

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE RIVER KNOWS THE WAY TO THE SEA.—Emerson.



FORTY-TWO women doctors, graduated from various medical schools, will shortly be given certificates to practice in Peking. These will be the first women granted official permission to practice medicine in the Chinese capital.

SECRETARY MCADOO, of the Treasury Department, sent six experts of the United States Public Health Service to New York City to cooperate with the State and city health authorities in suppressing the epidemic of infantile paralysis.

THE recently discovered antarctic continent has an area approximately of 5,860,000 square miles, which is one and one-half times the size of Europe. Another notable fact concerning this continent is its height. Dr. Meinardus found the mean height to be approximately 6,560 feet, or an average height equal to the top of Mt. Washington.

ISAAC LEVY, who has been in the Klondike region for sixteen years, recently returned to New York, where his family consisting of a wife and eight children reside. The special reason for Mr. Levy's return at this time was to attend the wedding of six of his children, which was to take place immediately after his arrival in New York.

A LEADING American automobile manufacturer has found it advantageous to install a compressed-air device for driving wood screws and machine screws and nuts. The compressed-air engine can be fitted with any attachment best suited to the work in hand. It is reported that a saving of seventy-five per cent in labor cost over the usual manual operation has been effected by this installation.

EQUIPPED with a simple form of thermostat, there has been introduced an electric iron which automatically maintains its temperature at any desired point. Adjustments in temperature are effected by turning the knob, after which the thermostat member turns off the current when the heat exceeds the limit set, and again closes the circuit when the temperature falls slightly below the lower limit.

MRS. AMY D. WINSHIP, eighty-five years of age, is studying botany and physics in the summer session of the University of Wisconsin. She is not working for a degree, but studying for the pleasure of it. She has said that she intends to attend college till she is ninety. Mrs. Winship has always been interested in social and political problems of the day. She knew Abraham Lincoln personally, and attended the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates with her husband, who was a member of the Illinois Legislature.

"AN artist in Rome saw a beggar on the street, so utterly abject and forlorn that he hired him to sit for his picture, as a *typical beggar*. The next day the man came to him, quite transformed. He had hired the clothes of a companion in which to have his portrait taken. The artist did not recognize him, and on learning that he was the beggar he had hired, said: 'No! I hired a beggar, and wanted him just as he was, or not at all.' Christ, for a different reason, wants us just as we are, without any effort at self-transformation, that the new creation may all be 'to the praise of the glory of his grace.'"

An Accidental Discovery

BLOTTING paper was discovered purely by accident. Some ordinary paper was being made one day at a mill in Berkshire, England, when a careless workman forgot to put in the sizing material. The whole of the paper made was regarded as useless. The proprietor of the mill desired to write a note shortly afterward, and he took a piece of this waste paper, thinking it was good enough for the purpose. To his intense annoyance the ink spread all over the paper. Suddenly there flashed over his mind the thought that this paper would do instead of sand for drying ink, and he at once advertised his waste paper as "blotting."

There was such a big demand that the mill ceased to make ordinary paper, and was soon occupied in making blotting paper only, the use of which rapidly spread to all countries.

A great many good things have been found out by accident. The one who keeps his eyes open to see the significance and value of unusual things, is the one who makes useful discoveries. The one who thinks about his work is the one who makes valuable discoveries.—*The Expositor*.

Montana

IF we except the missionaries and the explorers, it was gold that lured the first white men into Montana. The value of the minerals that have since been taken out of Montana's hills mounts to the enormous total of \$1,717,585,246. That sum would have probably carried on the wars of Napoleon and have left something over besides.

Today, though the great Anaconda hill at Butte is still producing its annual sixty millions of dollars in copper, it is agriculture which is luring home seekers to the State. The latest government statistics show that one third of all the homesteads taken up in the United States in 1914 were taken up in Montana. During the last two years it has led all other States in the number of new post offices established.

It is a land of wheat and oats, of barley and rye, of potatoes and flax and sugar beet. Its apples are shipped direct to New York and London. The value of its agricultural products in 1915 was \$68,000,000. That isn't bad for a State where they shot buffalo in the eighties.—*The Independent*.

THE heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they were while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—Longfellow.

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The Youth's Instructor

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TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 8, 1916

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A "Hike" Through Yellowstone

(Concluded from last week)

A. C. MADSEN

THE next morning after a bountiful breakfast and the refilling of our lunch sack, we had an eighteen-mile walk ahead of us. With a "Well, fellows, follow me today," our leader set the pace. Only a short distance from Fountain Hotel, are the Mammoth Paint Pots. These pots are of different colors and resemble thick paint bubbling and shooting into the air. The next main point of interest is Firehole Lake or Hell's Half Acre, and it seems well named.

Looking from the western part one can see the so-called flames. At the eastern side of the lake is a small circular opening in the bottom of the lake, of a deep-seated spring not unlike other vents of thermal waters. Through the vent numerous bubbles of mingled air and superheated steam rise gradually. Before reaching the surface they unite to form one large mass that in its upward passage strikingly resembles a flame of fire. The whole lake is one steaming vat and looks very treacherous. A short distance from here is the beautiful Prismatic Lake. All the tints of a prism are seen in the lake.

Each day, coaches passed us, and the travelers, cramped in the coaches, tired and dusty, envied our freedom and the good times we had examining flowers and other things of interest. With a cheery "We'll see you at the next camp," they passed by. At eleven o'clock we were about a mile from Old Faithful Hotel, which is in the Upper Geyser Basin. This basin is the most noted and has the most interesting geysers. Here we spent about eighteen hours.

Of the geysers here, Old Faithful is no doubt the most noted though not the largest. It plays every seventy-five minutes, sending large volumes of steam and water as high as one hundred and seventy-five feet into the air. I saw it play seven times, and obtained some good views of it. Other geysers here of interest are the Giant, Beehive, Grotto, and the Lion and Lioness.

Old Faithful Inn is a wonderful building, constructed entirely of logs. Some of these logs are eighty feet long without tapering. The inn is built in a rustic,

yet ornate style. While here we struck up a friendship with several interesting men, professors from different universities, and had an enjoyable time.

At Old Faithful we found ourselves in a real bed for the first time in the park. The last words I heard that night were, "Boys, this feels good."

At five o'clock in the morning one of us felt in-

clined to start out, and with his enthusiasm we were soon all in the notion. On these early morning walks we saw many deer and other game which later in the day leave the road. We set out on our uphill trip, crossing the Continental Divide twice. The first has an altitude of 8,240 feet. The road crosses it at Craig Pass, alongside a little lake, whose waters in the spring-time hesitate whether to flow out of one end into the Pacific or out of the other into the Atlantic, and usually compromise by going in both directions. While we were wading and rowing our logs in this pond for lilies, several automobiles came and picked us up for a ride of ten miles.

During the whole afternoon the road wound along the banks of the Yellowstone Lake. This is a very beautiful lake. Its altitude is 7,741 feet. It is twenty-odd miles long and nine wide. It has a large island



THE LOWER FALLS, YELLOWSTONE PARK

around which we motored in the evening, a very refreshing ride after a day's walk. In this lake the Yellowstone River, so noted for the Grand Cañon, has its beginning. At the Lake Hotel are large numbers of bear, deer, and elk. The bears are very sociable and the tourists amuse themselves by feeding them candy and nuts. The animals throughout the park have but little fear of man.

During the day we also visited Fish-pool and Mud Geysers. Fish-pool is a crater in the lake. The water in the crater is boiling, while that surrounding it is cool. Here one can stand and catch a fish, turn around and boil it in the pool.

The next day we arrived at the Cañon Hotel, which is the largest in the park. Many tourists spend several days there.

Arriving at the cañon, we left our baggage in the care of friends and spent the afternoon and evening

sight-seeing. First we visited Upper Falls, one hundred and nine feet high. The cañon from here is twenty miles long, but it is only the first three miles below that has the wonderful colors.

The largest or Lower Falls lie a half mile below Upper Falls. To get the best view of these we went down Uncle Tom's trail, a bank over 1,000 feet high and almost perpendicular, ropes being fastened on trees and rocks to assist us. It having rained, some of the guards warned us not to undertake the descent;



ON MT. WASHBURN

but as it was our only chance, we attempted it and were well repaid.

From the Lower Falls for three miles down the river, abrupt walls a thousand feet high upon both sides of the cañon, present a brilliancy and mingling of color beyond power of description. From the brink of the cañon to the water's edge the walls are sheer bodies of decomposed rhyolite. Varied hues of orange, red, purple, and sulphur-yellow are irregularly blended in one composite mass.

As one stands at the bottom of the cañon near the falls whose waters take a perpendicular leap of three hundred and nine feet and are dashed into spray and foam upon the rocks, speech is impossible and tears come to one's eyes at the wonder of creation. Surely no one who has had this privilege can doubt the existence of God who created the universe. With sadness we left the cañon.

One morning we bade farewell to the friends we had met in the park, they going back to Gardiner by the way of Norris, while our walking quartet set out for Mt. Washburn. Very few tourists make this trip, as it involves extra expense. However, it is one of the interesting features of the park.

While making our way upgrade, two of us by tipping the driver of a coach caught a ride, half way up the mountain, then sat down to await our weary companions. By noon we were on the top of Mt. Washburn, an altitude of 10,388 feet, where we got a view of the whole park. As it was chilly, we built a fire by which to eat our dinner. The mountain was covered with snow banks, and we engaged in snow-balling on the sixth of August.

Many varieties of flowers abound in the peak, growing in the very edge of the snow. On our way down we came upon a flock of mountain sheep, a very rare sight. We were able to get a picture of them at a distance of one hundred feet, while they were gazing at us.

Our next stop was at Lower Falls, one of the most picturesque scenes in our trip, though only one hundred and thirty-two feet high and with but a small volume of water flowing over it. As the sun was setting we took a shower bath in the icy spray of the falls.

Sunday morning found us on the last twenty miles of our trip. After a brisk walk of eight miles we partook of our lunch. At noon we again reached Mammoth Hot Springs. After taking some pictures, we set out for Gardiner, five miles distant.

The six days spent in the park had been ideal in weather conditions. However, when we were only two miles from the station a mountain shower surprised us and we had a real cloud-burst. Rivers seemed to pour down the mountains, and the streams were soon flooded. We were drenched through, but were thankful it didn't come sooner.

Each expressed himself as having had the best trip of his life. And though we were sore-footed and tired, the educational pleasure received far overbalanced the discomfort. The next day we were in the canvassing field again selling books.

Today

THE best thing you have in this world is Today. Here it is, a wonderful treasure, a marvelous jewel. It's yours, all yours. It's in your hands. What are you going to do with it?

Today is your savior; it is often crucified between two thieves, Yesterday and Tomorrow.

Today you can be happy, not yesterday nor tomorrow. There is no happiness except Today's.

Most of our misery is left over from yesterday or borrowed from tomorrow. Keep Today clean. Make up your mind to enjoy your food, your work, your play, Today anyhow.

Time is not divided into three parts, past, present, and future. There is only one real time: it is Now.

You can do anything, if you'll only go at it a day at a time.

If you're bereaved, betrayed, heartbroken, why, take



YELLOWSTONE RIVER ABOVE THE DAM

a day off. One day will not matter. Today put away your festering thoughts. Today take some simple joys. Today be a little happy in the sunshine. You can do it. It's the burden of the coming days, weeks, years, that crushes us. The present is always tolerable.

Whoever planned this life of ours did well in giving it to us one day at a time. We don't have to live it all at once, thanks be! We've only got to get through till bedtime.

And at the end of every day we are bathed in death.

In sleep we go back to our original nothingness. Every morning we are born again.

Why let life oppress you? You don't have to live your life, only a day of it. Come, let's finish our small task manfully. It's not long.

Don't let life mass against you. Attack it in detail and you can easily triumph.

"Oh, but I can't help thinking of the Past. And one must plan for the Future."

To be sure. Only forget not that it is not the Past that determines the Present; it is the Present that determines the Past.

The Past is what we make of it. It is the temper of the Present that qualifies it. It all depends upon how you now consider it, whether it brings you despair or discouragement.

Suck out its wisdom, keep its lessons, utilize its experience, make of all those things elements of present power. But forget its septic qualities. Don't let the Past unman you, benumb you with remorse, weaken you with self-contempt.

The poet says we rise by stepping on our dead selves. And as for the Future, the best preparation for it is an unafraid Today.

Whatever hills you have to climb, whatever bridges you have to cross, whatever enemies are lying in wait for you, whatever crises are to be met, you can be no better equipped for them than by living this day soundly, cheerfully, and free from fear.

Apprehensions, premonitions, worries, these are the poison gases of our foe, the Future.

If you are to die tomorrow, the best way to be ready is to discharge faithfully Today's duties, and to enjoy heartily Today's simple pleasures.

Today is yours. God has given it to you. All your Yesterdays he has taken back. All your Tomorrows are still in his hands.

Today is yours. Take its pleasures and be glad. Take its pains and play the man.

Today is yours, just a little strip of light between two darknesses, just a bit of life between two sleep-deaths.

Today is yours. Use it so that at its close you can say:—

"I have lived, and loved, Today!"—*Dr. Frank Crane, in Pictorial Review.*

Joy in Work

Joy comes when we least expect it. When we deliberately go forth in search of it, we can seldom, if ever, find it. But when we forget our own pleasure in trying to help others, in working to accomplish something worth while, then in some way, joy comes to us. Some one has said, "Happiness is allus whar you ain't lookin' for it."

Work is the best recipe for happiness. The only true joy in life results from the consciousness of work well done, of a life well lived. It is work, struggle, and contest that develop the best there is in us and make us happy. Gladstone said, "I have found my greatest happiness in labor," and I think our own experience and the experiences of others bear out his statement.

In order that a person may like the work he is about to take up, he must be fitted for it. He must fill the place nature meant for him to fill. There are men who succeed as statesmen, and are in love with their work, that would never succeed on the farm. They

are not naturally inclined to that kind of life, and see no pleasure in it for themselves or for any one else. Without interest, no one can succeed, and without success, at least to some extent, there can be no joy.

The feeling that one has done nothing worth while at the end of a day, a month, a year, is the most distressing, most disheartening feeling there is. Everything about is dull and cold—anything but pleasant. On the other hand, no joy compares to the joy which comes from feeling that one has done a good work; has carried it to a complete finish. To know that he has really accomplished the thing he set out to do makes one stronger and more ready to face future difficulties that might have to be met.

Work for its own sake does not bring this joy. There must be a true aim directing it. There must be some good motive, some purpose in hand. A good definition for drudgery is simply work without a purpose, motive, or aim. The higher the aim, the greater will be our joy when that aim is reached. If we put our best into our work each day, using our best thoughts and judgment, we shall possess a feeling of satisfaction, not such as will cause us to be content with what we have done, but such as will lead us to climb higher, and to desire to do what lies before us better than we did what lies behind. Then our most pleasant memories will not be of times when we were free from responsibility, but when many hard tasks and difficulties surrounded us, and we were victorious in overcoming them.

When we meet an unexpected task, or one that is not, strictly speaking, our duty to perform, we must meet it with the same willingness with which we would take it up if it were our set work to perform. To do this may change our plans to some extent and so inconvenience us, but when we think that the amount of joy we get depends upon our earnestness and unselfishness in doing, we see that, after all, it is to our credit.

Our helping others and making them happy not only brings happiness to them, but makes us happier. An example can be drawn from the work of a teacher. She may do all that is expected of her. She may teach the lessons thoroughly and faithfully, but unless she is willing to do the little extra things cheerfully, she misses the greatest opportunities for service and hence the greatest opportunity for joy.

To keep our higher ideals, we must have moments of inspiration. We need to get away from our work and cares at times, and seek rest and recreation. This renews our vigor, gives us a fresh interest and a new determination to press onward to a still higher ideal, and we will not forget the saying, "Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

HILDA HOLSTEN.

Expecting Great Things

THE INSTRUCTOR family was introduced to our little Sabbath school in Southern California last quarter, so I thought they would like to hear what we did on the thirteenth Sabbath in June.

We received word early in the quarter that our offering this time was to go to Brazil, and the superintendent was beginning to talk about it and plan the program, when along came Rally Day.

Of course we knew Rally Day was needed to make us realize what a great blessing our Sabbath school is, so we began immediately to prepare the program.

The children all helped with the singing and speaking, and we had a fine lunch under the big trees in front of our little white church. We went home late in the afternoon feeling that we had been greatly helped and blessed.

After that we went to work on our thirteenth Sabbath program in earnest, and this is what we had when the time came:—

The church was sweet with flowers and evergreens that morning when we took our seats and bowed our heads for a moment of silent prayer. Then we sang, prayer was offered, and the secretary's report was read the same as usual; then followed the special program.

Only ten children, and less than twenty grown persons of our membership were present, as some had gone away. The first number was a song by the intermediate class. It is called "The Builders," and by words and motions tells how we build characters like Jesus just as a carpenter builds a fine house.

Next the quarter's lessons were reviewed in a new way. We have had one of the Picture Rolls this quarter, and the superintendent hung it up where everybody could see it, then each child told the lesson story of one picture.

George, who was the first speaker, called attention to the picture, then told the story. That lesson was about dividing the sheep from the goats, and what Jesus said. When George finished telling the story, he added,—

"I think the most important thing we can learn from this lesson is that whenever we are helping the needy we are helping Jesus. We will be helping Jesus today when we give our money to send the gospel to those poor people in Brazil."

The superintendent wrote on the blackboard: "1. When we help the needy, we help Jesus."

The next picture was turned, and Helen told the lesson story. At the end she told what she thought we could learn from it, and the superintendent wrote that on the board as No. 2. Mabel and Donald followed with their stories, then we had a song.

Next the intermediate class took turns telling the stories illustrated by the pictures. Dean, Dale, and Julit did well. Doris is a very little girl, and was frightened at first, but when she remembered she was doing it for Jesus, she did well.

There were not children enough to go round, so at the end four of the teachers told the stories. The superintendent said afterward that the children's stories seemed to her better, on the whole, than those of the grown-up folk, and she thought it was because the children had studied and thought more about them than the grown people had.

When the review was over we had seen all the twelve pictures and the twelve most important things we should learn from the lessons were on the board before us.

There are only two little girls in our kindergarten class, and they entered carrying lighted candles. They sang very sweetly, "Jesus Bids Us Shine."

The children had been asked to learn all the memory verses for the quarter and recite them at home to save time. Each child that recited them all perfectly was to bring a slip of paper from his mother to give to the superintendent, and in return was to have, for his very own, one of the beautiful big pictures from the Picture Roll.

Even the kindergarten class had been promised a picture if they learned their song perfectly. The little tots sang the three verses of the song without a mis-

take, and all in the junior and intermediate classes knew all the memory verses, so every child in Sabbath school carried home a picture. There were two pictures left over, and these were given to two little boy visitors, as souvenirs of our happy day together.

After the memory verse papers had been collected the children rose, faced the congregation, and recited the verses in concert. A big map of the world was then hung up, and the junior teacher I told you of before, talked to us about Brazil, the people who live there, and how much they need our help to learn about Jesus and his soon coming. Then Dale and Julit took up the offering.

The superintendent had worked and prayed that God would impress us to give a large offering for Brazil, but some way she did not *expect* as much as had been given before; that seemed too wonderful to be repeated.

While the collection was being counted, we all sang "Jesus Saves." Just before the song was finished the assistant secretary stepped to the board to write the amount of the offering. Some of the children were so anxious to see that they almost forgot to sing; but the superintendent did not turn to look until the song was finished.

She heard the stroke of the chalk on the blackboard making a one, and decided that the offering was about \$11; she thought that was not bad for such a *little* school. But when the song was finished, and she turned around, this is what she saw:—

God is love.

\$21.20

It was nearly a dollar *more* than last quarter.

She couldn't say a word at first, and the tears just rolled down her cheeks. Then she thanked, for herself and for Jesus, those who had made the generous offering, and said to the minister,—

"Elder Healey, will you ask God to bless this money, and to bless us?"

While the congregation stood the minister prayed, then we were dismissed.

The junior teacher's face was alight as she came to speak a word with the superintendent, but the superintendent, though happy, was feeling very humble.

She said, "I have been praying for God to make us want to help liberally in his work, but some way I did not think it possible we could have such a *large* offering today."

"It is a large offering for a little company as poor as most of us are, but I wasn't surprised at all," answered the little teacher calmly. "As soon as I heard George begin to talk I knew how it would be."

"Why, what was there about George's talk that made you feel so sure?" asked the superintendent.

"Oh, the — the spirit of it, I think; you could *feel* that God's Spirit was in the room. And then at the end he reminded us that when we gave to Brazil we would be giving to Jesus, and the rest of the children all followed right along in the same spirit. No, I'm not surprised at all, and I'm so *glad*."

"Well," said the superintendent slowly, "I'm glad too, and very thankful. And the best of it is I've *proved* that God is able to do 'exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.' That is worth much to me, for in the future I shall not fear to expect *great* things from God."

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS.

HUMANITY is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.—*Richter*.



Marjorie's Lesson

MARJORIE," her mother called as she started outdoors to play, "I wish you would go over to Mrs. Jones's for me, and see if she will do the washing tomorrow."

"Where's Florence? Can't she go, mother?" objected Marjorie, stopping in the doorway.

"Florence has gone to the store," replied her mother. "You know where Mrs. Jones lives, don't you?"

"But, mother, the girls are waiting for me to play. Can't Florence go when she comes back?"

"Why, Marjorie, Florence will be too tired when she gets back," said her mother reprovingly. "It is a long way to the store, and it is nearly dinner time. So get your hat and I'll have a note ready for you to take."

"I don't see why Florence can't go as well as I. I never have any time to play," said Marjorie, poutingly.

"Well, girlie, don't go then. I do not want my little girl to go if she feels that way about it," the tired mother responded.

Marjorie stood there a moment thinking. How tired and ill mother looked! Poor little mother, always so patient and uncomplaining. A sense of regret filled her, and she stood irresolute, but then—

"Marjorie! Marjorie!" called the girls, "aren't you coming?"

"Yes, I'll be right there," and she flew to join the children in the garden.

Marjorie was only nine years old, and as she had always been a rather frail child, she had been indulged by her parents more than the other children; so when she refused to do anything, Florence, three years older, usually did it. So it was this time.

Florence returning from the store a half hour later dropped wearily into a chair exclaiming, "Oh! I'm tired. I went down town. You see I couldn't get the kind of cloth you wanted at Benson's."

"That is too bad, Florence; and I was going to ask you to go over and see Mrs. Jones about the washing; but if you are too tired, we will let it go. I think I can do part of it myself."

"Dear mother," cried Florence impulsively, "you won't do any such thing! I'll go right away. I'm not so very tired after all."

Mother's tired eyes brightened and her step seemed lighter as Florence hastened off the second time. How like Florence anyway! dear, helpful Florence, always to be depended on.

Time passed; the incident had been forgotten by all except Marjorie. Somehow it was always recurring in her mind. Her mother had not been well all summer, and was steadily becoming really ill. What the doctor said was the matter Marjorie could not understand, but any way it meant to her that mother would not be well again for a long time. How she wished she had done more for her! Marjorie grew

more thoughtful those days, and whenever the chance offered, she was ready to do the slightest little errand for her.

One night there was an anxious family in the home. Mother was decidedly worse. The nurse was kept busy, and another doctor was called. He shook his head, and Marjorie, standing fearful near the door of the sickroom, heard the doctor say, "There's only one chance in a hundred that she will live through the night."

Marjorie sped up to her room, and throwing herself upon the bed, gave way to a torrent of tears.

Mother—no mother? No, it couldn't be! It wasn't possible—that was all. Memories crowded thick and fast upon her. Why, O why hadn't she obeyed her? Why had she been so stubborn and selfish?

"O God," she prayed, "don't let mother die, don't, don't! I'll always do just as she wants me to, but don't let her die!"

It was too late. That night poor weary mother dropped into the peaceful slumber that knows no awakening. All her trials and cares were over. Nothing should fret or vex her more. Marjorie was almost crazed with grief. Through it all, "You might have saved her pain; you might have helped her," rang continually in her ears. Every one tried to comfort her; but always before her, her mother's eyes gazed sadly, reproachfully at her, as they had that day.

In time she became resigned, but never did she, for once, forget. She had learned her lesson. From that time, she became more quiet, more thoughtful, and kind to others.

GLADYS SHAW.

The Cross Sticks

I HAVE been living this past winter on the Colorado Desert near an old Indian spring close to the entrance of a big rocky gorge. Except far up in the cañon there are no trees near me. Only short shrubs, cacti, or low bushes grow out on the desert sands. And so, it is often quite difficult to find wood to burn in my little rock stove. Every day I must take my sack, just as the Indians do, and wander about over the desert floor searching for sticks. Sometimes my sack is full in a few minutes, but often I am gone half an hour or more. When I get home I turn my sack upside down to shake out the sticks, and almost every time I notice that before I get through I have trouble with some little sticks that get crosswise in my sack. They lodge themselves "square in the middle," and keep the other wood from getting out no matter how hard I shake my sack. Until I put my hand down among the thorny sticks and take the cross pieces out I can have no wood to burn.

Whenever I have this troublesome time with the wood I think how like those cross sticks are some people. They are always finding something to be crosswise about (when they can't have their own way), and they stop all sorts of good and happy times for others and get no benefits for themselves. One crosswise child in a family game can spoil the fun of all the other children, and one crosswise person in the home can make all the days go wrong.


So don't be a "cross stick." Try to find some way to be agreeable and join those who are trying to be happy.

EDMUND JAEGER.

WHEREVER are love and loyalty, great purposes and lofty souls, even though in a hovel, or a mine, there is fairyland.—*Kingsley*.

"All Things Common"*

C. C. CRISLER

F the apostolic church it is written: "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." Acts 4:32. With this spirit of unselfish devotion to a common cause, came spiritual power and the approval of Heaven.

Whatever may be the meaning of the words, "They had all things common,"—whether communism in the modern sense of the term, or simply a liberal support of all church activities,—it is evident from the context that individual rights of property were not wholly obliterated, even in the Jerusalem church shortly after Pentecost. The sin of Ananias was the practice of flagrant deception, rather than a refusal to give *all*; for Peter plainly said, "Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power?" Acts 5:4.

Commenting on the statement that they who believed "were together, and had all things common," Dr. John Kitto, in Volume VIII of his "Daily Bible Illustrations," says:—

"This statement we cannot suppose to mean . . . that they resigned all particular interest in the property they possessed; for some, we soon afterward find, sold such possessions as they had, that the proceeds might be disbursed to relieve the wants of the poorer brethren, which they could not have done had they literally had *all things common* before. . . .

"In the time of our Saviour, the apostles held their money in a common stock, Judas being their treasurer. . . . Yet, even in our Lord's days, the apostles themselves did not relinquish all their private property. The Galilean fishermen did not sell their most valuable possessions—their boats, but still had them, and used them, after our Lord's resurrection. It appears also that John possessed some property which he retained, and which enabled him to offer a home to the mother of Jesus.

"It is clear, indeed, that our Lord did not command the apostles to give up their property into a common stock; and it is equally clear that the apostles themselves did not enjoin it; for we shall presently hear Peter asking one who had dealt perversely in this matter, 'Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power?' Acts 5:4. It was therefore an entirely voluntary act throughout, and by no means imposed upon the new converts, or extracted from them, by the apostles. . . .

"It was a mode naturally suggested by the exigencies of the infant church, of applying those principles of brotherly love, and of self-suppression, which the Lord himself had constantly inculcated." The necessity of supplying those in need in the Jerusalem church, after Pentecost, "was too great for the richer brethren to be able to meet it from their income merely, and therefore they sold so much personal property or real estate (for *both* are specified) as was requisite to supply the wants of the destitute brethren, and brought the proceeds to the apostles, that they might make distribution 'as every man had need.'"

Further: "The need to be met was instant and special, and such as did not exist afterward among the churches formed among the heathen, where, consequently, we find nothing of this practice mentioned by the apostles in their epistles. On the contrary, the practice there enjoined is, that every one should lay aside week by week, 'as the Lord had prospered him,' some portion of his earnings for the poorer brethren; and it was expected that he would contribute liberally, according to his means, to the collections made on special emergencies."—Pages 29-31.

Teaching and Healing

Among the legends preserved from ancient times, there is one concerning a correspondence which the Christians of Edessa allege took place between Jesus of Nazareth and their king Abgar while Christ was

teaching and healing in Palestine. According to this naïve romance (see Eusebius, H. E., i, 13), the king of Edessa, severely ill, wrote thus to the Great Teacher and Healer:—

"Abgar, toparch of Edessa, to Jesus the excellent Saviour, who has appeared in the country of Jerusalem; greeting. I have heard of thee and of thy cures, performed without medicine or herb. For, it is said, thou makest the blind to see, and the lame to walk; thou cleansest lepers, thou expellest unclean spirits and demons, thou healest those afflicted with lingering diseases, and thou raisest the dead. Now, as I have heard all this about thee, I have concluded that one of two things must be true: either thou art God, and, having descended from heaven, doest these things, or else thou art a son of God by what thou doest. I write to thee, therefore, to ask thee to come and cure the disease from which I am suffering. For I have heard that the Jews murmur against thee, and devise evil against thee. Now, I have a very small, yet excellent city, which is large enough for both of us."

It was believed by the people of Edessa that Jesus answered their king, thus:—

"Blessed art thou for having believed in me without seeing me. For it is written concerning me that those who have seen me will not believe in me, while they who have not seen me will believe and be saved. But as to thy request that I should come to thee, I must fulfil here all things for which I have been sent, and, after fulfilling them, be taken up again to Him who sent me. Yet after I am taken up, I will send thee one of my disciples to cure thy disease and give life to thee and thine."

According to the legend, this promise was in due time literally fulfilled through the coming of the apostle Thaddæus to Edessa. King Abgar, having confessed his faith, was freed from disease by the laying on of hands, "without medicine or herbs." "And Abdus, the son of Abdus, was also cured by him."

However this may have been, it is plain from the narrative of Luke that the spread of the gospel in the days of the apostles was advanced in no small measure by the restoration of men and women to health and strength. The record reads:—

"By the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people; . . . inasmuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them. There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed every one." As a result, the name of Jesus was magnified, "and believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women." Acts 5:12-16.

Stickability

A MAN in his walk saw a stonemason, who was trying to break a large stone with what seemed to be a very small hammer. "You never can do it," said the man. "Shure, sor, tho'ts all you know about breaking stones," replied Pat, as he hammered away industriously. After hundreds of these strokes there came a slight crack. A few more blows and the great stone fell apart. "Now," asked the Irishman, "would your honor tell me which one of these blows it was that broke the stone?" "Why, the last one, to be sure," said the man. "There you're wrong, sor," said Pat, "it was the first blow and the last blow and all the middle ones, sor." Verily, keeping at it all the time does the work, and is likely to solve even the most complicated problems. "Stickability" is first cousin to fortitude.—*Selected*.

*Illustrative of the Sabbath school lessons for Aug. 12 and 19, 1916, on "The Experience of Ananias and Sapphira" (Acts 4:32 to 5:11) and "Prison Doors Opened" (Acts 5:12-28).

Nature Study

Shamming

SHAMMING seems not to be confined to human beings, for various animals have shown themselves to be adepts at the deceitful art. The latest illustration of special interest is the case of battle horses. "French army veterinarians have found from close observation that certain horses fall most unaccountably ill when in bombarded regions. They lie down and seem too weak and nervous to move, or else they go lame. When they are sent back to the veterinary camp in the rear in a day or two they are all right. This happened in so many cases that it has become a matter beyond dispute that the animals sham sickness to get away from a spot where they have to do strange work under strange conditions and where constantly horrible things make terrifying noises."

One veterinary who has trained race horses says that blooded horses have been known frequently to sham lameness or to start coughing in order to avoid being taken out to practice.

How Coconuts Grow

WHY do coconuts have "eyes"? This, say the naturalists, is the reason: Coconuts generally grow at the edge of seas or rivers, and a good many of the nuts as they become ripe fall into the water. The nuts are covered with a thick husk, which has a water-proof covering, so that they will float. As they float, the three eyes, which are all at one end of the nut, are always on top.

Once in the water, nature goes to work. From one of the eyes there comes a shoot that sends forth broad leaves that act as sails. The wind catches these sails and wafts the coconut on a journey that may be many miles long. As it sails, the other two eyes send out roots, which at first grow among the fibers of the woody husk.

In time the coconut is swept on another shore, perhaps on another island. The roots embed themselves in the soft earth, the sail becomes the trunk, and very shortly a thrifty coconut palm is growing where none grew before.—*Youth's Companion*.

Doves of War

NINETY thousand homing pigeons, birds, by training, qualified to perform the arduous task of keeping open the lines of communication between the various forces of the United States Army in Mexico and on the Mexican border, should war be declared, have been offered the government by the members of the American Racing Pigeon Union, of which the Greater Pittsburgh center is one of the strongest branches.

The homing pigeon is being used with marked success in the European war. Belgium has reduced the flying of homing pigeons to as near an art as can be done. The Allies are sending to the front automobile trucks equipped with lofts for the homers. Aviators fly out over and in the rear of the German lines, gather the information desired, write it, and fasten it to the leg of a homer and then set the bird loose. A homing

pigeon is a high flyer. He usually travels 3,000 feet above ground.

John L. Carney, secretary of the Pittsburgh center, said that there are 10,000 homers, owned by the three hundred members of the center, which have been offered the government. They represent in money anywhere from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000. The ninety thousand birds offered by the national body are worth from \$450,000 to \$9,000,000. The offer of the pigeon owners carries with it the services of experienced trainers and loft builders. The Pittsburgh birds hold every world's long-distance record except the 1,000-mile, which is held in Fort Wayne, Indiana. These records include the longest of all, 1,325 miles, from Denver, Colorado, to Pittsburgh.—*The Washington Post*.

Aluminum — the Baby Metal

CERTAIN metals, such as iron, gold, silver, brass, and tin, have been known to man practically as long as man himself has existed. But aluminum has not been known to the world for even a century, and yet it is more abundant, indeed, than iron, for it constitutes about eight per cent of the earth's crust. It is the basic metal of all clays and enters into the composition of nearly all rocks. "Ruby-jeweled," we say of a watch if we wish to affirm that the watch is a good one; yet we might almost as well say "aluminum-jeweled," for the ruby and the sapphire are practically nothing more than aluminum and oxygen.

Notwithstanding the widespread distribution of aluminum mentioned above, there are but three minerals which deserve to be classed as ores of aluminum—bauxite, cryolite, and corundum. Of these, bauxite ranks first in importance, because it can be refined more readily than either of the others. It is found principally in the southern parts of France, in Georgia, Tennessee, and Arkansas. In composition it is a hydrated oxide of aluminum, having as impurities, silica, oxide of iron, and titanitic acid.

Though aluminum is very abundant, no one suspected its presence until about one hundred years ago. The first suggestion that clay and many rocks of similar formation depend upon some metal as their base, was advanced in 1808 by Sir Humphrey Davy, and proved to be correct in 1828 by Prof. Friedrich Wöhler, of Germany. Professor Wöhler first isolated aluminum by decomposing aluminum chloride by potassium, and obtained it in the form of a powder. Later, in 1845, he obtained small malleable globules. Wöhler's process was improved upon by a French chemist, Deville, and the first almost pure metal was placed upon the market at ninety dollars a pound. By repeated experiments the Deville process was improved and amplified and new processes developed, until in 1886 the price of aluminum had dropped to about nine dollars a pound.

As to the modern processes of refining and manufacture, I shall quote largely from a book published by a concern interested in the distribution of aluminum products. Having reviewed the history of the metal up to 1886, the book says:—

"Then came a revolution in the art of producing the metal. So far, all the processes were chemical and decidedly expensive. It was about this time that the wonderful development of the dynamos had for the first time in the history of the world made electricity actually cheap. Experimenters then turned to elec-

trolysis, rather than to chemical action and reaction, to free the aluminum from its bonds.

"In 1886 Charles M. Wall, of Oberlin, Ohio, discovered a process of reducing aluminum from alumina by electrical means which combine the principles of the electric furnace and the electrolytic bath. This process put aluminum on a commercial basis for the first time.

"The steps in the process employed to bring aluminum from the ore bed to the market are about as follows: Bauxite from Arkansas is taken for refining to East St. Louis, where a peculiarity in the metallurgy of aluminum determines the first step. With the ores of most other metals it is necessary simply to concentrate and separate the true ore from the gangue by mechanical means which take advantage of the different densities of the two parts. The ores are then smelted and the impurities worked out by various methods of refining. In the case of aluminum the ore must be carefully refined before smelting. In refining the bauxite, advantage is taken of the fact that alumina (oxide of aluminum) forms with soda a compound called sodium aluminate, which is soluble in water. The impurities, iron oxide and titanitic acid, are insoluble and silica is nearly so. The sodium aluminate is formed either by roasting the bauxite with carbonate of soda (known as soda ash) or by digesting with caustic soda in a vessel under pressure. In either case sodium aluminate is formed, and is separated from the impurities by filtration and by washing the residue with hop water.

"The sodium aluminate solution is decomposed by two methods, the alumina being thrown out of solution as a hydrate. In the Bayer process the solution is decomposed by agitating in the presence of some fresh precipitated hydrate. The spirit liquor is drawn off, and is used to take up a fresh quantity of alumina. Another method of decomposition employs the injection of carbonic acid, which forms carbonate of soda and aluminum hydrate. The hydrate is then carefully washed to free it from soda salts.

"When apparently dry, the aluminum hydrate contains thirty-four per cent water chemically combined, which must be removed before the ore is ready for reduction. At East St. Louis, Illinois, the hydrate is, therefore, placed in furnaces where it is subjected for forty-eight hours to heat gradually increased to two thousand degrees Fahrenheit. The removal of the water from the hydrate leaves it alumina as it comes from the furnaces. This alumina looks like a white powder. It is placed in bags and is taken to Niagara Falls, New York, Massena, New York, or Shawenegan Falls, Quebec, where it is subjected to the Hall process of reduction. This process employs a double fluoride bath." In other words, cryolite is melted by the action of an electric current, and in this condition takes the ore into solution in somewhat the same manner that water dissolves sugar. The reduced metal collects at the bottom of the reduction pot and is tapped off and cast into ingots, or pig aluminum. After the "pig" is melted and recast, aluminum is ready for the market.

The weight of aluminum is about one third that of iron or tin, about three tenths that of copper, one fourth that of silver, and but little more than one eighth that of gold.

In point of malleability, gold alone precedes aluminum, and aluminum can be hammered into leaf nearly as thin as gold leaf.

Aluminum ranks three times as high as iron with respect to heat conductivity. It stands first in specific heat, and will store up more heat and retain it longer than will any other metal.

In the commercial market aluminum has been an exception to the laws of economies—the supply has created the demand. Its uses are already manifold. Steel companies use it in casting steel, because of its deoxidizing powers, to attract or absorb gases from the molten metal. An ounce of aluminum will free from gases a ton of steel. An enormous quantity of aluminum is now used in the manufacture of automobiles. Electric and traction companies use it extensively in form of wires, cables, cars, and fixtures in coaches of trains. Soap manufacturers, manufacturers of paraffine and cooking oils, and breweries, use great pans and pipes of aluminum. Kodaks and typewriters nowadays have many aluminum parts.

Most of the armies of Europe now use aluminum utensils. The German soldier carries no metal other than aluminum, except in his weapons. He marches on shoes pegged with aluminum, buttons his coat with aluminum buttons, and drinks from an aluminum flask.

Aluminum is found in thousands of homes, sanitariums, and hospitals, in the form of cooking utensils, and bids fair to displace all other materials for nearly every purpose in the kitchen. Its lightness, heat conductivity, beauty, and sanitary qualities make it especially adapted to such use.

So, although aluminum is practically the youngest of metals, it is already displacing the older ones in many places, and may one day be the commonest of them.

R. M. COSSENTINE.

A Unique Submarine Feat

THE "Deutschland," a German submarine boat, left Germany on June 23, and arrived at Baltimore, Maryland, on July 9. The submarine had a cargo of one thousand tons of dyestuffs and medicines for United States firms. The boat is three hundred feet long, carried a crew of twenty-nine men, and traveled over four thousand miles, successfully evading French and British warships.

The U boat was sighted by one of these vessels when about six hundred miles from our shores. The enemy ship gave chase for nearly two days, but as the U boat quickly submerged, changed her course, and came to the surface nearly one hundred and fifty miles out of her course, and after dark, she was lost sight of and so escaped unharmed.

The plucky vessel was under water while passing through the North Sea and other places where the ships of England and France were endeavoring to blockade German ports. About eighteen hundred miles of the passage were made while the vessel was submerged.

This is the only submarine feat accomplished since the war began that is without regrettable features.

The U boat was really an unarmed vessel, the first of a series it is claimed that Germany has fitted out and started on peaceful commercial interests across the ocean.

GOD is the light which, never seen itself, makes all things visible, and clothes itself in colors. Thine eye feels not its ray, but thine heart feels its warmth.—*Richter.*

For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to the Questions found in the "Instructor" of July 4

1. GREENLAND is an island.
2. Robert E. Peary in 1892 proved this to be true.
3. Eric the Red and his band gave Greenland its name, hoping that an attractive name would draw colonists.
4. Most of the country is buried under eternal snow and ice.
5. The Humboldt Glacier, which is in the north-western part.
6. Iceland was colonized about the middle of the ninth century.
7. It was colonized by pagan Norsemen, who chose exile from Norway rather than accept Christianity as adopted by the Norwegians in the reign of King Olaf; but in the year 1000 A. D. Christianity was adopted by the Icelandic government as the religion of the country.
8. Iceland's first organized form of government was that of a republic.
9. The republic lasted something over three hundred years.
10. Denmark conquered Norway, and then in 1380 extended its sway over Iceland.
11. This fatal blow at national independence seemed to paralyze the spirit of the people, their old institutions having been suppressed and their commerce having been transferred to foreign vessels.
12. In 1874 the millennial anniversary of Iceland was celebrated with great pomp. The king of Denmark visited the island in person. Dr. Isaac I. Hayes and Bayard Taylor, representatives of the American Press, were present during the ceremonies, which included a national procession from the capital to Thingvalla, where in the old volcanic amphitheater a session of the ancient *athing* was held in imitation of the sittings of that body in the Middle Ages.

Questions for the Finding-Out Club

1. WHAT is the difference between petroleum and kerosene?
2. From what is gasoline made?
3. From what is naphtha made?
4. From what is ammonia made?
5. What is the difference between benzene and gasoline?
6. From what are most of our beautiful dyes made?

Conundrums

WHY is a sedan chair like the world?—Because it is between two poles.

Why is the map of Turkey like a frying pan?—Because it has Greece (grease) at the bottom of it.

What soap is hardest?—Castile (cast steel).

What word has only three syllables and combines in it twenty-six letters?—Alphabet.

Why is U the gayest letter in the alphabet?—Because it is always in fun.

Why is O the most charitable letter in the alphabet?—Because it is found oftener than any other letter in doing good.

Why is a farmer surprised at the letter G?—Because it converts oats into goats.

If you asked the alphabet to come to dinner, which letters could not accept your kind invitation till later in the evening?—The last six, as they couldn't come till after T.

When did Chicago begin with a "C" and end with an "e"?—Chicago always began with a "C" and end always began with an "e."

Why is A like twelve o'clock?—It is the middle of day.—*Exchange*.

Reporting

WHEN looking for instruction, guidance, or examples along almost any line, we can always turn to God's Word with perfect assurance that we shall find therein reliable information. In reporting the Christian work we have endeavored to do, God has left us a perfect example. The very first chapter is the Lord's report of creation. The order and definite way in which it is given are noticeable. Our God is a God of order, and therefore would have us do all things in order. Mal. 3:16 reads: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord." "All these things happened unto them for ensamples [or types]: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." 1 Cor. 10:11.

If Moses had not reported, we should have no account of the bondage, deliverance, wanderings, and final entrance into the Promised Land, nor should we have known the circumstances concerning the giving of the law. If the prophets of the Old Testament had not made a report of the work which the Lord wrought through them, we today would not have known anything of the Old Testament history and prophecies concerning things down to the end of time.

Perhaps the most pertinent illustration of the point in question is found in the New Testament, the four Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, being a report of our Lord's life and work on this earth. The book of Acts is a wonderful record of the labors, trials, temptations, and victories of the apostles and the early church.

Why report? Some say, "I don't do very much;" another says, "I forget about it;" another says, "I don't like to boast of what I do." Various excuses are offered; but when we fail to report, do we not rob God of the glory due him? He is the one that permits us to work, and opens the way for us. Therefore we ought to give him the glory due his holy name.

When Paul came to Jerusalem after his labor, he saluted the brethren, and declared particularly what things God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry. And when the people heard his report, they glorified God. See Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and Thessalonians. Reports given in the same spirit that Paul gave his, will bring glory to God and encourage the hearts of the brethren.

Reporting rests with the individual. We are enlisted in the army of Christ, and therefore are required to report. What would the army of the world amount to if the soldiers did not report? As soldiers of the cross, remember that our reports may lead others to glorify God. If records are kept in heaven by the angels, we cannot but be right in following their example. We are blessed with a good assortment of tracts and papers with which to do missionary work. Let us therefore be faithful, not only in working but in reporting our work. MRS. G. M. KAUFFMAN.



Wasn't He Just Like Jesus?

WHILE the French were occupying North America, and just before the great struggle between them and the English troops, Indian visitors (that is, North American Indians) to the small outlying French forts were not infrequent. The Indians always liked their French invaders better than the English, and made many friendships with the rough soldiery, which at times proved lifelong.

Early one morning a small party of Indians visited Quebec in order to trade with the white men. They had brought a number of skins for barter,—squirrel skins, black, gray, and brown, wolf and bear skins, and the pretty glossy fur of the dreaded wolverine, besides the valuable beaver. They were quite in full-dress costume, with buckskin breeches, and below these, leather leggings and moccasins, prettily ornamented. A few bright-colored feathers were stuck here and there amidst their long black locks, and some gayly stained porcupine quills edged the primitive leggings.

As they entered the fort, just within the big gates, a saucy drummer boy saw them coming, and began to make fun of them to some comrades. As they came closer, he ran up to the tallest Indian of the party, and struck him on the face so severely with his drumstick as to draw blood. Naturally, such an act excited great indignation, even among the rough soldiers around, and the French officer in command had the drummer boy arrested immediately, and to satisfy the wounded feelings of the Indians, ordered the young scapegrace to receive a sound whipping.

Some of you will say, "Served him just right!" I agree with you, for it was a cowardly act for Master Louis Le Jeune to have committed.

The boy was brought out to receive his punishment. All the troops were ordered to parade, and in the center the Indians were invited to stand and witness the chastisement about to be inflicted.

Wahita, the Indian brave whose face was scarred by Louis's blow, raised his hand as he witnessed them proceeding, and inquired:—

"What will you do with the lad?"

"Punish him," replied the officer in command.

"For wounding me?" pointing to the injured cheek.

"Certainly," answered the French captain. "He had no right to strike you, or offer you any insult; he must suffer for it now."

The Indian saw the French officer was in earnest, and that they were actually stripping and preparing to flog the young beater of drums. He immediately begged he might be pardoned, saying,—

"The white boy is too young to know he has done evil."

"Not one whit too young to obey orders," said his chief, "and those are to respect every Indian who enters this fort, and not to wantonly injure any man."

Wahita, seeing his remonstrance was useless, and that the soldiers continued their preparations to punish

Louis, who was watching them with a terrified expression, suddenly stripped himself of his blanket, and threw it over the boy, crying to the man who stood ready to flog him,—

"I will bear it! Scourge me, if you choose, but do not strike the boy!"

Then he stood, with his head bent, arms folded, and his bare shoulders offered to the striker. A low murmur of admiration at this generous offer ran round the spectators, and young Louis, at this unexpected kindness, lost his self-control; his lips began to quiver, and the big tears began to gather in his eyes. He looked from Wahita to the captain, hardly knowing how the Indian's strange request would be taken.

Touched to the heart himself, the French officer made a sign to the soldiers to fall out, and to the one in charge of Louis to unbind him.

Turning sternly to the lad, who was now thoroughly broken down, he said:—

"Lad, you have escaped the punishment you richly deserved. A savage and a heathen has shown you a splendid example of generosity and kindness which I, for one, have never seen equaled. Be sure you profit by it."

Louis thus escaped; but the events of after years, stirring though they were, never effaced the memory of that noble Indian's forgiveness, and willingness to suffer for his enemy's sake.

My little boy, who listened to this story before I wrote it out for you, leans over my shoulder and whispers in my ear,—

"Mother, wasn't he just like Jesus?"

As I answer "Yes" I begin to think it all out for you, and I seem to see again the meek and lowly Saviour stricken, smitten, and suffering, for your sins and mine. I see him "wounded for our transgressions," with cruel marks of nails upon his hands and feet, spear thrust in his side, and thorn pricks on his brow. I know your hand and mine helped to plant those wound marks there: yet I heard him plead,—

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

And then, knowing that God's justice must be satisfied, and some one suffer for the sin, I see him baring his own "back to the smiters" willingly and crying,—

"Spare that poor sinner! Let me suffer instead."

The robe of his own righteousness he casts around the poor trembling sinner, and not only offers to bear pain and shame for his enemy's sake, but actually lays down his life for the sinner. Is it not enough to melt any one's heart? Surely yes!

You, who have been so long an "enemy of God," may today rejoice in the thought that Jesus has taken your position; Jesus has died for you.

Won't you thank him? Won't you give yourself to him in thankfulness for his great mercy and kindness?—*The Silent Evangel.*



Our Influence

(Texts for August 13 to 19)

ALL around us are souls needing words of comfort. If we are despondent, we influence others to be the same; if fretful and ill-tempered, we make others the same. "Grievous words stir up anger." If we are happy and cheerful, we tend to brighten others' lives; if kind, others want to be. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." It is said that the English skylark and thrush have been transported to Australia, where their gleeful songs have incited the silent native birds to sing. This contains a suggestion. The world wants nothing so much as the incitement of noble examples. If we sing, we may be sure that answering strains will come.

It is a terrible thought that every act and word of our lives is leaving its indelible impress somewhere. What we have written is written, never to be effaced. There is no trace of a ship through the ocean, nor of a bird through the air, but the trail of every man who lives, or ever has lived, is marked to the eye of the all-seeing God from the cradle to the grave. Every act is like the prehistoric footprint in the stone. It is written, said, done forever. When we retire at night, our day's work is not done; it is only really begun. It is never done. When we close our eyes in the embrace of death, our life work is not yet finished. Our works do follow us, to bless or to curse. Our influence goes on. "It knows no nights, and keeps no Sabbaths." That hasty word spoken is still poisoning some life; that unkind act, though forgotten, is still at work depressing some soul. On the other hand, that act of kindness or word of encouragement is exerting its helpful influence still.

The power of influence is a terrible power. It clings to us; it is born with us, and it grows and strengthens as the years pass by. Our sphere may be limited, yet we have influence. It speaks, moves, lives in every look of the eye, in every word of the lips, in every act of life. So long as we live we exert an influence. "None of us liveth to himself." If we die, even this has its influence—"no man dieth to himself." We may be like Abel whose righteousness still speaks though he is dead; or like Achan, who though dead perished not alone in his iniquity.

The influence of the past is beyond recall, and cannot be changed. But the future is still ours, to make impressions upon the lives of others; to create aspirations for holiness, greed for gain, or love for selfish, empty honor; in short, to wield an influence for God or the powers of darkness.

In order that the influence of the life may be right, the heart must be right, for out of the heart "are the issues of life." What is in the heart will be revealed in outward acts. The brook does not need to plan all its lovely curves, its dancing ripples, its pleasant songs, as it flows over its stony bed; the drinks it gives to thirsty passers-by, the contributions it makes to the mill wheel and the great river and the ocean. The brook merely flows on, and the rest takes care of itself.

Do you wish to have it said at life's close that you have lived a noble life; that your influence has been right? I believe you do. Let me direct your mind to the words of the aged and venerable seer of Babylon: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

To lend our life's influence to such a work as this is to make life a success. It is to the imperishable heavens that the Lord directs us in order to behold the reward prepared for those who have lived to help others. Millions of these celestial orbs, suns and systems, all circling the throne of the eternal, shine in the firmament. We are overpowered with the immensity of space filled with these vast globes. We cannot describe it. We stumble among sublimities. We, like the dumb, can only point at that which we see. It is to these starry worlds which fill our Creator's empire that the Lord bids us look, to see the reward of a life of noble, Christian influence.

G. B. THOMPSON.

MEDITATION.—The subject this week means so much to me. I cannot decide what my influence shall be. I do not know how my life affects those about me. I do not know how others are interpreting my acts, my words, my moods. But when I try to live just as my Saviour would have me, I can confidently ask him to use my influence for his glory and for the good of others. Christians are the light of the world, therefore my influence should help others to see more clearly the right way. Christians are the salt of the earth, therefore my influence should make others thirst for the living waters. I cannot make the most of life unless I make the most of my influence; so I want God to cleanse my heart from all selfishness and to control my life in every detail.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let us unitedly pray for young people who should enter school. All young people who can should obtain a Christian education for service. "He is a Christian," says "Christian Education," "who aims to reach the highest attainments for the purpose of doing others good." All do not realize the importance of being trained in our schools; let us pray that they may awaken to their need, their responsibility, their opportunity, their privilege, and strive to obtain a Christian education.

M. E.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending August 19

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 United States in Prophecy

1. "Another Beast." Rev. 13: 11.
 - a. "Had two horns like a lamb."
 - b. "Spake as a dragon."
 - c. Exercises great power. Verse 12.
 - d. Deceives men. Verse 14, first part.
2. "An Image to the Beast." Verse 14, last part.
 - a. Receives life and power. Verse 15.
3. The Mark of the Beast. Verses 16, 17.
4. Victory. Rev. 14: 1-3; 15: 2.

NOTE.—The helps given below are from the new "Bible Readings for the Home Circle," pp. 270-276. Those having this book will find other helpful material there for the

preparation of this study. See also "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation," pp. 527-579.

Suggestive Helps

THE DEADLY WOUND.—This wound was inflicted upon the papal head of this beast when the French, in 1798, entered Rome, and took the Pope prisoner, and for a time, it seemed, abolished the Papacy. But in 1800 another Pope was placed upon the papal throne, and the deadly wound began to be healed. Temporal dominion was taken away from the Papacy in 1870, but its power and influence among the nations have been increasing since then nevertheless. "In that year," says Mr. Guinness in his work "Romanism and the Reformation," p. 156, "the Papacy assumed the highest exaltation to which it could aspire, that of infallibility." To such a position of influence over the nations is the Papacy finally to attain that just before her complete overthrow and destruction she will say, "I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow." Rev. 18:7. See Isa. 47:7-15; Rev. 17:18.

ANOTHER BEAST.—The previous beast came up out of the "sea," which indicates its rise among the peoples and nations of the world then in existence (Rev. 17:15); while this one comes up out of the "earth." This would indicate that the latter beast would arise where there had not before been "peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues." In 1798, when the papal power received its deadly wound, the government of the United States, located in the Western continent, was the only great and independent nation then coming into prominence in territory not previously occupied by peoples, multitudes, and nations. Only nine years preceding this (1789), the United States adopted its national Constitution.

To what extent the United States has "come up" since its rise as a nation may be seen from the following facts: The conceded domain of the United States, in 1776, at the time of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, was only half a million square miles; in 1913 its area, including all of its possessions, amounted to 3,742,155 square miles. Its population then was only three million; now it is over one hundred million. Its total wealth is now estimated to be \$130,000,000,000, making it the richest nation in the world; its commerce is world-wide; and as a military power it has for years been ranked among the "great powers" of the world.

TWO HORNS LIKE A LAMB.—How appropriately these lamblike features represent this youthful nation, [the first to be] founded on the great Christian principles of civil and religious freedom. The two horns may well symbolize these two fundamental principles of the United States government.

SPEAKS AS A DRAGON.—The voice of the dragon is the voice of intolerance and persecution. This indicates that this nation, which for over a century has stood as a beacon light of liberty to all the world, will repudiate its mild and lamblike professions of civil and religious liberty, and become a persecuting power. This is why, in Rev. 19:20, it is called the "false prophet." Though, as Bancroft says, "chief heir of the Reformation in its purest form," it will repudiate Reformation principles.

EXERCISES GREAT POWER.—The "first beast before him" (papal Rome) exercised the power of persecuting and putting to death all who differed from it in religious matters. The only way the earth can be made to worship is by causing work to cease on it through voluntary or enforced rest, or Sabbath keeping. "For

as long as she [the land] lay desolate she kept sabbath." 2 Chron. 36:21. Enforced Sunday observance is evidently implied here.

AN IMAGE TO THE BEAST.—The beast "which had the wound by a sword, and did live," is the Papacy. That was a church clothed with the civil power. In other words, it was a union of church and state, and enforced its religious dogmas by the civil power, under pain of confiscation of goods, imprisonment, and death. An image to this beast would be another ecclesiastical organization clothed with civil power—another union of church and state—to enforce religious dogmas by law.

Large and influential organizations, such as the National Reform Association, the International Reform Bureau, the Lord's Day Alliance of the United States, and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, have been formed, by professed Protestants, and for years have been persistently working to that end. Many Roman Catholic societies recently formed in the United States, such as the Knights of Columbus and the American Federation of Catholic Societies, are looking to a like end—that of making America Catholic.

The movement to close the post offices in the United States on Sunday by law was inaugurated by the Lord's Day Alliance of the United States, a Protestant organization. A national law closing all first- and second-class post offices on Sunday was secured Aug. 24, 1912.

The following resolution was adopted by the Boston Archdiocesan Federation of Catholic Societies:—

"We are unalterably opposed to any relaxation of the Sunday laws. Sunday is a day of rest to be devoted to the praise and service of God. We hold the safest public policy at present is to adhere to the rigid observance of the laws now safeguarding the sanctity of the Lord's day."—*Boston Pilot*, official organ of Cardinal O'Connell, March 16, 1912.

The Bible Year

Assignment for August 13 to 19

August 13: Habakkuk. Odadiah.
August 14: Ezekiel 1 to 3.
August 15: Ezekiel 4 to 6.
August 16: Ezekiel 7 to 9.
August 17: Ezekiel 10 to 13.
August 18: Ezekiel 14 to 16.
August 19: Ezekiel 17 to 19.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for August 10.

With Our Missionary Volunteers Everywhere

NEW MEXICO has organized a conference Missionary Volunteer Society with sixteen members.

Brother Henriques has organized a Standard of Attainment class in the church at Port of Spain, Trinidad.

Sixty sets of Junior and Senior Reading Course books were sold on the Massachusetts camp ground. On the Colorado camp ground fifty-five sets were sold.

The Oklahoma City Missionary Volunteer Society is planning to use one hundred *Signs of the Times* every month for distribution and then to follow up that work with regular correspondence. Several of the young people there have decided to sell our magazines this summer to earn a scholarship. One thousand copies of the Present Truth Series are being scattered in the city every month by the society. What our Young

People's Missionary Volunteer Societies need is leaders who have a heart to work for the Saviour, and this is what that society has.

Four hundred Morning Watch Calendars were sold on the Wisconsin camp ground. If you haven't a Morning Watch Calendar for 1916, get one. The texts for even one week are worth more than the price. Send five cents to your tract society for a calendar.



VIII — Prison Doors Opened

(August 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 5:12-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

Questions

1. What was wrought by the Spirit through the apostles? Where did the believers meet for worship? Acts 5:12.
2. What did some not dare to do? What is said of the people? Verse 13. Note 1.
3. How many were added to the Lord? Verse 14.
4. What was done for those who were sick? Verse 15.
5. Who were brought to Jerusalem? How many were healed? Verse 16.
6. How did the work done by the Holy Spirit affect the priests? Verse 17. Note 2.
7. What was the essential difference in belief between the Sadducees and Pharisees? Note 3. Why did the Sadducees oppose Jesus? Note 4.
8. What did these men do to the apostles? Verse 18.
9. Who visited them during the night? How were they released? Verse 19.
10. What were the apostles told to do? Verse 20.
11. What had men commanded them? Acts 4:18. Note 5.
12. Which did the apostles obey? For whom did the council send when its members assembled? Acts 5:21. Note 6.
13. What did the officers find at the prison? Verse 22.
14. What report did they bring back to the council? Verse 23.
15. How did the priests feel when they heard what had been done? Verse 24.
16. What message was then brought? Verse 25.
17. What was done with the apostles? Why were they not treated roughly? Verse 26. Note 7.
18. What question was asked them? What did the priests say the apostles had done? Of what did they further accuse them? Verse 28. Note 8.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. Tell how our work is like that of the apostles.
2. What preparation do we need before we shall be ready for persecution as they were?

Notes

1. Some did not join the disciples and confess Jesus. By the experience of Ananias and Sapphira they saw that hypocrites were known, and they feared punishment. The priests had before agreed that if any believed in Jesus they should be put out of the synagogue (John 9:22), and through fear of men some held back.
2. The priests became more and more obstinate. "It was not that they could not yield; they could, but would not. It was not alone because they were guilty and deserving of death, not alone because they had put to death the Son of God, that they were cut off from salvation; it was because they armed themselves with opposition to God. . . . Every day, in their refusal to repent, the Jewish leaders took up their rebellion afresh, preparing to reap that which they had sown."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 61, 62.
3. "The Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel, nor spirit." Acts 23:8. "The higher priests belonged to this sect, which, though small, was very worldly and of great influence."—*International Bible Dictionary*.
4. "The priests and rulers saw that Christ was extolled above them. As the Sadducees, who did not believe in a resurrection, heard the apostles declaring that Christ had risen from the dead, they were enraged, realizing that if the

apostles were allowed to preach a risen Saviour, and to work miracles in his name, . . . the sect of the Sadducees would soon become extinct."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 78.

5. God "showed them plainly that there is a ruler above man, whose authority must be respected. The Lord sent his angel by night to open the prison doors."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. V, p. 713. The rulers said, "Speak not at all." The messenger of the Lord said, "Go, stand and speak."

6. "The priests and rulers had decided to fix upon the disciples the charge of insurrection, to accuse them of murdering Ananias and Sapphira, and of conspiring to deprive the priests of their authority. They hoped so to excite the mob that it would take the matter in hand, and deal with the disciples as it had dealt with Jesus."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 80.

7. "Although the apostles were miraculously delivered from prison, they were not saved from examination and punishment. Christ had said when he was with them, 'Take heed to yourselves: for they shall deliver you up to councils.' By sending an angel to deliver them, God had given them a token of his love, and an assurance of his presence. It was now their part to suffer for the sake of the One whose gospel they were preaching."—*Id.*, p. 81.

8. The Jews were so enraged when they were accused of the death of Jesus that they determined to put the apostles to death also. "Those Jewish leaders were hypocrites; they loved the praise of men more than they loved God. Their hearts had become so hardened that the most mighty works wrought by the apostles only enraged them. . . . The apostles boldly declared that they ought to obey God rather than men."—*Early Writings*, p. 195.

Why He Could Give

"A MERCHANT of St. Petersburg at his own cost supported several native missionaries in India, and gave liberally to the cause of Christ at home. On being asked how he could afford to do it, he replied:—

"'Before my conversion, when I served the world and self, I did it on a grand scale and at the most lavish expense. And when God, by his grace, called me out of darkness, I resolved that Christ and his cause should have more than I had ever spent for the world. And as to giving so much, it is God who enables me to do it; for at my conversion I solemnly promised that I would give to his cause a fixed proportion of all that my business brought in to me, and every year since I made that promise it has brought me in about double what it did the year before, so that I easily can, as I do, double my gifts for his service.' And so good old John Bunyan tells us,—

"A man there was, some called him mad,
The more he gave, the more he had."

And there are truth and instruction in the inscription on the Italian tombstone, 'What I gave away I saved, what I spent I used, what I kept I lost.' 'Giving to the Lord,' says another, 'is but transporting our goods to a higher floor.' And, says Dr. Barrow, 'In defiance of all the torture and malice and might of the world, the liberal man will ever be rich, for God's providence is his estate, God's wisdom and power his defense, God's love and favor his reward, and God's word his security.'

"Moody's address to the graduates at Northfield once consisted of these two words: 'Consecrate and Concentrate,' and he added a motto that he saw in England:—

"Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
As long as ever you can."

It is a shame for a rich Christian to be like a Christmas box, that receives all, and out of which nothing can be got till it is broken in pieces.—*John Hall, D. D.*

The Youth's Instructor

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"A JEST, unduly pushed, becomes no jest.
 Remember always, too far east is west."

Steadfast

A CHINESE boy in Singapore had arranged to be baptized just after he was graduated. But he won a scholarship of \$500 a year for four years in Hongkong University, and one of the conditions was that the student be a Confucianist. The youth was poor and the temptation was great to say nothing and defer his baptism until he had finished his course. But, finally, he stood at the altar for Christian baptism at the appointed time.

The youth who stood next in rank was a Confucianist, but he was so much impressed by his friend's decision, that he said, "If Christianity is worth so much to my classmate, it can be worth no less to me. I will be a Christian."

And he also refused the scholarship and was baptized.—*Epworth Herald*.

"Make Me Stop Me"

A LITTLE fellow who cried easily over slight injuries and grievances was told that he was getting too big to cry about little things; that he was becoming a regular cry baby. One day after this remonstrance when the boy was working energetically at his usual pastime, he instantly stopped crying. What he had been told about his being too large to cry came to his mind and his tears were dissipated. So pleased was he at the sudden dryness that he rushed to his mother and said, "Mother, I don't need to cry! I can make me stop me."

The youthful weeper had discovered the power of self-control, the power of me to stop me. Revelations of such power always inspire and strengthen, while evidences of a lack of self-control cause discouragement and failure.

The power of me to control or stop me is the basis of correct character building. If the me is allowed to do its own bidding without direction, the result is very likely to be wilfulness, degeneracy, and criminality. If the me is directed and controlled by the higher self, strength and beauty of character result.

Human self-control alone produces human beauty; but when humanity submissively appeals to divinity to control and direct the life, a beauty of soul lightened

by divinity itself results. The Christian's effort at self-control is but the soul's prayer to Heaven, "Establish thou the beauty of the Lord our God upon us;" and its answer always brings a grace and sweetness, a strength and poise of character, that exceed any manifestations of mere human or worldly beauty.

As young people, then, let us cultivate the habit of self-control. Let us find out that we can "make me stop me," and let us attain to that perfect control possible only through Him who is altogether lovely. Then shall heaven's beauty be ours.

On Having and Being Friends

THE president of one of the largest banks of New York City told the writer that after he had served for several years as an office boy in the bank over which he now presides, the then president called him into his office one day and said, "I want you to come into my office and be with me." The young man replied, "But what do you want me to do?" "Never mind that," said the president; "you will learn about that soon. I just want you to be in here with me." "That was the most memorable moment of my life," said the great banker. "Being with that man made me all that I am today."

Cyril Bailey, a popular tutor at Oxford, was asked his object as a teacher of English schoolboys. He answered thoughtfully: "I don't know that I have any object. I just like to be with these students. I get a whole lot from being with them, and I hope that they get something from being with me."

Did you ever think of what it means simply to be with the right kind of people? No one is useless, according to Robert Louis Stevenson, so long as he has a friend. Try to imagine what the disciples received by being with Jesus. Are we true friends to our friends? Do they come to us in their sorrows, and depend upon us to share their joys? A famous man once wrote to a man in trouble: "I thought you considered me your friend. And you have not asked me to share your sorrow. I could at least come and be near you in your trial."—*The Christian Herald*.

Get Them Now

READING COURSE DAY comes during week ending September 2. The society programs for that week refer to the Reading Course books for material. The books should be obtained *at once* for the society library.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT.

Peace

ABOVE the din of cannon's roar
 A "still small voice" we hear,
 Proclaiming peace to troubled hearts,
 In whispered tones, but clear.

Our Lord was calm amid the storm;
 His comrades were afraid:
 He said, "Be still," to troubled waves,
 And promptly they obeyed.

Sometimes we cry, as did those men,
 "We perish, dost thou care?"
 And in our agony of soul
 We're almost in despair.

But quickly Jesus' name we take
 In every vexing hour,
 And all our trials smaller grow
 Before its mighty power.

BURTON CASTLE.