

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIV

June 13, 1916

No. 24



Doubleday, Page & Co.

A BEND IN THE SUWANNEE RIVER NEAR LIVE OAK, FLORIDA



DR. OSCAR RIDDLE, of the Carnegie Institute, has found that by dosing hens with urotropin, eggs are automatically preserved. The urotropin is deposited in the egg, where it changes into formalin, a preservative that prevents decay. Extend the principle, and in a few years we shall be eating medicated eggs.

DR. D. H. KRESS says regarding means of getting rid of the tobacco evil, "Reform must be made by fathers and teachers, who say in all their habits of life to those who look to them as examples, 'Follow me.' When this is done, our educational and legislative efforts will be consistent, and will appeal to the youth."

A MASSACHUSETTS gentleman paid, some time ago, \$100,000 for an "antique" Pallas shrine which he purchased in Italy. It turns out that the shrine is anything but antique, having been manufactured by cunning art dealers within the last fifty years, and colored with coffee to give it an ancient appearance. Now the purchaser must pay another forty per cent in duty. Italy is evidently a home of the artful as well as of art.

By means of a new process of ore extraction, the market price of radium has been shattered. At the Denver Experiment Station of the United States Bureau of Mines, where the discovery was made, the cost of radium, including the higher cost of the first experimental work, was \$37,000 for each gram of radium metal. The market price of radium for the last two or three years has been from \$120,000 to \$160,000 per gram.

"A JAPANESE, trying to describe a friend of his to an American, took up a Bible and said, 'He believes this Book *very much*.' The essence of Christian living is believing what the Bible tells us, and doing as we believe. The Bible is a record of lives for lives, and there can be no fulness of life without it. To discard it or use a substitute is like throwing away a solid silver spoon and using a corroding brass one. Blood poisoning will sooner or later follow."

WHEN two horses pull unevenly on a load, which horse carries the larger part of the burden, the one that is a little ahead or the one that is somewhat behind? The experts of the Minnesota Agricultural College have upset a common belief by proving that it is the horse that lags behind. The experiments showed that, if the load is a ton, the horse that keeps its end of the evener eight inches ahead of the other end pulls only 988 pounds, whereas the slower horse pulls 1,012 pounds.

"A CAREFUL statistician, Prof. William B. Bailey, of Yale, published, nearly two years ago, some figures showing that the people of the United States spent at that time in a single year about \$1,100,000,000 on tobacco. As the receipts from the internal revenue tax on tobacco have increased by about fourteen per cent in the last two years, it seems fair to assume that the general consumption has increased by this amount. Fourteen per cent of \$1,100,000,000 would be \$154,000,000. It seems, therefore, conservative to state that at the present time the people are spending at least \$1,200,000,000 for the pleasure of smoking and chewing."

No American, it is said, will work in the limestone quarry near Rockland, Maine, since one must work under constant fear that small stones which are continually being loosened from the top of a large cañon five hundred feet deep, will fall on them.

A Civic Creed for Denver Children

THE instilling of patriotism as a part of the education of youth is strongly advocated for Denver, Colorado, elementary schools in an attractive booklet prepared for the public schools of that city. In it we find this declaration:—

"Training in good and useful citizenship through the cultivation of a worthy and effective character is not, and must not be, held subordinate to any other school duty."

It also suggests an admirable civic creed, which is worthy of adoption everywhere:—

"I am a citizen of Denver, of Colorado, and of the United States.

"It is my right and my duty to make an honest living, and to be comfortable and happy.

"It is my privilege and my duty to help others to secure these benefits.

"I will work hard, and play fair.

"I will be kind to all, especially to little children, to old people, to the unfortunate, and to animals.

"I will help to make Denver a clean, beautiful, and law-abiding city.

"These are the best services I can render to my city, my State, and my country."—*Selected*.

What It Costs

HENRY W. FARNAM, in "Our Tobacco Bill," published in 1914, gives the following facts and figures regarding the cost of a worse than useless habit: "The importance of tobacco in our national budget is shown by the latest census figures, according to which it ranks eleventh among the industries of the country, with respect to the value of the product. Our manufactured tobacco was worth at the factory in 1909, \$146,695,000. It thus outranked bread and other bakery products, women's clothing, copper, malt liquors, automobiles, petroleum, and distilled liquors. It was but about a third less important than manufactures of cotton. Its value was more than twice as great as that of distilled liquors."

THEN, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the
throe!

—*Browning*.

Principal Contents

	PAGE
Speak to the Earth, and It Shall Teach Thee (poetry)	3
Here-and-There Missionary Notes	3
A True Story of the Civil War	4
The Roof of the World—No. 2	5
The Autobiography of a Motto	7
The Summer Tanager (poetry)	7
For the Finding-Out Club	7
Truth	8
A Thoughtless Act	11
Rosalée	11
Unity	13

The Youth's Instructor

LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 13, 1916

No. 24

"Speak to the Earth, and It Shall Teach Thee"

(Job 12:8)

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS

SPEAK to the earth when weary,—
Stop by the quiet lake;
Search for the brooding wood dove;
Pause in the silent brake;
Study the water lilies,
Calm, on the river's breast,—
Speak to the earth when weary,
And it shall teach thee—rest!

Speak to the earth in sorrow,—
Look at the sunny hills;
List to the wild birds' anthems;
List to the laughing rills;
Watch how the breezes frolic,
Naught can their cheer destroy,—
Speak to the earth in sorrow,
And it shall teach thee—joy!

Speak to the earth when worried,—
Stand on the moon-lit plain;
Gaze at the starry zenith;
Hark to the falling rain;
The purple vault will calm thee,
From worry bring release,—
Speak to the earth when worried,
And it shall teach thee—peace!

Speak to the earth, 'twill teach thee
All that is good to know;
Meekness, the daisy's blossom,
Courage, the river's flow;
And oft, when naught else touches
The heart, in its solitude,
A voice from the earth may utter
The soul's beatitude.

Here-and-There Missionary Notes

W. A. SPICER

Great Corn Island



It is remarkable into how many out-of-the-way corners this message finds its way. At the last General Conference, Dr. Fox, of the American Bible Society, was speaking.

"Now we have issued a portion of Scripture," he said, "in a language that I venture to say you have scarcely heard of, a portion in the Arawak language."

"I beg pardon, Doctor," called out Elder E. C. Boger, from Guiana, "but we have a mission among the Arawak Indians."

The other day, when Congress acted on the treaty with Nicaragua, leasing land for a possible second canal route, the public was informed that two little islands included in the treaty, Great Corn and Little Corn, off the Nicaraguan coast, were claimed by Colombia. Few of us had ever heard of these islands before. As we read of Colombia's claim, in the Panama newspaper, Elder Kneeland remarked, "We have a church on Great Corn Island."

Mention almost any remote part of the world, and if this message has not reached it yet, it is fast on the way.

An Antigua Girl's Experience

"While visiting Antigua," said Elder N. H. Pool, "I baptized a young woman, who went to work selling the *West Indian Watchman*. She had a friend with whom she greatly longed to talk about the truth, but she could never seem to find the courage to speak with her on this subject. While I was holding meetings there, she invited the friend to attend. The woman came and was at once deeply interested. She reproached the young woman very earnestly for not having told her before about these things.

Our young sister then determined to do more to win souls. She visited the hospital and talked with the women. As she was leaving one day, she saw a young man on a cot, apart from the men's ward. At first she thought of speaking with him; then she felt it might not be a proper thing to do. But again she felt she could not pass by saying nothing, so spoke with him. He said he would gladly hear the Bible read. She read, and offered prayer for him. She learned

he was from the island of St. Kitts, that he had been sent to a reformatory for boys, and falling ill, was put in the hospital. She corresponded with his mother, who was rejoiced to hear of some one's taking an interest in her boy. As the correspondence continued, our sister was able to weave in something about the truth every time. The mother read the letters to her neighbors. As a result three persons began to keep the Sabbath, who had learned of it only through this girl's letters. Some time ago we appropriated money to enable our sister to visit these people in St. Kitts, and I received a letter from her saying, "There are more than those three now keeping the Sabbath—there are nine."

A Youthful Witness at Colon

"Tell me a young people's story of Colon," I said to Brother Charles Degering, formerly of Panama, but now secretary of the Jamaica Conference.

"Well," he said, "we had there a young man who came down from British Honduras to find work. He had lost an arm, somehow, and it was difficult for him to find employment where he could keep the Sabbath. He found work, however, with one of our brethren. In his spare time he would go over to the West Indian workmen's camp, by the Canal, and talk with the boys about the truth. He was a quiet youth, and said little of his work at the camp. A few months after his arrival, we had a Sabbath afternoon meeting in which the believers were testifying as to how the truth came to them. 'I received it through Brother Leigh,' said one, this being the name of the young man who had worked in the camp. 'And I, too, learned of this message through Brother Leigh,' said another. In the course of that meeting six bore testimony that they had been brought to a knowledge of the truth through this young brother's work. It was a surprise to us."

Holding True

One young man who received the truth through Brother Leigh had rather an unusual experience. "He was a machinist," said Brother Degering, "working on the Colon side. When he told his foreman he could

not come to work on Saturday, the foreman discharged him. But the next week the foreman sent for him. He worked through the week, and when he remained away on the Sabbath, he was discharged again. But the foreman sent for him again. Just then this foreman was transferred to the Panama side of the Canal. The new foreman told our brother on Friday, 'You will have to work tomorrow.' Our brother said he could not; so he was dismissed. But just then he got a letter from his old foreman calling him to work under him on the Panama side."

Other Indians Calling

We have known for years of the calls from Indians of the Mt. Roraima district, on the Guiana-Brazilian border, for a teacher. Now it appears that other Indians of the upper Guianas are calling. Years ago, it seems, some Indians from our Baataba company, on the Demerara River, walked across country eastward, and established themselves on the Berbice River. At Colon, the other day, Elder Pool told us he had been up to visit this company to meet some Indians from the far interior. They had been wandering, traveling, fishing, hunting, and camping, taking months to get down to our Indian company. They wanted to see a missionary.

"I went up the Berbice," said Elder Pool, "to meet them. It was about a week's journey by boat. They said, 'We came to learn about the coming of the Lord.' I found our Indian Sabbath keepers had a meeting place roofed in, and I held meetings with them. When I left them, the Indians from the interior repeated their call, 'We want a missionary.'"

The Indians of Guiana and the Second Advent

"Do you know the origin of this call of the Indians of Guiana for instruction about the second coming of Christ?" asked Elder E. C. Boger, who formerly labored in Guiana.

"No," I replied; "tell me."

"It dates from the days of 1844," he said. "At that time publications were sent out, as we know, to the mission stations in all the world. They must have fallen into the hands of some one who spread the news of Christ's soon coming among the Indians; for their interest in this subject, they say, dates from those times. Ever since, they have believed that Christ is coming soon. They have mixed up the idea with all their tribal traditions and superstitions; but all along they have believed that some teachers will come to them to tell them about the coming of Christ."

Since Elder O. E. Davis lost his life by fever on his visit to the Mt. Roraima Indians, we have been waiting. But the Indians are waiting too. "Have you ever heard whether they still look toward us?" I asked Elder Boger. "Yes," he said; "the Roman Catholics have missions along the upper Guiana border. Since Elder Davis's death, the priests have told me that the Indians were still looking for the coming of the Lord."

Other regions are more accessible, and perhaps as open to gospel work. But one of these days some sturdy workers must surely push up into these regions where by some providence the Indians themselves have been led to look to us to teach them the message of the second advent. As we studied the map of this region, where Guiana, Venezuela, and Brazil meet, I asked Elder Boger if he had learned of the exact place where Elder Davis died. "Yes," he said; "I

met a Swedish lieutenant a few years ago, who had explored in that region. He said: 'I saw the place where Mr. Davis is supposed to have died. It is on the southern slope of Mt. Roraima, on the Brazilian side.' So it is evident that Elder Davis is buried in Brazil." There are about thirty different tribes of Indians along this Guiana-Brazilian frontier.

A True Story of the Civil War

SITUATED between Pleasant Lake and Grand River, a few miles from the city of Jackson, Michigan, is a large farm, once owned by Mr. George Henry. About the year 1840, Mr. Henry purchased this farm and settled upon it, making it his home until his death. He was a generous-hearted man, and his home became a social center for the neighborhood. The farm was large, and he always had need for several farm hands; in addition to these, some of the neighbors were continually dropping in for a friendly chat, or perchance, to sit with the family around the well-provided table.

One evening a tall, dark-complexioned gentleman came to Mr. Henry's door and applied for work on the farm. The stranger had a striking face. His clear black eyes were set deep beneath heavy eyebrows. A clean-shaven face revealed a firm lower jaw, and when he smiled, two rows of even white teeth appeared. One who could read character might have wondered why this man, who looked as if he were born to be a leader among men, was soliciting work as a hireling on a farm. His frank face and genial manner won the approval of Mr. Henry, and he was installed as a regular laborer.

Not long after the arrival of the newcomer, who gave his name as John Morgan, it was learned that he had a great mania for hunting. At first he would occasionally get leave to go hunting for a day, and then, as time went by, he would take his gun and remain away for several days. Although by his frankness and pleasing personality he had won the respect and friendship of Mr. Henry's household, yet these strange absences threw mystery about him. Then, too, a slight Southern accent in his speech added to the mystery which surrounded him. Gradually his friends began to look with suspicion upon him.

There was one friend, however, whose faith in Mr. Morgan did not waver even when all others had forsaken him. This was Mr. Henry's only daughter, Jane. She stood firmly by him, defending him against all unfriendly insinuations. The feelings of friendship between Jane and Mr. Morgan, as time passed, developed into deeper feelings, and one day, a few months before the outbreak of the Civil War, Jane Henry became Jane Morgan. The union proved to be a happy one, and for a short time Jane's cup of joy was more than full. During those happy days little did she realize that a great sorrow awaited her.

Mr. Morgan's hunting trips did not cease after his marriage, although they were noticeably shorter than before. One day, however, bidding his wife farewell and shouldering his gun, he walked away never to return. As the days wore into weeks, and the weeks into months, Jane still watched for him, but the hopeless look of despair which settled upon her gentle face was an evidence that she realized he was forever lost to her.

One morning a little blue-eyed daughter looked into the eyes of Mrs. Morgan, but even the mother-love

could not heal the broken heart, and about a year after the departure of John Morgan, a mound in a quiet cemetery not far from the Henry homestead marked the spot where Jane had been laid to rest.

Hiram Lee was one of the men that worked on Mr. Henry's farm during the time Mr. Morgan made his home there. When the war broke out, Mr. Lee, in company with a friend, Godfrey by name, enlisted, and they were sent to the front. During a battle with Southern raiders in Kentucky these two men were taken prisoners. They at once realized the gravity of their situation, because at that time both Northerners and Southerners in Kentucky were hanging prisoners as soon as they were taken. While reflecting upon their position and despairing of any escape, suddenly they were aroused by a loud cheering in the ranks of the enemy some distance away. The cheering continued and gradually came closer. Rank after rank of the soldiers took it up, and soon the prisoners realized that some officer of note was approaching.

As the general, for such he proved to be, drew nearer, Mr. Lee felt an overpowering desire to see his face. Godfrey had not seen the general yet, when suddenly he noticed Lee grow deathly pale. The next instant the blood rushed to Lee's face again as he called out, "John Morgan!" He was immediately silenced by a rough shake from the guard, but in desperation he called again and again, "Morgan! John Morgan!"

The general halted his prancing black war horse and turning toward Lee demanded, "You Yankee cur, what do you want of me?"

Lee was now positive that this was none other than his old friend John Morgan, and gaining hope in this hour of death from the memory of former days, he pleaded, "Don't you remember Hi Lee? Have you forgotten your old friends at Henry's? Don't you remember Jane Henry?"

A look of sadness swept the face of the general, but in an instant it had disappeared and he sternly replied, "You are a bold Yankee dog, and we shall soon see how gracefully you will dangle from a limb." With this remark Morgan rode on without any recognition of Hi Lee, and all hope fled from the hearts of the prisoners.

Soon after this incident an officer approached Lee and Godfrey, and ordered their guards to take them to Morgan's headquarters. When alone in a room with the prisoners, Morgan no longer hesitated to treat them as friends. He anxiously inquired about his wife, and upon learning of her death, the hope which had lighted his face changed to despair. He cursed the war for making brutes of men and robbing him of life's dearest treasure.

The first shock over, Mr. Morgan talked kindly to Lee and Godfrey for about an hour. He explained his mysterious hunting trips while living at Mr. Henry's. On those occasions he went from place to place, and mingled with the Northern people, seeking to learn their feelings toward the South.

At the close of their consultation, Mr. Morgan gave Lee and Godfrey a pass through his lines and sent a guard with them to see them safely to the Union lines. Before they left, however, Morgan swore them to secrecy in regard to the whole affair. Later Godfrey told the story; but when Mr. Lee was questioned in regard to it, his only reply was, "Godfrey failed to keep his oath."

G. H. SIMPSON.

The Roof of the World — No. 2

The Peoples of Kashmir

THE traveler entering Kashmir by train from Bombay will very early become acquainted with the natives of the Vale of Kashmir. Should he decide to leave the wagon road at Baramula and proceed by boat to Srinagar, the capital, a distance of thirty-two miles up the Jhelam River and through Wulur Lake, a twenty hours' journey, he must rent one or more *dungas*, or family boats, owned and manned by a *hanjis*, or boatman, with his family as crew, consisting of a wife and baby and several half-naked boys and girls, all so plentifully covered with dirt that it answers as a practical substitute for clothing.

The *dunga* is simply what we would call a large punt or scow, flat bottomed, and about fifty feet long. In the center a covering, generally of dilapidated matting, answers for a cabin for the sahib who rents the boat, while the ends are supposed to be occupied by the family, the crew, who for a time after the start maintain their proper distance, but as the hours pass, encroach more and more on the sahib's reservation and patience, assisting him in the consumption of his supplies of food, while freely inspecting his belongings, until arrested by a cuff on the ear or a blow from a switch. The howl of a Kashmiri, of any age, under punishment is an ear-splitting sound not soon forgotten.

The Kashmiri is a paradox. The men are fine looking, gentlemanly, and, as workmen, reliable, but treacherous beyond description. The young women and children are really pictures of beauty and generally of health. The Kashmiri claim to be descendants of the ancient Hindu, but they observe no forms or ceremonies, except some feast and fast days. Musulmans will not marry among them, looking upon them as a degraded people.

A Kashmiri is cowardly to an almost inconceivable degree. He is hardly ever known to strike a blow or to defend himself. He will accept a thrashing from even a child, and will howl like a baby, weeping and throwing himself at the feet of his assailant, in abject fear and humiliation. Let him be crossed in any of his desires and he will weep and bawl like a three-year-old child. The Kashmiri dress in a long woolen gown, called a *pheran*, like that of a woman. The tradition is that this dress was given them by their conquerors to further destroy any manliness they might possess, so rendering them easy of government.

When the traveler passes beyond the Vale of Kashmir into the Sind valley, through the Zoji la, or pass, in Ladak, he finds a different type of man in the Ladaki of that region. The coolies that meet him there are natives of the Dras district, ugly and short in stature, of the Mongolian family. They dress warmly, even in summer, but their clothes are shapeless and always dirty. In fact, wherever the traveler now goes he will find filth ever persisting, for the people of the Kashmir state are always dirty, generally filthy.

Regardless of their repulsive appearance, however, one will become attached to the Buddhist Ladakis of Dras. They are honest and generous hearted; a simple-minded and hospitable people, gentle and harmless. A Ladaki woman carries all her wealth on the back of her head. There she wears a broad piece

of leather reaching down to her waist, and in this leather headdress are fastened all the turquoises she possesses, the stone having a specific commercial rating. A swain, contemplating marriage, has simply to count the number of these stones in the *peyrak* of his ladylove to know her exact cash market value.

Among the Hindus and Mussulmans of the lowlands one always encounters poverty, but not so among the Ladak Buddhists of the elevated regions. Here a beggar is seldom met, the people seem always prosperous and happy, their homes are well built and comfortable, and their crops plentiful and well cared for. It is claimed that this is the result of the peculiar system of polyandry in vogue among them. The Hindu and the Mussulmans about them, practicing polygamy with its plurality of wives and large families, it is claimed, keep themselves poor, really on the borders of starvation. But in the higher and more bleak and sterile region, where the Buddhist Ladakis live, the necessity for keeping down the growth of population is an absolute one, and the result is small families.

The effect of the adoption of polyandry is that few children are born, and the population increases so slowly as not to necessitate emigration for possession of homes, the old cultivated lands remaining sufficient for the needs of the entire settlement.

A pleasing custom, common in all parts of western Tibet, is that of villagers meeting travelers approaching their village, with a gift, or *dali*, of flowers or dried fruit. Even on roads, where houses are passed, the occupants will greet the traveler with a *dali*. When the authorities of a village so greet a stranger, they not only offer the usual fruit, but hold out in their extended palms several gold rupees. It is not expected that these will be taken; they are to be touched with the fingers, merely, then a return tender of presents be made, for in most instances the ceremony is carried forward hoping for a present or *baksheesh*.

Going north and passing on into Baltistan, we enter the domain of the Mussulmans, and the homes of the Baltis, a simple, ugly-featured, good-natured people, clothed in filthy rags and with a half-starved appearance. As a traveler enters a Mussulman village, he will find the men sitting in groups, silent and motionless, on their flat housetops. As each house is reached and passed, the sallow-faced, pigtailed men on the roof will rise, bow, and utter the word "*jooly*," the equivalent of the salaam of the south, "welcome," then resume their seats.

The Baltis are of Mongolian stock, the features be-

ing somewhat like those of the Ladaki, yet varying because of intermarriage with the Dard races north of them, the Astoris, Gilgittis, and others. The men wear skullcaps, the top of the head being shaved, the side hair hanging down on the side of their cheeks in queer curling elfish locks. The women are of a more pleasing appearance than the Ladaki women, the young girls being quite handsome. A Balti is always ready to laugh, and easier to amuse than a child. Smile, or point your finger at one, and he will immediately burst into uproarious laughter.

North of Baltistan, and between it and the Hindu Kush Mountains, is a region known to geographers as Dardistan. The people of the territory do not recognize it by that name, or is there really a people who are Dards? How the name came into use is not known, but Dards includes the races inhabiting the districts of Astor and Gilgit, under the control of the maharaja; the small independent kingdoms of Hunza and Nagar; Yasin, and all other countries south of the Hindu Kush on the west to Kafiristan, east to Kashmir, and south to the Patho-speaking people. These all claim to be descendants of the members of Alexander's army.

As a people they are all heavy built, with coarse features, are fearless and bold, careless of life but not bloodthirsty. They are of a jovial disposition, fond of music and dancing. Their dress is peculiar, consisting of woolen pyjamas, with a woolen gown or *choga*, tied in at the waist, and a cap like a bag rolled up from the bottom, similar to the wool skating cap worn by our American boys.

The lamaseries, or *gom-pas*, of Ladak are of great interest. They are practically monasteries, and fully one sixth of the population are inmates, either as monks or nuns. The similarity of their forms of worship with that of the Catholics is surprising when encountered in this far-away desolate region. The buildings are always built on some high mountain side, in a barren region, if possible, where there is no sign of vegetation. When practicable, the house is carved out of the solid stone and forms part of the mountain itself.

The lamas, or monks, of Ladak dress in a red petticoat, with a red shawl thrown over their shoulders, leaving the arms bare. Their heads are closely shaved, and in their hands they carry prayer wheels, rosaries, and bottles of holy water. The prayer wheels are little cylinders containing rolls of prayers, and are turned by a crank in a similar way to a watchman's rattle. A Ladaki carries his handwheel constantly, and no matter what may otherwise occupy his atten-



L'EDUCATION MATERNELLE

tion, he ceases not to keep his hands active turning the little cylinder, for by so doing he believes that he is praying himself out of purgatory into the glorious realm of Nirvana, or perfect rest throughout eternity. Such a number of revolutions of the little wheel reduces his stay in purgatory for a certain length of time, which accounts for the persistence with which the Ladaki sticks to his self-imposed task.

When one mentally draws a picture of this desolate region,—a continuous succession of immense and rugged mountains and stupendous glaciers unknown anywhere else but in the arctic or antarctic; a country without wagon roads, hardly ever a decent bridle path, where the traveler must often claw and clinch his way from one wooden peg to another up steep mountain sides, where a false step would mean a fall of thousands of feet,—what a query it becomes how the light of the third angel's message will ever be carried to its scant population, inhabiting a region extending for hundreds of miles from the city of Leh on the south to Bam-i-Dunya—"the Roof of the World"—on the north, at the foot of the Hindu Kush Mountains.

To the human mind it would seem to be an utter impossibility, but no doubt its divine solution will be surprising because of its very simplicity.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

The Autobiography of a Motto

ABOUT the first thing I remember of myself I was packed away in a box with eleven of my relatives, and we remained snug and cozy between tissue paper, our faces downward. "I wonder," I heard the lady say as she put us on the shelf, "I wonder, Jane, if you can remember that the fifteen-cent mottoes are in this box. Now don't forget, and when the little girl comes after some, give her three of these." It is a rather disconcerting thing to hear your own price put down as fifteen cents. I really thought I was going to be worth more than that, because, you can see for yourself, although I am now very old, I was once pretty and velvety, and the letters, "Be thou faithful unto death," glistened upon my face. I have tried to do my duties and live up to the responsibilities of a motto. I am nothing but a piece of pasteboard, yet I think my life has not been entirely spent in vain. I will tell you all about it.

By and by that day a little girl with dark-brown curls and a pair of pretty blue eyes entered the shop, and after a short time I found myself in company with about nine other mottoes, two of which were my own size, while the others were smaller.

Dottie, for that was the little girl's name, carried us carefully beneath the sleeve of her worn jacket. Dottie was poor, even a motto could see that, and she was going to sell us to help her mamma. I am sure we all liked Dottie, for her little face was so sweetly serious as she walked along. Two—three—four hours we tried, and no one wanted to buy us. I felt sorry for Dottie, because it was cold and her shoes were thin.

At the next house one of our company departed. We felt lonesome, but I was glad for the shiny dime that was in Dot's hand. Two hours—and Dottie still worked. It was getting dark and almost all of us were sold. I was next to the last, and as the poor, tired little girl stumbled up the stone steps of a large

(Concluded on page sixteen)

The Summer Tanager

THE summer tanager has come,
And gayly flits from tree to tree,
Discoursing music as he goes,
To cheer the heart of you and me.

I love to see him dart about,
A dash of red amidst the green;
I love to hear his cheery song
That fills the intervals between.

And may I let my "light so shine"
As God each day shall grant me grace,
And fill the intervals between
With praises till I see his face.

ELIZABETH MACHUGH.

For the Finding-Out Club

THE summer boarders of a well-patronized boarding house fell to discussing one day at table the general ignorance that prevails on subjects of more or less importance. The professor at the table declared that "the ignorance of the present generation of Americans about their country and its history is deplorable." The doctor claimed that they "knew all that is necessary to make good, at least they certainly thought they knew a great deal." The college student, the broker, the bank teller, and the ladies all took part in the discussion, which finally resulted in the appointment of an hour when they should all submit to an examination to be conducted by the professor who questioned their knowledge. The fifteen questions that follow are the ones that were presented to the company by the professor. There were ten persons that attempted to answer each, making altogether one hundred and fifty answers. Forty-five out of the one hundred and fifty were correct. No doubt some aspiring to membership in the Finding-Out Club will make a better record.

Questions

1. What is the largest State (area) lying wholly east of the Mississippi River?
2. Name these cities in the order of their size (population): Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, San Francisco. (The relative position of these cities has not changed since the census of 1910.)
3. There are two States so situated that rivers from both flow to the St. Lawrence basin, to the Atlantic seaboard, and to the Gulf of Mexico. Name these States.
4. There is only one spot in the country where four States meet. Name the States.
5. There are two ways of going from coast to coast, passing through only seven States, and no State appears on both routes. Name the States traversed by each route. (The start is to be made from the Atlantic coast proper, not from the Gulf of Mexico.)
6. What States have decided both for complete woman's suffrage and for prohibition of the liquor traffic.
7. What States were formed from the Northwest Territory?
8. How did Florida come to be part of the United States?
9. In what particular can the United States Constitution never be amended?
10. Which President was a citizen of Louisiana when elected?
11. Fifteen of our twenty-seven Presidents were sent from three States, five from each, that is, they

were living in those States when elected. Name the States and the Presidents from each. (Grant should not appear in this list, as he made Washington, D. C., his residence.)

12. What very important battle of the American Revolution was fought in North Carolina?

13. Who was Martin Koszta?

14. Who was Eliphalet Nott?

15. If a man born during the battle of Saratoga became the great-grandfather of a boy during the battle of Shiloh, was that boy older or younger at the battle of Manila Bay than his great-grandfather was at the battle of New Orleans?

Truth

FROM the days of Tiberius Cæsar there comes to us a picture of One standing before the Roman governor in his judgment hall. It is Jesus being cross-questioned by a man who could find no fault in him.

humility he stands condemned before a man to whom he, the Creator, had given the breath of life.

Millions of people today, like Pilate, are asking, "What is truth?" It is a question of all classes, though in the case of the heathen it is felt more than expressed. "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Truth speaks in the pleadings of the Holy Spirit.

Life in Christ is truth, and is accomplished by the conviction, repentance, and forsaking of sin. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." John 8:32. Any one of us to whom the truth of patriarchs and prophets is a heritage from the Holy Spirit can, through perfection in that knowledge, add to it the glorious triumph of a Christian experience.

I can see how he is the leaven which a woman hid in three measures of meal. When this wonderful Saviour of ours enters the heart by the keys of faith, he permeates the whole being until we are living wit-



A GROUP OF "TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTOR" WORKERS

This is the verdict that Pilate returns to the waiting Jews. Pilate is favorably impressed with Jesus, and calling him again into the courtroom, asks him, "Art thou a king then?"

"Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

At this moment, and at the word "truth" Pilate asks suddenly, "What is truth?" His question to the Lord seems to be the spontaneous result of much pondering. The Romans had lost faith in the gods of their mythology. In spite of the prevailing philosophies, suffering and cruelties abounded everywhere. All nations were subject to Rome. All was confusion, and Pilate was evidently caught in the maelstrom.

"Thou sayest that I am a king." Yes, he is a wonderful King! Christ is the composite of all sciences, learning, and art; of wisdom, love, and truth. He is greater than the majesty of the stars, yet with

nesses of himself. He lifts the hand for good. He directs the feet in the paths of righteousness. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." John 14:6.

Any one in whom the Holy Spirit dwells is given wisdom from above. The Comforter gives understanding of all mysteries and knowledge for the salvation of the soul. We read in current literature references to things, mysterious to the world, which are plain to them who abide in his Word. Conditions in the world are perplexing to scientists, humanists, and all thinking men. There is a restlessness—with no undercurrent of calm—which presages a change. Men realize it, but do not understand its significance. The present war in Europe is being fought for no reason but for greed and gain. It came as a shock to a world hoping for, and believing in, universal peace. Strangely in contrast to that hope for peace, it is more brutal in purpose and in method of slaughter than the wars of the Middle Ages. There is no possible good that can result from it.

I recall a recent magazine article written by a traveler of his impressions of the Holy Land. In this article the author refers to the plain where Barak overcame Sisera as the spot "where is to be fought the mysterious Armageddon of Revelation 16." We know that Armageddon opens the way for the entrance to God's kingdom.

As Christ said to Peter, flesh and blood cannot reveal these mysteries. They come from the Fountain of truth. Thanks be to God for his wonderful saving and keeping power! There is no sin, no hidden thing, that he cannot take away and forgive. In him we are new creatures, capable of living and expressing truth. "Lord, what is thy truth to be expressed in my life today? Let me say with the psalmist, 'I have chosen the way of truth: thy judgments have I laid before me.'"

When we live in truth, we have the wonderful consolation of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

EDITH E. BEDFORD.



Name the Bird

1. USED in fence building.
2. A popular vegetable and a barnyard fowl.
3. What an angry bird would do to his mate.
4. Depressed, and a slang term for a country person.
5. An old-fashioned utensil immortalized in one of Longfellow's most famous poems.
6. What a burglar was doing when discovered.
7. To peddle.
8. Less than the whole, and a long range of hills.
9. An instrument for driving horses, without means, and a Christian name.
10. The period of darkness, not out, and a high wind.
11. A monarch and an angler.
12. A nickname, an exclamation, and part of a chain.
13. An outbuilding, and to engulf.
14. Peevish, and what we dread the first of the month.
15. A tree, an insect product, and part of a bird.

KEY: (1) Rail; (2) Peacock; (3) Woodpecker (would peck her); (4) Blue Jay; (5) Crane; (6) Robin (robbin'); (7) Hawk; (8) Partridge; (9) Whippoorwill; (10) Nightingale; (11) Kingfisher; (12) Bobolink; (13) Barn Swallow; (14) Crossbill; (15) Cedar Waxwing.

"Couplets" to test the ingenuity. The missing words to be supplied are names of birds, and each, of course, must rhyme with the last word of the companion line of each couplet. The appended list may easily be extended if desired:—

1. The foolish bats all sleep till dark,
But with the sunrise wakes the —;
2. And sings divinely all the day;
So different from the harsh-voiced —.
3. Or, naming one that's less unpleasant,
The gleaming, gorgeous —.
4. Beside the latter's shining mail
How dull appears the sober —!

5. And likewise how the modest —,
Is by the peacock put to blush.
6. The crane's a stately mannered fowl,
Though kinder far's the —.
7. Yet where, I pray, would even she be
Compared with gentle, winsome —?
8. But would you risk a sounding thwack, or
A vicious pinch, just tease a —;
9. And never lose a chance to strike
A well-aimed blow at wicked —.
10. The loss of much delight you're riskin',
Unless you're friendly with the —;
11. And, if you'd know a perfect darling,
Just scrape acquaintance with the —.
12. But, should you ask a hungry toiler,
He'll say: "Give me a well-cooked —.

KEY: (1) Lark; (2) Jay; (3) Golden pheasant; (4) Quail; (5) Thrush; (6) Downy Owl; (7) Phoebe; (8) Macaw; (9) Shrike; (10) Siskin; (11) Starling; (12) Broiler.

Desert Water Barrel

ALONG the Mexican border from Texas to California there grows a species of cactus from which the desert traveler is enabled to obtain water when nearly perishing from thirst. The average growing specimen contains ninety per cent of water. To obtain this the top is cut, or beaten off, and with a stick or stone the inner portion is beaten into a pulp from which the water is pressed with the hands into the cavity thus formed. The local and common names of this peculiar plant are "desert water barrel," "fish-hook" cactus, "ball" cactus, "Turk's head," "nigger-head," and "devil's nail keg."

"Bitter and Sweet" from the Same Well

A FARM at Bardolph, Illinois, has a well which apparently furnishes two kinds of water. Sulphur water is supplied by an engine from a well which is two hundred and sixty feet deep and six inches in diameter. This well stands in the center of a fresh-water well which is about forty feet deep and four feet in diameter, and is operated by a windmill. Strictly speaking, then, there are two wells, each independent of the other.

When the wind blows and both pumps are in use, a four-inch stream of water is raised to the surface. When the wind is still, however, the water supply is not necessarily cut off, for the engine can be put into service.

Now Shoot Around a Corner

SWISS army officers have been experimenting with a periscope-like device which may be attached to any rifle, and will enable the possessor practically to shoot around a corner. It was constructed by G. Burgin of Basel.

It is especially adapted to modern conditions of warfare, where position is the principal thing in tactics, and is intended for every soldier who carries a rifle, as it weighs only five and one-half ounces and can be attached in a moment. It can be used in any position, and under good cover the man using it is almost entirely safe from being hit on the head. If the foe is hidden behind walls and hedges, it lends itself admirably to use as a periscope. It acts also as an automatic controller which prevents the rifle's being tipped too far over to one side.



Do a Kindness

Do a kindness, do it well;
Angels will the story tell.

Do a kindness, tell it not;
Angels' hands will mark the spot.

Do a kindness, though 'tis small;
Angel voices sing it all.

Do a kindness, do it now;
Angels know it all, somehow.

Do a kindness, it will pay;
Angels will rejoice that day.

Kindly deeds and thoughts and words
Bless the world like songs and birds.

— Selected.

Did She Know It?

REICHEL was conducting the final rehearsal of his great choir for the production of the "Messiah." The chorus had sung through to the point where the soprano solo takes up the refrain, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The soloist's technique was perfect — she had faultless breathing, accurate note placing, flawless enunciation. But after the final note all eyes were fixed on Reichel to catch his look of approval. Instead he silenced the orchestra, walked up to the singer with sorrowful eyes, and said, "My daughter, you do not really know that your Redeemer liveth, do you?" "Why, yes," she answered, flushing, "I think I do." "Then sing it," cried Reichel. "Tell it to me so that I will know, and all who hear you, and know that you know the joy and power of it." Then he motioned the orchestra to play again. This time she sang the truth as she knew it and had experienced it in her own soul, and all who heard wept under the spell of it. The old master approached her with tear-dimmed eyes, and said, "You do know, for you have told me." No other but this personal assurance is worth anything to us.—*Frederic Shannon.*

A Hint to Tim

A PROSPEROUS-LOOKING citizen, on a down-town corner in Boston, bought a newspaper from an alert little newsboy, who made change instantly, without speaking a word. But the man lingered. "How many papers do you sell here a night?" he asked.

"About fifty," said the newsie.

"What is your name?"

"Tim Manning."

"Listen, Tim," said the man. "When I was your age I had this very corner for a stand. But I sold two hundred papers a night, and I did it by carefully saying 'Thank you' to every one who bought a paper. I said it loudly, so that they would be sure to hear it."

Three evenings later the man came by again, and bought another paper of the little chap on the corner.

"Thank you!" said Tim, not recognizing him.

"How's business?" asked the man.

Then Tim knew him. "I'm selling seventy-five papers every night, sir," he said. "I ain't going to forget that any more, neither," and he grinned all over his honest freckled face.

Tim had learned his first lesson of the value of courtesy to all.—*King's Treasures.*

Are You Adopted?

A YOUNG girl made her home in a family of wealth and influence. She enjoyed all the privileges of a daughter of the house, and was looked on as such. She was often asked whether she was adopted, but she would reply that she had never been quite willing to break off her family connections. By and by her benefactor died suddenly, without a will, and she found that she was a penniless orphan. She had no claim to an inheritance. So with the man who enjoys the privileges of the gospel, but does not become Christ's brother, adopted into the family of God's sons.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Losing or Finding Light

THE *Epworth Herald* has presented a picture which is full of meaning. It shows pilgrims who at last, after years of hope and effort, have reached Mecca, and have gazed upon its holy places. Then, "lest the eyes which have seen the sacred city should profane that vision by looking on unhallowed scenes, the pilgrims kneel on white-hot bricks, the heat from which burns out all power of sight forever. Unto their latest day these blind pilgrims will bear testimony: 'The last thing I saw on earth was the holy city. Since then I have not seen.'" How much better is the gospel! "See Mecca, and henceforth be blind," says the Moslem. "See Christ, and henceforth find larger and still larger vision," says the Christian. To the one the vision is the end of things; to the other, it is the beginning. The pilgrim sees Mecca, and straightway it is night; the sinner sees Christ, and lo! it is daybreak.—*W. J. Hart, D. D.*

"I SAW at Braemar, near the queen's castle at Balmoral, four emblems: A tree by the water, lilies of the valley, a vine in process of pruning, and waving palms. The four together represent the four stages of Christian life. First, growing through the truth; second, blossoming into beauty; third, undergoing chastisement; and fourth, enjoying final triumph."

"CULTIVATE the fresh-air habit; walk in it, sleep in it, work in it, live in it, and when you ride, ride this hobby; it is cheaper than a jitney and has no tire troubles. It will put bloom in your cheeks, fire in your eye, and sharpen your wits; it will put spring in your step, laughter in your heart, and money in your pocket."

"AMEN as a prayer: May it be so!

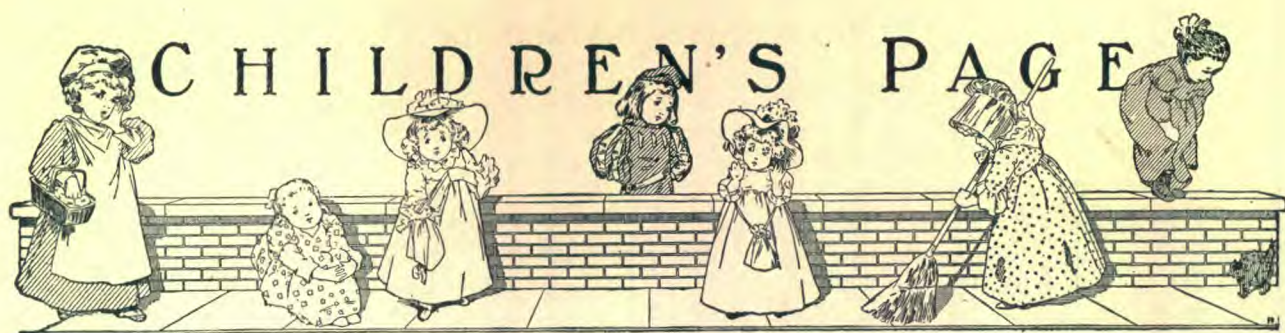
Amen as a purpose: It shall be so!

Amen as a prospect: It will be so!

Amen as a persuasion: It can be so!

Amen as a possession: It is so!"

"THE most valuable man in any business is he who can train up his own successor."



A Thoughtless Act

RUTH BEEBE



ONE morning early in spring, our teacher told us that we were soon to have an outing in the woods. When I think back to our church school that year I can see a small schoolroom in the church, a small organ in one corner, a black-board hanging on the wall, an old-fashioned stove in the center of the room, and twelve or fifteen children seated at homemade desks, fastened to the backs of the seats.

Here we met every day to study and be taught things that were not given in the public school, and here we had baked our potatoes in the drum of the stove and eaten our dinners all winter long. We were all glad when our teacher told us that we could spend a day in the woods and take our dinners with us.

My father had his sugar camp in the river bottom, near the Wisconsin River, and about one and one-half miles from the schoolhouse, so we planned to go there to spend the day. The camp consisted of over four hundred trees, scattered all over the bottom. In the center of the camp was the furnace, on which two pans of sirup were kept boiling all the time. A large tank was placed on a sled or wagon, and twice a day some one would go around to all the trees and gather the sap. Some one remained at the furnace keeping the fires going and watching the sirup that it did not boil over. Sometimes bugs, sticks, and leaves would get in the sirup, but when it was taken home it was strained, boiled again, and cleansed with milk and eggs.

On the day that we were to have our outing, we met at the schoolhouse in the morning, and all started together for the camp. We had to go down a long lane, across a bridge, and then for some distance through the woods.

When we reached the camp, we began to plan how best we could enjoy ourselves. Some one suggested that we play hide and seek, and we had great fun hiding behind the trees. After this we played drop the handkerchief, three deep, and other games until we became tired. Then we rode around on the sled while the men gathered the sap, until almost dinner time.

We had all brought something to eat, and we gathered around the furnace to see if the potatoes and eggs that we had put to bake in the hot sand at the back of the furnace were ready to eat. While we were waiting, as children do we began playing jokes on one another, and seeing who could hold hot sand in his hand the longest without being burned. My chum was standing near me, and she had on gloves with large loose tops. I had no gloves on, and had some of the hot sand in my hand. It did not burn me, and I, not thinking that it would burn her, dropped some of the sand into the back of her glove, but she began to wring her hands and cry out, "O girls, girls, I am burned."

The teacher standing near, ran up to her and said, "Why, Marie, what has happened? Tell us quick."

Throwing her arm in the air because of the pain, she said, "Some one has burned me."

All eyes were turned on me because I stood near her, and I saw at once what I had done. Every one gathered around her to see how badly she was burned. Her little brothers looked at me as if they thought I had done something terrible. My father came up to me, and putting his hand on my shoulder said, "Ruth, I am sorry that you did this."

Several asked me why I had done it, and I tried to explain, but that did not help after the deed was done; because before they could get the glove off her hand, the hot sand had burned nearly to the bone on the back of the wrist. The reason it burned her and not me was because it was held in one place, by the glove, and no air could reach it. The teacher dipped her handkerchief in cold water and wrapped it around the burn, and this eased the pain for a while.

No one knew how I felt. If the burn had been on my hand, I'm sure it wouldn't have hurt me as badly as to know I had been the cause of burning her. I asked her forgiveness at once for the thoughtless act, and she willingly forgave me, but even now when I see a burn, I always think of that time, and I am sure it has taught me to be more careful about the jokes I play on people.

After a while we ate our dinners, but no one enjoyed the rest of the day; so we went home earlier than we had planned.

◆ ◆ ◆
Rosalee

"BUT, Missus, please don't sign my name," she twice repeated as she told me some of her childhood's history while I sat mending a garment preparatory to a week's trip out among the churches with my husband. She had left her washing to run up to my room, as I was asking her to tell me some of her varied experiences; so at her request I must not call her by her real name, but will call her Rosalee.

Rosalee is an orphan; she does not know her exact age. Her parents died when she was a very little girl, and she grew to girlhood with an aunt and uncle who were teachers in the government school until they accepted the Seventh-day Adventist faith; then they were released, for every teacher who is at the head of such a school in the country parts of Demerara [British Guiana], South America, must also act as local pastor in the absence of the district pastor, who comes to preach but once a month. Her uncle then opened a night school for boys at his own home. Fourpence a week, with a bottle of oil and three hours' labor each day from 6 to 9 A. M., was the amount required from each boy for his schooling.

Rosalee's part in the daily program was to prepare the breakfast for twelve or fourteen hungry mouths, and care for the house, as her aunt had gone to act as matron of the big almshouse in the city. Preparing breakfast meant going into the field and digging the cassava, scraping its long, tubelike roots, washing and grating it, then squeezing it through a *matope* to take out all the water. This juice is deadly poison in its thin, liquid state; but when boiled down till thick, is called *casyrup*, and is a very pleasant coloring for gravies and sauces, and is extensively used. The grated cassava must then be made into cakes, and baked on a hot pan over the fire. After breakfast came the roasting of breadfruit, cooking of rice, and the making of salt-fish sauce.

When evening came, with its hum of school, with the studying and reciting aloud going on together, Rosalee was allowed, if her work was all done, to slip in and sit on the floor, and "hear the little boys read and spell." Perhaps that is one reason why she is so fond of sitting on the floor now.

Rosalee's uncle was very particular about the hour of morning worship, which was four o'clock in the morning! It was the rule that a cold bath should be taken by every member of the family before coming to worship; but sometimes, to avoid the ducking at such a cool hour, naughty Rosalee wet her woolly little head, and washed her face, and "passed muster."

Her uncle was apportioned a certain district in which he was to take the census, and this called him away from home at times all day long. Then Rosalee must cook and carry his breakfast at ten o'clock to whatever portion of the district he might be in for the morning. This breakfast she spent much time and thought in preparing, that it might be palatable, sometimes selling produce from the garden that she might have money with which to buy dainties. Her uncle would ask if she spent money of her own to buy these, and she declared she did, so he kindly promised to return it to her when the government paid him. One day she accidentally broke a pitcher, whereupon her uncle declared she had forever forfeited all claims to back debts. In this Rosalee sees a punishment for the falsehoods she told in laying claim to the money that did not belong to her.

Once Rosalee was given a book and sent to school. But in due time this was lost, and as a little boy was seen with a book resembling it, Rosalee promptly took his book away, and threw it into a place where it would never be found. Then to avoid future trouble, she seized her hat and fled for home. However, this meant six lashes in each hand, and no more school.

Busy, weary auntie was more than glad to find a kind missionary's wife who was willing to let Rosalee come and stay a number of hours each day if she would but furnish her food, and teach her.

After a time the missionaries went away, and Ros-

alee went far up the river to visit a cousin. Here there were really *no* roads, but only once in a while a trail. However, the great, murky river was a broad highway, with canoes for carriages. Here Rosalee saw the "carriage" rowed by some little boy or girl gliding along every Sunday, picking up here one and there two of the children for school; for if this were left for Monday morning, all would be late. One day Rosalee decided she could manage a boat if other children could. Thereupon she took an oar and tried paddling. All went well while the boat was tied to a post; why would it not be better if it were loosed? Ah, it glided along so nicely, and soon little Rosalee was far out in the river. The current was strong, and her paddle failed to obey her will. But her cries for help brought one of the cousin's family, and sitting in his canoe, with one foot in hers, he brought her back.

In these country places Rosalee learned to like rice and corn, for they were the two staple articles of diet.

When the gallon of rice was beaten out in the mortar, and cooked, it fed the twelve members of the family well; and when there was a failure in the rice crop, there was sure to be corn. Sometimes the little children got tired of eating rice, and when called for a meal, would come in only to roll and cry upon the floor, and run out again, leaving the rice untouched.

By and by poor auntie died, and then Rosalee prayed to God that he would forgive her, and would open the way that she might go to live with some missionary's family. After she had grown to womanhood, her uncle con-

sent to her coming to the city with a girl friend, that they might apply together for positions in the government hospital, and study to become nurses. They found they would be required to show recommendations from three reliable persons, one of whom must be their clergyman. So Rosalee came to the missionary family, told her need, and asked for a paper of recommendation. We had often seen her at Sabbath school, a very plainly dressed, tall, quiet girl. We questioned her closely, advised her, and offered her work; so she bade her girl friend good-by, and on April 30, 1912, their ways parted.

Rosalee gave her heart to Jesus, and was baptized the next year. Her heart struggles with sin were many; her tears often flowed; but she praised her heavenly Father for not letting go his hold on her. She longed for more education also, and at length it pleased him to open the way for this. We were asked to come to another field, and are located near the church school. She has not fully attained to perfection, but she is "following after," daily seeking to walk more closely with God. She still desires to become a nurse, and hopes to take the training at sometime in the future.

MRS. E. C. BOGER.

Kingston, Jamaica.



MARJORIE AND HER KITTENS



Unity

(Texts for June 18-24)

AFTER the death of Solomon, the feeling of unity was lost among the children of Israel. Fierce enmity prevailed among the northern and southern tribes, and that land which God had given them was drenched in fraternal blood. Once our own nation from lack of unity, ran crimson with the blood of her noble sons of the North and the South. Could Europe today be anointed with the oil of unity, the world's most terrible, inexcusable slaughter would cease.

But it is particularly sad when unity does not prevail in the church organized to do God's work on earth; in the society composed of young people whom the Lord has appointed "to be his helping hand;" and in the home planted to give the world a small demonstration of what heaven is like.

Unity cannot exist in circles where the members are envious of one another and willing to help carry out only their own pet plans. Envy, jealousy, and selfishness must be laid aside. Self-seeking is a placard announcing that within lives a narrow, selfish soul that must be "born again" before it can know the joy of giving up for others. There must be concessions and sacrifices before unity can come. Some one must give up his own plans and push another's as enthusiastically as he should like to see others push his. And even one such sweet, peace-loving, harmonious spirit in the home, in the society, in the church, is contagious. It helps to sweeten all the other members and to bring in the spirit of unity. And unity brings in a spirit of hearty cooperation, and cooperation brings success and happiness.

Unity thrives only in the soil of brotherly love. And that lesson of love each must learn from God. "As touching brotherly love," says the great apostle to the Gentiles, "ye need not that I write unto you: for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another." Jesus Christ came to this world and lived and died that we might learn this wonderful lesson. And the only way for any circle to obtain perfect unity, unqualified peace, and most hearty cooperation is for its members to let the mind of Jesus dwell in them individually. It is a noble thing to forget the past, and let brotherly love crowd out even the musty smell of the grudge. Only those who desire to be little, mean, narrow, and unlovable can afford to let animosities linger in their hearts.

The spirit of unity makes life worth living. How happy the home where unity prevails! How wondrously successful the society where the spirit of unity gives every member busy hands and a happy earnest heart! The author of the one hundred and thirty-third psalm compared the spirit of unity to the precious, holy ointment used in the temple services, whose sweet perfume filled the air. Then turning to nature, he compared it to the dews that fall alike on "the lordly northern peak, with its crown of everlasting

snow, and the lowlier southern hill with its crown of towers." To the reader, who understands that the moisture drawn up from the snow-filled ravines and wooded slopes of Mt. Hermon, is carried down by the northern breezes, and deposited on the hills of Zion in nightly refreshing dews, the author's simile illustrates beautifully that sweet spirit of helpfulness which is the very essence of unity.

Then we do not wonder that the psalmist exclaimed, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Unity! How we all crave it! Every heart is hungry for it. Our States need it; our churches need it; our Missionary Volunteer Societies need it; our homes need it; and our own hearts need it. "O for more of this rare virtue! Not the love which comes and goes, but that which dwells; not that spirit which separates and secludes, but that which dwells together; not that mind which is all for debate and difference, but that which dwells together in unity. Never shall we know the full power of the anointing till we are of one heart and of one spirit; never will the sacred dew of the Spirit descend in all its fulness till we are perfectly joined together in the same mind; never will the covenanted and commanded blessing come forth from the Lord our God till once again we shall have 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism.' Lord, lead us into this most precious spiritual unity, for thy Son's sake. Amen."

MEDITATION.—The best way for me to contribute to unity in my home, in the society, and in the church, is for me to have the mind of Him who "lived to bless others." By God's help, I am determined to follow in the footsteps of my great Master.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let not one member in our great prayer circle fail this week to intercede in behalf of China where "1,400 every hour sink into Christless graves." Let us pray earnestly for the workers among the benighted millions in the Celestial Kingdom.

M. E.

Blinded by Light

WHILE shoveling snow from the rails in front of the wheels of a street car on one of Boston's streets, a workman's shovel brought about a short circuit and a dazzling flash of light. Two hours later the man was blind, and was removed to the eye infirmary.

One is reminded of that flash of light, "above the brightness of the sun," that blinded Paul on the road to Damascus.

And one thinks of the blinding effect of that celestial light that illumines the soul of the sincerely consecrated follower of Jesus. For this light blinds us to the allurements of sin, to the promises of the world, to the enticements of ambition, to the pleasures of lust, and to all the dusty joys of the worldling.

May that light flash upon us that will make us blind to earth, but *seeing* with regard to heaven.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

BLESSED is the man that beholdeth the face of a friend in a far country,
The darkness of his heart is melted in the dawning of day within him;
It is like the sound of sweet music heard long ago and half forgotten;
It is like the coming back of birds to a wood where the winter is ended.

—Van Dyke.

LIFE is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—*Emerson*.

Summary of Missionary Volunteer Work in the North American Division Conference for Quarter Ending December 31, 1915

CONFERENCES	No. Societies Reporting	Present Membership	Conf. Society Members	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent or Given Away	Books Sold	Books Lent or Given Away	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent or Given Away	Hours of Christian Help Work	Clothing and Meals Given	Bouquets Given	Scripture Cards Given	Treatments Given	Signers to Temperance Pledge	Offerings for Foreign Missions	Offerings for Home Missions	Conversions
ATLANTIC UNION																							
E. New York	7	93	16	121	80	130	18	40	365	827	61	49	100	162	145	296	18	122	2	..	\$ 374.61	\$ 5.00	15
Greater New York	11	241	..	404	238	2250	395	99	2020	6133	650	199	640	1818	768	725	19	..	459.16	92.70	28
Maine	6	113	25	91	29	117	75	..	265	648	52	63	..	297	76	51	..	50	180	16	269.36	..	19
Massachusetts	14	241	6	485	70	918	173	44	2858	2718	1174	178	32	1330	613	298	41	18	13	..	845.71	90.48	16
N. New England	3	35	..	26	11	101	1	..	432	962	132	33	..	261	346	271	5	..	61	..	138.32	1.65	2
S. New England	12	90	1	69	28	45	13	1	1532	410	3	43	4	155	98	115	2	3	40	4	97.92	6.15	1
W. New York	12	137	5	181	96	507	114	27	1510	3683	146	71	1565	11659	174	171	21	129	6	7	525.54	117.01	4
CENTRAL UNION																							
Colorado	18	300	9	253	140	444	80	33	436	2738	32	168	277	3366	1097	420	258	145	83	..	816.99	11.40	16
Kansas	17	324	..	166	95	594	147	205	292	2153	333	136	53	1636	655	380	33	50	36	55	1579.93	22.44	80
Missouri	18	350	4	169	61	200	18	..	1306	3180	176	76	..	5550	1348	292	100	..	17	..	290.42	33.50	5
Nebraska	7	208	..	220	144	581	108	117	239	5688	210	101	4	2966	434	207	12	13	15	30	791.67	98.95	83
W. Colorado	6	87	17	63	34	126	24	..	34	615	11	45	1	61	217	87	20	84	1	..	62.05	1.26	..
Wyoming
COLUMBIA UNION																							
Chesapeake
District of Columbia	4	306	..	633	58	322	98	7	2547	1640	1475	64	2	1411	459	77	..	86	32	..	431.65	105.78	23
E. Pennsylvania	16	139	4	124	48	297	112	24	2895	2328	477	258	163	1335	463	333	46	70	..	2	166.06	11.01	4
New Jersey	19	230	8	214	139	713	160	30	567	4401	218	221	429	4325	974	251	50	50	10	..	360.98	50.98	19
Ohio	14	367	5	307	102	1026	194	34	484	4954	324	141	45	5758	378	544	10	..	41	..	740.11	61.01	21
Virginia	5	177	..	119	52	57	6	136	609	219	27	10	66	54	82	31	91.50	2.28	14
W. Pennsylvania	4	72	..	189	72	183	75	16	362	5545	173	79	..	1168	625	365	16	..	13	..	46.77	26.43	4
West Virginia	2	35	..	11	6	25	10	..	850	500	200	160	83	1000	20	65	1	..	2	..	13.40	7.60	..
LAKE UNION																							
E. Michigan	44	579	4	313	114	500	98	37	3631	5153	1057	272	176	7326	630	500	121	191	22	2	1058.49	294.98	12
Indiana	30	324	..	150	76	556	286	87	1022	1898	701	213	94	1087	800	466	64	..	30	..	183.96	40.12	6
N. Illinois	31	543	..	702	339	2189	830	42	3211	7176	237	486	1635	20543	3817	1061	80	354	270	8	1082.65	345.76	18
N. Michigan	7	123	..	41	4	40	8	11	264	446	15	20	13	118	29	108	192.16	1.50	23
S. Illinois	8	105	9	886	275	359	182	208	404	3128	40	86	29	993	238	276	14	..	494.37	17.37	..
W. Michigan	30	674	5	445	180	1235	137	23	570	5618	104	262	80	3533	879	974	192	154	37	1	1638.13	42.94	46
Wisconsin	19	233	..	87	28	374	109	41	224	1294	42	67	43	791	910	206	60	28	65	1	95.98	10.41	11
NORTHERN UNION																							
Iowa	8	110	..	39	16	96	29	33	236	150	5	55	16	126	22	90	11	13	163	..	83.38	25.54	..
Minnesota	19	440	70	639	232	394	162	23	1952	4346	313	177	57	4628	1110	514	26	22	77	2	468.71	53.29	..
North Dakota	8	183	1	537	219	179	22	25	221	496	1	21	..	595	21	58	8	6	645.70	32.29	75
South Dakota	18	244	..	326	102	585	30	92	202	1177	60	37	23	1179	326	263	37	..	380.60	38.95	61
NORTH PACIFIC UNION																							
Montana
S. Idaho	8	150	9	72	17	363	54	31	90	1788	299	124	31	565	172	187	6	..	4	..	217.70	10.70	15
S. Oregon	5	89	13	51	24	248	71	3	48	1474	24	44	20	535	234	69	2	..	10	..	126.47	4.35	..
Upper Columbia	11	388	8	51	27	78	9	5	174	1590	10	50	..	468	166	178	35	7	8	2	113.06	23.86	8
W. Oregon	15	359	3	142	53	281	85	16	664	4822	26	140	26	2375	590	565	153	780	99	22	299.32	78.53	3
W. Washington	17	337	..	108	36	292	91	12	140	2768	182	89	..	1248	293	144	32	..	42	17	19.13	21.03	9
PACIFIC UNION																							
Arizona	2	33	..	33	20	77	18	1	46	306	15	17	7	141	77	193	25	24	5	..	33.50	19.40	12
California	15	429	..	266	95	526	144	43	284	7280	110	246	144	3149	205	751	56	63	82	4	421.31	55.23	..
Cal. California	20	336	5	125	61	901	189	15	303	7088	207	207	160	3220	282	270	23	168	77	5	624.70	306.88	10
Nevada Mission
N. California	8	195	..	156	43	110	14	6	745	1979	49	82	5	928	145	182	92	50	3	..	286.38	60.00	5
N. W. California	19	500	..	438	132	588	99	27	832	3581	41	180	20	2155	833	662	123	105	92	6	767.15	128.27	64
S. California	19	460	..	190	83	513	170	50	619	3966	22	150	245	1600	478	603	168	207	370	..	351.44	64.38	30
S. E. California	12	250	..	427	170	757	164	49	436	9907	659	261	22	3893	756	648	29	..	24	..	272.50	173.55	11
Utah	2	42	..	162	90	3495	102	17	115	583	219	34	109	2003	403	160	11	1	20	93.45	12
SOUTHEASTERN UNION																							
Cumberland	12	198	6	137	56	244	65	17	4404	490	481	47	106	216	254	133	29	75	207	28	108.46	5.50	5
Florida	9	146	..	64	50	109	33	1	206	2177	33	8	4	582	307	90	57	20	15	..	57.12	16.33	10
Georgia	7	157	3	189	87	917	65	9	593	1873	66	103	24	2368	385	287	5	103	42	..	97.81	28.77	11
North Carolina	7	150	..	256	207	618	158	25	527	501	57	36	82	533	474	511	12	44	44	..	78.79	17.20	1
South Carolina	3	57	..	3	2	18	4	..	15	119	..	7	..	8	45	18	..	61	..	5	26.87
SOUTHERN UNION																							
Alabama	5	86	..	280	173	745	341	56	564	794	261	73	4	632	1119	387	168	10	140.92	20.99	13
Kentucky	6	86	10	103	22	116	74	15	116	1500	209	79	10	687	167	115	15	1	51	..	227.33	2.19	20
Louisiana	3	45	6	209	270	359	267	1	1003	481	175	66	..	300	374	258	8	..	9	..	66.29	16.30	10
Mississippi	3	28	..	15	7	16	3	1	100	100	..	4	..	38	25	56	17	..	1.80	5.00	1
Tennessee River	10	190	..	106	46	119	36	11	246	5116	36	73	..	697	240	215	12	4	88	..	284.13	32.69	12
SOUTHWESTERN UNION																							
Arkansas	6	123	4	37	23	35	15	..	337	5695	66	33	10	129	81	184	20	33	28	2	36.14	2.95	..
New Mexico	8	65	..	471	35	37	24	10	103	6805	230	344	5	158	97	132	6	5	4	3	58.75	8.36	11
N. Texas	6	222	..	79	25	106	35	..	99	1198	33												

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending June 24

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 June.

The Bible Year

Assignment for June 18 to 24

June 18: 2 Chronicles 18 to 21.
 June 19: 2 Chronicles 22 to 25.
 June 20: 2 Chronicles 26 to 29.
 June 21: 2 Chronicles 30 to 33.
 June 22: 2 Chronicles 34 to 36.
 June 23: Jonah.
 June 24: Joel.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for June 15.



XIII — Review

(June 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 25:31 to 28:20.

MEMORY VERSES: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

Matt. 25:31-46

1. Describe Christ's second coming. Who will be accepted when Jesus comes? Who will be rejected? What will be the reward of the righteous? What will be the penalty for disobedience?

Chapter 26

1. Who made a feast for Jesus at Bethany? How was Jesus anointed by Mary?
2. When was the Lord's Supper instituted? What does it commemorate?
3. How did the disciples fail Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane?
4. How was Jesus betrayed?
5. When tried before Caiaphas, of what was Jesus declared guilty?

Chapter 27

1. How did Pilate try to release Jesus? What cowardly course did he finally take?
2. What cruel treatment did Jesus receive from the soldiers?
3. What strange things happened in nature as Jesus hung upon the cross? What were Jesus' last words?
4. Where and by whom was Jesus buried? How securely was the sepulcher closed?

Chapter 28*

1. How was the resurrection of Jesus announced?
2. According to his promise, where did Jesus meet with his disciples? How much power did he say had been given to him? What was his last command? His last promise?

Memory Verses

"As ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25:40.

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

"Woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed!" Matt. 26:24.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Matt. 26:41.

"He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Isa. 53:3.

"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.

"Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." 1 Peter 2:22.

"He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." Isa. 53:5.

"Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not." 1 Peter 2:23.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." 1 Cor. 15:26.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" 1 Cor. 15:55.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28:20.

XIII — Summary and Review

(June 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 25:31 to 28:20.

Chapter Outlines and Questions

CHAPTER 25:31-46—TEN VIRGINS; TEN TALENTS; SHEEP AND GOATS.

1. Into what two classes will Jesus divide all nations at his second coming?
2. What is the basis of this division?
3. What is the destiny of each class?

CHAPTER 26—ANOINTING BY MARY AT SIMON'S HOUSE; LORD'S SUPPER; GETHSEMANE; BETRAYAL OF JESUS; TRIAL OF JESUS.

1. Mention the leading incidents and lessons in the anointing of Jesus by Mary.
2. What is the meaning of the Lord's Supper?
3. In what ways has the story of Gethsemane been a help to you in Christian experience?
4. In what ways are we in danger of betraying Jesus?
5. What do you learn from the course taken by Jesus at his trial? What warning comes to us from Peter's experience?

CHAPTER 27—TRIAL BEFORE PILATE; CRUCIFIXION; BURIAL.

1. Tell briefly the course taken by Judas, by Pilate, and by Jesus, at the time of the trial before Pilate.
2. What were the leading incidents at the cross?
3. What was there fitting and impressive about the burial of Jesus?

CHAPTER 28—THE RESURRECTION; BRIBING OF THE ROMAN GUARD; THE GREAT COMMISSION.

1. What incidents at the resurrection impressed you most?
2. How was the Roman guard made to serve the purpose of the enemies of Jesus?
3. Repeat the exact wording of the great commission.

Note

This quarter's study brings to a climax the most wonderful story of the most wonderful Personage among men, told in what is in some respects the most wonderful narrative in the Bible. If the end of the six quarters we have spent upon the book of Matthew finds us with a clearer, fuller comprehension of the matchless life and teaching of Him whose name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace,—even Jesus our complete Saviour,—then we have reasons for the deepest gratitude for the privilege of studying these wonderful themes together, and for the blessing of the divine Giver upon our efforts to know him better. Let us determine to read often Matthew's sublime story of King Jesus, and let us press firmly on in the race that is set before us till that glad day when we shall behold our King in his matchless beauty.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - Editor
ADELAIDE BEE EVANS - - - - Associate Editor

Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription - - - \$1.25
Six Months - - - .70

Club Rates

	Each
In clubs of five or more copies, one year	\$.85
Nine months at the rate of	.90
Six months at the rate of	.95
Three months at the rate of	1.00

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

A Sunset Thought

I LIKE to think when western skies are bright
With twilight's gold, that far beyond our sight,
Beneath the world's dim verge where day has gone,
Our sunset is—for other lands—a dawn.
And ever does it symbolize to me
The promise sweet of immortality:
Beyond the darkness waits for us alway
The looming glory of a perfect day!

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

A True Story

ONE beautiful day in June I was sitting in the front yard of my home enjoying the shade and looking at a bed of pinks, one of my favorite flowers, when three or four small boys, from eight to twelve years of age, came up and called to my little boy, who is nine years old and a member of the Juniors. The boys said to him it was time to go for the cows.

Russel came around the house and said, "Mamma, I am going with George after my cows. I will go in the big field and get your cows first, then I will go out to the ridge and get my other two cows." He always told me where he was going. "Good-by, mamma," and away he went.

I arose and went to the gate to see if the other boys had waited for him, but they were nearly at the top of the hill, playing among themselves and calling to Russel to hurry up.

I did not hear anything more of them for an hour or so, when presently looking up I saw Russel sitting on the front doorstep crying as if his heart would break.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"George hit me," he answered, and as he spoke he stuck his foot out toward me. There were two welts as thick as my finger on his bare leg, with the blood oozing out of them.

"Did you do anything to him?" I asked.

"No, mamma," he replied. "George said if I would swear he would not hit me, and if I would not swear he would give me five licks with his whip."

On pushing up his clothing, I found three more welts.

"Mamma, it hurts so bad." Then looking at his leg and up into my face, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said, "Mamma, is that bearing the cross for Jesus?"

Upon my telling him it was nobly bearing the cross, he dried his tears, and I never saw a more happy face than his was.—*Our Morning Guide.*

The Autobiography of a Motto

(Concluded from page seven)

house a young woman hurried out past her. I could not see her very well because the tissue paper was over my face, but I did not fail to notice that her face was kind.

My little friend did not stop her, but walked up to the door and rang the bell. A gray-haired woman came to the door, and after looking at me for a moment, dropped three nickels in Dottie's hand and took me. I'm not saying that I was sold first to brag on myself, for I think it was the sweet face of my little friend and her earnest pleading eyes that sold me. Anyhow, I heard the lady say as she took me, "I'll put this in Milly's room, poor girl, she's never had much Scripture since her mother died." "Who was Milly?" I asked myself. Could it be the lady that passed me on the step? Well, if she never had much Scripture, I would do my part to let her see the words on my face.

Ten minutes later two girls came into the room. One was the young woman I saw upon the step—the one I judged to be Milly. The other—well, I didn't know her. I heard her say, "Milly, can you come to our meeting tonight? I should so like to have you."

"You know, Margaret, I am not much on that kind of thing. I used to think when mother would talk about it that there was something in Christianity, but she has been dead so long I have almost forgotten the Bible, and father never speaks of it to me."

"We would like to have you come, and I think you will enjoy it," said the other girl. So talking they left the room.

No one came in until about ten o'clock. Then Milly entered. I never saw a more perplexed look, and from the seriousness of her manner I concluded that she had gone to church with her friend. She sat there for a moment and I heard her say, "I wonder if it really is worth while and if there is a reward for the righteous." Then she glanced up to me on the wall and read, "Be thou faithful unto death. Rev. 2:10." "I wonder what the rest says." Going to a shelf, she took down a little black book. Turning the pages she read, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." A crown of life. She read further. I wondered what her thoughts were. About half an hour later, closing her book, she looked happy, and I saw the tears glistening in her eyes. "I believe it is worth while," she said aloud.

That was four years ago. I am still in Milly's room, and Milly—I wish you could see her and talk to her. She is a Christian, and has been for four years. I am only a little motto, old and faded, but I am glad that my life has not been altogether useless.

RUTH ALICE DEATS.

SOME friendships are made by nature, some by contract, some by interest, and some by souls.—*Jeremy Taylor.*