thirty-four Dr. Conwell, mindful of his early struggles at Yale, decided to make this use of the returns from his lectures; and as a result, three thousand students, enrolled in nearly every institution of higher learning in the land, have had the financial problems of college life made easier for them.

This philanthropic man has been called America's only penniless millionaire. "If the money he has received and given away in twoscore years had been invested at six per cent compound interest at the time it was earned, he would have five million dollars today. At the end of each month he balances his books, pays his bills, and scatters the residue, to the last cent, over his charity list.

"Fifty-five years ago, in a Westfield, Massachusetts, church, Dr. Conwell made an address which, under the later title of 'Acres of Diamonds,' has been delivered more than five thousand two hundred and fifty times. Audiences in every State in the Union, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, have heard it, and the lecturer turned down an offer of fifty thousand dollars for a six months' antipodal tour in Australia. Eight or nine other lectures have been carried

through this period, but 'Acres of Diamonds' has been given more times than the others combined."

Dr. Conwell has attracted attention not alone for his practical interest in the education of young men, but in his church relationship and service. When he accepted "the pastorate of a languishing little church in Philadelphia thirty-three years ago, the trustees stipulated that his eight-hundred-dollar salary should be doubled every time he doubled the church's membership of ninety-two. But they never surmised what was in store for them. Within six weeks the fold had grown to one hundred and ninety-five; within six months the membership and the minister's salary had doubled again; within six years Dr. Conwell was receiving ten thousand dollars annually, and had refused to accept more. Had he held the church to the agreement, he would have been getting long ago more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

This church, under Dr. Conwell's care, "put forth many branches, and became the first great institutional church in America. In less than a decade the magnificent Baptist Temple had been built; Temple College, now Temple University, had been founded for poor boys and girls desirous of getting an education at night, and the Samaritan Hospital, a haven for the helpless, had been brought into being. Later, Garretson Hospital was established in an industrial center. Temple University started with two students in a back room. Today it has fourteen hundred students, and buildings valued at more than half a million dollars."

Fewer and Better Laws

A FORMER United States Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham, wisely says of all law-making powers that "it would be a good thing if our legislative bodies, not excluding the Congress of the United States, would give themselves a long rest from the business of framing multitudinous new statutes, with which to clutter their own records and the law libraries of the world. They could profitably devote a term of years to analyzing existing laws, simplifying, standardizing, and modernizing those which are essential to good government, and ruthlessly repealing those which we could do without. The sweet reasonableness which they would acquire from this task might convince them that problems of such importance as to require brand-new legislation are comparatively rare in the life of a State.

"Some years ago, the State of New York appointed a splendid body of men, including lawyers and jurists of the highest distinction, as a 'Board of Statutory Revisers.' Their powers were limited. They could not suppress any principle or theory that had found its way into the laws of the State. They could not change the meaning of any given statute, either arbitrarily or by interpretation. But they were authorized to condense and rearrange, to revise by striking out overlapping laws, to combine groups of statutes which covered the same subject; in short, to state the laws of the community concisely and faithfully. The result of their labors was the 'Consolidated Laws of the State of New York,' enacted in 1909 and supplemented a year later. Comprised in ten or eleven volumes, this was one of the most thorough, practical, and truly admirable compilations of the laws of a State that had ever been made.

"We need fewer laws, more carefully drawn,—laws that can be respected and honestly enforced."