THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 34



These are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Herboltzheimer, our missionaries in Yokohama, Japan. The children delight in wearing the Japanese dress and clogs, as the picture shows. They understand English, but prefer to speak the Japanese language. Sometime we hope to see them out as missionaries doing work for Christ their Saviour. The father and mother are nurses, and come in contact with many people. They hold Bible readings in their home and teach the present truth to the natives. I spoke here twice on Sabbath to the Christians and those who were not yet Christians. They are much interested in the truths of the third angel's message. May God raise up many more young people to take the burden of carrying the gospel to this heathen land!



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY died in Indianapolis, Indiana, on July 22, at the age of sixty-nine.

During the first six months of 1915 the Review and Herald Publishing Association sold 264,913 tracts; during the corresponding months in 1916 there have been sold 563,924.

The government's safety-first train, carrying exhibits illustrating the life and property saving devices used by the government, has entered upon a tour of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and Union Pacific railroad systems. During the tour of the Baltimore & Ohio system more than a third of a million persons viewed the exhibits.

THE Yukon Territory Legislature recently passed a bill for a referendum election on prohibition in Yukon Territory, to be held not later than September 1, next. The bill prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicants of all kinds. If it passes, only intoxicants for medicinal and mechanical purposes will be permitted to enter the territory.

For the first time in the history of the world, so far as known, a meeting has been conducted by telephone, as if the participants were in the same city and hall, though some of them were three thousand miles away. It was a meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and several sections met in different cities, motions being put in one, seconded in another, and voted for in all. Dr. J. J. Carty, who presided, received the following night the Franklin Medal in recognition of his achievements in telephony.

Child Marriage

More than four hundred Christian Chinese in this country and Canada have appealed to the Christian people of these countries to urge their missionaries in China to help discourage the harmful practice of child marriage. They give the following reasons for their appeal:—

"1. The practice of child marriage has caused race

degeneracy and economic ruin.

"2. It has been proved conclusively by accurate tests and reliable statistics that the offspring of more mature marriages have the following advantage: Better memory, greater mental power, increased bodily strength, greater expectation of life, greater height and weight, greater power of physical endurance, greater resistance to disease, and an extension of the child-bearing period of life.

"3. These advantages will increase general efficiency and consequently the wage-earning capacity, and will thus remove the cause of much vice, crime, misery,

and poverty.

"4. When a man postpones his marriage one or two years, he gains that much time in which to prepare for the responsibility of parenthood by acquiring more education, experience, or wealth. Being thus prepared, he will be better able to educate his children and provide for the needs of his family. He gains that much time also for the development of his own body and mind, so as to be able to produce brighter and stronger children.

"5. The need of charity will greatly decrease if our people do not marry younger than customary in Christian countries, or postpone matrimony till able to maintain a family.

"6. This practice will be abolished sooner than most people expect, and rapid improvement of conditions will follow, if friends of China will help through their missionaries, as there are 117,600 foreign missionaries and other Christian workers in China today who will be glad to help and who have more or less influence over fifty or sixty millions of our people."

Household Suggestions from Here and There

Rugs and mats may not be beaten or shaken in Chicago in any place where dust from them will pass into occupied premises, the reason being that such dust is frequently laden with disease bacilli. It is not ungenerous for one voluntarily to refrain from forcing dust and disease germs upon others by careless shaking of rugs and carpets. Law should not be necessary for one's protection in such a case.

"My husband," says one woman, "has made me a little article which I have found most convenient, and which saves me a great deal of work. It is a small platform mounted on casters. On it I keep my coalscuttle. When I sweep the kitchen, instead of having to stoop and lift the heavy scuttle out of my way, I simply give the platform a shove with my foot, and presto! Then, when I mop up the floor, I find it very convenient for holding the pail of water, for I do not have to lift it from place to place. This little platform is easily made, and requires only a small board and four casters."

When I make out my shopping list, I use the face of an envelope. Any samples of lace, ribbon, or material I slip into this envelope, and my samples are never lost or scattered through the small parcels in my bag.

Quilting is quite the fad again, and heirlooms are proudly displayed on the four-poster beds now so much in vogue. For those who are struggling to learn the art so familiar to our grandmothers the suggestion of a practical aunt may be helpful. For the filling, get Shaker flannel. A quilt is for only a light cover, anyway; and the cloth filling not only facilitates the quilting, but simplifies the laundering, as it eliminates the possibility that any cotton will collect in bunches.

French knots are so extensively used in embroidery that I was interested to learn from a Florida tourist a quick way of making them. Take a stitch as though you were starting outline stitch, but before pulling the needle through throw the left-hand thread around the point of the needle one way and the thread at the other end of the needle around it in the opposite direction. Then when the needle is pulled through, you have a knot which will always stand up. With a little practice they can be made very rapidly.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 22, 1916

No. 34

When to Love

FOLKS need a lot of loving in the morning;
The day is all before, with cares beset—
The cares we know, and those that give no warning;
For love is God's own antidote for fret.

Folks need a heap of loving at the noontime, In the battle lull, the moment snatched from strife, Halfway between the waking and the croon-time, While bickering and worriment are rife. Folks hunger so for loving at the nighttime, When wearily they take them home to rest, At slumber-song and turning-out-the-light time; Of all the times for loving, that's the best!

Folks want a lot of loving every minute,
The sympathy of others and their smile!
Till life's end, from the moment they begin it,
Folks need a lot of loving all the while.

— Strickland Gillilan, in the Ladies' Home Journal,

On the Boundless Deep - No. 5

The Parting of the Ways

MRS. C. M. SNOW

of the ship. When we reassemble on deck, some of our former mates are missing. One of these, a Greek woman named Anastasia Erokommoupoulos, was detained unwillingly for theft committed in San Francisco. Thus retribution follows even across the sea.

A tall young man remained at Honolulu to spend five or six months in perfecting the various wireless stations on the islands; for Hawaii gets the world's news simultaneously with the cities of the mainland. He seemed extremely young for such a task, but is

apparently qualified, as his father is one of the chief directors and instructors in this science.

One family of three discontinued their voyage here. This left Ivanilla the only girl on board the ship. They brought with them their automobile, and were to spend a delightful time touring on and among the islands. We almost envied them.

Others from our number are on shore to wave farewell. Among these, to our

regret, stands one of our special party of five, a young man from Australia. While en route to America, he formed the acquaintance of Elder Fulton and his family. Through them he first learned of the truth, and was baptized in America. On this voyage, with Elder Fulton as cabin mate, he was diligently studying the truth, to teach it to the folks at home.

Through him we were learning, too, of our new home by object lesson,— the different names applied to articles, of their customs and their monetary systems, so that when we reached there we might seem to the manner born, and escape the perplexed looks of others and our own chagrin when we or they talked of things of which the other had never heard. For instance, before we enjoyed the dining-room very well, he offered to bring on deck a plate of biscuit. We anticipated the light, crispy food so tempting to the capricious appetite. When we saw the sweetened crackers, the desire uppermost was to pitch them overboard. In Australia, crackers are firecrackers

only, and these are never demanded — on the Fourth of July. Our biscuit are their scones. A pie with no upper crust is a tart; a little tin pail is a billy; a spool of thread, a reel of cotton; a chemise, a singlet; yarn is wool; a davenport, an ottoman; a cart or gig, a jinker; a field or pasture, a paddock; a merchant, a draper; and a store, a shop.

We looked forward to continuing these lessons during the weeks to come. But at Honolulu word was received that caused our tutor to hasten on board just before the gangplank was withdrawn, remove his luggage, and bid us an indefinite good-by, as he was

to take the next boat back

to America.

At the last moment the jolly chief kitchenman is seen coming up the plank. Round and merry, with a circumference about equaling his height, and almost no neck or other figure lines, he is bedecked with innumerable wreaths and laises of every kind, length, and color. One encircles his hat. Some are of fluted yellow paper, and many are made of flowers, one being a beautiful combination of



WAIKIKI BEACH

white pond lilies, maidenhair fern, and rosebuds. Arrayed thus, he makes a fantastic picture of merriment and good nature. A halt is called, kodaks are leveled, and many pictures are made of this striking figure.

The anchor is hoisted, and out we sail from the deep-water lagoon, through the natural coral piers. Young swimmers are again in evidence, clad in the briefest of trunks and chattering like magpies. Their rivalry for possession of the coins tossed overboard is energetic and accompanied by shrieks of laughter. The winner rises to the surface with the money in his mouth for safe-keeping. It is surprising how many pieces the champion's mouth can hold.

We see again the famous Waikiki Beach, with its magnificent ocean front stretching in graceful curves for miles, until stopped by the bold crags of Diamond Head. Waikiki Beach is a safe place for bathers—no undertow, sea puss, or sharks. The outer coral reef protects from these dangers. It is said that in no other country in the world can such delightful surf

bathing be enjoyed, and both sexes become exceedingly expert in the water. As swimmers they are noted, and count in their ranks the champion swimmers of the world. Even the wee toddlers play in the surf, and then run about on the sand while old Sol dries their few dripping garments. They are not overburdened with raiment at any time.

On entering port we had scarcely noticed, amid the many things to be seen, the forest of masts that crowd the harbor. Almost every variety of craft lies at anchor here. The beautiful Stars and Stripes floats out to the breeze from an armored cruiser. The Union Jack waves proudly; and the kaiser's flag also is seen, as two German ships are interned here. There are the full-rigged ship and the barkentine, and among these larger vessels, puffing launches make a great deal of apparently unnecessary noise. White-sailed yachts skim the water noiselessly, like overgrown swans, and the swift-going picturesque native boats with their curved outriggers flit here and there.

We remain at the rail, looking backward, until

associate together for several weeks—acquaintance that often develops into lifelong friendship. We have a quiet and respectable company of fellow travelers.

Any formality or restraint that might otherwise exist is dissipated by the occasional appearance on deck of nine or ten merrymaking passengers. They generally remain in the lower part of the ship, and come up only one or two at a time. When they do favor us with their presence, their vivacious conversation, singing, whistling, and laughter are infectious and mirth-provoking.

One of them was unable to speak or understand a word in any other language than Spanish when he embarked on this voyage. He learned our little daughter's middle name in the first lesson. When she tries to teach him to say Ivanilla, he will say, soft and low, "Jaunita." When she persists, he will shriek out the same word, and break into a peal of laughter and song. He betrays himself, too, by his changeable moods and volatile temper. Sometimes he responds to love words and caresses with winsome coos and



READY FOR A PLUNGE IN THE SURF

Honolulu, beautifully kneeling at the feet of its hills and mountains, is lost to view, when some one in the group exclaims, "Adieu, Honolulu, one of the happiest-appearing cities in the world."

Passengers on the "Sierra"

At no time is dirt noticeable anywhere on the ship. Every morning witnesses a grand cleaning up, and boys are about all day scrubbing the paint and shining the metal work. There are no cinders or smoke,—except tobacco smoke,—and there is no dust flying, even when the wind blows. But when we return from our six hours on shore, it can be noted with more senses than one that there has been an entire freshening up of staterooms, dining-rooms, every part of the good ship. Everything is spotless.

This morning the whole crew, from captain down to the careful and tidy man who sets one's cabin to rights, doffed their blue uniforms and appeared in immaculate white, which they will continue to wear until an appointed day during the last week of the voyage.

The regular motion of the ship no longer nauseates one, although it persisted in accompanying us on land, and proved very uncomfortable there, materially decreasing the enjoyment of our trip. We now drop into the pleasant routine of ship life.

Acquaintance is made easily and with little ceremony where a number of people are compelled to cuddles and dainty pecks with his bill. But beware! he is as fickle as Warburton weather. Notwithstanding, he is the favorite one of his party, and oftenest in demand by the audience.

American loyalty prompts us to mention first, and as most distinguished of the interesting people we meet on the "Sierra," the nephew of our honored President. We understand now that nationality is a stronger link to Americans away from home than is social rank. This brings to mind one amusing incident. When a table mate heard some one say that President Wilson's nephew was on board, he straightened himself with pride, and with wondrous dignity responded, "I am my father's son." He himself is a street fiddler. His companion is a thin-chested, sallow-faced lad, destroying himself as fast as possible by constant use of the cigarette and frequent trips to the bar. I think he must get up in the night to smoke. However early in the morning or late at night we see him, he is accompanied by the despicable cigarette.

Finally my desire to help him could not longer be silenced. Leading him to talk about himself, I learned that he has no ideals and no ambitions. Then, overcoming my scruples and fear of wounding his pride, I warned him of the deadening effects of the habit to which he is so addicted. Its dangers were pointed out as convincingly as I knew how. His response was that nothing could ever separate him from the cigarette

as long as he could get one to smoke—even if he knew that death would follow the next one. And, although apparently once a bright boy, he is getting to look the part of a cigarette fiend. I often think of the future of these two boys, so far from home and its influence—if they have any home. We chanced to be near when their trunk was examined by the inspector, and it was almost empty.

How I wished for copies of the TEMPERANCE IN-STRUCTOR. When at sea, people will read anything, and printed words are so much more effective, sink so much deeper, than those spoken. They cannot be

answered back.

Never could there be greater need of anti-tobacco lessons than in this assemblage. Two men, one a Scotchman, proud of his Gordon name and blood and of his position in the ranks, and the other a young Englishman, are never seen, except at the table, without their pipes. In fact, one can scarcely find a corner to escape cigar and cigarette smoke. The men think nothing of puffing the smoke into the ladies' faces. Lieutenant Gordon is very friendly with all, and some one asked him one day if he slept with his pipe in his mouth. He understands the entire mechanism of the ship, and is today taking all who dare venture, on a tour of inspection below.

One poor little mother draws on my sympathy. She left her home in Brisbane when but fourteen years old. The next year she married. Now at the age of twenty-four she is returning home with four boys. All but one are sickly, and she leaves in San Francisco the little graves of a son and her only daughter. Although the baby is five months old, it is so thin as almost to seem inhuman. The young mother knows less about the proper care of her children than does many a little girl who has tended only her dollies.

The father, who seems fond of his boys, smokes cigarettes all the time, and in play oftentimes blows the smoke directly into their faces and mouths. It makes my heart ache to see such ignorant cruelty. I talked with her about it, and she said she did wish he would give up smoking, it was such an expensive habit, and maybe, as I said, bad for her and the children. He had tried to give it up, she said, but couldn't.

The stewardess is much interested in present truth, and also in the temperance question. She is a well-informed woman, and asks many questions, and desires literature. We give her what we have, and promise more, praying that the Lord of the harvest will nourish the seed sown, and that it may bring forth an abundant fruitage.

Stephen's Preparedness*

In an illuminating chapter on the "Work and Martyrdom of St. Stephen," Dean Farrar writes:—

"We would fain know more of one who, in so brief a space of time, played a part so nobly wise. But it was with Stephen as it has been with myriads of others whose names have been written in the book of life; they have been unknown among men, or known only during one brief epoch, or for one great deed. For a moment, but for a moment only, the first martyr steps into the full light of history. Our insight into his greatness is derived almost solely from the record of a single speech and a single day—the last speech he ever uttered, the last day of his mortal life."—"The Life and Work of St. Paul," chap. 8, par. 2.

And yet there is sufficient in the narrative itself to give inspiration and courage to every follower of Jesus who desires to make a real success of the Christian life. "It was the faith of Stephen, together with his loving energy and blameless sanctity, which led to the choice of him as one of the seven."— Id., par. 3. And every observant reader of Luke's stirring words concerning Stephen must be impressed with the thought that his wonderful success as a witness for God in a time of grave crisis, came as the result of conscientious and thorough preparation through a series of busy years. Not because of some mere accidental circumstance was a deacon rather than an apostle chosen to withstand the Hellenistic debaters who sought by cunning argument to undermine confidence in the teachings of the apostles concerning Jesus. In the language of Lowell: -

"The man's whole life preludes the single deed That shall decide if his inheritance Be with the sifted few of matchless breed Or with the unmotived herd that only sleep and feed."

Thus it was with Stephen: his entire lifetime was one continuous preparation for his supreme hour of

opportunity.

An English writer has observed that when some great leader "comes suddenly to the front, and shows that he has the very qualities which the occasion needs, it will always be found that he has been preparing himself,- unconsciously, perhaps, but really,- for years, by the careful discipline of daily labor, for the work which is now so successfully performed by him. While others were asleep, he was at his toil; and by the study of many earnest months, perhaps also by the labor of many midnight hours, he has been laying up that reserve supply, on which at the moment of necessity he has been able to draw. Thus, though the revelation of his ability may have been sudden, the growth of it has been gradual; and because in times of quiet and safety he kept up the discipline of work, the crisis which swept others into oblivion only floated him into fame." - The Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, in "The Parables of Our Saviour," chap. 11, par. 11.

When, in the great war still in progress, the Central Powers struck at the very heart of France in a supreme effort to capture Verdun, the Allied armies were placed under the command of one who but a few brief months before was merely a colonel, altogether unknown to fame, and about to retire from active service. Whence came success to General Petain, while others have failed? Contemporary prints describe him as an officer who has long been faithful in little things; today he is proving faithful over much.

This secret of success — diligent faithfulness in the doing of that which must needs be done during long years of preparation — has been expressed thus by Dr. J. R. Miller in his "Summer Gathering for Winter's

Need," pp. 28, 14, 15:-

"The soldier cannot learn the art of war after the battle has opened. If he has not been diligent in the days allotted him for instruction and for discipline, he cannot stand before his foes when the conflict opens. Losing yesterday's opportunity for training, we cannot

meet today's stern struggle."

"We are not living in a world of chance; this is our Father's world. There is no doubt, therefore, that in the wise providence of God there come to every one in youth opportunities which if properly improved will prepare for noble, beautiful, and successful life in the mature days." A true and wise use of these opportunities, "whether they come in the sunshine of comfort and ease, or in circumstances of

^{*} Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for Sept. 2, 1916, on "Deacons Appointed; Arrest of Stephen" (Acts 6: 1-15).

poverty and hardship, will fit one for whatever of task or struggle may fall to one's lot in the after-days. God has a plan for every life, and that plan takes in the life's training and preparation as well as its work and service. There is always opportunity, too, for just the preparation that is needed for the mission which is God's thought and plan for the life."

As in worldly attainment, so in spiritual progress. The doing with diligence of that which comes to hand from day to day, brings spiritual power. To quote once more from Dr. Taylor's exposition of the parables: "If in our daily life we seek to form and maintain, by the help of the Holy Spirit and through faith in Christ, a holy character, then, when the testing hour comes, we shall be able to stand. But if we have been satisfying ourselves with a merely nominal Christianity, and have not endeavored to carry out in every respect the principles of the gospel, then the crisis of sudden temptation or unexpected trial will only reveal our weakness, and we shall be proved to be none of Christ's.

"The daily work of the blacksmith not only leaves, as its results, the articles which that day he has made, but adds also a certain deposit to the strength of his arm and the skill in his craft, which he has in store for the undertaking of something else. So, every time we perform a duty out of regard to Christ, the soul is made thereby so much the stronger for something else; and every time we overcome a temptation through

faith in Christ, the soul is made so much the mightier for the resistance of the next assault. The daily life of the man who meets every duty as something to be done for Jesus, and bears every trial as something to be borne for Jesus, has its result not only in the doing of these duties, and the bearing of these trials, but also in the deposit of reserve force which is left thereby in his character for future emergencies."

"'Watch ye therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.' . . . In a very important sense, the Son of man is coming to us every hour of every day. Each new hour brings new duties and responsibilities. . . . The last one we had, laid some new obligation on us. It brought some work to be done, or some evil to be resisted, or some privilege to be improved. Have we risen to the occasion? If we have, then we have brought out of it some reserve force of character, on which afterwards we may draw; but if we have not, then we have come out of it weaker than we were before we entered it.

"Thus, whether we will confess it to ourselves or not, there is a constant process going on within us, either of invigoration or of deterioration; and, if we meet Christ continually as he comes to us in the common duties of a common day, we shall not be dismayed at last when he comes in state with the flaming outriders of his majesty."—Chap. 11, pars. 12, 13.

C. C. CRISLER.

George Muller - No. 1

ERNEST LLOYD

NE Saturday night in November, 1825, a disreputable young man entered a little devotional meeting held in the house of a Christian merchant in the town of Halle, Germany. He was accompanied by a friend, who, reasonably, had misgivings about introducing him to such a gathering, the young man being an ardent seeker after pleasure, careless, indifferent, sinful, one who might be expected to find no enjoyment in the society of Christian people. At the card table or in the ballroom or the theater he would be at home, but not in a prayer meeting. However, by a singular fancy, he had expressed a wish to go, and the friend had consented to take him.

The kindly reception at once won his sympathy: "Come as often as you please; house and heart are open to you!" The small company sang a hymn; and then one of the number fell upon his knees and asked a blessing upon the meeting. This was quite a new experience to the visitor, and made a very deep impression upon him. He had never seen any one on his knees in prayer. Then a chapter out of the Bible and a printed sermon were read, and another hymn and prayer brought the meeting to a close. It was a very quiet, simple gathering, but the work of conviction was done, - and more. From that moment this godless young man resolved to be a Christian. "All my former pleasures are as nothing in comparison with this evening," Müller told his companion as they walked home. It was the simple act of prayer that brought about the change.

A sinful youth, the young man's career up to this time had not only been marked by idle pleasure, but by dissipation and dishonesty. Born in the town of Kroppenstedt, Prussia, Sept. 27, 1805, George Müller had very early given himself up to a course of sin.

His father, who was the collector of the excise, seems to have made the mistake of allowing the boy too much money to spend, considering his age—not in order that he might spend it, but to accustom him to possess money without spending it. The principle had an opposite effect altogether. It led him into many sins. He repeatedly spent a part of the money in a childish way, and afterward, he declares, when his father looked over his little treasures, sought to deceive him in making up the accounts, either by not putting down all the money which had been given him, or by professing to have more in hand than was the case. The deceit was found out, however, and the boy punished; but without any good effect.

Before he was ten years old, he frequently stole the government money in his father's keeping. The father on one occasion found some missing money in one of the shoes George was wearing. Again he was punished, the only result being to set him thinking how he could do the thing more cleverly next time.

When between ten and eleven years of age, he was sent to a classical school at Halberstadt, there to be prepared for the university, his father's desire being that his son should become a clergyman. His time was now spent partly in study, partly in novel reading, and partly in sinful practices. Such was his way of life until his fourteenth year, when his mother was removed by death. While she lay dying, George Müller, unaware of her sickness, was card playing till two in the morning, and on the next day he went with some of his companions to a tavern, and afterward roamed through the streets half intoxicated.

The bereavement made no lasting impression upon his mind. In fact, he went from bad to worse. Even when he came to be "confirmed" in the spring of 1820, he actually defrauded the clergyman by handing

him only a twelfth part of the fee which his father had given him as an offering. His time until midsummer, 1821, though spent partly in study, was largely taken up in playing the piano and guitar, reading novels, and frequenting taverns. His money was often spent on pleasure, so that once, to satisfy his hunger, he stole a piece of coarse bread, the allowance of a soldier.

In 1821 he robbed his father still more by giving people receipts for different sums which were owing, at the same time leading his parent to understand that the money had never been paid. In November of the same year, at the age of sixteen, he set off, without permission, on an excursion to Magdeburg, where he "spent six days in much sin;" and next proceeded to Brunswick, staying at an expensive hotel, where he passed a week in extravagant living, and barely escaped arrest when his trickery was found out. His best clothes had to be left as security, and with this he was allowed to go.

He now proceeded to Wolfenbüttel, where he again

put up at an inn, and, still without money, lived in fine style. In trying to run away, however, he was arrested, and taken between two soldiers to a police officer, who ordered him to jail.

In Prison

After a few days he made the discovery that a thief was occupying the adjoining cell, and so far as a thick wooden partition would allow, the two conversed together. Eventually, by Müller's request, the governor of the jail permitted the thief to share his cell. They passed their time in relating their adventures, and, says Mr. Müller, "I was by this time so wicked that I was not satisfied with relating things of which I had been really guilty, but I even in-

vented stories to show him what a famous fellow I was. After about ten or twelve days, my fellow prisoner and I disagreed, and thus we two wretched beings, to increase our wretchedness, spent day after day without conversing together."

Müller remained in jail for over three weeks, by which time his father had consented to pay the bill at the inn and the prison charges. For a time the experience through which he had passed and the chastisement his father administered when he arrived home were not without some good effect. In October, 1822, he was sent to a school at Nordhausen, where he studied with such diligence that he was held up as an example to his class. But he still lived "secretly in much sin," in consequence of which he was taken ill, and for thirteen weeks was confined to his room. At this time he had about three hundred books of his own, but no Bible!

While at Nordhausen he was guilty of some deceit which cost him the good opinion of the principal of the school, which he had done so much to gain by his devotion to study. In consequence of his dissipation, he had contracted debts which he had no means of discharging. One day, after having received a sum of money from his father, and having purposely shown it to some of his companions, he feigned that it had been stolen.

He then ran into the principal's room, with his coat off, and appearing greatly frightened at what had happened, declared that he had been robbed of his money. As he had anticipated, he was greatly pitied, and some friends gave him as much money as he pretended he had lost. The circumstance also afforded him ground upon which to ask his creditors for further leniency. But the principal guessed the truth, though he could never prove anything.

In 1825, George Müller became a member of the Halle university. One day, while in a tavern with some fellow students, he saw among them one of his former schoolfellows named Beta, whom he had known at Halberstadt, but whom at the time he had despised because he was quiet and serious. Müller soon became the close friend of Beta; while Beta, in a moment of weakness, acquiesced in the friendship of a very bad companion.

In August of this same year, Müller and his new friend, with two other students, drove about the country on pleasure for four days, defraying the expenses by pledging some of their belongings. This merely tended to whet their appetite for a more extended expedition, and a trip to Switzerland was suggested.

Says Mr. Müller, "The obstacles in the way — the want of money and the want of passports — were removed by me. For, through forged letters from our parents, we procured passports; and through pledging all we could, particularly our books, we obtained as much money as we thought would be enough."

The truants traveled for forty-three days, almost always on foot. "I was on the journey like Judas," we find Mr. Müller confessing, "for, having the common purse, I was a thief. I managed so that the journey cost me but two thirds of what it cost my friends!" Upon arriving home, he told many lies in order to satisfy his father concerning the traveling expenses, and succeeded in deceiving him.

deceiving him.

Thus had George Müller spent his life up to the time when he was led to the little prayer meeting already mentioned, which resulted in his conversion. Beta was the friend with whom he went to meeting.



GEORGE MULLER

The Moorish Palace

Don't get into the Moorish Palace, whatever you do! I saw it years ago in one of our parks. It had a small grottolike entrance into which we were invited by placards announcing its wonders and beauties, but once inside there were only mirrors, and whichever way you turned, you saw only yourself. You looked in one direction and you had grown tall and thin, in another short and wide. Your face expanded or lengthened in the most astonishing way. Every way you turned there were grotesque representations of yourself. In every direction the mirrors lured and deceived you, promising exits where there were none, only bringing the bewildered wanderer face to face with some other distorted reflection of himself — always himself.

There are people who spend their lives in the Moorish Palace. Whichever way they turn they see nothing but self, and soon it grows to be an exaggerated and distorted self. They see it made little by fancied slights, and they are resentful. They see it grow into importance by some success, and their pride is gratified. Even when they think they are working for God, it is self that always slips into the foreground.— Kate W. Hamilton, in "The Queen's Garden."

The Pearl of Great Price

ORVA L. ICE

E live in an age of hustle and bustle. Impatience sits a queen and is no widow. Her fretful lash drives her victims racing through life, toiling, crowding, rushing; always pursuing,

but never gaining; always learning, but never coming to the knowledge of; eager to gain the reward, but unwilling to pay the price. "Can't wait," "Hurry," and "Haven't time" are characteristic expressions of the century. Modern inventions, monstrous buildings, are thrown together, and everything is made "to sell." Short cuts and abridged methods are everywhere in demand. Makeshifts and screens are used to cover up ignorance. The bitter is sugar-coated, the rough is veneered, and things are not what they seem. The great lack of the present is, and of the future will be, the neglect of the past. "Do you know," said a young authoress to Wordsworth, "I spent only six hours on that poem?" "I would have spent six weeks," the great man replied.

The pearl of this life is success, and that pearl is bought with a price. A life's superstructure that stands as a success is not placed upon a day's foundation. Fifty feet of the Bunker Hill Monument is under ground, unseen and obscured, but it is this foundation, this unseen, unthought-of substructure that enables the giant pillar of granite to stand. Great opportunities and extraordinary occasions are meaningless and valueless to that life that has not had the preliminary education. A large part of every successful life must be spent in laying the foundation stones, and it was the wise man that built his house upon a rock. Forty years of such preparation gave the world a Moses.

Every success has been bought and paid for. But the price is great — above rubies. It is the sign of a rugged way, and few there be that find it. Opportunities come and are seized by some, and a great success is achieved. Such things seem fortuitous, and Dame Fortune seems to smile upon her elect.

Saul goes out in search of his father's asses, and returns a king. The "forty-niners" returned from California rich men," and the idler sits by and calls it all "luck." This is the fuel that feeds the fires of impatience and unrest in this age when many run to and fro and knowledge is increased. Mossless, barren stones roll from East to West. Voyages are made in quest of a golden fleece, pilgrimages in search of a mystic fountain of youth. Anything to win success without paying the price.

But success is the offspring of drudgery and perseverance. The great achievement that looks to the world as accidental, the mastery that seems to come overnight, the success that appears to be thrust upon men, are but the return and the result of paying the price—the ingathering that is the sequence of diligent cultivation. It was the man who was looking for goodly pearls that found the pearl of great price. Men may wake to find themselves famous, but it was the result of the work they did before going to sleep, and not the slumber, that gave the increase.

Many an extraordinary man has been made out of a very ordinary boy. The greatest rival to genius is indomitable perseverance,— the art of persistent hanging on and staying with one thing through shine and shade, through calm and cloud, and enduring the petty trials of the present with an eye fixed upon the reward of the future; the knack of seeing a thing through, not counting the cost, but enduring to the end for the

joy that is set before. Our great lights have not been men of genius so much as men who have been able to forget the hardships of the present, and who have considered a reward of the future not a thing to be despised. It was not genius that endured the cold of Valley Forge and paid the price of liberty at the battle of Yorktown. It was not genius that brought victory to the side of the North, and fought it out on one line if it took all winter and summer too. It is the constant dropping of the water that wears away the stones of difficulty and makes molehills of the mountains of adversity.

"That's a brave man," said Wellington when he saw a soldier turn pale as he marched against a battery; "he knows his danger, and faces it." So Fortune smiles upon the persistent man who is brave enough to pay the price. Genius is not the prerequisite of success; but is generally the name applied to the finished product, to the man who through late hours and constant hammering has forged his way to the front, and paid the price of success. There is a period of rail-splitting before the Presidential chair. The Alps lie before Italy, and there is a cross before the crown.

The great test of character today stands not in the desire for success, nor does the virtue lie in the laurels won; but the true test of manhood is in the struggle for the prize. The great man is he who works and waits for his reward. Every man desires success. Many long for it more than for the hid treasure, but the great stone of stumbling is the price to be paid. They see the pearl and realize its unspeakable value, but the cross is greater than the crown. Many others long for success, but in their haste they ravage the sands of time, and the pearl of great price slips through their fingers. In their eagerness and enthusiasm and anxiety they rush in and on, trying this and that, double-minded and unstable in all their ways, and the great pearls of life are lost to them. Both of these classes know and realize the value of a successful life, but the measure of their character is their lack of courage and fortitude to win it for themselves.

The characters lifted up today are men who worked and endured, never realizing their reward until late in life. The giant oak that flourishes for a thousand years does not spring up in a single night. Its growth was hindered for months, perhaps years, while its strength was spent in sending its roots around some great rock in order to gain a hold that would keep it firm during the great storm of centuries to come. The greatest price ever paid was paid at Calvary, even Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross.

We get out of life what we put into it. If we sow nothing, we shall reap nothing. No harvest of success can be expected where there has been no seedtime of perseverance. Men are now in demand who have put the necessary material into the make-up of their lives, who have laid hold on the small things, every bit of knowledge, every opportunity, every occasion, however insignificant it may have seemed at the time, to mold them and forge them into a strong chain of experience, which in after-years marks them as minutemen of genius. Such men are educated, ready, firm, prepared; and when the opportunity comes, they are equal to the occasion, relying not upon what present knowledge they might be able to acquire, but upon the solid foundation that they have spent years in

laying. The army cannot stop to forage for its provender as it advances. If it does, the enemy reaches

the point of advantage first.

When opportunity knocks at the door, it does not find the great man asleep. He is ready for it. Was this preparation gained by hardships? They are forgotten now. By self-denial? It is nothing. By disappointment? All is eclipsed by the recognitions of the present. Adversity was the prosperity of the great. The road that leads to success is paved with years of self-denial and hard work, and the price must be paid. Ten virgins went out to meet the bridegroom. The bridegroom came. Five were prepared to meet him, five were unprepared. Five were wise, five were foolish. Ten men go out to look for opportunity. The opportunity comes. One is prepared, the nine others are the foolish virgins with no oil in their lamps, and the golden opportunity is lost in the darkness of past neglect.

The great need of this age is men who are willing to pay the price, - young men who will use difficulties and obstacles as stepping-stones to success; men whom God will train in his School of Necessities; men to carry this gospel to all the world in this generation; men for mission fields who are willing to turn from loved ones and friends, and in spite of clime or clan, to rescue souls, enticed by no immediate reward or gain, but hearing by faith a future "Well done" from

the lips of the Master.

God looks about in this Laodicean church for gold tried in the fire, for men who are denying present pleasure for future benefits, who will see the value of the pearl and not the great price. For the great reward is to the overcomer, and he that endures to the end shall be saved.

"Let us then be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait."

Accepting the Seventh-day Adventist Faith

My fourteenth summer found me an active member of the Jackson Avenue German Evangelical church in the quaint old city of New Orleans. While I had been christened and confirmed in this old church and my reverence for it compelled me to attend Sunday school and church regularly, still my religious convictions were not deeply rooted. Each Sunday we would go through the lesson in the same aimless way.

One day a change came. While listening to the lesson, which was on some phase of the life of Christ, I was impressed with the shallowness of my entire religious training. All that day I felt a deep sense of my unsatisfying religion and longed for something better. Toward evening I chanced to meet a saintly old lady who spoke to me about the things of God. As I was listening intently to her, a voice seemed to say to me, "Why don't you visit Walter this evening?" This I determined to do, and after finishing my conversation with the dear old lady, I started for the home of Walter, my old chum, whom I had not seen for some time.

A few moments after pulling the old-fashioned bell located in the rear of the house and connected by a wire which led to the gatepost, I had received a friendly greeting from Walter and his mother, and was comfortably seated on the front porch enjoying a pleasant chat with them.

Mrs. Davenport said, "Walter is a different boy now. He has given up theatergoing and parties; he has been baptized and is now a member of the church."

I was not at all surprised, for he always was religiously inclined, and often tried to tell me about the coming of the Lord and that Sunday was not the true Sabbath. One night after listening to his views, some time before, I had difficulty in suppressing the horrifying thoughts of the end of the world. Afterward I would not permit him to talk to me about such things. Now I was ready to listen to all he had to say. I requested him to tell me what he believed. He chose the subject of Christ's second coming. It not only interested me but frightened me as well, for I felt that I was unprepared to meet my Saviour. To Walter's delight, I promised to attend prayer meeting on the following Tuesday night.

On my way home some distance away, I felt very happy. I longed for Tuesday to come. At prayer meeting I enjoyed a feast. There I met a former public-school teacher. She introduced me to her sister, a Bible worker, who asked me if I would like to

take a course of Bible readings. "Yes, indeed," I replied.

I felt that such a thing would be unsafe at home, and so I visited her twice a week.

Two years before I had lost my mother, who was followed in a year by my father. I was then staying with my uncle and working as an office boy in the business district.

I had no Bible, but I did have a diamond stick pin which my eldest sister had given me. This I secretly

sold in order to buy a Bible.

For three weeks I attended the readings. Each lesson seemed to satisfy the longings of my heart. I was hungry for God's Word. During my journey home, I would have the sweetest assurances of God's care for me. At the end of the third week, I told Miss Frances Goodwynn, the Bible worker, that I wanted to keep the Sabbath. I realized what it would mean, but my convictions would not let me rest. The future looked dark, still I knew God would keep me. I told my aunt what I intended to do.

She said, "My boy, you are crazy."
My uncle remarked, "Do you realize that you will lose your job by this foolishness?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then I suppose you will give up Sunday school too?" he continued.

"To be sure," I replied. "Why should I keep a day that is not the Sabbath?"

In determined tones he said, "Remember, if you give up Sunday school, you cannot live with me any longer.'

I frankly told him that I had resolved to obey God's Word. When I told my employer, a Jew, of my intention and asked if I could have Saturday off, he laughed and said, "You are right in the day, but I cannot permit such a thing." The office force ridiculed me. I left the job.

When I came home the day after losing my job, I found my brother and my aunt's sister. They ridiculed me, and this woman told me that my mother in heaven was watching me with displeasure. No taunts or ridicule could change my belief; nevertheless I could bear it no longer. I pleaded with God for strength. He did help me, and after this I felt stronger. following Sabbath I went to church. It was a blessed day to me. When I returned home that night my uncle called to my mind his threat. I assured him that I realized the consequences, but that I was determined to obey my conscience regardless of the outcome.

Sunday I spent the day at the Bible worker's home. I did not go to Sunday school. That night I attended a meeting. In the testimony service, I related my experience and told them my decision.

After the meeting, the Bible worker promised to keep me until other arrangements could be made, and the next day, I moved my belongings to her home. It was a painful task, but God was with me. By this time my three sisters, one brother, and other relatives frequently visited me to scold and to ridicule. They finally decided to send me to a reform school. These were dark days. I had no peace with my relatives, and so I decided to leave the city.

After two weeks, I went to live in the country with an Adventist family. Here I continued to study the truth, and a short time afterward was baptized. My relatives, seeing my steadfast adherence to this truth, ceased to oppose me, but they still think I took a foolish step.

To my mind, this was the most important step in my life. And with God's help I shall always stand W. J. ECKERLE. for this blessed truth.

The Falling of the Stars



PROPHECY in the Scriptures foretells a falling of the stars as a sign of the end of the world. This marvelous display of celestial phenomenon occurred just before mid-

night of Nov. 12, 1833, and lasted until about 4 A. M.

of the following morning, November 13.

Many have objected to this as a sign of prophecy by stating that we have had many star showers, but they must admit that we have had none so bright, so universal, and so phenomenal in its character.

It is true that we have had other meteoric showers, but this does not detract from the prophecy in the least. The fact that one occurred at the time predicted is proof enough that the prophecy was fulfilled. Then, too, when we consider that the one that occurred in 1833 was more brilliant and universal than any other, also that it was so extraordinary and phenomenal as to excite more comment and fear than all others put together, so much so as to be known as "the falling of the stars," and not a star or meteoric shower. Thus we find that this particular shower stands out prominently in a setting by itself.

Before studying this particular star shower further, let us consider a few facts that astronomers have

given us in regard to these phenomena.

First, we find that the meteorites travel in regular orbits around the sun, and the showers become visible to us by the earth, in its orbit's intersecting the orbit of the meteorites. As the earth can meet the meteors only at the place where her orbit cuts their orbit, we have the showers occurring at regular intervals.

For instance, we have a shower appearing in the month of November with more or less regularity. These showers are called the Leonid showers, for they seem to radiate from or near the constellation Leo. Other showers occur at different times of the year with periods of various lengths. But as the one under consideration belongs to the group just mentioned, we will consider the Leonid showers

The Leonid showers all seem to diverge from a point in the constellation Leo. This point is called the radiant. The radiant is a mere point of perspective. The meteors are all moving in lines nearly parallel

when encountered by the earth, and the radiant is simply the perspective vanishing point of this system of parallels. This may be illustrated by standing between the rails of a railroad track and looking down the track. The rails will appear to come together in the distance although in reality they are parallel.

Although there have been other meteoric showers. this does not detract from the particular shower of November, 1833. There are facts recorded in regard to this shower that cause it to stand without a rival

among star showers.

In the first place it covered more territory; that is, it was seen from a larger portion of the earth's surface than any other, and was more brilliant. Pro-fessor Olmsted says of it: "Those who were so fortunate as to witness the exhibition of shooting stars on the morning of Nov. 13, 1833, probably saw the greatest display of celestial fireworks that has ever been since the creation of the world. . . . The extent of the shower of 1833 was such as to cover no inconsiderable part of the earth's surface, from the middle of the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west; and from the northern coast of South America to undefined regions among the British possessions on the north the exhibition was visible and everywhere presented nearly the same appearance."

It was seen in Europe, also, during the same month. One writer in Germany says, "The stars fell like a rain of fire; with them fell balls of fire, making the night so light that people thought that the heavens

near them must be on fire."

At the same time, in Australia there was a falling of the stars that covered a space of over five hundred square miles. It was described by some as like streams of fire coming down from heaven. Some called it a rain of fire. Horses were frightened by it and fell to the ground. Many people were made sick through

Thus we see that it had the same appearance and the same effect upon the people in Europe and other countries as it had in America.

The second distinguishing feature in regard to the shower of Nov. 13, 1833, was its wonderful phenomenal character. In proof of this I will state a few facts as recorded by eyewitnesses.

One of the most remarkable circumstances attending this display was, that the meteors all seemed to emanate from one and the same point, a little southeast of the zenith. Following the arch of the sky, they ran along with immense velocity, describing in some instances an arc of thirty or forty degrees in a few seconds. On an attentive inspection, it was seen that the meteors exhibited their distinct varieties. The first consisted of phosphoric lines, apparently described by a point; the second consisted of large fireballs that at intervals darted along the sky, leaving luminous trains, which occasionally remained in view for a number of minutes, and in some cases for half an hour or more; the third, consisted of undefined luminous bodies, which remained nearly stationary in the heavens for a considerable time.

Those of the first variety were the most numerous, and resembled a shower of fiery snow driven with inconceivable velocity. The second kind appeared more like falling stars,—a spectacle which was contemplated by certain beholders with great amazement and terror. They were sometimes of enormous size. One

(Concluded on page thirteen)



Her Name

CLAD in her little blue rompers, Dancing and skipping, she goes;
Curls in the wildest of tangles,
Cheeks like the heart of a rose;
Running and romping and shouting,
Laughing and all out of breath—
"Tell me your name, little lassie!"
Quickly she answers, "Just Beth." Trim in her 'broidered white apron, Patiently learning to sew;
Setting the stitches so neatly, Each after each, in a row;
Singing in sweet little snatches, Softly, just under her breath—
What is your name, little lady?"

"Now, it's Elizabeth."

- Grace Stone Field.

The Little Pilgrim

J. T. BOETTCHER

OST of the young people undoubtedly have read "Pilgrim's Progress." While I was in

the studio of a photographer, and saw an enlarged copy of the accompanying picture upon the wall. I was told that it represented the pilgrim in Bunyan's "Progress." The father of this little Japanese boy is a Christian. He dressed his little son so as to represent how the father when Christianity found him, and then took his picture. The pack on the little boy's back well represents heathenism. It is a heavy load to be borne. He does not know how to get rid of it.

The worship of the Japanese people reminds one very much of what we see in the Catholic Church. They have shrines to which they come and worship. Prominent among them is the shrine of the Goddess of Mercy, a large image made of wood. It is supposed to perform all kinds of cures. While I was visiting one of the temples

in Tokio, a woman stepped up to this shrine and first rubbed her hand against the image on the place corresponding to the sore spot on her own body, and then she rubbed the afflicted place on her body. In fact, as we watched her, she rubbed the image all over, touching the corresponding part of her body after touching every new part of the image. Another woman came and put her fingers where the eyes of the image are supposed to have been (the whole face was worn away so that neither eyes, ears, nor nose remained), then she put her fingers on the eyes of a little boy who was standing by

her side. We felt very sorry for these poor people, who are not only sick in their bodies, but also sick Japan one week in June of this year, I visited in their souls. In one corner of the temple were

selling prayers. A person casts money into a box near by, then a priest draws out a number corresponding to a box where another priest is seated, and he pulls out the prayer and hands it to the person. These prayers are fastened to the shrine of Buddha or taken home. The people burn candles and incense before their gods, and bring money to appease them, but go away without peace of soul or mind.

The Christian missionary goes to these people with the open Bible, and brings to them a living Saviour and eternal hope. Our missionaries are doing a good work teaching the gospel both in private and in public. Let us work and pray that many a little pilgrim may start out for the Celestial City, leaving all behind, to receive the joy that never ends.

In his right hand the lit-



THE LITTLE PILGRIM

tle Pilgrim holds the Bible as the sure guide to conduct him through this vale of tears. In his left hand he has a staff to show that he is but a sojourner on this earth. His feet may get weary and sore, but God will make them to walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. How good it is to bring sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!

"GODLINESS is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." 1 Tim. 4:8.

The Little Lesson of Reproof

"PLEASE put this feather in dolly's hat for me, sister," said little Flossie Gray, as she stood by her elder sister's chair, with the tiny hat and bright red feather in her hand.

"Do go off and play, and stop bothering me, Floss. I am reading," was the ungracious reply, which brought a grieved and disappointed look to the childish face.

"But I said 'please,' sister. Didn't you hear me?"
"By and by, Floss, when I've finished this story, I

will fix the dolly's hat."

"But, sister, she wants to take a walk now with me."
"Did I not tell you to stop bothering me, Floss?
When I get ready I'll fix that hat, and not before."

The child walked slowly away, and held the dolly closer to her breast. She sat down in her little chair, and said in a low tone:—

"Don't you wish we could have company all the while, dolly? When we have company, Sister Margaret is just as nice and pleasant as she can be, but when we are alone she is so cross that it makes me feel like crying. We won't take any walk this afternoon, dolly dear. Of course, you could not go to the park without any feather in your hat!"

Margaret Gray was in the most exciting and interesting portion of her new story, but she looked up as she heard her little sister's confidences expressed in an undertone. She was about to reply with an angry retort, when her sense of justice asserted itself. She could not help acknowledging to herself that Flossie's estimate of her was perfectly just. Some of her young friends had just bidden her good-by. She had been very courteous and kind to them, which was perfectly right for her to be; but when the door was closed and she was left alone with her little sister, her selfish nature had asserted itself, and she had been anything but kind and courteous to her own loved one, dearer than all the outside world of friends could possibly be.

"Do you really wish to take dolly in the park, Flossie?" she asked in a very pleasant tone of voice.

The child looked up with a surprised expression on her face, and answered,—

"I wanted to go in the park, but I don't wish to bother you when you are reading, sister."

Margaret closed the book and reached her hand out for the hat and the feather. It was only a matter of a few moments, and what a joy it was to the darling wee one who lifted up her pure, sweet face to give a kiss of gratitude!

Long after Flossie had gone out did the young girl leave her book unopened. How Flossie's words had hurt her heart! Ah, they were so true! Her sweet words and her kindly acts and smiling face were kept for company. At home, with those she loved best on earth, she was irritable, ungracious, and moody. Her friends had often said:—

"What lovely manners Margaret Gray has! Somehow she always says and does just the right thing in the right place!"

Margaret liked to hear these pleasant things said of her. She knew that she was very popular outside of the home walls. She knew she was fondly loved in the family circle, but she also knew that the mother often wished she was more thoughtful of her, more willing to do the duties of the elder daughter in the home. She knew, too, that she often annoyed and made her father unhappy, because she wished for so many things he was unable, with his limited income, to give her. And brother Ralph's opinion of his elder

sister — she knew that very well. Ralph loved her, but he too wished she were more interested in his studies and his amusements. She had put him off so many times, when she might have helped him, because she had some outside interests that she enjoyed so much more.

"Margaret Gray!" spoke the young girl sternly, "you must change your ways. Your smiles, kind service, and pleasant words must be given to the loved ones at home, as well as to company."

Margaret knew that we cannot overcome wrong habits and ways without the help of One stronger and wiser than we are, and she resolved to ask him at the beginning of every new day to help her to be the comfort and light of her home.— Round Table.

Moody's Prodigal Brother

Mr. Moody related the following personal experience in a sermon on the prodigal son: —

"My father died when we were little children, and my good mother had a hard time with her large family of boys and girls. After a while one of the older boys took it into his head that he could make his fortune all alone by himself, and so he ran away.

"For years and years we heard nothing of him. Sometimes it seemed as if my mother's heart would break. 'O, if I could only know he was dead,' she would sometimes say, 'it would be better than this! Maybe he is sick and in need, or maybe he has fallen in with wicked men, who will make him as bad as themselves.'

"We used to sit around the fire on the stormy winter nights and listen to the stories that mother told us about our father, about what he said, how he looked, how he was kind to a friend and lost a great deal of money by him, and so our little home was mortgaged, and we were poor; but if anybody happened to speak the name of that lost boy, a great silence would fall upon us, the tears would come into my mother's eyes, and then we would all steal away softly to bed, whispering our good nights, because we felt that the mention of that name was like a sword thrust to the heart of our mother.

"After we got to bed we would lie awake and listen to the roaring of the wind among the mountains, thinking perhaps he was out in the cold somewhere. Maybe he had gone to sea, and while we were snug in bed he might be keeping watch on the wave-beaten deck, perhaps climbing the mast in just such darkness and storm. Now and then, between the gusts, a sound would be heard like the wail of the summer wind when it used to make harp strings of the leaves and branches of the great maple trees in the dooryard, now soft and gentle, then rising louder and louder. How we would hold our breath and listen! Mother was sitting up to pray for her lost boy. Next morning, perhaps, she would send one of us down to the post office to ask for a letter - a letter from him, though she never said so. But no letter ever came.

"Long years afterward, when our mother was growing old, and her hair was turning gray, one summer afternoon a dark, sunburned man, with a heavy black beard, was seen coming in at the gate.

"He came up under the window first, and looked in, as if he were afraid there might be strangers living in the house. He had stopped at the churchyard, on his way through the village, to see whether there were two graves instead of one where our father had been laid so many years ago, but there was only one grave

there; surely his mother was not dead. But still she might have moved away. Then he went around and knocked at the door, and his mother came to open it.

"Years of hardship and exposure to sun and storm had made him strange even to his mother. She invited him to come in, but he did not move or speak; he stood here humbly and penitently; and, as the sense of his ingratitude began to overwhelm him, the big tears found their way over his weather-beaten cheeks. By those tears the mother recognized her long-lost son. He had come at last. There was so much of the old home in him that he couldn't always stay away. But he would not cross its threshold until he confessed his sin against it, and heard from the same lips which had prayed so often and so long for him the sweet assurance that he was forgiven. 'No, no,' said he, 'I cannot come in until you forgive me.'

"Do you suppose that mother kept her boy out there in the porch until he had gone through with a long list of apologies, done a long list of penances, and said over so many prayers? Not a bit of it. She took him to her heart at once; she made him come right in; she forgave him all, and rejoiced over his coming more than over all the other children that had not run

"And that is just the way God forgives all the prodigal souls who come back to him. O wanderer, come home! come home!"—Selected.

The Falling of the Stars

(Concluded from page ten)

of them seen in North Carolina appeared larger than the full moon rising, and its light rendered even small objects visible. The same ball, or a similar one, seen at New Haven, passed off in a northwest direction and exploded a little northward of the star Capella, leaving a train of peculiar beauty. The line of direction was at first nearly straight, but soon began to contract in length, to dilate in breadth, and to assume the figure of a serpent scrolling itself up until it appeared like a luminous cloud of vapor floating gracefully in the air, where it remained in full view for several minutes.

Of the third variety, the following are examples: At Poland, Ohio, a luminous body was distinctly visible in the northeast for more than an hour. It was very brilliant, in the form of a pruning hook, and apparently twenty feet long and eighteen inches broad. It gradually settled toward the horizon until it disappeared. At Niagara Falls, a large luminous body, shaped like a square table, was seen near the zenith, remaining for some time almost stationary, emitting

large streams of light.

Professor Thomson, of Nashville, says in a letter to Professor Olmsted, of New Haven, speaking of the phenomenal character of the shower of 1833: "Many of the falling bodies appeared as large as Jupiter or Venus when brightest. My first attention was to determine the center or point from which the meteors started, which, from the place where I stood, appeared in the Lion's heart, near Regulus. There is one thing that I have not seen noticed by any other writer, and which could not have been noticed by me had I not kept my eye on the center, or point from whence the meteors all shot forth for a considerable time, and that was an appearance of a star less at first than the stars of the constellation by which it was surrounded, but it would increase until it was much larger than the stars, then totally disappear from

ten to fifteen minutes, and then appear again; but the meteors shot forth in greater numbers in the interval between the appearances above mentioned."

It is worthy of particular notice that the point from which the meteors seemed to emanate was observed, by those who fixed its position among the stars, to be in the constellation Leo; and, according to their concurrent testimony, this radiant point was stationary among the stars during the whole period of observation—that is, it did not move along with the earth in its diurnal revolution eastward, but accompanied the stars in their apparent progress westward, which proves the elevation of the meteors to be far beyond our atmosphere.

The prophecy states that they should be cast as unripe fruit shaken from the tree. This would mean that the stars would not have the appearance of falling regularly as flakes of snow when the air is motionless, but would be thrown across each other's path in every direction. This fact is borne out by one writer who says: "The sky was remarkably clear on the night of November 12. Some time before twelve o'clock, the meteors so frequently seen in summer evenings, were observed to fall with unusual frequency and splendor. They continued from that hour to flash athwart the skies more and more until they were eclipsed by the glories of the rising sun. Within the scope that the eye could contain, more than twenty could be seen at a time, shooting in every direction except upward. Not a cloud obscured the broad expanse, and millions of meteors sped their way across it on every point of the compass. Were it possible to enumerate them in the swiftness of their arrow haste, we might venture to say that for the space of two hours, intervening between 4 and 6 A. M., more than a thousand per minute might have been counted.'

Another point in which this shower of 1833 stands out prominently: Prophecy records it as an event that marked the nearness of Christ's second coming and of the end of the world.

Records of this event tell us, that upon the first sight of it observers' minds were at once directed to the end of all things and of the judgment day. Many indifferent minds were at once engaged in serious thoughts of their present condition. The story is told of one man who had stolen a horse from a neighbor. When he first saw the shower, he was so impressed with the wrong he had done and so fearful that the end of all things was at hand that although he had gone twelve miles from the farm, he rode back and put the horse in the stable. Everybody was so excited that he was unnoticed.

We might cite many such instances. In every case it had the same effect, that of turning the minds of the people to the end of all things and the day of judgment.

Although the shower of 1833 is known as the fall of the stars, it is unnecessary to state that they were not the stars, nor is there any record of any of these bright bodies striking the earth. It is true that many instances are recorded where meteoric stones have fallen upon the earth. Hardly a year passes in which we do not have record of some of these stones striking the earth, usually without damage. But none of the shooting stars have come in contact with the earth's surface. This phenomenon, which is most brilliant and awe-inspiring, as yet is only partially accounted for, and leaves plenty of room for speculation and study.

LYLE WALLACE.



Meditations

(Texts for August 27 to September 2)

Sunday: Prov. 17:17

FRIEND! We do not sense the real meaning of that word. How lightly we use that sacred term! The text for today defines the true friend. There is no if in it: it does not say, "A friend loveth at all times"—if you treat him right. It says, clearly and simply, "A friend loveth at all times."

It costs to be a true friend,—it may cost far more than we expect. In absence we still love and zealously defend those on whom we bestow the gift of friendship against every unkind word; we are thrilled with the praise that is carried past our own altar to be placed on theirs. When they prosper, we rejoice; when they suffer, we suffer with and for them. The faults we discern in them we conceal from the eyes of others, and we seek opportunities to give them pleasure and help and comfort.

Such friendship has its roots in service. Not what it may gain, but what it can give, is its rule of being. Its glory "is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served." Until we have learned that friendship is loving, and loving is giving, we are like children who have not mastered the alphabet, yet mumble over books, pretending to read. The real treasures and joys, the confidence and strength, of friendship are never revealed to those who would seize it or exercise it from selfish motives.

Monday: Prov. 25: 19

One of the saddest experiences that can come into our life is to have the friend in whom we have trusted fail us. In our adversity and sorrow we cried to him for comfort, and he turned a deaf ear to our entreaty; soul hungry, we asked of him bread and received but a stone. How apt is the comparison of the text, "like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint,"- not only unreliable, but an added source of grief and pain. "The rod has broken in the hand that leaned on it, and has left its red wound on the palm. There is a deeper wound on the heart. Worse than the separation of the grave is the desolation of the heart by faithlessness." The psalmist knew this sorrow. "It was not an enemy that reproached me," he exclaims; "then I could have borne it: . . . but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company.

It is not always possible to make our friends faithful, but we may be faithful. We may put out of our minds all suspicion, all envy, all bitterness; we may keep our hearts tender, our hands helpful, our feet willing to serve others. If we suffer from unfaithfulness we should forgive, and never allow a friend to slip out of our life through any lack of sympathy and self-abnegation on our part. "True friendship is too rare and sacred to be lost, much less lightly thrown away. There may be slights given, even intentionally; but they should be quickly set aside and forgotten."

Tuesday: Job 42: 10

Job was sorely tried with his friends. "Miserable comforters," he called them on one occasion; yet it was not till he prayed for them that his captivity was turned, and a double blessing bestowed upon him. " If we do not know the grace of forgiveness, we do not know how gracious life may be. The highest happiness is not a matter of possessions and material gains, but has its source in a heart at peace; and thus it is that the renewing of friendship has a spiritual result. If we are revengeful, censorious, judging others harshly, always putting the worst construction on a word or an act, uncharitable, unforgiving, we certainly cannot claim kinship with the spirit of the Lord Jesus. . . . If we knew all, our hearts would be full of pitiful love, even for those who have wronged us. They have wronged themselves more than they can possibly wrong us; they have wounded a man to their own hurt. To think kindly once more of a separated friend, to soften the heart toward an offending brother, will bring the blessing of the Peacemaker, the blessing of the Reconciler. The way to be sure of acting this part is to pray for him. We cannot remain angry with another when we pray for him, Offense departs when prayer comes."

"Let us be slow to make friends, but, having once made them, let us pray that neither life nor death, misunderstanding, distance, nor doubt, may ever come between us to vex our peace. Let us be patient, let us be kindly, let us be self-possessed, in friendship. There are so many ways of grieving a friend,—shall we not walk softly before him? Let us be true to our friends, and then believe that they are and ever will be true to us. True love never nags; it trusts. One of the dearest thoughts to me is this,—that a real friend will never get away from me, or try to, or want to. Love does not have to be tethered."

Wednesday: Mark 5:19

What do we talk about to our friends? Our new clothes—present and hoped for? Or the summer's vacation, with its picnics and camping and swimming and autoing, and its new acquaintances? Or our plans for the next school year, and our hopes and ambitions, or our disappointments, it may be, concerning it? Or—is it baseball, or football, or aeroplanes, or submarines, or any one of a thousand topics that attract and distract our attention? Still worse, do we talk to our friends about others—their faults, mistakes, slights, the whispers of slander and unkindness?

Our best Friend has told us what to talk about. For he was not only speaking to the healed demoniac that long-ago day on the shores of Galilee when he said, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee," but he was speaking to each one of us also. Here indeed is a theme worthy of friendship, a theme new every morning and fresh every evening. We can never tell all the story—it has no end, nor ever will have. But the more we tell of his mercy and gracious dealings, the more will our tongues be loosed to speak his praise; and the conversation thus begun on earth will be continued in heaven.

Thursday: John 15: 13

When we read this text, we think, naturally enough, of the great sacrifice made by the Friend of fallen man. Are we ever, in the far corners of our minds, content to let that matchless example of friendship be ours to wonder at and marvel over, but not to imitate?

There have been instances, many of them, where men have laid down their lives to save others. Just the other day a twelve-year-old boy went in swimming, and, his strength failing, his two brothers plunged to his rescue. Finally the struggling lad was saved, but both brothers paid for his life with theirs. Scarcely a day passes that one does not read such examples of heroic love.

But not all are called to show their love for their friends by dying for them; some must show it by living for them. A young woman was about to be married. Life stretched before her filled with the brightest promise that can come to any girl. Just on the eve of marriage her mother was stricken down, to be an invalid all her remaining years. There was no other hand but that of this older daughter to take up her task, and support, train, and educate the younger brothers and sisters. Nor did she hesitate; but laying aside her own plans, - not for a week, or a month, or a year, but for life, - she took up the burden and carried it nobly. Year passed after drab year - the children grew up and were married and went away; but the little farm and the helpless invalid must still be cared for. Girlhood, early womanhood, maturity, all passed. It was a cheerless life, one would say, yet a glance into the dark, shining eyes rebuked the careless comment. The deeper joy of sacrifice and service was hers, and it was her high privilege to enter by sacrifice into the very joy of her Lord and Master.

Meditation.— Let us make friends, and seek to keep them, not forgetting that "friendship means discipline." For, "seek how we may, we shall never find a friend without faults, imperfections, traits and ways that vex, grieve, annoy us. Strive as we will, we ourselves can never fully fulfil the ideal of us that is in our friend's mind; inevitably we come short of it. To have a friend is to have one of the sweetest gifts that life can bring; to be a friend is to have a solemn and tender education of soul from day to day." Am I willing to deny self, to sacrifice for others, to show myself truly a friend of Jesus and for all for whom he died?

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let us pray that our eyes may be opened to see the responsibility and privilege of friendship, and that we may become friends indeed, worthy the name.

A. B. E.

A. B. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending September 2

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 September.

The Bible Year

Assignment for August 27 to September 2

August 27: Ezekiel 41 to 43. August 28: Ezekiel 44 to 46. August 29: Ezekiel 47, 48. August 30: Daniel 1 to 3. August 31: Daniel 4 to 6. September 1: Daniel 7 to 9. September 2: Daniel 10 to 12.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the Review for August 24.



X - Deacons Appointed; Arrest of Stephen

(September 2)

Lesson Scripture: Acts 6: 1-15.

Memory Verse: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile
you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil
against you falsely, for my sake." Matt. 5: 11.

Ouestions

I. What is said of the number of disciples in Jerusalem? What arose in the church? Acts 6:1. Note 1.

2. What did the apostles do about this matter? What did they say was not reasonable? Verse 2.

3. What advice was given this large church? Verse 3.

4. What did the apostles say their own work should be?

Verse 4.
5. How was this counsel received? Who was first chosen?
What is said of him? Verse 5. Note 2.
6. How were the men chosen set apart for their special

work? Verse 6.

7. What resulted from having more workers? Who are especially mentioned as being converted? Verse 7.

8. What did Stephen's faith and power enable him to do?

Verse 8.

9. Who began to oppose Stephen? Verse 9. Note 3.

10. What were they unable to resist? Verse 10. Note 4.

11. How did they try to prove him guilty of death? Verse

11. Note 5.

12. What more was done by these wicked men? Verse 12.

13. Who accused Stephen before the council? What did they say he had spoken? Verse 13.

14. What did they declare they had heard him say?

Verse 14.
15. What did those sitting in the council see? Verse 15.

Notes

Note 6.

Notes

1. "The early church was made up of many classes of people, of various nationalities. At the time of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, 'there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven.' Among those of the Hebrew faith who were gathered at Jerusalem, were some commonly known as Grecians, between whom and the Jews of Palestine there had long existed distrust and even antagonism."—"The Acts of the Apostles."

2. The name Stephen means "a crown." He was the first to receive the crown of martyrdom. Of the martyrs seen in heaven we have this statement in "Early Writings," page 18: "We met a company who also were gazing at the glories of the place. I noticed red as a border on their garments; their crowns were brilliant; their robes were pure white. As we greeted them, I asked Jesus who they were, He said they were martyrs that had been slain for him. With them was an innumerable company of little ones; they also had a hem of red on their garments."

3. The Libertines were "freedmen," who had bought their liberty from Roman slavery. The Cyrenians were Jews from Cyrene in North Africa. The Alexandrians came from Egypt, and others were present from Cilicia and different parts of Asia. These all disputed Stephen's claim that Jesus was the Saviour of the world.

4. "Stephen, the foremost of the seven deacons, was a man of deep piety and broad faith. Though a Jew by birth, he spoke the Greek language, and was familiar with the customs and manners of the Greeks. . . . Learned rabbis and doctors of the law engaged in public discussion with him, confidently expecting an easy victory. But 'they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake.' Not only did he speak in the power of the Holy Spirit, but it was plain that he was a student of the prophecies, and learned in all matters of the law."—"The Acts of the Apostles." h. 97.

5. The word "suborn" means to hire, or in some other was at witnesses to tall whot is not true." "Breaver the

learned in all matters of the law."—"The Acts of the Appsteles." h. 97.

5. The word "suborn" means to hire, or in some other way get witnesses to tell what is not true. "Because the priests and rulers could not prevail against the clear, calm wisdom of Stephen, they determined to make an example of him: and while thus satisfying their revengeful hatred, they would prevent others, through fear, from adopting his belief. Witnesses were hired to bear false testimony that they had heard him speak blasphemous words against the temple and the law."—Id., pp. 98, 99.

6. "As Stephen stood face to face with his judges to answer to the charge of blasphemy, a holy radiance shone upon his countenance. . . . Many who beheld this light trembled and veiled their faces, but the stubborn unbelief and prejudice of the rulers did not waver."—Id., p. 99.

The Youth's Instructor

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Our Daily Bread

Her mother asked a little maid
Who day by day "Our Father" prayed,
"Why do we pray for daily bread?"
"Because we want it fresh," she said.
MAX HILL

Thru and Through

THE National Editorial Association now falls in line. At its annual convention held recently in New York City, it officially adopted the simplified spelling of the following twelve words:—

Thru, thruout, thoro, thoroly, thorofare, tho, altho,

program, prolog, catalog, decalog, pedagog.

Even so good and ardent a simplifier as the late Professor Lounsbury of Yale once confessed that he couldn't help wincing at thru. But he was quick to add, "I know of only one worse way to spell it, and that is through."—The Independent.

Prayer Music

DR. PRIME, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled "Around the World," describes a mausoleum in India which it took twenty thousand men twenty-two years to build, and he says, "Standing in that mausoleum, and uttering a word, it echoed back from a height of one hundred and fifty feet; not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God, and from the wings of angels as they hover, crying, "Behold, he prayeth."—Dr. Talmage, in the Christian Herald.

The Trace-It-Back Club

A PARTY of men were in a café when a statement was made that practically accused a well-known citizen of crookedness. "I'd like to see that story traced back," said one of the men at the table, "for there's not the slightest truth in it, in my opinion." "Well, let's organize a club to do it," said another. So the Trace-It-Back Club was formed, and a committee appointed to investigate the statement. The story was run down within two days. The club, elated over its success, adopted by-laws and arranged to meet regularly. Whenever a man opened his mouth to accuse somebody, the president merely began, "I appoint as a committee of investigation—" and he seldom got farther,—The Sunday School Times.

Where Not to Stand in a Thunderstorm

"Ohio reports thirty-five thunderstorms last year, and fifty-two deaths resulting therefrom," says Every Week. From an investigation into attendant circumstances the following suggestions are sent out by the State Agricultural College as worthy of attention during electrical storms:—

- 1. It is not safe to stand in a doorway.
- 2. It is not safe to stand near a stove.
- 3. Do not stand near cattle.
- 4. Do not stand near wire fences.

In connection with this latter caution it should be noted that eighty per cent of the cattle killed by lightning were struck when standing near wire fences. It is possible to insure protection from this danger by running wires into the ground from the fence every three or four rods.

Another fact disclosed is that a building properly rodded is not so likely to be struck. Of the 654 fires in one year resulting from lightning only one of the burned buildings was properly rodded, or had any rods at all. This evidence is further supported by the report of an insurance company which mentions \$5,000,000 risks on fire insurance and not a single loss from build-

ings properly rodded.

Scientists distinguish two kinds of electrical discharges. One type occurs when there is but a single cloud layer, and the discharge is between this cloud and the atmosphere of the earth. The other type is found when there are two cloud layers and the discharge is between them. The single-layer discharge is almost invariably carried off successfully by rods; but the double layer is not so readily conducted. Rods may be attached directly to the sides of buildings without insulation, but the ends must reach down to moist earth in order to act properly.— Selected.

For the Finding-Out Club

- 1. What is meant by the Triple Entente? The Triple Alliance?
 - 2. Name the Balkan States.
- 3. What language do the inhabitants of Bulgaria speak?
- 4. What is the capital of Roumania? Of Bulgaria? Of Serbia? Of Montenegro? Of Albania?
- 5. What and where is Gallipoli? The Vosges? Saloniki?
- 6. Is the ruler in any country other than Russia called a czar?
- 7. What is the difference between an emperor and a king?
- 8. What relation is the king of England to the emperor of Germany?

9. Who is the king of Prussia?

- 10. What is a dirigible? A monoplane? A periscope? A mitrailleuse? A Zeppelin?
 - 11. Name six neutral countries.— New York Globe.

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