

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE "ROCK PILE"—COLLEGE CAMPUS, UNION COLLEGE, COLLEGE VIEW, NEBRASKA.



DIETITIANS class meat with the stimulants.

THE American tomato crop is worth \$140,000,000 a year.

THE world's sugar production is about half beet and half cane.

AS much as thirty pounds of wool have been sheared from one Angora goat.

THE Bahama Islands may become extensive producers of rubber by cultivating the Mexican rubber plant.

THE States of the Pacific coast contain about 40 per cent of the total estimated available water power of the United States.

EXTENSIVE deposits of asbestos with a longer fiber than any mineral heretofore known have been discovered in the Transvaal.

FRENCH scientists have discovered a new source of vegetable ivory in the fruit of a small palm that grows prolifically in the Sudan.

TWENTY thousand tons of wood flour are used annually in the United States in two widely different industries—the production of dynamite and the manufacture of inlaid linoleum.

MANY accidents caused by the escape of deadly petrol gas from the fuel tanks in submarines have resulted in death for men who could not detect its presence till too late. White mice are now carried in submarines to warn men of the presence of this gas. They are extremely sensitive to it and become very uneasy, and squeal lusty warnings to the marines, who may then be able to protect themselves.

MUSHROOM growing is a paying occupation in some places where the conditions are right. The best mushroom farm found yet is a deserted coal mine in West Virginia. Here, down deep in the ground, the rocky soil is rich in moisture and those substances which the edible fungi need to grow on. This "mushroom mine" now makes large shipments weekly to the city markets, and is proving almost as profitable as did the coal mine before it was deserted.

A NOVEL way of advertising has been devised by an Atlantic City, New Jersey, shoe dealer. He conceals a camera in the rear of the store window in which he has on display samples of the shoes which he has in stock. A snapshot is taken each week of one of the many who stop to look at the shoes displayed. Of course no one knows when the picture is taken, but the lucky one is given a five-dollar pair of shoes as an inducement to others to stop and examine.

LABOR-SAVING machines for assisting in harvesting the great wheat fields of the Northwest are still forthcoming. The latest is the loader, which does away with so many hand pitchers that its use is recommended especially where much shock threshing is done. It is drawn by four horses, and is operated by one man. It has pickers that pick up the bundles and then drop them onto carriers which elevate the bundles to a wagon that is driven along to receive them. The machine works rapidly, and with its use six bundle teams will do the work of twelve under the old system of hand pitching. This machine is also useful in loading alfalfa, as it does not break off the leaves.

### Fundamentals of Character

A CLASS of nineteen were asked to name the three qualities they considered fundamentally important to true success in life, with the reasons for their choice. Honesty, perseverance, and kindness headed the list of the opinions expressed. The groups as given by the different members of the class are as follows:—

- Integrity, determination, adaptability.
- Honesty, perseverance, cheerfulness.
- Honesty, nobility, sincerity.
- Earnestness, truthfulness, purity.
- Honesty, perseverance, industry.
- Honesty, kindness, thrift.
- Ambition, honesty, thrift.
- Accuracy, industry, cheerfulness.
- High ideals, enthusiasm, adaptability.
- Promptness, integrity, consideration for others.
- Determination, carefulness, stick-to-it-iveness.
- Simplicity, kindness, conscientiousness.
- Patience, honesty, thoroughness.
- Reverence, kindness, honesty.
- Sincerity, simplicity, stability.
- Optimism, honesty, confidence.
- Honesty, courage, perseverance.
- Perseverance, purposefulness, individuality.
- Simplicity, kindness, honesty.

### God Feeds His Children

NOT long ago one of our ministers, then a missionary to Mexico, found himself in a very embarrassing situation. He had been exhorting his hearers to place explicit confidence in the power and goodness of God in every trying circumstance, little thinking that his own faith was soon to be put to the test.

On one occasion he failed to receive his check from headquarters, and consequently was without means to purchase necessary food. As the amount on hand gradually diminished, he became anxious. The natives, too, it seemed, showed themselves more unfriendly than they had ever done before. The outlook was dark and discouraging.

Suddenly it occurred to him that Providence had prevented his receiving the check in order to teach him a lesson of faith. He saw that he could not consistently ask the natives for food lest they taunt him because of the inability of God to provide. He laid the matter before the Lord and rejoiced in seeing food brought to him by natives who had previously shown themselves unfriendly toward his work. The donations kept coming and he continued living for a month on food received in this way. Immediately on receipt of his next check all contributions ceased.

ALBERT W. WERLINE.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

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No. 31

## Acquisition

EUGENE ROWELL

THE Beautiful Things of Life:  
They come through the sacred silence deep  
To the strong, pure spirit that prays to God  
From plodding moments and day-long strife  
For something higher to gain and keep.  
As flowers spring from the broken clod,  
So from our loss, or grief, or cross,  
Spring Beautiful Things of Life.

The Noble Things of Life:  
They come through the patience of earnest years,  
From high endeavor and steadfast aim,  
To crown at the end of the hard-won race  
The victor over all doubts and fears;  
The guerdon gained but through shock and flame  
And the full-paid price of sacrifice,  
Come Noble Things of Life.

The Abiding Things of Life:  
They come as the sheaves that the reaper's hand  
Has gathered with labor through thirst and heat;  
They come after seasons of fast and prayer,  
When sorrow has brought us to understand  
That love is lasting and pleasure fleet.  
When folly is fled, and pretense is dead,  
Come Abiding Things of Life.

## A "Hike" Through Yellowstone

A. C. MADSEN

**T**HE Yellowstone is probably the best known of our national parks. It has been called the "wonder spot of America." Its geysers are celebrated the world over because, for size, power, and variety of action, as well as for number, they have no competitors.

There are three geyser basins, the Norris, the Upper, and the Lower, all lying in the west central part of the park. The geysers exhibit a large variety of action and character. Some spout at regular intervals, longer or shorter. The regions are grotesquely carved and gorgeously covered by the many-colored mineral deposits in the water.

But the geysers are not the only wonders of the Yellowstone. The entire park is wonderful. The Grand Cañon alone affords a spectacle worthy of a national park. All the way through, one continually sees new and interesting sights.

There are several transportation companies that take visitors through the park, chief of which are the Yellowstone Park Hotel Company, Shaw & Powell, and the Wylie Company. Each company runs on schedule time, and has its own permanent camps. Usually the camps of the different companies are near together, but a person starting with one company continues with it the entire trip. Tourists may also go in their own private wagons or automobiles. Another mode of traveling is the "Hiker's" or "Walking Way." In this company one can go and come as he pleases. All camps are open for either meals or lodging. One can also remain in one place as long as he desires.

It was my privilege last summer, while canvassing in Montana, to spend a week in the Yellowstone Park, with three other student canvassers from Union College. We took the Walking Way. It has several advantages above the transportation companies. One gets closer to nature, enjoying more the grandeur and freedom. Then one is at liberty to go or stay as he pleases. Our trip was a "hike" of about one hundred and sixty miles.

Our company of four met on August 1, at Livingstone, a town nestling among the mountains about fifty-two miles from the entrance of the park. Here the day was spent in arranging our packs for the trip. Our

baggage consisted of two kodaks, some films, and a small pack of eatables, each essential on such a tramp.

As the train left Livingstone for Gardiner, the northern entrance of the park, we cast all cares behind, prepared to spend the week enjoying the wonders of nature, and we soon found that a company of about two hundred others had done the same. By the time we arrived at Gardiner we were all well acquainted.

At Gardiner, after registering at the soldiers' station, we were ready to enter the gate. We lost no time in getting started up the road, which followed a beautiful stream for five miles, with the mountains extending high on both sides. This five-mile tramp from Gardiner to Fort Yellowstone is very much uphill. The altitude increases two thousand feet. On Sepulcher Mountain to the left is a lofty peak extending outward in such a way that no one can scale it. On the very top was an eagle's nest, with three young eagles sitting on the very edge, perfectly contented on their safe perch as we passed.

At Fort Yellowstone we found ourselves at the wonderful Mammoth Hot Springs. These springs pour forth volumes of hot water, which runs down the sides of the terraced crater. These terraces have a marvelous color scheme produced by the minerals in the water. Other things of interest here are Liberty Cap, Orange Geyser, White Elephant, and the Devil's Kitchen. Into this kitchen, or cave, we descended by means of ladders as far as we found it comfortable. The hot air soon became unbearable, and we retreated to the open, leaving the bats in possession.

It was quite dark, and dangerous to walk around without a guide, when it occurred to us that it was time a lodging place for the night was secured.

"Where are we going to sleep tonight?" asked John. I suggested that we were only half a mile from the hotel.

"This is our first night out, we are not tired, and the air is warm; let's sleep in the open. This mountain air is great," said Harry.

Another said, "That will be fine; beds at the hotel are a dollar, while here they're free."

"Then let us go up the mountain and find a soft spot under a pine tree."

"What about bears and other wild animals?"

"Oh, we'll keep the camp fire burning."

"This spot looks good to me, plenty of wood and shelter."

"Good!—two build the camp fire and two fix the bed."

Soon a fire was roaring. This aroused a soldier and



MAMMOTH SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE PARK

brought him to the scene with the words, "What does this mean?"

"Oh, we are just warming our sleeping-room," said Charlie.

Assured that it was no forest fire, he left us, and we proceeded to gather wood for the night. Our bed we made of spruce twigs; for covering we each had a raincoat, which we found by morning was rather thin for frosty air. After a few camp-fire stories we were lost to our surroundings. About twelve-thirty I was awakened by the cry, "More wood!" to which all responded. While warming ourselves we spent the time in writing our diary and letters by the light of the camp fire. Another nap, with the cold side toward the fire, lasted till three o'clock, when the one on the outside again was cold and became restless.

"Who will go with me for a swim?" was the first audible remark.

"A swim! What time is it?"

"Three o'clock. I can't sleep any more."

All took the dare. After covering the fire, we groped our way to Bath Lake, some three hundred yards distant. This lake is fed by the hot water from the geysers, and makes an ideal place in which to warm up after sleeping in the open air with the temperature at near freezing point.

By five o'clock we were off for the day's "hike." After a six-mile walk we breakfasted at Shaw & Powell's Camp. During this walk we passed the Hoodoos, a formation of rocks arranged as if some great eruption had upset them and left them in all positions and shapes. Just as the sun was rising we passed through Golden Gate, which made a glorious sight. It drew our thoughts to the great Master Architect. On this morning, August 3, the grass was white with frost, which made brisk walking pleasant. We all had our first experience of passing through a cloud. Small clouds were seen rolling, as it were, on the ground toward us; only a few minutes, and they were past. By the time camp was in sight our appetites were increased greatly. The bell rang just as we reached there. After an exchange of experiences with the company, we surrounded the tables; the supply was set on in proportion to the demand when the cook found out we were college men "hiking" through. Besides giving us a square meal, the waitress put up a good lunch for us.

Ten miles from Mammoth Springs we came to the

Apollinaris Spring. The water in this spring is clear and sparkling, and, to look at, very refreshing. A sign, "Good Drinking Water," is posted there; but on tasting, one swallow was sufficient. The minerals in it make it very bitter. The sign fooled us as it had many hundreds before us.

As we walked on, at our right we saw Beaver Lake and on the left Obsidian Cliff. This cliff is a black volcanic glass, which in sunlight is almost dazzling. Next we came to Roaring Mountain. This is a high mountain, once covered with heavy timber, but now with only dead trees. The whole mountain appears as if on fire, smoking and roaring; steam and hot water spout out in many places. As the water breaks out in a new place, it runs down the sides and kills all vegetation, and leaves a white mineral deposit. Close by is the Frying Pan, a peculiar hot spring, stewing away in a manner that earned its name.

At noon we had passed the twentieth milepost and were ready for lunch, which we ate beside a spring just before reaching Norris Basin.

Here we saw the first geysers. The basin includes several arms and appears to be an old lake bed. The geysers here are Black Growler, which throws a black muddy sediment continually and is very restless, and the Minute Geyser, so called because of the regularity with which it spouts out the hot water. One feels scary walking among these geysers. As he walks on the formation, the foundation seems very uncertain, sounding hollow, and one wonders where he would strike bottom should the footing give way.

The remainder of the day we followed Gibbon River, passing several waterfalls, the largest eighty feet high. All the way we were looking for a bear. At noon this day, "The Fat Man," as John had been named, gave the cry, "See that bear!"

"Get a picture of him!"

The bear ran into the thicket, we following. He proved to be a large silvertip.

"You fellows without a kodak go each to a side, while Maddy and I get ready to snap him." When the bear had gone a certain distance, he backed up against a tree to await our coming. At our approach he started toward us and we retreated. On account of the brush we could not get close enough for a pic-



GROTTO GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK

ture. Each time we approached he rose up and started toward us. With an "I don't want to risk getting hugged by him for a picture," we left him, satisfying ourselves with having seen him.

As the next place of special interest was Lower Basin, ten miles ahead, we decided to set out for it.

It was six-thirty when we started over a range of sandy mountains. During this ten miles it was impossible to get any drinking water, for the springs do not abound here as they do along the way we had passed. It was eight-thirty when we reached the camp of Old Faithful Company, situated on the banks of Firehole River. After supper we had our semidaily swim, which helped to freshen our weary bodies. Weary we were indeed, after walking forty miles, and sleep seemed very welcome.

(Concluded next week)

### Light Bearers

WE are not aware of the great work that our literature is doing in giving the third angel's message to the world in these last days. It has not been so very long ago that preachers were making a call for colporteurs. D. L. Moody once said: "I have gone through the country in my evangelistic work, and was surprised to notice the great lack of good religious literature to be had at a price within the reach of the poor as well as the rich. Principally to supply this need, displacing the impure literature with which the country is flooded, and to carry the gospel by means of the printed page to the millions of the United States who never go to church, the Colportage Library was started. I want to get an earnest Christian man or woman in every village and town, and many in the cities, to take up the work there with good books. It is the Master's service, and there is financial remuneration for any who will engage in it."

This certainly is true, for we have hundreds of students who make their schooling every year by selling our good literature. Seventh-day Adventists are leading all denominations in circulating good religious reading matter, which is reaching the poor as well as the rich. At the present time we have over two thousand colporteurs giving their time to spreading the good news of a coming Saviour.

I shall give you a few examples of what is really being accomplished by this colporteur work. The following is an experience related by a child in her own words concerning the way in which her family accepted the present truth:—

"My father had gone to town one day, and while he was attending to business matters some one put a roll of papers into his buggy. On the way home he noticed the papers and began to look them over. He found among them a special number of the *Signs of the Times*. He became interested, and by the time he reached home, felt sure that in this magazine there were truths of which he had never heard before.

"That evening father read to mother, and both were deeply touched with the contents of the paper. They liked it so much that they subscribed for it. Not long after this, a colporteur came to our house and tried to sell mother a book. Mother noticed that some of his statements were just like the things she had read in the magazine. She told him this, and he asked if he might see it. The colporteur at once recognized the paper, and told her that he belonged to the denomination that printed it.

"Mother bought the book ('Daniel and the Revelation') without asking any more questions. As the result both father and mother became converted, and from that day to this they have been faithful observers of the Lord's commandments."

The second example is given by a student who taught school in Canada:—

"In the northern part of Manitoba an aged man had settled with his family of grown children, most of them married. Though no longer young, he preferred to live in his own shack, but often visited his children who lived near by. During one of these calls a blinding snowstorm arose. It was a three-day blizzard, and prevented him from returning to his shack. In order to pass the time, he began reading a book entitled 'Daniel and the Revelation,' which his son-in-law had recently purchased from a colporteur. When he returned home, he took the book with him and read feverishly until it was finished. He then borrowed a copy of 'Bible Readings' from another son-in-law. In this way he read himself into the truth and began keeping the Sabbath, although he knew of no one else in Canada who rested on that day."

The third experience is of a young man of a very ungodly character, who ran away from home to become a sailor; he never expected to return or see his relatives again. He soon reached the seaport from which the ship was to sail, and going down to the wharf, put his baggage on board.

While waiting for the ship to sail, he met a former schoolmate, who had also run away from home, but was bound for a lumber camp in the forests of Ontario. The latter urged him to go to the lumber camp, and at the end of a month they would both go to sea. This they decided to do, and their whole lives were changed; for in the course of a month a colporteur visited the lumber camp, and by his beautiful Christian character, so in contrast with the lumberman's life, and by the book "Coming King," these two young men were converted and entered upon a new life, whose object was to glorify the Maker and Giver of every good and perfect gift.

In closing I wish to mention one of our Russo-German brethren who was made a prisoner of war, and is now in a military camp with about ten thousand men. At first thought you might consider this terrible; but listen to another word about this brother. We have just received information that the German government gave this man the opportunity of circulating the truth. Literature has been sent to him in several languages. Thus, as Daniel, when a captive, let his light shine in Babylon, so some of our brethren can be light bearers in captivity. That is the kind of material our brethren in Europe are made of, and whether at home or in a military camp, they are circulating the truth.

People *now* need the truth contained in our books. Let us enlist and join the ranks, to give this saving truth of God to them before it is too late. I am ready to enlist. Are you? J. J. STRAHLE.

No honest work is debasing in a moral sense; but some kinds of work may coarsen and embitter the fine, sweet nature of one who is forced to do them. To escape this, one must have an ideal higher than his work, and must daily make his inner life consistent with that ideal.

A FINE personality is not so much the result of spontaneous growth as of a conscious building; and the secret of the building is to change the crude material of our everyday life into beautiful forms expressing kindness, sympathy, and truth.

# THE STUDENT'S PROBLEM

The members of a college class were asked to write paragraph themes answering the following questions: Why should a Seventh-day Adventist boy or girl try to gain an advanced education? What schools should he or she attend? What questions will he or she have to answer in making the decision?

A table has been compiled, giving the most important considerations in the student's problem. Three representative paragraphs are also given, presenting the question from various angles.

## Education a Duty

Why should you attend a Seventh-day Adventist school next year?

The reasons seem many and evident. In the first place, every Seventh-day Adventist believes that time is short. Signs are rapidly being fulfilled. The world is in a turmoil, and the need for workers in God's cause is great. The laborers are few, and with a work so extensive the cause of God will suffer unless every one of his children makes an effort to move the work forward.

A Seventh-day Adventist school is the only one that will fit a young man or woman for the work of the greatest importance in the world. Union College and her sister schools have not failed in the past to accomplish their aim—that of preparing students for service in God's work. They have sent out hundreds to fields that were open to the work of God.

Is it not the duty of every Christian to obtain all the education possible, when he has the grandest privilege ever bestowed upon man,—that of working in the greatest cause in this world, the giving of the third angel's message?

## Shall I Attend a Denominational School This Year?

### Reasons Against

I wish to attend the high school or university of my own town.

I wish to earn money.

I shall have to leave home.

I do not wish to leave my associates.

I do not have enough ready money.

### Reasons For

Social activities and friendships at a worldly school will draw me to the world.

I may become so absorbed in money making that I shall never get back to school again.

I need a definite training in order to enter the work.

I shall have opportunity to meet leaders in the cause, foreign missionaries and others whose lives are an inspiration.

I need to have the rough corners polished away by contact with a larger circle than I am now in.

I can earn a scholarship by canvassing.

I can probably find a place to work to partly pay expenses, and thus be learning economy and efficiency as well as receiving intellectual training.

### Results of My Decision

Most of those who finish a course in worldly institutions are lost not only to the cause of God as active workers but to the church.

Practically all who finish a course in one of our denominational institutions are Christians, ready for some branch of the work of God.

## It Can Be Done

I was born in Ovajik, Asia Minor. My parents being poor, I received only an elementary education, though I had an insatiable thirst for learning. I could have attended worldly schools; but I wanted a Christian training. As we had no educational institutions of our own in Turkey, I determined to go to the United States. But I had no money. I sold my little inheritance from my dead mother. This, even with my sister's share, was not enough to pay my passage. My brother-in-law made up the balance. When I arrived at Bethel Academy, Wisconsin, my money was gone. That very day I put on overalls and went to work.

After two years at Bethel, I spent five in Union College. For the intellectual equipment, and, above all, for the inspiration to labor in the Master's vineyard which Old Union has given me, I would not take worlds.

If any young person in this country thinks it impossible for him to go to school, I challenge him to show me his reasons. I have proved to my satisfaction that *it can be done*.

## FOR TIME OR ETERNITY?

Without an education a modern man does not live in the truest sense. He merely exists. If he has a worldly education, he may live for a high degree of usefulness on earth. Given a Christian education, he may live to the highest degree of usefulness on earth, and may also live for eternity.

Granted that a thorough education is necessary to a high degree of usefulness, which shall the education be—worldly and ephemeral, or Christian and for eternity?



**Helped to School by Prayer**

**T**HE following story was told me by my roommate:—

“During the past year I attended one of our academies, but as I had already finished high school, I wanted to attend a more advanced school, Union College. Although there appeared to be no end of difficulties to overcome, I continued praying and making plans to go. It certainly took faith to write President Morrison that I was coming to Union, when I didn't know where I was to obtain means to pay even my car fare.

“I left my place of work just two days before the opening of the college. My going to school early Monday morning did look very doubtful, but it never once occurred to me to give up. My father is not in a position to help me at present, so I have the pleasure of depending on my own resources.

“Sunday night found me at the home of some Adventist neighbors. Of course they were anxious to know my plans for the year, and on my telling them they were quite surprised at my determination to make good, knowing the difficulties I must face. They presented me with money enough to pay my car fare. I am sure that nothing but the Spirit of God could have impressed their hearts to help me. I realized that I, too, must make sacrifices, so I made arrangements to sell my few possessions, which were indeed very dear to me.

“I think it is clearly evident that the Lord has been leading me all the while, though he has tested my faith severely. I expect to come to Union again next year.”

I know that God hears and answers prayer and that he will make it possible for us to obtain a Christian education if we but trust all to him.

SYDNEY BACCHUS.

**A Providential Leading**

TYPHOONS occur every year in the vicinity of Hongkong, an island situated at the mouth of Pearl River, but very seldom do they ever extend up the river to Canton. About nine years ago, however, a very destructive typhoon swept over that city.

Bethel Girls' School had closed for its summer va-

cation, but a few girls were still living in the school home. Early in the morning the servant had finished sweeping and dusting the living-room, when she felt that the storm was not a usual one, and awoke the other members of the household. By this time the hinges of the windows were giving way before the force of the wind. Several members of the family tried to hold the windows shut, but not more than ten minutes elapsed before the brick wall of the building cracked from top to bottom.

One of the party cried, “We must run!” They did run, and tried to escape through a door that had been unlocked that morning, but, finding it fastened, they made their exit through another door. Had they gone through the door they first tried they would have been crushed under the weight of the falling wall. By the time they reached the outer court the building lay in ruins.

In this experience they realized the truthfulness of the promise, “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.”

STANLEY ANDERSON.

**Saved by Prayer**

FIVE years ago while we were living in western Nebraska, my sister was bitten by a rattlesnake. One

day while she was gathering some coal, the snake, hidden by a large lump of coal, sprang up and bit her on the finger.

The doctor was sent for at once, but as we lived about fifteen miles from the town in which the doctor resided, it was three hours before he reached our place. During this time my mother used every remedy she had heard of, trying to stop the poison.

When the doctor arrived, my sister was unconscious and looked as if she were dying. He looked at her and told us there was no hope of her recovery. He injected some medicine into her arm and dressed her hand, which was so swollen that it was scarcely recognizable as a hand. He said that this was all he could do for her, and that the end was very near, the poison having gone through her system.

We saw the critical condition the girl was in, and knew that the only help was in our heavenly Father; so we had prayer for her. All that night she was delirious, but as morning dawned, we could see that she was getting well. It was only two weeks until she was able to be up again.

How grateful we were to God, for we knew that the only thing that saved her life was his direct answer to our prayers.

GRACE MYERS.



MAIN BUILDING, UNION COLLEGE, COLLEGE VIEW, NEBRASKA

He who when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice and never ceases nibbling.—*Lavater.*



## Missionaries

LILLIAN LICKEY

A SUNBEAM crept in through a crack in the door.  
It played on the wall, and it danced on the floor;  
It brightened the day for a lame little boy,  
Lonely and saddened, who knew not the joy  
Of a life free from sorrow and pain.

A robin sang gayly his merriest lay,  
Athrill with the joy of the dawn of the day.  
He filled with his singing the sweet morning air,  
And brightened the heart of a poor blind man there  
In his prison of darkness and gloom.

A kind word was spoken. It drove off a frown,  
And gladdened a heart in deep sorrow bowed down.  
It whispered of love ever boundless and pure;  
It told of a crown for the ones who endure,  
And lifted a soul toward God.

## "Not a Sparrow Falleth"

IDA THOMPSON

**T**HE woman was poor. Her feet were bound. Moreover, she was a widow. How could she hope to support herself, much less earn a living for her children, who were girls and of little consequence anyway?

The eldest daughter might be engaged, and the betrothal money would be one means of help. And then there was Baby Akit. Buddhist Sisters of Charity wanted her and would pay several dollars for her. And still there would be two daughters who could offer incense to the spirit of the departed father. So reasoned Mrs. Wong.

The eldest daughter was engaged to be married, and Akit was carried away by the nuns, who gave about one hundred dollars to the mother. Night came. Incense was burned to the father's spirit amid sobs and wailing by the children, left alone with their mother in the little one-room home.

"We must have the baby back, mother; we must have her!" was the cry of the children.

"But we have nothing to feed her. She will die if we bring her back," replied the broken-hearted mother.

"But we must have our baby back, mother; we must have her!" was the oft-repeated plea.

"We do not know where to find her now. We have not one trace of her, and how can we find her?" answered the mother.

The sobbing answer was always, "We must have her, mother; we must have her back."

It was true the whereabouts of Baby Akit was unknown to the family; but she must be found and brought back, since the one comfort of the home seemed to depend upon it. Search and inquiry were made, and one day, to the great joy of the bereaved hearts, dear Baby Akit was found.

But a part of the money that had been paid for her had been spent to provide the necessities of the home, and how could this amount be replaced? It was a breach of custom to ask for the return of the child at all, and absolutely necessary that the full amount of money be given back, and possibly more paid, before there could be any hope of the baby's being returned. The fact that Baby had been found,

with no possible way to refund her price, only complicated matters and put added burdens on the hearts of the mother and children. What could be done? A Christian might have called upon God, but this poor family was ignorant of his guidance.

All these circumstances were beheld by an unseen Watcher, the same who had promised, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

It was not many weeks before a new friend visited them, and the sad tale of Akit was told. Whereupon this friend lent the mother the redemption price, and no time was lost in getting that little one back into the home.

Time rolled on. Little Akit was just six years old when a mission school was opened in the neighborhood. The little one and her sisters, nine and twelve years of age, were allowed to attend that school.

The Bible lessons which formed the basis of the school work were very strange to the little Chinese girls, but they were made clear and simple, contrary to the Chinese custom of memorizing without explanation. This soon filled their hearts with interest, and little by little, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, superstition and darkness gave way. Fear of evil spirits was replaced by love of the Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

After school one day the three little sisters came to the teacher, saying they very much desired to live Christian lives and be baptized, but that their mother was afraid to allow them to do so; for then the spirit of the father would have no one to care for it, and it might come back to them as a tormenting spirit. But with genuine faith these little ones prayed that their mother might consent.

Not long after, the nine-year-old sister was taken very ill, and in her distress told her mother that she had read in the Bible, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." "Mother," she continued, "you would not allow me to be baptized, and now I fear I



shall die. You are responsible, my mother dear."

The child recovered, and faithful to her Lord she waited and waited for the time to come when she and her two sisters might be baptized. But for months the mother could not come to the point of decision.

At last, however, a day came when, accompanied by her three daughters and members of the church, she went in a Chinese house boat down the Pearl River to a quiet nook shaded by the spreading branches of lichee trees, to witness the baptism of her three daughters. When all was quiet she said, "I now give these children to the God they persist in calling their Saviour."

This is not the end of the story. Before many years had passed, the faithful lives of these children and the Christian influence brought to bear upon that mother drew her also to the Saviour. After her baptism she told the teacher she now knew why Akit was brought home; and the teacher knew why. Akit and her sisters are now teachers in mission schools, and their mother is a Bible worker in China.

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### On the Track

ONE Sabbath afternoon, several years ago, my cousin Floyd, my sister Esther, and I were out in the yard when we noticed a buggy driving in at the gate. As soon as Esther saw who it was, she called out, "Oh, goody! Here is Naomi!"

Sure enough, there she was, with her cousins John and Helen. We all liked Naomi, for she was full of fun and good-hearted, though she was not always obedient. Besides, she was older than the rest of us, and we looked up to her, as children do.

When her mother had gone into the house, we looked about for something to do. It was Sabbath, so of course we couldn't romp and play, or make much noise. Presently Floyd exclaimed, "I'll tell you what! let's go over to the brickyard."

"Yes, that's just the thing," Naomi assented; and over to the brickyard we went.

It belonged to my father, and was about a quarter of a mile from home, on the railroad track. We were not allowed to go over there very often, and were delighted when we could go poking around the machinery.

We were soon satisfied with what we saw and were wondering what we could do next, when John suggested, "Let's walk down the track."

I knew father never allowed us to go near the track, as he considered it dangerous. Besides, we hadn't asked to go for a walk, so I said rather doubtfully, "I don't think we'd better. Papa might not like it."

"But we won't go far, and we won't be gone long enough for him to miss us," urged Naomi.

I wanted to go; so I finally consented to go "just a little way."

About a mile and a quarter down the track was a large grove which I had never seen. When we had walked about half this distance, I suggested that we go back. But Floyd said, "No, we've come this far and we might just as well go on to the grove. We've never been there, and it won't take us long."

They all joined in with Floyd, so we went on. In my delight over the trees and the grass I forgot all about my worries while we rested. Soon, however, I remembered and spoke up again, "We must go home now. We've been gone too long already, and I wish we hadn't come, anyway."

We started back. But the way seemed longer going home than coming. The rails were harder to walk, and it wasn't nearly so much fun as when we started, and we got tired sooner. There was one long stretch where a pond came right up to the track on both sides. When we reached this place, Helen cried:—

"Oh, dear! I'm so tired I can't go any farther. Let's stop and rest a little bit."

We sat down on the track and began to throw stones into the water. It was great fun, but I soon tired of it, for I was thinking of getting home. I got up and said, "I'm going home. Come on," and started down the track.

John, Helen, and Floyd soon followed me. But Esther wanted to throw one more stone into the water. She was only seven, and generally had her way; so Naomi stayed with her. We were almost at the end of the strip of water, and Esther and Naomi were still throwing stones, when we were startled by a sudden whistle back of us.

"Run!" screamed Floyd, and we ran. In a second we were on dry land. Then we turned to look for Naomi and Esther. The engineer hadn't seen them till he was within a hundred and fifty yards. They were about fifty yards from land, and Esther was still sitting down with her feet hanging over the edge of the water. Naomi had leaped up and started, and by running hard she might have reached land. But Esther never could have done so. Naomi took in the situation in an instant, and without a word she grabbed Esther and jumped. She had no idea how deep the water was, for it was muddy and she could not see the bottom. But fortunately she was rather tall, and the water came only to her waist. She was none too quick, for as she leaped the train went whizzing by. None of us made a sound as we watched it; we were too badly scared.

As soon as we were able we went back and pulled Naomi and Esther out of the water and started home. We were a forlorn-looking group as we went down the road, with two of us dripping wet and the rest with white faces, still too scared to talk much. We were worried also about what papa would say.

But when he heard our story, he didn't scold a bit—he was too glad that we were all safe. And there was no need for a scolding. We had learned our lesson, and kept away from the track after that. We never went for another long walk without some older person with us.

ALICE BROWN.

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### 'Tis Blessed to Give

A MISSIONARY in a strange land called upon a family whom he found to be in dire circumstances. The father had recently died and the mother had fallen seriously ill in her effort to provide for her hungry children. After silently talking with God, the missionary took the only coin which he had and purchased a small amount of food for the children and mother. He needed this coin to keep himself from starving or begging until he should receive more money, but he had faith in God and knew that he would answer his prayer and provide food for him. In the next mail the missionary received, from an unknown source, a hundred times the amount that he gave the needy. Truly God will provide for us if we help others.

ALETHA SHEPARD.

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THE greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.—*A. W. Hare.*



# THE HOME CIRCLE

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



## Morning

LEO K. CHANG, OF KOREA

THE sun rises in the crimson east,  
The darkness steals its way to the west;  
The balmy air of the morning  
    Inspires all nature,  
And the light is flooding over all creatures.

The song of birds thrills the cool morning air;  
The voices of peasants echo far and near;  
Silver drops of dew display their splendors  
    As twinkling stars.  
Why should we not be contented with such rare  
    pleasures?

The hour of soul weariness has passed away  
    Without remembrance;  
The time of refreshing has come in its stillness;  
Bright and fresh surroundings  
    Inspire to glad silence;  
Over my soul floods an infinite calmness.

## A Lesson in Penmanship

ANNA NIELSON

**H**AZEL was leaving home for the first time, to be gone nine long months. The last few days had passed all too quickly; for she had been busy washing, ironing, and packing, and tomorrow she was starting on her journey to school.

Her mother called her from her work, "Come, dear, father and the boys are here, and supper is ready."

The table was loaded with all the good things that Hazel especially liked, for this was her last supper at home for many days to come. She looked around the table. How could she leave and go so far away from home?

"Say, sis," piped eight-year-old Harry, who could hardly wait for the good things to be passed, "wish you were going away every night! I am half starved. Fido and I have been chasing gophers all afternoon and caught only four."

Hazel could hardly keep the tears back, and the good supper seemed to choke her as she thought of the long, long trip and the many weary days to be spent among strangers. Would the time ever come when she would be back with the home folk once more?

Supper over and the work done, she finished packing and then went to bed. But she could not sleep; her heart was too heavy.

Early the next morning she said good-by to the boys. "Write to me all by myself, please, Hazel," said baby Frank.

She then kissed her mother good-by. "Be sure to write often, Hazel. Tell us all about your trip, your school, and your new friends," was her mother's parting injunction. Her father took her to the station, and as the train pulled out he said, "Be a good girl, and don't forget your daddy."

The trip was a new experience for Hazel. At the end of the journey she was met by a crowd of girls, who were as jolly as they could be. When they reached the dormitory, they made her feel at home.

School began at once, but even as busy as she was with her work, she wrote home every other day the first week. As time went on she found more to do every day, and soon her home letter went only once a week.

"What is the trouble, dear?" wrote her mother. "We haven't heard from you for three weeks. If you are sick, have one of your friends write, for we are worrying about you."

Hazel sat down and scribbled off a hasty note telling them that she was not sick, only busy. "Mother, don't worry,—will try to write oftener." Next time it was six weeks; then two months had slipped by, and this time she sent only a post card, because she was too busy to write a letter.

A few days later Hazel and her chums went down to the post office to get their mail. While they were waiting for it to be distributed, Walter Reslar came in, opened his box, and took out several letters.

"Ha, ha! Did you ever see such writing? Looks like hen scratching. I wonder how it ever got into my box," he exclaimed.

Charley Knowlton, who led in all his classes but was seldom seen on the playground, came quickly into the post office just then to get his mail. He heard Walter's words, and as he passed him glanced over his shoulder. He stopped suddenly and his happy smile faded. Walter turned and the boys stood face to face. Neither spoke for a moment. Then Charley reached out his hand, and said, "That's my letter, Walter. It must have been put into your box by mistake."

Walter looked at the letter again and then handed it to Charley, saying, "I guess it is your name. Sorry, but I couldn't read it. I haven't had a course in reading hen scratching, so I didn't know it was for you."

Charley's thin lips trembled, and his fingers closed on the letter till the knuckles grew white.

"I am sorry to hear you speak like that, Walter. I cannot stand by and see that writing made fun of. I love that writing. It brings mother nearer whenever I see it. Why, I can see her now, bending over the table writing that 'scrawl'; and when she has finished I hear her say, 'Here, father, take this to the box so it will go out today. Our boy must have his letter.' Walter, I—" but emotion choked him, and he crossed to the other side of the room and began to read his letter.

Walter was speechless for once. Never had his friends seen him with just that puzzled expression and

at a loss for words. Suddenly, as if coming to himself, he stepped over to Charley.

"Forgive me, old man," he said earnestly. "I've been a big fool. I, too, have a mother who doesn't forget to write. I'm going home and answer some of her letters now."

They shook hands, and as they walked out of the post office Walter said, "Charley, you've given me a lesson in penmanship tonight I shall always remember."

Hazel was silent on the way home.

"We'll see you tonight at the concert," chorused the girls at parting; but Hazel did not answer as she said good-by.

"Eight-thirty, and Hazel not here yet?" "Have you seen Hazel?" "Why doesn't she come?" "I've never known Hazel to miss a concert all winter. What can be the matter?" the girls asked one another as they looked from group to group.

Hazel, on leaving her chums, had gone slowly up to her room. Instead of putting on her new dress, she put it away. She did not even turn on her light, but sat by her window a long time, thinking of home. The concert was forgotten. Later in the evening she drew down the shade, turned on the light, and wrote a long letter home. She, too, had had a lesson in penmanship.

### Music; Its Home Influence

EDISON, although not an executive musician, is a deep musical thinker. From him I quote:—

"Of all the various forms of entertainment in the home I know of nothing that compares with music. It is safe and sane, appeals to all the finer emotions, tends to bind family influences with a wholesomeness that links old and young together. If you will consider for a moment how universally the old heart songs are loved in the home, you will realize what a deep hold music has in the affections of the people. It is a safety valve in the home."

An accurate estimate of a man's character can be made from the books, pictures, and amusements that he prefers. As young persons in the work of God, we should cultivate only the best in life. The sporting element should have no place in our amusements. We cannot tolerate professional wrestling, boxing, or the athletic sports which are supported largely by the saloon contingent. But music, especially the classics, can and should hold a prominent place in the recreation of all Adventist young people.

Martin Luther said, "The devil flees before the sound of music almost as much as he does before the Word of God." Luther placed music next to religion as a moral influence on character building.

Music has ever been the handmaid of God's church. It is an art common to angels and men. It is a universal language—the language of the soul. As a Chinese proverb puts it, "Music has the power to make heaven descend upon earth." We read that it was a great comfort to Israel. The Jews accompanied most of their religious or other ceremonies and rites by the sound of music. The schools of the prophets made this art a compulsory study. Solomon, the Wise, had among his treasures forty thousand harps and psalteries of copper and two hundred thousand trumpets of silver. The account of the power that David's music had over Saul is familiar to all of us through our Scripture lessons.

Shakespeare, whose wisdom seldom went amiss,

wrote: "The man that hath no music in himself . . . is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils. . . . Let no such man be trusted." While Shakespeare was not altogether true in this statement, he at least expressed a generality. As an exceptional instance of a good man who had no music in him, we cite General Grant. He knew just two tunes. One was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't. Goethe, who seriously regretted the fact that in his youth he had studied no music, allowed not a day to pass without the appreciation of some beautiful poem, picture, or musical composition.

"Beauty is useful," said Monsieur Rodin, the French sculptor. Beautiful music has other uses than to satisfy one's ears with glorious sound. It is of great value in the treatment of nervous disorders. The science of such treatment is called toneurology. Concord of sound is a wonderful nerve tonic. As a headache cure it outclasses all the other "remedies" on the market. If you do not believe it, try it for yourself. Provided that the "cure" be administered judiciously, by an experienced and efficient practitioner, beneficial results are almost certain.

In an age of terrific nervous strain, one should take care that he utilizes every means of pure recreation at his command. When there is jarring discord at home, nothing restores peace more effectively than the mutual enjoyment of some good music. There is no better domestic pacifier. In the same way that it quells the turbulence of domestic disturbances, the power of song quiets a raging beast or an uncivilized barbarian. If a mother wishes to civilize her boy, she can do no better than to administer a course of lessons on a good instrument.

There is, however, a kind of music whose continual sounding will shatter a sensitive nervous system. Ragtime, we call it. There is nothing wrong with syncopation in itself. A good writer can compose syncopated music fit for the ear of a musical connoisseur. A good "rag" well written, is stimulating, full of nerve, and has a swift, compelling movement. But good composers do not specialize in ragtime. It is utterly beneath them.

Let us examine the typical "rag." Its harmonic structure is anemic. It says nothing. It has no message of beauty. It cannot breathe to us sweet thoughts of peace. It cannot picture emotion. There is nothing there for the earnest seeker after culture and the good things in life.

What is ragtime?—It is rhythm; nothing else. Primitive man knows no other form of music than the reiteration of rhythmic pulse. Ragtime as rhythm, and nothing else, must, therefore, be an element of degeneration. We should avoid it. Its influence on character can be only detrimental.

Home is the greatest school for character building, and a child's first music teacher should be its mother. How I love to recall the sweet tones of my mother's voice, the pure beauty of which was the inspiration of my first musical endeavor! Never have the songs of an operatic or concert star been so vitally impressive as the simple folk melodies which mother sang to me, a susceptible child. I like to believe that the appreciation of beauty and goodness which I have tried to cultivate had its beginning in the good, simple, heart music heard in my childhood, for which my mother was responsible.

Where we find ugliness, let us substitute beauty. Where we find discord and variance, let us substitute concord and music. Do not think that by smoothing

the way a little with esthetic pleasure we are committing a sin or weakening our characters. We are only making the world a little brighter. Let us lighten our burdens with a song. The greatest men of all times have done so. God did not intend that man, down here on this old earth, should be without pleasure of some kind. A great many persons are familiar only with those grosser pleasures which, when carried to excess, lead man, created in the image of God, down to a plane of life lower than that of the beasts. I refer to "eating, drinking, and making merry." But the enjoyment of music, the pleasure derived from beautiful sound — that is different. Music is the only sensuous pleasure that can be cultivated to the limit without wrecking the ship of good character on hidden shoals of some underlying immorality.

A beautiful picture can be immoral. A beautiful poem can turn one's thoughts to immoral and frivolous subjects. But true Music, Heavenly Maid, remains God's gift to mankind, and all the vileness of this decadent age is powerless to soil even the garments that enshroud her precious purity.

Young people, take advantage of every possible opportunity to make the acquaintance of Music. You will be the happier and the better for having known her.

GLENN G. MASON.

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### My Two Neighbors

I HAVE two neighbors; one lives west of my house, and one lives north. I have often thought that even the direction I go when I visit them is suggestive of their dispositions. One woman is like the west wind that blows at evening, fresh and balmy. The sight of her makes me think of cozy homes, bright hearths, and dear, loved faces. The other woman is like a northern gale, sharp and blustering. The sight of her makes me think of a lonely shanty on a bare, wind-swept hill.

One day I visited both ladies, and that night, when all the house was dark and I was thinking over the events of the day before going to sleep, I concluded my inventory by deciding that my west neighbor would surely have a rich reward some day, because she lived for humanity; but that north neighbor — well, she simply could not appreciate anything, because she was sour and crabbed, and —

Suddenly I seemed to be traveling on a cloud, through a dark mist, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. I wondered vaguely if I should be arrested for breaking the speed limit. When I became more accustomed to the darkness, I saw that I had a companion. He was a little dried-up old man, and his face made me think of the pictures I had seen of Satan. His eyes were black, mean, and piercing, his nose decidedly hooked, and his mouth turned up at both corners in a most fiendish grin. He wore an official cap, on which were the words "Neighborhood Reputation."

I thought I would ask Mr. Reputation if he knew where we were going, but found my power of speech gone. A German proverb we had had in one of our lessons came to my mind, "Mit der Zeit pfluckt man Rosen" (In time man plucks roses). So I waited. It seemed my journey was to be like that of Ulysses. I was positive that if I ever returned, my friends would not know me, as the terrible mental strain caused by not being able to talk and the frightful speed were making me grayhaired. The atmosphere was so dry that my face felt like worn-out sandpaper.

Suddenly the dark mist faded, all became light, and I was standing before a pearly gate. Mr. Reputation knocked at the pearly gate, and after we had waited a long while it slowly swung open, and he led me inside.

We found ourselves in a large hall. In the middle of it stood a bright, shining angel. The angel had an old-fashioned scale in his hand, with a large weight on one side. In a plate on the other side he placed neatly wrapped parcels of all sizes and shapes. Each parcel had a name written on it in shining, golden letters, and to my surprise I saw that some of the parcels contained people's characters. If the package balanced, it was laid on a golden table near; if it fell short, it was placed in a wheelbarrow and brought to my companion, who put it into a sack he carried over his shoulder.

Soon my north neighbor's character was placed on the scale. It nearly outweighed the weight, and the Shining One smiled as he placed it on the golden table. I was so surprised that I found my voice.

"What!" I exclaimed, "I supposed my north neighbor too crabbed for such a place as this."

"Merely neighborhood reputation," said my companion.

Next came my west neighbor, but to my sorrow her character made such a small package that it scarcely moved the weight, much less balanced it.

"But," said I, "surely she is worthy; there must be some mistake; please stop him while I explain."

"Oh, no;" said my companion, "you are mistaken. Your west neighbor is like the bronze image coated over with gold; she chips off easily. Her good character was mostly neighborhood reputation."

I felt very weak and faint, and so I cried out to the Shining One to let me go back to the earth quickly. I feared that my character would be weighed too, and I felt that unless I added some true material, it would be found too small to make the heavy weight balance. Most of my good qualities seemed to be merely "neighborhood reputation." The angel gave me permission to go; and as he opened the gate, he smiled rather sadly at me and said:—

"True worth is being, not seeming."

Then I became conscious that my alarm clock was ringing, that it was four-thirty in the morning, and that if I wished to get a good start in my work, I must rise at once.

It was only a dream, but it was an awakening dream. It left me so thoughtful that I forgot to whistle while I buttoned my shoes, and I did not even realize that I had forgotten to whistle until mother told me at the breakfast table she believed I was learning to be more quiet, as she had not heard a sound all morning.

MAYBELLE MILLER.

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### The Road Leading to My Home

NOTHING is more vividly impressed on our memories than our homes. If the reader is curious enough to see mine, a few suggestions may help him.

We will suppose him to be at the ferryboat station at Roumeli-Hissar, on the Bosphorus. In front of the pier is an open space, with a street running north and south in the middle of it. On that side of the space straight across the pier toward the west, is a medium-sized rectangular butcher shop; to the south of it and next to it comes a general merchandise shop, in the south end of which shoes are placed for exhibi-

bition. Following a closed, unused shop, next to the shoe department, is a small, hublike shop, more like a hole in the wall. Here Turkish coffee is sold. At this place the path rises rapidly, so that the coffee shop is really dug out in the side of the hill.

This road after running south for about thirty feet, turns abruptly northeast, assuming the character of a rising mountain road. Because of its steepness the pavement is replaced by broad steps. On the north side is a precipice, at the bottom of which are the shops mentioned before. On the south side, there are a few houses, built on the steep sides of the cliff. This flight of steps is not very long, and is followed by a miniature plateau. On the south side of the street is a bulging old wall which looks as if it were ready to crumble down on the head of the passer-by, but it is tolerated because of the carelessness of the policemen. The street then turns again to the south, resuming its steep character, with steps. Crossing over to the next block, the visitor will find the street again quite steep. On the east side is a solid wall and a Turkish shrine. On the west there are vacant lots.

These steps terminate at a crossing. The road leading west is quite level, running along the flank of the hill. On the south side is a hilly, abandoned Turkish cemetery; on the north side are houses,—first a low brick house, next two handsome mansions, then two wooden huts, next a pink house, and finally a small door with a brass knocker, which is the door of my home. I used foolishly to hate to walk the steep way leading to my home. If only I could do it now!

I used to come from school in a ferryboat. Out on the pier I would cross an open space, and wearily start to climb the steep street. There were no sidewalks, for none were needed. No crazy automobile could run there with its ugly blast, bad smell, and raising of the dust. Indeed, the best way for one to go up that street was on an ass or a mule.

After climbing a few steps, I would turn around and look toward the Bosphorus. In summer I remember seeing the blue waters, calm as a lake, without a ripple, except when a pleasure boat glided gracefully on its surface, or a slow tug wearily dragged in its rear a whole train of sailboats and transports. Sometimes a tiny motor boat would shoot along, making a terrible fuss, as if conscious of its importance. Or perhaps the giant, milk-white, fast Roumanier boat would calmly glide past like a monster fish, her helices churning the waters and leaving a white trail behind, causing a huge wave, which would silently undulate toward the shore and suddenly break into fury, vainly crashing and spitting on the beach. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

In winter the ice and sleet covering the steps rendered them extremely hard to climb. The cold bleak north wind made me hasten my steps, but I could not help turning to my old friend. The waters now looked angry and green, while the swollen tide flowed down like a river. No pleasure boats flitted around like butterflies; occasionally a fisherman could be seen

wrestling against the current. Nature is as grand in calm as in storm; one suggests pleasure, the other, duty, both essential in life as in nature.

After gazing for a few moments I would resume my climb. Reaching the top, with a sigh of relief I would enter my home to watch the same view from my window, only a little more distant this time. Oh, I am sick to see again the blue Bosphorus!

NOAH Z. BAHARIAN.

### Life of Elizabeth Fry

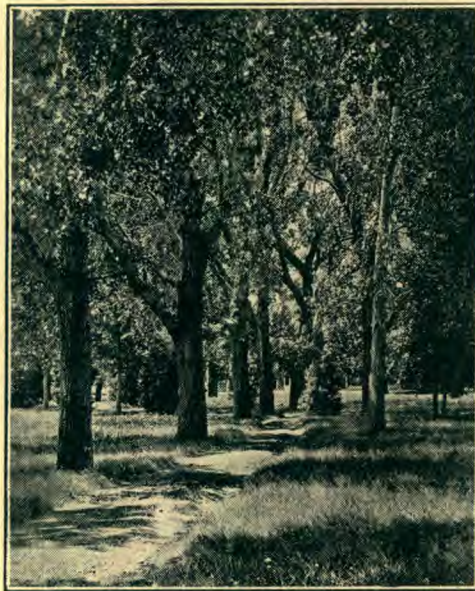
AMONG the beautiful lives from whose presence emanated the fragrance of unselfish loving ministry, will ever be remembered that of Elizabeth Fry. Few have been the lives that have really counted for so much in making the dark places of sin and misery brighter; for whatever her work, whether teaching the poor children of her neighborhood, ministering to the needs of her outcast sisters in prison, or honored by kings and rulers as a great prison philanthropist, her fearless devotion to benevolence has not only, to so many, helped to make this life worth the living, but within thousands of hearts has kindled the hope of life in the "beautiful beyond."

Born of wealthy parents, May 21, 1780, in Norwich, England, which was then a social and intellectual center, she had great chances of becoming distinguished in society, especially as her personal charm and sweet disposition always made her a favorite. But the wholesome instruction given her by her good Quaker parents, though they were not of the strictest sect, had its lasting influence on her life. Her disposition to

think and act for herself, in spite of her lack of self-confidence and her timidity, developed into firmness and decision of character. These traits of character together with her unswerving loyalty to duty, under the influence of the Spirit of God, proved her anchor in the strain and stress of after-life.

As a child she was rather delicate and nervous, and though bright of intellect, her modesty and reticence were sometimes taken for stupidity, which tended somewhat to discourage so sensitive a nature; but withal she grew to her teens "a gay, brilliant, graceful, fun-loving girl." Evidently her conscience was active and smote her at times, for we read from her diary, "I must beware of being a flirt. It is an abominable character. I hope I shall never be one, and yet I am one now a little. I think I am by degrees losing many excellent qualities. I lay it to my great love of gayety and the world."

It was about this time, 1797, that a great change came into her life. William Savery, a Quaker preacher from the United States, visited Norwich, and Elizabeth, accompanied by her father and six sisters, went to hear the American preacher. The minister seeing the young ladies arrayed in the fashionable garb of the day, was very much concerned about this and similar departures from the simple Quaker dress that he had seen in other places, and mentioned it in his sermon. Elizabeth was convicted, and wept during the service.



A CAMPUS PATH LEADING TO COLLEGE BUILDING.

A visit with the minister at her father's home resulted in her conversion.

Her thoughts now turned to her mother's instruction which proved a great blessing to her. Her mother, Mrs. Gurney, had died when Elizabeth was twelve years old. Later in life she wrote of her mother: "My mother was most dear to me; and the walks she took with me in the old-fashioned garden are as fresh with me as if only just passed; and her telling me about Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise. I thought it must be just like our garden." That she had really been changed was evident in her life. She laid aside her scarlet riding dress for the gray one. She visited the sick, poor, and afflicted. She opened a school for poor children and enjoyed her work far more than she had any of the dances and theaters she had once attended.

At the age of twenty she married a wealthy merchant of London, Joseph Fry. He, being in full sympathy with her ideas of benevolence, placed his wealth at her disposal for charitable work. She spent much time in visiting the needy in the slums of London, and as one by one her little sons and daughters came to her, twelve in all, her great heart of love grew more tender and solicitous for the poor and unfortunate in that wicked city. She did not neglect her own, but was a faithful wife and mother. She used to take her two eldest daughters with her at times, teaching them to be kind to the sick and suffering.

Her prison work began at Newgate prison, London, in 1813. To understand the real condition in these prisons one must remember that there were as many as three hundred crimes punishable with death, even so trivial an offense as robbing henroosts. The women's department in this prison consisted of one hundred and ninety yards. Into this were crammed three hundred ragged, filthy prisoners. Here they existed, cooked, washed, and slept, their only bed being the hard boards of the floor. It was not easy for Mrs. Fry to gain permission to enter the prison, on account of the desperate character of many, but knowing the justice of her work she entered fearlessly. Her suggestion that the women be put to work making garments for which they would receive a little money for their own use, was laughed at by the officials. But she was permitted to try the plan herself, and the results were marvelous. Twenty thousand articles of clothing were made in ten months, and a great reformation was made in the character of the women. A society was formed for the instruction and general improvement of the women, and with tears of gratitude they cooperated with her plans.

The work spread from Newgate throughout Great Britain. Kings and queens of the various countries of Europe invited her to visit their prisons. Through her labors not only was wrought great reforms in the prisons, but the laws for the punishment of criminals were modified in nearly all European countries. Unlike many reformers, Mrs. Fry lived to see most of the reforms that she had recommended become laws.

Amid the honors shown her by all classes, from grateful prisoners to crowned heads, she writes: "I am ready to say in the fulness of my heart, surely, 'It is the Lord's doings, and marvelous in our eyes. . . . May the praise and glory of the whole be entirely given where it is due by us, and by all, in deep humiliation and prostration of spirit.'"

Hers was not a life long in years, but full to overflowing. At the age of sixty-five she was laid to rest at Barking, by the side of the little child that she had

loved and lost years before. Her last days were not those of ease and pleasure, but full of pain and suffering, yet she worked until the end. Only a few days before her death, with the help of her grandchildren, she sorted out and distributed Bibles and Testaments to the sailors in the harbor of Ramsgate, whither she had gone in hopes of gaining strength from the sea air.

The real keynote of such a life of fulness and power is found in her own words written a short time before her death, "Since my heart was touched at the age of seventeen, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord."

D. Y. McCONNELL.



### Education

#### Comment on Texts for August 6 to 12

PROBABLY all wide-awake, progressive young people of today realize the value of a good education. We have now come to the place where its worth is no longer questioned, and what concerns us most is not how valuable it is, but how we may obtain it. There are many ways of obtaining an education; and going to college is not the most important step. "You can lead a boy to college, but you cannot make him think," is as true as the proverb of which it is a parody. Some have gone through college and successfully resisted all the influences which tried so hard to "make them think." The surest and most important step is for one to place himself always and ever in the attitude of a learner. Regard every experience in life, every word of counsel or advice, as a part of your education. They all teach right or wrong lessons, what to do or what *not* to do, how to think or how *not* to think, how to talk or how *not* to talk, how to act or how *not* to act, how to live or how *not* to live. There is not a circumstance of everyday life which may not be a source of instruction and a means of education if one accepts life's experiences with the attitude of a student and a learner.

One of the greatest aids that can be employed by all young people in attaining this right attitude is the very foundation, and hence the most necessary,—"the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." No one so truly desires to learn and to be educated in the truest sense of the word as he who truly fears the Lord. With "fear of the Lord" comes respect for his wonderful creation, a realization of the magnitude of his work, and a desire to know more concerning his infinite power and wisdom. As soon as the effort is put forth, there come the promises that we are "in everything enriched by him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge," and again, the Comforter "shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

Many are the encouraging promises found in the Book for those who are imbued with the fear of the Lord, and thus made anxious to learn and willing to be taught. Only with this attitude and the help of these promises can we pass through the tedium of life's

education and be prepared to "pass current in a higher college."  
C. H. LEWIS.

**MEDITATION.**—My Master knows just the training I need to fill the place he has appointed for me. I know he will bless the unselfish effort I put forth to fit myself for efficient service in his vineyard. The Spirit of prophecy says, "He is a Christian who aims to reach the highest attainments for the purpose of doing others good." But while I am striving to obtain the best possible education for service, I pray that I shall not fail to cultivate the fruits of the Spirit that should adorn the life of every Christian.

**SPECIAL PRAYER.**—This week let us all unite in pleading with God for more power in prayer.  
M. E.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending August 12

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 August.

#### The Bible Year

##### Assignment for August 6 to 12

- August 6: Jeremiah 37 to 39.
- August 7: Jeremiah 50, 51.
- August 8: Jeremiah 40 to 43.
- August 9: Jeremiah 44, 52.
- August 10: Psalms 79, 74, 83, 94.
- August 11: Lamentations 1 to 3.
- August 12: Lamentations 4, 5.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for August 3.



### VII — The Experience of Ananias and Sapphira

(August 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 4:32 to 5:11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight." Prov. 12:22.

#### Questions

1. How closely were the believers united after Pentecost? Acts 4:32.
2. What attended their work of witnessing for Jesus? Verse 33.
3. How were the needs of the poor supplied? Verses 34, 35.
4. What is said of Josias Barnabas? How did he show his interest in God's work? Verses 36, 37.
5. What persons are next mentioned? Acts 5:1. Note 1.
6. What did Ananias do with part of his money? Who knew about his plan? What did he do with the rest of his money? Verse 2. Note 2.
7. Who did Peter say was the author of Ananias's plan? Whom did Ananias try to deceive? Verse 3.
8. What was Peter's next question? Who had power to give or keep the money after the land was sold? To whom did Ananias lie? Verse 4. Note 3.

9. How was Ananias punished for his sin? What came upon all who heard of it? Who buried him? Verses 5, 6. Note 4.
10. Who came in about three hours afterward? What did she not know? Verse 7.
11. What question did Peter ask Sapphira? How did she reply? Verse 8.
12. What did Peter say that she and her husband had done? How did Sapphira learn that Ananias was dead? What did Peter then say? Verse 9.
13. How was this woman punished? When and where was she buried? Verse 10.
14. How did the people feel when they heard these things? Verse 11. Note 5.
15. What will be the fate of all liars? Rev. 21:8.

#### Notes

1. "Under the direct influence of the Spirit of God, Ananias and Sapphira had made a pledge to give to the Lord the proceeds from the sale of certain property."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 71, 72.
2. "Afterward, Ananias and Sapphira grieved the Holy Spirit by yielding to feelings of covetousness. They began to regret their promise, and soon lost the sweet influence of the blessing that had warmed their hearts with a desire to do large things in behalf of the cause of Christ. They thought they had been too hasty, that they ought to reconsider their decision. They talked the matter over, and decided not to fulfil their pledge. They saw, however, that those who parted with their possessions to supply the needs of their poorer brethren, were held in high esteem among the believers; and ashamed to have their brethren know that their selfish souls grudged that which they had solemnly dedicated to God, they deliberately decided to sell their property, and pretend to give all the proceeds into the general fund, but really to keep a large share for themselves. Thus they would secure their living from the common store, and at the same time gain the high esteem of their brethren."—*Id.*, p. 72.
3. "'While it remained, was it not thine own?' Peter asked. No undue influence had been brought to bear upon Ananias to compel him to sacrifice his possessions to the general good. He had acted from choice. But in attempting to deceive the disciples, he had lied to the Almighty."—*Id.*, p. 73.
4. "It was usual in Palestine to bury a corpse on the day of death. The heat of the climate, doubtless, had much to do with this custom, besides which, as far as the Jews were concerned, their law made any one unclean for seven days who touched a dead body, or who was even in a house where a dead body lay."—*Bible Manners and Customs*, p. 441.
5. "From the stern punishment meted out to those perjurers, God would have us learn also how deep is his hatred and contempt for all hypocrisy and deception. . . . The same God who punished them, today condemns all falsehood. . . . He who utters untruths, sells his soul in a cheap market. . . . In the case of Ananias and Sapphira, the sin of fraud against God was speedily punished. The same sin . . . is committed by many in our time. But though it may not be attended by the visible manifestation of God's displeasure, it is no less heinous in his sight now than in the apostles' time. The warning has been given; God has clearly manifested his abhorrence of this sin; and all who give themselves up to hypocrisy and covetousness may be sure that they are destroying their own souls."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 75, 76.

CULTURE, refinement, education—these are but other names for self-discipline. For culture is but the result of our so conducting ourselves that our highest powers may develop; refinement, of so restraining our lower impulses that our grossness disappears; and education, of so training the mind that our ideas march with order and precision to the duty to be performed or the crisis to be met. In the truest sense, then, we all may be cultured, refined, and educated; for no man can say that self-discipline is too expensive for him.

ANY normal mind can take in facts and give out information, as a mill takes in corn and gives out meal. But time and reflection are necessary to the forming of a cultured personality.

WORK, to be a blessing, must be done cheerfully; and its greatest good comes through our making ourselves do gladly that which falls to our lot, however unpleasant it seems.

# The Youth's Instructor

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## An Explanation

UNION COLLEGE English classes have contributed an occasional article, story, or poem to the INSTRUCTOR for a number of years; but, having a monthly school paper of their own to support, they have not before availed themselves of the kind invitation extended to them by the editor to furnish the copy for an entire number.

The present issue is made up from the regular theme work of all classes, academic and college, as planned by an editorial committee appointed from the class in advanced composition and the essay. The chairman of the committee, to whom fell most of the work of organization, was Mr. Paul Pearce. All work, with the exception of a few items of current interest, is original. The poems, with one exception, were furnished by the class in college literature. The pictures are from photographs taken by members of the party who tramped through the Yellowstone, with the exception of the three Union College pictures, which were furnished by the college.

The English students and teachers of Union College wish to express their appreciation of the kindness of Mrs. Chase in affording them this opportunity. They trust that INSTRUCTOR readers will find one half as much pleasure and profit in the contents of this issue as they themselves have found in its preparation.

WINIFRED PEEBLES ROWELL.

## Purple Pansies

If flowers could speak, I wonder if they would tell us more than they do now in their own quiet and beautiful way. Each variety has a different story to tell. For instance, the carnation, which appears to be a slender and easily withered flower, is one that can stand a test and keep its beauty longer than any other flower. The rose is known for its adaptability. It can be taken into any class of society and there hold a position of honor. The rose can make us laugh, or it can make us cry.

The story of the pansy is most interesting. Seldom will you find a pansy growing where all is sunshine and cheerfulness. It grows best where a flower is most needed, in the cold dark spots of earth. At first one notices the difference between the size of the

flower and the size of the plant, and exclaims, "What a large flower for so small a plant!" When we think of purity, we think of the lily, but there is something in the deep color of the purple pansy that tells us to live better. As we look into the rich luster of its up-turned face we feel that beneath the beautiful surface there is a soul.

And where will one find a beautiful soul more fittingly clothed? Purple was anciently the garb of royalty. Very modestly yet right royally does the pansy don its rich raiment. "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed" like these. What a rebuke to the self-conscious vanity of the human being arrayed in "purple and fine linen" is this humble, cheerful little flower.

ELIZABETH COLEMAN.

## Inexpensive Picture Frames

LAST summer my room was cleaned from top to bottom. It was painted, varnished, and freshly decorated. After it had been cleaned so thoroughly, I wanted everything in it to be in good order, too. I had had several prints and pictures laid away for some time, and now I decided to have them framed.

However, when I went to see the photographer, I found that he was out of town and would not be back for two weeks. There was no other place where I could get the framing done, and not caring to wait, I decided to frame the pictures myself. I procured several squares of glass the desired size from the hardware dealer, and went to work.

I cut a cardboard back and mat the same size as that of the glass for a certain picture, punched two holes in the cardboard back about an inch and a half from the top, and inserted metal hangers. Dotted each corner of the picture with paste, I affixed it to the mat, and attached the mat to the cardboard back in the same manner.

The frames I made to suit my fancy. For a deep framing I glued four strips of cardboard from a quarter of an inch to an inch wide around the glass, even with the edge. Then I attached a piece of binding to one of the cardboard strips, allowing it to extend over the inside edge of the cardboard a little. The binding was applied to the opposite edge in the same manner. The inside edge of the cardboard strip I covered with narrow gold, leaving a rim.

I found a pleasing effect could be produced by using two pieces like steps. Pictures framed in wide dull-gold binding with gold-trimmed decorations will give a hand-carved effect. Photographs framed in silver binding will resemble metal-framed pictures. All these things I found out by experimenting. After one afternoon's work, I found I had a pleasing collection of new pictures for my room.

ROSALIND HAMILTON.

THE death rate from organic diseases in the United States has increased from 20 out of 10,000 population in 1880 to nearly 40 out of each 10,000 population in 1910. This increase is not universal. The proportion of deaths from organic diseases in England and Wales has remained practically stationary. The organic diseases covered by these figures are apoplexy, diseases of the heart and circulatory system, and diseases of the kidneys and urinary system.