

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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ALONG THE WHARVES, GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



WE LOANED to foreign governments last year, in round numbers, \$1,000,000,000.

THE Rockefeller Foundation has appropriated \$1,000,000 for war-relief work in Poland, Serbia, Montenegro, and Albania.

WITHIN the last year the war has made New York the busiest port in the world. Its trade exceeds the export and import trade of London by \$200,000,000.

A NEW world's record in wireless telegraphy was established when the American steamer "Ventura" recently picked up a wireless message from Tuckerton, New Jersey, when nine thousand miles distant from that point.

ONCE in a while there is a bright spot in the news from Mexico. American missionaries have, for example, just begun to build a college in the city of Chihuahua, on a site that had long been used as a ring for bull fights.

THE United States Public Health Service believes that by 1930 typhoid fever will be a rare disease in this country. The number of persons who have submitted to antityphoid vaccination, which is as simple as it is effective, increased from about 100,000 in 1914 to about 300,000 in 1915.

ACCORDING to Mr. James Allen, author of "As a Man Thinketh," the eight pillars of prosperity are energy, economy, integrity, system, sympathy, sincerity, impartiality, and self-reliance. Without any one of these one is seriously handicapped in the attainment of the highest success.

FRANK JAY GOULD has sent an order to this country for 6,000 portable houses, which he will give to French and Belgian families whose homes have been destroyed in the war. The houses are now being made for him, and will be shipped within a month. They are very simple affairs, and can be set up in an hour or so, and put together with a screw driver.

THE latest national park, five thousand acres of wooded mountain on Mount Desert Island, comes to the government as a gift. Thirteen years ago public-spirited persons formed an organization to acquire the spots of greatest scenic beauty on the island, with a view to guarding them against real-estate speculators. The park will have a special value as a bird refuge.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S recent signing of the law granting federal incorporation to the Boy Scouts of America was the second recognition of that organization given by the government within the last few weeks. The first, not having been accompanied by any White House ceremonial, escaped public notice. It was in the form of a special exemption provided for in the new army bill. After the bill had passed the Senate and the House, a Washington official of the Boy Scout movement discovered that Section 125 might seriously affect the rights of the Boy Scouts of America to wear the uniform which has been standard in the Scout movement for the last six years. Since there are some 200,000 Scouts and Scout officials in the country, and the estimated money value of the uniforms now in use is well over \$1,000,000, the seriousness of this matter was quickly apparent; so an exemption was secured.

THE total foreign trade of the world before the war was not far short of \$40,000,000,000, and about one fifth of it passed through five great ports—London, Liverpool, New York, Hamburg, and Antwerp. The last two—whose combined trade in 1913 exceeded that of any country in the world except England, Germany, and the United States—have been virtually wiped off the commercial map. Now New York, with more than \$2,000,000,000 of foreign commerce last year, has outstripped both London and Liverpool.

IN the ten years from 1905 to 1914, a little more than 10,000,000 immigrants reached the United States. A few less than 175,000 were debarred from landing, mainly on account of physical and mental defects proscribed by the present law. Ten million immigrants in ten years is too large an order for any national digestive apparatus. The fact that many of them return to Europe affects the essential problem but slightly.

Follow-Up Work

PERSONS of certain character seem almost to need another to follow after them to repair damages, put things in proper place, and make clean the pathway so carelessly trodden. This is many times true in a spiritual sense, but preeminently so in regard to temporal matters.

To be the one who is to follow after another and see to arranging the many things left out of place or in an untidy condition, is a worthy vocation, but usually as thankless as it is deserving of commendation. Why?—Because the untidy person, having a low standard of neatness and order, seldom realizes what he has left undone or what some one else is doing for him.

On the other hand, the naturally orderly person who has made a mistake in the matter of order or neatness, is very keenly sensitive to his unintentional act, and is much humiliated that it has become necessary for some one "to pick up" after him.

The dear old grandmother, like many another human, may not always notice that she has dropped a morsel of food on your tablecloth. The superneat housekeeper will perhaps frowningly eye the spot, and possibly go to the kitchen to provide herself with some means of removing the material from its lodging place. It might be more consistent with the Christian spirit to let the dear old lady remain totally unconscious of her mistake, even if she should forever fail to recognize your superiority as a housekeeper. MRS. D. A. FITCH.

"GIVE to laziness today, and it will steal tomorrow from you."

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The Youth's Instructor

LXIV

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No. 29

The Wonder of Egypt

ARABELLA JAMES

ALONG the western side of the Nile River, the region known as the abode of death and darkness, extends the long chain of pyramids for a distance of forty miles southward. This is the oldest and vastest cemetery in the world, for these pyramids are nothing less than the mighty tombs of the Pharaohs.

The Gizeh group directly opposite Cairo, standing on a slightly elevated rocky platform consisting of three enormous pyramids with their eight satellites and the mammoth sphinx, transcends all others in grandeur and importance. On this plateau, hardly a mile in breadth, has been preserved through decades of centuries the very beginning of architecture, the most enormous pile of masonry ever erected, the accuracy and perfection of which shows the most wonderful and artistic skill.

For a long time, men tried to explain the origin and purpose of these enormous structures. Some thought them temples of the sun or moon, some astronomical observatories, and some refuges from

the flood. Some considered them the granaries built by Joseph, and others imagined them barriers against the sandstorms. But we now know that they are merely the abode of royal mummies, tombs whose sepulcher chamber is hidden away in the interior.

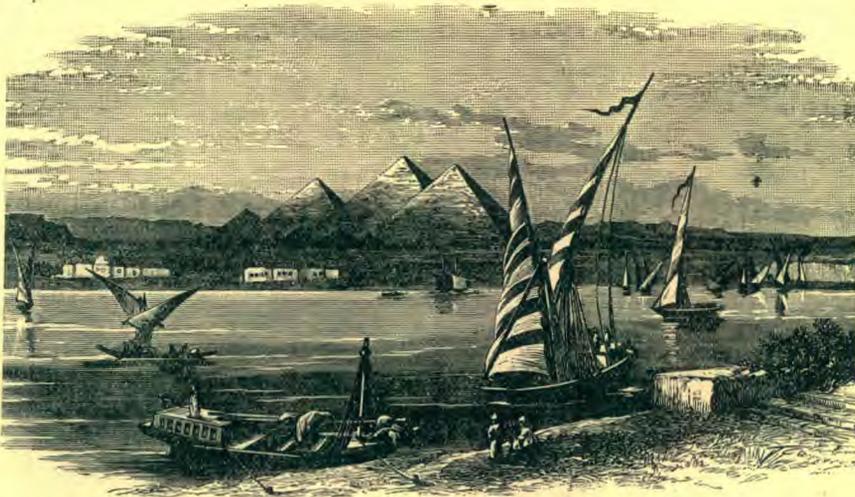
According to the Egyptian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, the earthly abode of the soul must last forever. Consequently the Pharaohs for fear their tombs might some day be submerged, had to build them to a great height. There was danger both from inundations of the Nile and sandstorms from the Sahara. To prevent the sand from lodging, the surface of the pyramids had to be very smooth.

The pyramids all have four sides, facing the four cardinal points, north, east, south, and west. They range in height anywhere from 487 feet, which was the original height of that of Khufu, the great Egyptian king, to that of the smaller ones at its base, the highest of which is only 33 feet. There is a great variety of building material used. Those of the Gizeh group are of white limestone, cased over and held in place by brick walls inside. The number and location of chambers in each pyramid are also varied. Some have but one, some more than one, and in a few no chambers have as yet been discovered. Some chambers are located in the core of masonry, while

others are hollowed out beneath the base. Not all pyramids show the same unbroken surface lines as do those of the Gizeh group. Some have blunt corners; some are with angled ridges, where the lower angle is $54^{\circ} 41'$ and the upper one $42^{\circ} 59'$, which makes the pyramid distasteful to the eye; and other pyramids have their sides rising in steps.

Some Egyptologists have thought the pyramids the result of a slow growth of additions around an original mastaba, a tomb of masonry. Then as the king's reign continued year after year, he had successive envelopes of masonry added. This theory would account for the difference in size. However, this theory is overthrown, as some kings who had a long reign have smaller tombs than those whose reign continued not so long; also the arrangement of interior passages would not permit of such construction. There was doubtless a plan made out at the beginning.

Of all the tombs of the Pharaohs, the Great Pyramid is the largest and grandest. It was considered one of the seven wonders of the



AN EGYPTIAN SCENE. PYRAMIDS IN THE BACKGROUND

ancient world. It is the largest building in existence, and has never had an equal. Its base is 750 feet, or nearly one seventh of a mile, in length; its height is 451 feet, and its base covers an area of over thirteen acres, a space equal to four ordinary city blocks. The structure contains a mass of stones computed to be about 85,000,000 cubic feet, composed of about 2,300,000 individual stones with an average weight of two and one-half tons each, or nearly six million tons in all. An ingenious Frenchman has calculated that this is enough stone to encircle France with a wall four feet in height and one foot in thickness. It has been estimated that it would cost \$42,500,000 of our money to reproduce this monument. No man standing on its top can throw a stone that will clear the base.

Formerly this pyramid had a smooth outer casing, which was composed of stones so nicely put together that it appeared as one solid stone from top to bottom. The surface was polished and the stones were so closely joined that not even a needle or hair could be inserted between any two of them. The stones were covered with enough writing to fill more than ten thousand books. However, the pyramid looks different from what it once did, for this fine outer casing is gone and the sides are rough and in steps.

There are 201 steps, varying from two to five feet.

The great care of the builders was to conceal the whereabouts of the funeral chambers in the heart of the pyramid. Therefore the entrance was carefully concealed, but has now been found. The entrance is about forty-five feet above the base. The passage is three feet four inches high, and three feet eleven inches wide. The passage is steep and slippery and close, and descends for a distance of 295 feet, reaching a chamber 102½ feet below the base of the pyramid, ending in an unfinished, rock-hewn chamber. However, 63 feet from the entrance begins an ascending passage which leads to two chambers, the king's vault and a small one, the queen's. No other passages or chambers of importance are known to exist in the pyramid.

It is clear that the design of the pyramid had certain geometrical formulæ in mind for the king's and queen's chambers. The passages and all angles are arranged proportionately.

It has been figured that it required 100,000 men, who were relieved every three months, twenty years to build this one pyramid. Just how the pyramids were built is not known, but it has been thought that the immense stones were slowly and laboriously dragged up an incline, which required ten years for its building, and then put in place. The real marvel is not how these stones were carried to their place, but how they could have been joined so carefully without injuring their edges.

The pyramids are some of the most interesting things to see in Egypt, and every traveler visits them; and not until they are seen, can their grandeur and hugeness be realized.

Give Christ the Best

OF your life, time, and service, give Christ the best. Paul says: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

"That ye present your bodies;" no one else can do it for you. No matter how anxious mother, father, sister, brother, husband, wife, or child may be, one or all of them cannot work out or pay for your salvation. It must be not only voluntary, but a deliberate move on your part toward Jesus. He has done everything necessary on his part. You are the only one that can complete the work.

"A living sacrifice," not a half-worn-out or dead sacrifice, but a healthy, ambitious, living offering. All that makes life worth living is to be thrown into his service. Why do so many say, "I shall obey the Lord when I am old and can't do anything else"? I call that a dead sacrifice. Anything that is worth while is worth sacrificing for, and truly this is the best-paying investment of any that was ever offered. Thousands of years of luxury and happiness for ten or fifteen years of deprivation now! Then, too, service for the Lord gives the best satisfaction of any on earth.

"Give of your best to the Master,
Give of the strength of your youth,
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ardor
Into the battle for truth.
Jesus has set the example,
Dauntless was he, young and brave;
Give him your loyal devotion,
Give him the best that you have."

"Which is your reasonable service." The Lord is not requiring much in asking for this service. It is due him. God gave the best that he had, and in

giving it he poured out all heaven in that gift. What can you give in appreciation of it?

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these [temporal] things shall be added unto you." Then we are to make Christ first in our daily program. If we serve him in the line of work that he has fitted us for, he will provide all temporal necessities.

"Give him first place in your service.
Join in the battle for truth.
Gratefully seeking to serve him,
Give him the best that you have."

When we give our lives, our time, and our service, every talent that God has intrusted to us is included. Not only will this be a pleasure, but we shall see a constant improvement of these talents.

If we could only get a vision of what God could make of us, we would be willing and anxious to let him transform us. This reminds me of a young man who was very ambitious in a worldly enterprise; in fact, he had the reputation of being the best politician and most influential man of his time. But when he was on his way to imprison some of the Christians, he was suddenly attracted by a strong light shining around him. There God gave him a vision of what he could make of him if he turned his talents into his service. This he did, and as a result became one of the greatest evangelists and authors of which we have record. Of course, you say, you can never become so great as Paul, but that is not what you are anxious to do. You want simply to be used in the Lord's service to bring one soul to Christ, and if in his great mercy he sees fit to enlarge your powers you may be able to bring many.

If you are bound for Frisco, and your course is southward when it should be northward, how long do you think you would travel before you reached there? If some one should say, "Friend, you are going the wrong way. If you want to go to Frisco you will have to go the other way," you would immediately change your course. So if you wish to enter the New Jerusalem, there will have to be a turning around for many of you before you get there. If you are headed the wrong way, you will pass over Disobedient Avenue, Impatient Lane, Dissatisfied Street, Faultfinding Boulevard, and many similar drives. But if you are on the right track, you will visit the Happy Drive, Congenial Avenue, Obedient Lane, Service Street, and Success Boulevard. If Untruthfulness is a street that you frequent, change your course. If pleasure seeking occupies your time, turn around. If today you have seen the folly of your course, take the advice above given, and you will see a transformation. Today if you hear the Saviour's voice, harden not your heart. Decide now to use your talents in the service of Jehovah, then your life will be happy, and from it will radiate an atmosphere of Christian love.

REATHEL C. JENKINS.

The Three Gardens

I

THE first is a garden so beautiful that our hearts are stirred as we, in imagination, enter its borders. No sign of strife or death is to be seen. The lofty trees tower in all their grandeur, and the sward beneath is most inviting to repose. There is no monotony, for the brilliant colors of the flowers and the bright plumage of the birds relieve the verdure of the trees and creepers. In the center of the garden, the tree

of life — God's pledge to mankind — stands free to all. The animals come to be petted, and no sudden movement would bring to the gentle eye a look of fear. Such is the first glimpse.

But an enemy came into the garden. Fallen from his position of power and influence in the heavens, Lucifer, son of the morning, cast envious eyes upon the garden of delight and its innocent, happy inmates. So he conceived a plan by which to enter and spoil this last fair work of the Creator. It would not do to appear in evil or hateful form, for such a thing was unknown and would at once be marked as alien. So he clothed himself in what was then one of the most beautiful forms of animal life; and the success of that false step is only too well known.

With Satan and sin in the garden, the man and the woman must be kept from the tree of life; and our last glimpse shows us the sorrowful pair driven from the home of love, and the angel of the flaming sword standing guard over the despoiled paradise.

II

'Tis midnight; but the gloom in the garden of Gethsemane is deeper than the gloom of night. It is that spiritual darkness which is enveloping our Saviour as he comes to the bitterest struggle of his life. For three and a half years he has walked earth's thorny ways, has seen to the fullest the effects of sin, and has released from Satan's bonds many of his victims; and now Satan suggests to his mind what small results are seen from all his toil and prayers. A handful of disciples sleeping through his anguish, and one even now leading the band of soldiers to seize him; a temporary success over the fickle multitude which on the morrow will say, Crucify him! and the only way to help mankind further is the way of the cross into whose shadow he has already entered. To Christ's human nature the temptation was very great to turn his back on the ungrateful recipients of his love and kindness, and to return to the heavenly courts where only harmony reigned. So thrice he prays for the removal of this last bitter cup, the public disgrace, the desertion by his friends, the cruel death of shame if it be the Father's will. But at last the victory is won.

III

"Language is altogether too feeble to attempt a description of heaven. As the scene rises before me, I am lost in amazement. Carried away with the surpassing splendor and excellent glory, I lay down the pen, and exclaim, 'Oh, what love! what wondrous love!' Of what avail then to attempt to describe the beauties of the third garden,—the glorious new earth? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." But we do know that perfect peace and harmony will exist; that nothing will be found that defiles or harms; and that the all-pervading spirit will be the spirit of love. We know that all which baffles us now will then be seen in the light of God's providence, and for us the battle with self and sin will be forever over.

Christ was in the garden of Eden, its Creator and its glory; Christ was in the garden of Gethsemane, its Conqueror and its hope; and Christ will be in the Eden restored, its light and its King. "The city hath no need of the sun," "the Lamb is the light thereof." "The throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it." In the first garden man lost his all; in the second he may regain it; and in the third he may have the privilege of enjoying it, purified and ennobled, a gift from the loving One.

RHAE ALBON.

Procrastination

PROCRASTINATION! What is it? The word "procrastinate" is defined thus by Webster: "To put off till tomorrow, or from day to day; to defer; postpone; delay."

Procrastination is a thief. Some one has well said it is the thief of time. It is a thief of time, for it lays hold of the time intended for use in preparing for the responsibilities and work of life. It possesses the characteristics of a thief. It is subtle, deceitful, dangerous. It comes to one sometimes unawares; that is, before the senses are aroused enough to recognize it.

"An artist has tried to teach this in a picture. Father Time is there with an inverted hourglass. A young man is lying at his ease on a luxurious couch, while beside him is a table spread with rich fruits and viands. Passing by him toward an open door are certain figures which represent opportunities; they come to invite the young man to nobleness, to manliness, to usefulness, to worth.

"First is a rugged sun-browned form, carrying a flail. This is labor. He invites the youth to toil. He has already passed far by unheeded.

"Next is a philosopher with open book, inviting the young man to thought and study, that he may master the secrets of the mystic volume. But this opportunity, too, is disregarded. The youth has no desire for learning.

"Close behind the philosopher comes a woman, with bowed form, carrying a child. Her dress betokens widowhood and poverty. Her hand is stretched out appealingly. She craves charity. Looking closely at the picture, we see that the young man holds money in his hand. But he is clasping it tightly, and the poor widow's pleading is in vain.

"Still another figure passes, endeavoring to lure and woo him from his idle ease. It is the form of a beautiful woman, who seeks by love to awaken in him noble purposes, worthy of his powers, and to inspire him for ambitious efforts.

"One by one these opportunities pass, with their calls and invitations, only to be unheeded. At last he is arousing to seize them, but it is too late; they are vanishing from sight, and the door is closing."

The procrastinator does not to himself alone do injury. But every one within the radius of his dilatory movements must of necessity be discommoded, and his plans thwarted at every turn. How many well-meaning individuals there are who, when requested to do service of some kind, use the little command, "Wait a minute," although they know that it will be ten or fifteen minutes — yes, perhaps sixty! We may therefore rightly conclude that, besides being a thief of time, procrastination is also a thief of integrity, honesty of purpose, and self-respect.

We have an example in modern history showing what procrastination did for one man, and, contrasted with this, the advantage gained by another in the same incident. You well remember the historical account of the contest between Cornwallis and Washington near Trenton, New Jersey, in the winter of 1776-77. Washington had crossed the Delaware River on floating ice and marched on Trenton in a severe snow-storm. Cornwallis, thinking this to be his time to strike, marched south from Princeton with part of his force to catch Washington. Finding him and his army "between Trenton and a bend of the Delaware," he said he would "bag the old fox in the morning," feeling confident that Washington could not escape.

When morning came, however, he had no use for his bag, for the "old fox" was gone, Washington having been sly enough to make his escape during the night.

Besides this modern example of procrastination, we have many old-time ones. The prophet Jonah was commissioned by God to go and preach in Nineveh. He was slow about doing it. In other words, he procrastinated; and as a result he spent a part of his career in the bottom of the sea in the body of a great fish.

Procrastination is an omen of failure. It indicates that duty is shunned, which thing cannot be if success in any line is to be attained. In this age, when the wheels of industry turn at a rapid rate, and life is one great whirlpool of movement, procrastination cannot compete with the earnest activity of life.

Procrastination even leads to death unless there is a prompt resistance against it. When mankind was first tempted to transgress God's laws, because Eve did not without hesitation reject the ensnaring words of the tempter, the sentence of death came upon the race.

The postponing of our consideration of eternal interests is also one of the greatest present-day dangers. "A woman engrossed with the pleasures and vanities of earth, was aroused one day by an earnest sermon to consider her ways. God called her to give up the world and follow Jesus. She listened for a moment to the appeal; she paused; she stood still; she hesitated. God called her to come to his Son in "the accepted time;" but she said, "Not yet; not yet." God said, "Today!" She answered, "Tomorrow;" but the morrow was for her *too late!* That very night her soul was required of her by the everlasting God.

Are we procrastinators? Are we every day of our lives neglecting our duty, putting off until some more convenient time the act of accepting Jesus Christ as our personal Saviour and Redeemer?

Do not put off till tomorrow
What you should do today.

In the world are those who claim His place to take,
But he is the only way.

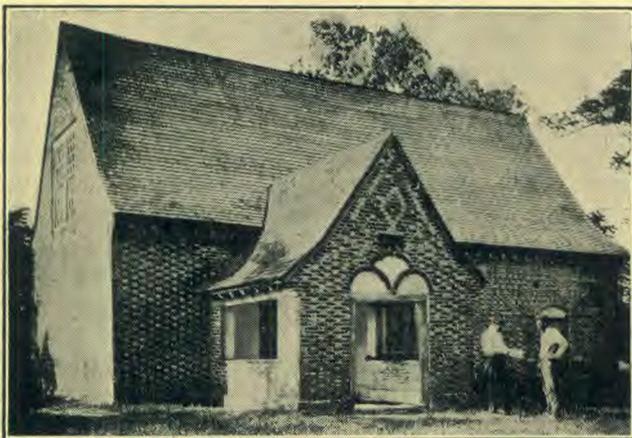
"I am the only way," says Christ,
Tomorrow may be too late;

Have faith and believe in the great All-Father,
And do not procrastinate.

ROY FOREMAN.

George Washington's Church

EIGHTY-SIX years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, a brick structure was erected in



YEOCOMICO CHURCH, ERECTED IN 1706

the southern portion of Westmoreland County, Virginia. This was two hundred and ten years ago. The building was known then, as now, as the Yeocomico

Church, with which George Washington was identified as a member.

Accompanied by a colporteur, the writer visited this historic spot early last summer. A photograph of the church was taken, the accompanying half tone showing just how it looks today. In the foreground is seen the writer as he was canvassing the colored janitor for "Bible Readings."



THE BAPTISMAL FONT

We had the pleasure of going through the building, and found it in a very good state of preservation. A photograph was likewise taken of the white marble font from which Mr. Washington was sprinkled for baptism, a reproduction of which accompanies this article.

Just outside the church, and to the right, is a curiously shaped rock, partly embedded in the earth, upon which Mr. Washington, it is said, used to sharpen his sword. Engraved on the rock are some characters, or figures, but thus far all experts have been baffled in an attempt to decipher them.

Parties have been known to travel for hundreds of miles to see this quaint old structure, and perhaps it has been photographed more times than any other building in the State.

E. R. BUTTON.

They Miss You

Do they miss you at home? — Yes, they miss you,
With the deepest and fondest regret;
Your chair by the fireside is vacant,
Your place at the board waits you yet.
The pillow your head used to rest on
Is smoothed by a mother's fine touch,
While the tears, dropping softly upon it,
Say, "We miss you, we miss you so much!"

She dreams of her sunny-faced darling
Who knelt years ago by that bed,
And she hears once again, "Now I lay me —"
Can't you feel her frail hand on your head?
Your picture speaks to her heart daily,
Your schoolbooks — she treasures them yet,
And she kisses the toy you once fondled;
For a mother's heart cannot forget,
You're her innocent child even yet.

They miss you at home; yes, they miss you,
When, the toil of the day being done,
They kneel round the altar together
And pray for the wandering one.
And their empty arms ache so to clasp you,
O dear one, wherever you roam,
Your home is so cheerless without you;
Don't you hear their loved voices say, "Come,
We miss you, we miss you; come home"?

O you who have wandered from virtue,
In the bypaths of sin gone astray,
Whose brier-torn feet are so weary,
Oh, turn your face homeward today.
A Saviour is waiting to welcome,
And "mighty to save" all who come.
Like a father he pities and loves you,
O lost one, no longer then roam —
O sin-burdened wanderer, come home.

ARTHUR V. FOX.



The Temple and the Gate Beautiful*

C. C. CRISLER

THERE is perhaps no building of the ancient world which has excited so much attention since the time of its destruction as the temple which Solomon built at Jerusalem, and its successor as rebuilt by Herod," writes the late Mr. James Fergusson, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. "Its spoils were considered worthy of forming the principal illustration of one of the most beautiful of Roman triumphal arches, and Justinian's highest architectural ambition was that he might surpass it. Throughout the Middle Ages it influenced to a considerable degree the forms of Christian churches, and its peculiarities were the watchwords and rallying points of all associations of builders. Since the revival of learning in the sixteenth century its arrangements have employed the pens of numberless learned antiquarians, and architects of every country have wasted their science in trying to reproduce its forms."—*Smith's Bible Dictionary*, art. "Temple."

The magnificent impressiveness of the structure crowning the heights of Mt. Moriah, was enhanced materially by its natural setting, situated, as it was, at an unusually conspicuous point within one of the most entrancingly picturesque cities of the Old World. Dean Stanley, in his "Sinai and Palestine" (pp. 169, 170), attests at length to the literal truthfulness of the Bible descriptions of beautiful Zion; and in the course of his testimony he declares:—

"The situation of Jerusalem is in several respects singular amongst the cities of Palestine. Its elevation is remarkable, occasioned, not from its being on the

summit of one of the numerous hills of Judea, like most of the towns and villages, but because it is on the edge of one of the highest table-lands of the country. Hebron, indeed, is higher still, by some hundred feet; and from the south, accordingly, the approach to Jerusalem is by a slight descent. But from every other side, the ascent is perpetual; and to the traveler approaching Jerusalem from the west or east, it must always have presented the appearance, beyond any other capital of the then-known world,—we may add, beyond any important city that has ever existed on the earth,—of a mountain city; breathing, as compared with the sultry plains of the Jordan or of the coast, a mountain air; enthroned, as compared with Jericho or Damascus, Gaza or Tyre, on a mountain fastness."

On the highest height of the surpassingly beautiful city, stood the temple dedicated to the worship of Jehovah. It was in this temple, as rebuilt by Herod, that the Saviour taught and healed; and it was here that the apostles daily ministered in word and doctrine.

The temple as restored by Zerubbabel having fallen into decay, Herod the Great, about twenty years before the birth of Christ, announced his intention of rebuilding it. "His proposition," writes the Rev. Dr. G. F. MacLear, former headmaster of King's College School, London, "roused the greatest mistrust, and he found himself obliged to proceed with the utmost caution, and to use every means to allay suspicion. Two years were spent in bringing together the materials, and vast preparations were made before a single stone of the old building was touched. At last, in the year B. C. 18, the foundations of the temple of Zerubbabel were removed, and on those laid centuries before by Solomon, the new pile arose, built of hard white

* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for July 29, 1916, on "The Lame Man Healed" (Acts 3:1-26).

stones of enormous size. Eighteen months were spent in building the porch, the holy place, and the holy of holies. Eight years more elapsed before the courts and cloisters and other extensive and splendid buildings round the sacred structure were completed.

"As the temple of Zerubbabel had been a copy of that of Solomon, so was the temple of Herod a copy of that of Zerubbabel, except that it was larger in size, of nobler material, and higher art, wrought by the hands of the masons of Athens and Antioch.

"On the highest level of the rocky platform of Moriah rose the naos, or temple proper, erected solely by priestly hands, divided, as in the days of Solomon, into a holy place and a holy of holies by a veil or curtain of the finest work. 'No figures, no sculpture, as in Persian and Egyptian temples, adorned the front. Golden vines and clusters of grapes, the typical plant and fruit of Israel, ran along the wall; and the greater and lesser lights of heaven were wrought into the texture of the veil. The whole façade was covered with plates of gold, which when the sun shone upon them in the early day, sent back his rays with an added glory, so great that gazers standing on Olivet had to shade their eyes when turning toward the temple mount.'

"Twelve steps below from this platform was a second level, occupied by the court of the priests, with the great laver, and the altar of burnt offering. Three flights of stairs led down to a third platform, on which was the court of the Israelites, or, as it was sometimes called, the sanctuary, with the houses of the priests, the . . . hall of the Sanhedrin, and the various offices.

"Not being of the priestly order, the Idumean monarch could not enter any of these inclosures; neither the temple, nor the court of the priests, nor the court of the Israelites. A third flight of fourteen steps, therefore, led down to another court, the court of the Gentiles, which was hardly regarded as a portion of the temple, was open to men of all nations, and was held as a kind of exchange or market place. Here the Jew from northern or eastern Palestine could exchange his drachma or stater for the sacred shekel; here those who could not offer a lamb or kid, could purchase 'a pair of turtledoves, or two young pigeons; here the seller of sheep and oxen for the sacrifices had his stalls and pens.

"The erection of the sanctuary had been left to the priests. On the court of the Gentiles, the meeting place of all nations and languages, Herod lavished all the riches of his taste. Cloisters sustained on double rows of Corinthian columns, exquisitely wrought, 'ran round the wall on the inner side, the capitals being ornamented with the acanthus and waterleaf, as in the

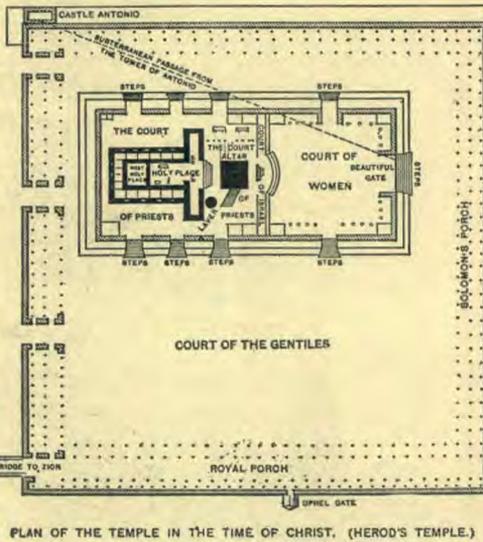
famous Tower of the Winds. West, north, and east, these columns were in three rows; on the south they were in four. The floor made a shaded walk, like the colonnade in Venice; and the roof an open walk, like the gallery of Genoa. The pavement was inlaid with marble of many colors.' The most beautiful gateways led into this court, of great height, and ornamented with the utmost skill. One of these, on the eastern side, looking towards the Mount of Olives, was known as 'Solomon's Porch;' close by it was another, the pride of the temple area, as one writer says, 'more like the gopura of an Indian temple than anything we are acquainted with in architecture.' This, in all probability, was the one called the 'Beautiful Gate' in the New Testament."—*Bible Educator*, Vol. III, pp. 353, 354.

Josephus, who was personally familiar with many of the details of the temple structure, has described its gates; and in his account he refers to one "which was of Corinthian brass, and greatly excelled those that were only covered over with silver and gold. . . . Its height was fifty cubits; and its doors were forty cubits; and it was adorned after a most costly manner, as having much richer and thicker plates of silver and gold upon them than the other."—*Wars of the Jews*, tr. by Whiston, b. 5, chap. 5, sec. 3.

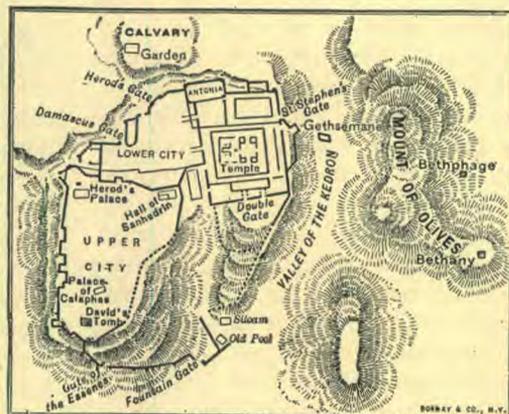
The material of which this gate was composed—Corinthian brass—was "of world-wide celebrity, . . . more precious than gold," says Dr. J. R. Macduff. "Nearly two centuries before, the renowned city of Corinth had fallen before the armies of the Roman general Mummius. After being sacked, it was burned to the ground, because of the insolence of the citizens towards ambassadors that had been sent to treat with them. It was set on fire in diverse places on the outskirts; and the flames, rolling towards the center of the city, met with prodigious fury. There had been collected a vast number of images and statues in gold, silver, and copper. These, melted by the intense heat of the burning city, were fused, and ran down the streets in a gleaming molten stream. When the flames were extinguished, this novel combination received the name of Corinthian brass. It was prized in value beyond all other precious metals, being, it was said, beyond the imitation of art. Herod

had secured a portion of the rare compound for the main entrance to the Jewish temple. The gate was of Greek design, and by some it was said to have been brought from Alexandria by Nicenor, and to have been called by his name."—*Quoted from*

"Footsteps of St. Peter," chap. 15, par. 2. Such was the setting of the scene, when, "about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun was westering, and the shadows from the Beautiful Gate were projected along the variegated pavement of Solomon's Porch," "two men,



PLAN OF THE TEMPLE IN THE TIME OF CHRIST. (HEROD'S TEMPLE.)



ROBBY & CO., N.Y.

whose faces were perhaps not unfamiliar, attired in the humble garb of Galilee, . . . paused under the portico" at the behest of a poor alms-asking cripple, and spoke to him the words, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk."

Courtesy in Business

As I strolled along Fifth Avenue, in New York, one afternoon, I remembered that I wanted a collar — just a neat little turnover collar.

I went into the nearest haberdashery and told a young clerk what I had come for. He seized a little box off a shelf, and deftly drew a collar from a cute little tissue-paper envelope, while quietly humming a simple tune.

"That's the very latest thing," he sighed, at the same time impressively tapping with his index finger the collar that he himself wore. There was no denying that the two collars were of the same identical pattern.

I was really rather captivated by the collar, and inquired the price.

"Those are a dollar each," the young man replied as he suppressed a yawn.

Now, as a matter of fact, I never pay one dollar for a collar. Sometimes I pay a quarter, and sometimes fifteen cents. So I freely admitted to the salesman that I was seeking merely a fifteen-cent collar, and was unwilling to pay a dollar, even though the collar he had just showed me was, indeed, very pretty and attractive.

At the mention of the words fifteen cents, the clerk looked keenly hurt and deeply vexed.

"Ah," said he, with a smile of mingled annoyance and amusement, "we have no such collars as that. We don't *touch* them." And he made a deprecating gesture with his left hand, palm outward, as if the very thought of such a collar was repellent to his sensitive nature.

"You won't find any fifteen-cent collars on Fifth Avenue," he added, busying himself putting away his stock, as if the incident were closed. I gathered from what he said that I might just as well try to find the mythical pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, on Fifth Avenue, or try to solve the problem of how to eat one's cake and have it. If that clerk should ever find out that I did succeed in buying a first-rate, wearable collar for fifteen cents, only three or four doors away on Fifth Avenue, I imagine it would spoil his day.

Why This Clerk is Popular

In the second store I tried, the clerk told me they had no soft collars for less than seventy-five cents, but instead of seeming irritated that a customer should appear in quest of a fifteen-cent collar, he was apologetic.

"We have a great many customers who are heavily infested with money," he explained, in a friendly, confidential tone, "and they think unless a thing is priced at an absurd figure it can't be any account. You can get just as good a collar as any white man needs, for a lot less money."

You may think that this second clerk went almost too far in taking the customer's point of view, but I contend that he was an unusually efficient salesman — efficient because he was courteous. Just because he had the politeness to shift his mood to fit mine, I was half tempted to buy one of his costly collars, after all. If I ever *should* decide to pay more than fifteen cents or a quarter for a collar, I have an idea I would rather

squander my money with this second clerk than with the first one. He applied the same rule of courtesy that governs the dinner host who will not wear evening dress if he thinks one of his guests will be less properly garbed. If one should place his guest at his ease, a guest who merely comes to eat food, why should one not go even farther — looking at the thing from a purely business viewpoint — to place at ease the man who enters one's store for the purpose of spending his money? Strange to say, genuine courtesy, taking it as a general proposition, is a comparatively new thing in business. It has been only a few years since business men stumbled upon the discovery that customers are more likely to return after a slap on the back than after a kick in the stomach.

Obviously, there is no limit to the harm that may be done by even so slight a discourtesy as mere inattention on the part of an employee. A few weeks ago I heard a woman telling the floorwalker in a big department store: —

"One of your salesgirls seems to think it is a favor to serve a customer. I look at it just the other way. I feel that I am doing the store a favor to buy here instead of elsewhere."

It seemed that she had waited three or four minutes to be served, and a girl, though not busy, had failed to notice her.

"I was going to make only a twenty-five-cent purchase," the vexed woman added, "but the girl didn't know but that I was going to spend twenty-five dollars."

The floorwalker was unable to pacify the customer, or even to learn which salesgirl it was, and the woman never went to that store again. Before that her trade had amounted to more than one thousand dollars a year.

I know of a department store that is believed to be financially on the ragged edge, though it was once about the most prosperous institution of its kind in the city where it is located. And I believe I could put my finger right on the main contributing cause of its loss of popularity. It has just as good a line of merchandise as could be found anywhere, and the prices are reasonable. But if you buy a rug, a chair, or an alarm clock at that store, and after taking it home decide that you wish to exchange it, you will meet an atmosphere of deep gloom on the part of those store employees who participate in the transaction. Mr. So-and-so has to go and see Mr. Somebody-else before the charge for the returned goods is taken off the books. Everybody examines the goods very critically, as if to say, "I don't know about this."

Other big stores in the same city are just as careful about making sure that things returned are in good condition, but they do it in a hail-fellow, offhand way that makes the customer feel as if he is causing nobody any trouble whatsoever.

Years ago the big telephone companies replaced the unconventional "Hello" of the central operator with the more polite phrase, "Number, please." More recently they discovered that the word "please" repeated several million times a year delayed messages and really cost a lot of money. So operators now inquire merely, "Number?" But they are under rigid instructions to say the word with a rising inflection on the second syllable, which gives a cheerful, chipper sound to the inquiry, whereas the word with a falling inflection at the last makes it sound as if the operator is somewhat bored with her job, if not actually dissatisfied with world conditions generally. Moreover, the big telephone companies, in hiring a girl, do not consider the beauty of her face or figure, as most of us would

if engaging a stenographer, but insist that she must have a pretty voice.

A big cigar company which has more than one thousand stores over the country insists upon its salesmen acknowledging every purchase, no matter how small, with a "Thank you. Come again," or something like that. No matter what a customer does, this company insists that he must not be insulted. He must never leave one of their stores with the slightest feeling of resentfulness, even though he himself may have been at fault.

It is doubtful if any line of business offers so many opportunities for turning courtesy to profit as the hotel business. And it is a noteworthy fact that one of the first hotel men in the country to apply this fact in a big way is now regarded as one of the most successful hotel men in the world. His name is George C. Boldt. If you were to walk into the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, which Mr. Boldt manages, and ask him for the secret of his success, he would tell you that his greatest single asset has been courtesy.

"It is the cheapest thing in the world, if you provide it yourself," declares Boldt, "but the most expensive thing to buy."

Boldt entered the hotel business as a bus boy, and later was manager of a little hotel in Philadelphia called the Bellevue. A number of New York people got into the habit of going to that hotel occasionally when they wished to obtain quiet and rest. One of these New York customers wrote a letter to Mr. Boldt one day, somewhat as follows:—

"My wife is in an extremely nervous condition, and must get away at once from everything suggestive of her household cares. She doesn't want to go anywhere but to your hotel, and will have nothing but the room she has occupied heretofore. That will not give her the change of scene that she needs, but I guess it will have to do. We arrive tomorrow afternoon."

When they arrived, the guests found that the manager had done a lot to that room in twenty-four hours. It was repapered and repainted, had new chandeliers, new carpet, and different furniture. Everything about the room that it was possible to change had been changed—all within one day. Such transactions as that gradually gave Boldt a reputation as one who would go a long way to accommodate a guest. One night, when all the hotels in Philadelphia were crowded and it was almost impossible to obtain a room, a man and his wife drove up to Boldt's hotel and asked, in a tone of despair, if he could not give them a place to sleep.

"Yes," Boldt told them, "you can take my room—that's all I have."

The next morning the guest told Boldt that a manager with his sense of courtesy would be an assured success in a much larger hotel.

"And," added the guest, "I'm willing to provide you with the hotel."

Since then that same guest has invested many millions of dollars in hotels under Boldt's direction. The guest was William Waldorf Astor.

One of the strictest rules in Boldt's hotel today is that the guest is always right. For example, let us suppose a guest tastes an order of fish and tells the waiter it isn't good. The waiter is absolutely certain the fish is really all right, but under no circumstances must he ask, "What is wrong with it?"

He must whisk it away and inquire, "What shall I bring you in place of it, sir?"

If a guest should fall into the habit of eating half

his order before discovering that it does not suit him, he might be asked to call at the office, where he would be told politely but firmly that his trade is not desired. This would not be done, however, no matter how often the guest abused the courtesy, unless the management thought he was doing it purposely. Mere crankiness would be tolerated.

Boldt has brought to his desk each day a list of all guests who are ill. If the illness is of any consequence—enough to keep the guest bedfast for more than a day—Boldt is quite likely to go to the room and make personal inquiry about the guest's progress toward recovery. If it is a woman he usually sends a bouquet of flowers.

A while ago I heard Boldt talking to a middle-aged woman who had been at his hotel before and with whom he had a slight personal acquaintance. He inquired how she liked her room.

"All right," she told him, "but I've never had a room with such a comfortable chair as a little rocker I had the last time I was here—about a year ago."

Within thirty minutes Boldt had found what room the woman occupied on her previous visit, what furniture was in it, and had placed the same little rocking chair at her disposal.

In one of the first-class small hotels in New York, where the trade is of a less transient nature than at most of the larger places, all bell boys, elevator boys, and the head waiter are required to know each guest by name, if the guest remains longer than a day. It is a small courtesy, but extremely flattering to the guest. He feels as if he must be a person of no inconsiderable importance. At another hotel, scarcely a block away, if you order breakfast sent to your room, there will invariably be no water on the tray. When you ask for water it is brought not by the waiter who carried in the breakfast, but by a bell boy. Thus must you tip the waiter and also the bell boy. It is an arrangement among the employees which the management seems to wink at, and which comprises a discourtesy to which guests are *not* entitled.

As an example of the difference in hotels, I must cite the experience of William L. Ross, a young financier, then of Milwaukee, now of Chicago. Within the same month, awhile ago, Ross made two trips to New York. He went to two different hotels, each having the same scales of prices and equal quality of food, and, to all appearances, one was just as good as the other. While at the first hotel, Ross received a call from a man with whom he had important business. He was in his room at the time, but in some way the telephone operator failed to call the right number, reported that there was no answer, and Ross failed to see his man—with the result that he nearly missed making a deal involving thousands of dollars.

On the next trip he went to another hotel. The clerks there never saw him before and did not know his line of business. Not long after his arrival a number of telegrams came for him, and three or four letters. The letterheads on the several envelopes indicated that Ross must be engaged in the bond business. Several hours went by, and Ross did not come in to claim his telegrams. It occurred to the clerk—a super-clerk he must have been—that Ross should see those telegrams. They might be of the utmost importance. Knowing from the letterheads he had seen that the guest was probably in the bond business, the clerk put in telephone calls of inquiry at various places in the financial district on the chance of getting track of Ross. And it so happened that he found him.

Ross has never got over being impressed with that, and, as he is a rather gifted talker, it would be difficult to estimate how much good he has done that hotel through conversational advertising.

"It was the most striking example I ever heard of," he frequently declares, "of courteous efficiency and efficient courtesy."

Various public service corporations, such as gas and electric light companies, used to ignore complaints or else regard them in a "what are you going to do about it" attitude. Today every such concern has at least one man on its staff who draws his salary because of his ability to control his temper and maintain a calm unruffled poise in the face of insults. He goes to persons who make complaints, or are mad at his company, and attempts to educate them to the company's viewpoint.

This plan seems to discourage complaints for more reasons than one. For example: I am obliged to live part of each year in an Eastern city where rates for electric light seem preposterously high. Just as a matter of form I used to write a letter about once a season telling the company frankly what I thought of it and its light rates. Every time I wrote such a letter, the company sent to me, more in sadness than anger, a young man with whom time seemed to be no object. He would sit in my office for an indefinite period telling me at great length, in the most courteous manner imaginable, why it was necessary for his concern to charge more than I thought reasonable. After three experiences of this sort I ceased to write letters of protest to the company. Their polite young man had conquered me. I did not wish to take a chance on having to hear his story all over again. So I pay my light bills now with every outward appearance of cheerful resignation.

Another company I know of has a habit of asking when any one comes into the office with a complaint, "Would you like to see the general manager?"

It is surprising how many people will then minimize their complaint. The moment the company regards it seriously, seriously enough to have it taken up not by a subordinate but by the general manager himself, the disgruntled customer has a tendency to feel that the complaint isn't so important after all.

One does not have to look back many years to recall the days when letters directing attention to accounts overdue were sharp and to the point. Today such letters usually begin something like this:—

"This account has doubtless escaped your attention"—and so on.

A certain big firm which employs a great many collectors makes it a practice to inquire of these collectors every day:—

"How many new friends have you made for us?" placing more importance on this than the number of accounts squared up.

Even in the matter of the treatment accorded the caller who stays too long in one's private office the last few years has seen a great change. The old way was to begin to fumble with the papers on one's desk and look extremely bored, as a signal for the visitor to go.

Now the smart business man who knows the value of making friends of everybody and offending no one, presses an invisible button for a stenographer or clerk who comes to the door and says:—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. von Doe, but are you forgetting that committee meeting at ten o'clock?"

The visitor then goes away with the feeling that he would have been welcome to tarry a great deal longer

except for unforeseen circumstances beyond the other man's control.

So it goes. It probably is not overstating to say that the time is coming when practically every business representative in the land will extend courteous treatment.—*Fred C. Kelly, in American Magazine.*

Get an Education

GET an education, and get as good a one as you possibly can. Do not be satisfied with a moderate or even a medium education; but aim to get the very best, and use every means in your power to attain to your ideals in this particular direction.

But in the getting of an education be sure that it shall be such as will best fit you for the actual duties of life. Do not allow yourself to imbibe erroneous ideas regarding what constitutes a good education. That you may be truly useful in the world should be kept constantly in mind throughout your entire training.

The first essentials to a good education are reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and grammar. Do not be satisfied with being just fairly good in these branches of learning, but master them to perfection. To be able to read, write, spell, and speak correctly is a very great and necessary accomplishment. In these every boy and girl should strive to excel. Perfection in these, along with a good moral character, will secure for you a standing in the best society.

Uneducated people cannot command the respect that educated people can, and do not wield so great an influence for good. Without an education you have much less respect for, and confidence in, yourself; and on account of your lack of education you are frequently being made ashamed of yourself, and have a feeling that you must keep yourself in the background, lest you be compelled to expose your ignorance.

J. W. LOWE.

Nature's Heating System

BOISE, the capital of Idaho, is the only city in the world to use natural hot water to supply heat to houses, public buildings, and business blocks. Water at a temperature of 171° F. comes from wells in the low foothills of the Boise mountains just outside the city, and for twenty-five years it has all been used for heating purposes.

There are two wells, each eighteen inches in diameter and four hundred feet deep. The natural flow was only 800,000 gallons a day. Centrifugal pumps have increased the supply to 1,250,000 gallons every day. The water is pumped into a tank or reservoir, and thence distributed to the users in the city. One hundred and thirty-nine buildings use it for all purposes, including heat, and one hundred other buildings use it for bathing, washing, and cooking purposes.

Engineers have tried to increase the flow of water; and they think that if they could tap the main subterranean stream, they would get enough hot water to supply all the needs of the city. The heat is so intense that men can work only eighteen feet below the surface, and then only in ten-minute shifts.

These hot springs were well known by the Indians, and they made the spot where Boise now stands a sort of winter resort for the Snake and Bannock tribes. That explains the great Indian burying grounds that are found in the hills near Boise.—*Youth's Companion.*



Bob's Wait a Minute

IN a minute, mother dear. Just one more spin."

Bob was kneeling on the ground near the open window, all unmindful of the peepholes the plump knees were forcing in his stockings.

The red, white, and blue stripes on the surface of the flat top kept winding themselves in and out of the center in such a fascinating way that he never tired of looking at them.

In a far-away corner of his curly head he was wondering why it was that big folks always called when a boy was having the most fun.

Another vigorous spin and his eyes danced with delight, but he kept one ear open for a second call. He was sure it would come; it always did. His mother's first call was to Bob as the ringing of the first bell at school—only a warning that a second was to follow shortly.

He became so absorbed that he dropped himself to the ground, resting his head in his hand, and was soon lost in wonder at the way the stripes in the Tireless Spinner kept chasing each other over the edge as the top slackened its speed and began to wobble.

He was so still that a linnet hopped down from a tree top to see what was going on, but Bob paid no attention to the cheep at his side.

Presently, thump went the evening paper against the house. It bounded back and knocked off Bob's hat. Not until he heard the chuckle of the newspaper boy as he passed up the street did he understand what had happened. He looked around startled. Mother was still seated at the window, but the sewing had dropped into her lap. Perhaps she had forgotten about calling him, just as he had forgotten about going in when she had asked him to.

Something about mother's face told him that she was not happy. He hesitated for just a moment, as he looked at his top, then tiptoed to his room to make himself clean for supper—clean even to ear corners and finger nails. This gave him a more comfortable

feeling. Then he decided to hurry downstairs and help set the table.

He found his mother still by the window. She had not stirred since he last looked at her. At the sound of his footsteps she glanced up and cheerily suggested that there might be time for a story before supper.

Bob's big blue eyes looked his surprise. Yes, she had forgotten about wanting him. His face glowed with pleasure. Mother told such lovely stories, and they were usually his reward for being good.

There was a vacant chair near by, but Bob didn't see it. He cuddled on his mother's lap, as a boy of eight knows how to do when no one is looking. Mother's arms about him gave a cozy feeling. He purred his satisfaction and patted her cheek lovingly, resolving in his tender little heart that any mother who would act in this way when a boy hadn't been very quick to obey deserved better treatment, and she was going to have it, too.

"Once upon a time," she began in a low, musical voice, as she returned his pat, "before our little boy had come to us—"

"Oh, yes, I know!" Bob interrupted excitedly, "that's what I like. When you went with father to Africa on the hunting trip. Whew! but I wish I'd come in time for that! May I go with you next time?"

"Very likely—if ever we go again." She squeezed him close to her and started over.

"One morning your father and I and the men we had with us had been tramping for hours; sometimes over footpaths, but more often through tangles and jungles which made our travel slow.

"We had not seen a ferocious animal for over an hour—"

"No lions?" Bob's voice had in it a note of disappointment.

"Not this time, though father had shot one earlier in the day. Toward noon we halted in a quiet spot. I remember how tired I was when I dropped on a log and took off my hat to rest. I was very hungry,

and looked back to see if our men were following with the lunch baskets. I discovered that they had stopped a few feet back and were standing motionless, with scared looks in their faces. Everything was so quiet that I could hear my heart beat. Suddenly your father snapped his fingers and looked steadily at me. I understood the signal. It meant danger, and to mind quickly. I dropped to the ground without a question, and without a moment's delay. I was trembling like an aspen leaf, for I had caught a glimpse of a monstrous serpent a few feet away, with half his length poised in air ready to strike at me with his deadly fangs.

"I shall never forget how frightened I was; but before I had caught my breath I heard the bang of your father's gun, and after that a second shot, right over my head."

"But he didn't shoot you, did he?" Bob clutched his mother's arm in his eagerness to make sure that she was there and unharmed.

"No, dear; but he saved my life, for I dropped so quickly when I heard his fingers snap, that I was out of the way of the shot that had to come instantly to do any good."

Bob drew a deep breath. His face flushed. For a moment he hung his head. Then, with sudden resolution, he looked straight into his mother's eyes and gave her an extra hug. "My, but I'm glad father trained you to act quickly when you were snapped at, or where would my mother be today? Guess I'll ask father to train me."—*Sunday School Times.*

A Chinese Writing Box

THE accompanying picture of a Chinese writing box was sent to the INSTRUCTOR by Brother J. Schuil, of England. It belongs to a Chinese student of his. It holds the brush and ink used for writing the Chinese characters. The outer figures on the top of the box are in old Manchurian type, and give the name of the owner, and of the donor, with a wish for long life and happiness. On the center of the cover are engraved the following lines, as translated by Brother Schuil:—

- "The whispers of the night
Can make a boy feel shy.
The moon and stars shine bright
All round him in the sky.
No creature roams about,
Nobody speaks aloud.
- "The trees in autumn groan,
And shake before the blast;
The flowers all are gone,
The leaves are falling fast.
And with the shortening days
The sun grows dim and fades.
- "So fades the human frame
As autumn leaves away,
The form grows bent and lame,
The hair gets thin and gray.
Therefore, my boy, while strong and bright
Employ your time in doing right."

BUILD thee more stately mansions, O my soul, as the swift seasons roll.—*Holmes.*

Baby Bossy

SOME time ago I noticed in the INSTRUCTOR a story about Baby Bossy. The thought has since occurred to me to write an experience of a baby bossy we have here on the Solusi Mission. He is not a thoroughbred Jersey, with a rich brownish-fawn color, like the baby bossy in the previous story, but just an ordinary calf. However, he enjoys galloping about the mission farm with several other baby bossies fully as well as Jersey did in his home. Neither did he succeed in playing a joke on any girlie, but, on the contrary the joke fell on him.

One day when the native boy who brings water from



A CHINESE WRITING BOX

the well to supply the cottage, carelessly left the cover to the well curb open, Bossy and his mates happened that way. Being, perhaps, both curious and thirsty, Bossy began investigations as to where the water was. The result was that he got pushed into the well, head first, and took a plunge of seventy-five feet to the water below. When the boy returned for another drum of water, Bossy's mates had all disappeared, and the boy knew nothing of what had occurred. As he began to lower the bucket, he heard a strange noise below, and gave a shout. Being a superstitious native, it is possible he thought some subterranean monster was down there. I happened along just at that time, and hastened to the well. I looked down and discovered Baby Bossy making desperate efforts to keep his head above water. I quickly secured a long rope, made a loop in one end, and then instructed the boy to get into the bucket and take the loop and put it over Bossy's head and shoulders as soon as I lowered him to the water. He was quite willing to go down, as he had previously been employed in a mine. He soon had Bossy secure with the rope, and putting the calf's hind feet in the bucket, gave the word "Hoist away." Another boy had fortunately come along, who turned the crank to the windlass, while I hauled up the rope.

Baby Bossy was soon out on dry land, none the worse for his long dive of seventy-five feet to the water. Fortunately, Bossy traveled a direct route downward, escaping the sharp, rocky sides of the well. He was wet and cold on emerging from his bath, but immediately took to his heels and disappeared in the direction of the cattle kraal. I hardly think Bossy considered his experience a joke. W. C. WALSTON.



Our Needs Supplied

(Texts for July 23 to 29)

WHAT does Psalm 23 mean to you today? Does that precious promise keep you sailing buoyantly across the angry waves that threaten now and then to drown you in the depth of despair? My dear young friend, do you know that the Lord is *your* Shepherd? This above all else you should know. The only security you have against danger, trouble, and distress of all kinds is *your* Shepherd's care. Nothing else is certain in times like these; but his care will never fail.

Take time this morning to get a little better acquainted with him. Think for a moment who your Shepherd is! Assure yourself again and again that the Lord who made heaven and earth, who keeps the planets moving on schedule time in their appointed orbits, who gives life to each spire of grass, is *your* Shepherd. Nothing is too hard for him to do; with him there are no mysteries; nothing can ever hinder his carrying out his purpose for you if you follow where he leads, for with him all things are possible. He is abundantly able to supply all your needs; and since you have heard the story of the scars in his hands you surely cannot doubt his love for you; you must know that he will ever give you the best of all things.

Say it again: "The Lord is *my* Shepherd." He will supply my daily needs, and watch over me when I sleep. He found me on the barren hillside, cold and hungry, bruised and torn, and carried me lovingly, tenderly, to the fold. My needs were supplied, and ever since he has led me "in green pastures" and "beside still waters."

Health may fail; friends may turn aside; riches may take unto themselves wings; but back of all circumstances is God. He is "*my* Shepherd; [therefore] I shall not want." Neither circumstances nor prospects are the source of the assurance that "I shall not want." Circumstances and prospects may change, but "the Lord is *my* Shepherd" still, and he never changes. When disappointments come, when losses overtake me, when health fails, when income ceases, and the purse is empty, "I shall not want."

When dangers come, the Lord is still *my* Shepherd. In the hour of temptation "I shall not want" for protection if I stay by my Shepherd; when the road forks and I know not which way to go, he will lead me; when sorrows come, he will comfort and sustain me.

Lest we forget that our safety lies in keeping close to our Shepherd, God sometimes brings us into a desert land. When all is prosperous and pleasures abound, we often begin to depend on self and forget God. We begin to think our skilful hands, our well-trained brain, and our business ability are supplying our needs. But when dark days come, we realize fully that it is because the Lord is our Shepherd that we shall not want.

Never forget it. When the shadows fall, whisper to your trembling heart, "The Lord is *my* Shepherd; I shall not want." When everything seems to go

wrong and the enemy tells you that you are a miserable failure, whisper it to yourself and press on; when lonely and heartsick and no one seems to care, whisper it to yourself and cheer up; when some subtle temptation is stealing upon you, strengthen your heart by whispering to yourself this great eternal truth. How blessed it is to know that "the Lord is *my* Shepherd;" therefore in all the vicissitudes of life, "*I shall not want.*"

MEDITATION.—Father, help me to trust thee more. May I ever say with Judson, "Prospects are as bright as the promises of God." Help me to ever keep so close to thee that "I shall not want" for wisdom to see the right, for courage to choose it, nor for strength to do it.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Korea needs our prayers. Let us join with our Missionary Volunteers there this week in praying for a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit on all gospel work and workers in the Hermit nation.

M. E.

Interest in the Bible Aroused

NOT long ago the popular ministers were crying Peace, peace; but today the people are seemingly awakening from the sleep into which they have been lulled by the peace cry, to find fourteen of our nations engaged in one of the bloodiest wars that has ever been recorded in earth's history. The people are aroused as never before, with a strange feeling that something terrible is going to happen or a great danger is near. As we go from house to house with our books and papers, they are eagerly taken by the people, who read them and ask for more. They are willing to talk about subjects which they did not before care to hear about. Many who had never been in our churches, now occupy the front seats during the services. They are eager to learn what God's Word says about these things. Thus a good opportunity is given to take the third angel's message to the people. Now is the time to put forth a strong effort for the cause while the way is open, and the result will be many souls won to Christ.

HAROLD H. SNOOK.



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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending July 29

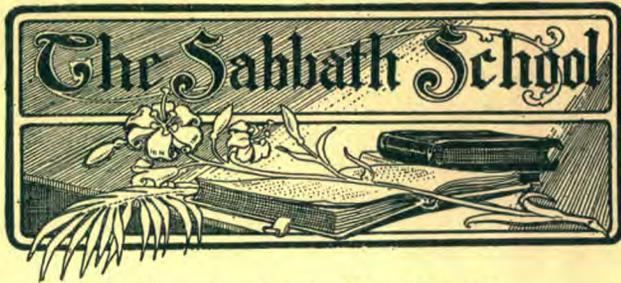
THE programs for the Missionary Volunteer Societies, Senior and Junior, for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for July.

The Bible Year

Assignment for July 23 to 29

- July 23: Nahum.
- July 24: Zephaniah.
- July 25: Jeremiah 1 to 3.
- July 26: Jeremiah 4 to 7.
- July 27: Jeremiah 8 to 11.
- July 28: Jeremiah 12 to 15.
- July 29: Jeremiah 16 to 19.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for July 20.



V — The Lame Man Healed

(July 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 3:1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." Acts 3:19.

Questions

1. To what place did Peter and John go one day? Why did they go? What was the time of day? Acts 3:1. Note 1.
2. Whom did they see on their way? At what gate did they find him? Verse 2, first part. Note 2.
3. Why was this man brought there each day? Verse 2, last part. Note 3.
4. What did the lame man ask of Peter and John? Verse 3.
5. What did Peter do in response to the lame man's request? Verse 4.
6. What did the cripple expect to receive? Verse 5.
7. Then what did Peter say? Verse 6.
8. How did Peter show his faith? What was the result? Verse 7.
9. How did the lame man show his faith and joy? Verse 8.
10. What did the people see? Verse 9.
11. When the people saw that the lame man was healed, with what were they filled? Verse 10. Note 4.
12. As the man clung to the apostles, what did the people do? Verse 11.
13. What question did Peter ask the people? Verse 12.
14. In healing the lame man, what did Peter say God had done? Of what did he accuse the people? Verses 13-15.
15. What did Peter say had healed the lame man? Verse 16.
16. How did Peter excuse the people for killing Jesus? Verse 17. Note 5.
17. Who had foretold the sufferings of Jesus? Verse 18.
18. What did Peter tell the people to do? What will be done with the sins of which we repent? Verse 19.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. What cure did Peter prescribe for sin on this and other occasions?
2. Give one prophecy in the Old Testament which foretells the sufferings of Jesus.
3. What did Peter say would heal disease?

Notes

1. "A short time after the descent of the Holy Spirit, and immediately after a season of earnest prayer, Peter and John, going up to the temple to worship, saw at the gate Beautiful a cripple, forty years of age, whose life, from his birth, had been one of pain and infirmity. This unfortunate man had long desired to see Jesus, that he might be healed; but he was almost helpless, and was far removed from the scene of the Great Physician's labors. His pleadings at last induced some friends to bear him to the gate of the temple, but upon arriving there, he found that the One upon whom his hopes were centered, had been put to a cruel death."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 57, 58.

2. The Beautiful Gate was also called the Golden Gate, and the Corinthian Gate. It was probably the one on the east of the temple. The great wall surrounding the temple had nine gates,—four in the north, four in the south, and one in the eastern wall. This eastern gate was the most beautiful of all, and was the main entrance to the temple. It was made of fine brass, and was the gift of Nicanor of Alexandria.

3. "His disappointment excited the sympathy of those who knew for how long he had eagerly hoped to be healed by Jesus, and daily they brought him to the temple, in order that passers-by might be induced by pity to give him a trifle to relieve his wants."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 58.

4. "They were astonished that the disciples could perform miracles similar to those performed by Jesus. Yet here was this man, for forty years a helpless cripple, now rejoicing in the full use of his limbs, free from pain, and happy in believing in Jesus."—*Id.*, pp. 58, 59.

5. "The apostles spoke plainly of the great sin of the Jews in rejecting and putting to death the Prince of life; but they were careful not to drive their hearers to despair. . . . 'And now, brethren, I wot [know] that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers.' . . . He [Peter] declared that the Holy Spirit was calling upon them to repent and be converted, and assured them that there was no hope of salvation except through the mercy of the One whom they had crucified."—*Id.*, p. 59.

"From Everything the Master Saw"

FROM everything the Master saw,
Lessons of wisdom he did draw:
The clouds, the color in the sky;

(Matt. 16:2, 3)

The gentle breeze that whispers by;

(John 3:8)

The lilies that the vale adorn;

(Matt. 6:28)

The fields all white with waving corn;

(Mark 2:23)

The reed that trembles in the wind;

(Matt. 11:7)

The tree where none its fruit may find;

(Matt. 21:19)

The shifting sand, the flinty rock,
That bears unmoved the tempest's shock;

(Matt. 7:24, 27)

The thorns that on the earth abound;

(Matt. 13:7)

The tender grass that clothes the ground;

(Matt. 14:19)

The little birds that fly in air;

(Matt. 10:29)

The sheep that needs the shepherd's care;

(Luke 15:4)

The pearls that in the ocean lie;

(Matt. 13:45, 46)

The gold that tempts the miser's eye,—

(Luke 12:15)

All from Christ's lips some truth proclaim,
Or learn to praise their Master's name.

—Selected.

A Mountain Girl

ONE of our young girls living in the hills has become an enthusiastic Missionary Volunteer. When I asked her to join our Conference Missionary Volunteer Society, she replied that she should be glad to become a member. I then sent her a letter telling about the Reading Courses, and that she could get the books through the circulating library. She at once ordered a book, read it through, and wrote out the review. Next she ordered "History of the Sabbath." Soon she wrote that it was "awful hard," but she desired to do something to help us reach our goal, and she wanted to have a knowledge of the things contained in the book, so she prayed in faith that the Lord would give her wisdom to understand it. As a result she finished the course, and now has her Reading Course certificate. Moreover, she has memorized almost all the Standard of Attainment texts given in the Morning Watch Calendar. She prays every day that the Lord will give her wisdom to pass the Standard of Attainment examinations.

She always has a missionary report to send in at the end of the quarter. At first she thought there was nothing she could do. She attended school some last fall, and decided she would give her school-teacher some papers. The teacher afterward wrote her a letter saying, "If we live as we teach and the way our papers teach, we shall some day dwell with Jesus." Now the teacher is very much interested in the truth. This encouraged the girl, and she has been working for others in all the ways she can think of.

Oh, if we would pray more earnestly, and more faithfully improve our opportunities, how much more we could do for the Master! LENA A. BROWN.

COULD I find a place to be alone with Heaven,
I would speak my heart out: Heaven is my need.—
George Meredith.

"It may be a little farther around the corner of a square deal, but the road is better."

"No boy ever thrived on an indigestible diet of don'ts."

The Youth's Instructor

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Between the Twain

LONG since I dreamed that I was born to sorrow
And then the morrow
Brought glad largess of precious, full-blown flowers;
Wherefore I dreamed that I was born to laughter,
And, shortly after,
Fell the showers.

Now, knowing all the glamour of the May days,
And drench of gray days,
Between the twain I am content to rest,
Facing the future dauntlessly, securely,
Believing surely,
That both are blest.

—Marguerite Ogden Bigelow.

The One Broken Thread

It requires only one discordant string on a violin, a harp, a piano, to spoil the most lovely song. It matters not how efficient and skilful the musician may be, the harmony of the music is gone.

In a large factory where a fine quality of linen thread was being manufactured, the foreman was showing a visitor about the place. He explained that every machine, and there were many of them, was so connected with every other by a delicate arrangement in the machinery that should one little thread anywhere in the factory break, every machine automatically would stop until the broken thread was joined.

The stranger expressed wonderment, almost incredulity, at his words. Slipping up to a machine, the manager snapped a tiny thread, whereupon every machine instantly stopped. He then joined the severed ends, and of their own accord the harmonious work of the factory instantly resumed its usual hum throughout.

These illustrations give us a faint conception of the wonderful harmony of God's great plan for his universe. The one discordant note that spoiled its harmony was sounded in heaven itself. Until Lucifer sinned, heaven knew naught but harmony and peace. Love, supreme love, filled every heart. No such ugly sound had ever been heard as self-will, self-praise, self-exaltation, and self-glory. No thread of universal commandment keeping had up to that moment snapped. But at the breaking of one thread, the severance from the unity of millions of worlds of one tiny one, the delicately arranged symmetry of the heavenly concord ceased, and the infinite Hand was required to connect the broken thread by putting in its place the life of his own Son, and then the divine plan went on. The one lost world is successfully connected by the

life of Christ, the broken thread firmly fastened by the cross, thus connecting Paradise lost with Paradise restored.

In the great eternity of God, this whole experience of sin is as the moment required by the operator in tying the broken thread in the one machine among the many in the factory. To eternity, the seemingly long history of sin is but as a moment after all. In the long grand sweep of the ages, as eternity rolls on in its endless cycles, the glorious harmony of the eternity of the past, before the fall of angels and men, blends into one long psalm of praise to him that sitteth upon the throne, during the eternity ahead, and the delicate machinery of heaven shall never experience another broken thread, another discordant note. God's word to us is, "Affliction shall not rise up the second time." Nahum 1:9.

Blessed be our God, whose wisdom and power is infinite, and whose hand wrought eternal redemption for us through that one Name given us under heaven whereby we must be saved!

T. E. BOWEN.

—♦♦♦—
"SPEAK quietly, however great the matter;
Loud talking makes wise truth seem idle chatter."

Why Not Read?

HAVE you read the book "Good Form and Social Ethics"? If not, why not? It may help you to refrain from doing things that are not in accord with the best conventions of good society. It may help you to refrain from committing some indiscretion that will tell seriously against your good breeding, and possibly against your character.

Some girls are so ignorant of the rules of good form, or else so careless of their reputation and character, that they refuse proper chaperonage when they go out in the evening, or else they treat their chaperon with disrespect. Either course merits severe censure. It is not the well-bred girl that opposes proper chaperonage. It is always the cheap or carelessly reared girl.

If you will read "Good Form" it may also keep you from endangering others by careless behavior in association with the opposite sex. If you are a girl, it will teach you to exercise a proper reserve when in the company of boys and young men. It is not necessary for you to be too solicitous for the welfare of your gentleman escort. You can ask him what makes that scar upon his hand without touching the hand; you can express sympathy for a minor hurt without touching his person.

If some little thing afflicts you, you do not need to ask him to attend to it. You can wait, or ask the services of one of the ladies about you. The rule, "Keep your hands to yourselves, ladies," is as worthy of heeding now as in years past. So also is it as desirable for ladies to insist that the gentlemen maintain their reserve.

Boys and girls, young men and women, may enjoy one another's society to the fullest extent without either permitting or taking undue freedom from the other; and this is absolutely necessary if they would retain the respect of the best people in the community. As young people let us read and heed the insistent demands of good society relative to proper decorum in the home, on the street, and in the church.

—♦♦♦—
WHATSOEVER ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Jesus Christ.