

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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WATCHING FOR PAPA

FROM HERE AND THERE

THERE are two hundred and twenty-five railroad systems in the United States.

THE United States Steel Corporation reports net earnings of \$81,000,000 for the second quarter of this year.

STATE military and civil authorities recently instituted another liquor raid at Girard, Alabama. Many cases of whisky were thrown into the Chattahoochee River.

SEVERAL cases of infection and blood poison have recently been investigated in one State, and it was found that over six hundred of them were caused by neglecting slight injuries.

THREE thousand four hundred and sixty-two persons were injured by nails last year in Massachusetts. Don't leave exposed nails lying around in boards, boxes, or barrels. Some one may be hurt—it may be you. Blood poisoning or lockjaw are often caused by such injuries.

ELIZA HAPPY MORTON, who won a reputation as a teacher of geography, and prepared several textbooks on geography, besides being an author of poems, died at Portland, Maine, July 31. Miss Morton's life was devoted to the work of giving the third angel's message to the world.

AT the beginning of the year 1915 there were in Turkey 2,500,000 Armenians. Today there remain but 500,000. Two million human beings, four fifths of a nation, exterminated—such is the work of the young Turk government, a government which, when it came into power, was acclaimed by the whole of civilized Europe as a humanitarian and a progressive one.

THE famous bells of the Cathedral of Salzburg are no longer in existence. Like those of many other churches, they have become victims of the war. Recently they were smashed up in the belfry by a crew of workingmen. The pieces have been sent to different munitions factories, where they will be used for the manufacture of shells. The bells were more than three centuries old, and the largest one weighed more than three tons.

AN old colored man in a Washington, D. C., hospital, had at various times been given pills by the nurse. One day, wishing to take his temperature, the nurse placed a thermometer in his mouth. Thinking that he understood the nature of the instrument, she made no explanation, and walked out of the room. On her return the old man with a rather appealing look, said to her, "O Miss, if you want me to swallow this, you'll have to give me some water!"

NEW HAMPSHIRE and Vermont are engaged in litigation in the United States courts to determine the exact location of the boundary between the States. In 1764, by decree of the English king, the western boundary of New Hampshire was designated as the west bank of the Connecticut River, and this boundary was recognized by Vermont. In late years industrial establishments have been erected on made land adjoining the former west bank of the river, and the present proceeding is the result of the attempts of both States to levy taxes on this newly created property.

TALC derived from soapstone found in various quarters of the world and in many States of our Union, is as a general thing marketed as rough from the mine. It is sawed into slabs, from which are manufactured various objects, or it is ground into powder. A great deal of the ground talc is employed in the manufacture of paper. It also enters into the making of molded rubber forms and foundry facings and paints, but the form in which it is most familiar is the toilet powder. Not only is talcum dusted into gloves and shoes to obviate friction, but it is also blown into conduits to ease the introduction of electric wire or other conductors. Soapstone is largely employed in the manufacture of laundry tubs and similar articles. The very best grades of talc, free from flaws, are sawed up to make pencils or crayons. Gas tips are also made from talc.

THE toy makers of New York laid down their tools recently and went on strike. They demanded shorter hours, longer luncheon time, recognition of the union, and more pay. The thirty or forty shop owners have formed an association and say they will not grant the union demands, which they claim are impossible. About 1,800 workers of the 2,000 in the industry are on strike. The toy makers of Germany are now too busy to worry over wax faces or hemp wigs, and the whole world of children is practically dependent upon the toy industry of the United States.

NORWAY now has prohibition, and is the first really "dry" state in Europe. The law forbidding the manufacture and sale of whisky and other strong alcoholic beverages, which was passed by parliament, recently went into effect. At the same time the importation of wine, beer, and other alcoholic drinks has been prohibited.

Seeing the Roses

A LADY, paying an early morning visit to a neighbor, was ushered into a rather untidy room, for which her hostess profusely apologized, but her visitor smilingly replied, "I had eyes for nothing but these lovely roses," pointing to a bowl of Gloire de Dijon beauties, which occupied a prominent place on the table. Just as the eye sees what it looks for, so the soul that is itself beautiful finds all that is best and noblest and most worthy of praise in the men and women round about. And in addition to this gift of hypervision, it has the equally beautiful gift of *not* seeing, which it exercises on occasion.—*The Sunday School Times*

THAT man's thy friend indeed
 Who'll gladly lend a helping hand
 In time of need,
 Who'll mention oft with tenderest care
 Thy name before his God.

E. C. JAEGER.

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 36

George Muller—No. 3

ERNEST LLOYD

BILLS were issued announcing a public meeting to be held on Dec. 9, 1835. At this important little gathering the only speaker was Mr. Müller, and no collection or appeal was made. Four days previous to the meeting, Mr. Müller had been much impressed in reading his Bible, by these words, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Ps. 81:10. He at once took the promise literally, knelt down, and asked the Lord "for promises," for the "sum of \$5,000," "and for suitable persons to take care of the children," all of which requests were at length granted. The first donation toward the proposed Orphan House was the sum of one shilling from a poor missionary. The second contribution was also a shilling, and the first legacy came from a little boy.

On December 17, the sum of \$500 was given by a seamstress, weak in bodily health, who had come into possession of the money through the death of a relative. As her average earnings did not exceed three shillings a week, Mr. Müller hesitated to accept the gift, but the poor woman insisted, with this reply: "The Lord Jesus has given his last drop of blood for me, and shall I not give him this \$500?" What answer could Mr. Müller make to this? so exactly his own system. He could only thank God for using this poor woman, for helping in so considerable a measure at its very commencement the work he had set about solely in dependence upon Him.

At length Mr. Müller was able to rent a large house, No. 6 Wilson Street, St. Paul's, Bristol, and it was furnished for the reception of thirty orphan girls. At the end of eight months, another house in Wilson Street was taken for the accommodation of thirty-six infant orphans; nine months later a third house was open for thirty boys; and subsequently a fourth house to accommodate thirty more children was required. To do all this necessitated no little exercise of faith, particularly as the wants of the orphan family were repeatedly being met only from hour to hour, and from meal to meal, by the "Father of the fatherless." The last penny was reached over and over again; but it was merely for the trial of faith, and, in the end, God invariably manifested himself, and the orphans lacked nothing.

"Long before these trials came," observes Mr. Müller, "I had more than once stated publicly that answer to prayer in the time of need—the manifestation of the hand of God stretched out for our help—were just the very end for which the institution was established." Sometimes in plenty, sometimes in poverty, the work went on, but whether in storm, or sunshine, George Müller's mind was at peace in the thought that in some way or other the Lord would provide. Occasionally, when in straits, money would arrive while he was in the act of prayer, or at the moment when he was reading a note from the Orphan Houses concerning the day's necessities.

Yet, though the funds in hand were often not sufficient to meet the needs of the orphans for more than three days together, the faith of this remarkable man never once caused him to question the advisability of

admitting new inmates to the homes, provided there was room. It has been well remarked, "When it was known that there was a good man prepared to take charge of the fatherless and motherless, the number of his 'family' grew apace. He turned none of them away. What he did was to pray that more meat and drink and money and clothes might be sent him."

With nearly one hundred and forty mouths to feed, and with all the necessities of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution to be met, sometimes the day started with not a penny in hand, sometimes with just a penny, once with two pennies, and at another time with only one quarter of a penny. But the God of the orphans never suffered his little ones to hunger or thirst,—his help was always sure.

The increasing number of applicants for admission and the unsuitability of the houses in Wilson Street, coupled with a complaint from the neighbors regarding the noise made by the children, at length compelled Mr. Müller to prepare to "build."

He saw that he must erect a building which would accommodate at least three hundred children—double the number then in residence in Wilson Street; and the fact that the large sum of \$50,000 or \$75,000 would be required did not discourage or dismay him in the slightest degree, though he had not a penny to call his own. He felt that the words of the psalmist, "A Father to the fatherless," contained enough encouragement to cast thousands of orphans, with all their need, upon the loving heart of God.

He therefore gave himself to prayer, and after thirty-six days' constant waiting upon God, the first donation came to hand,—it was for \$5,000, the largest amount received up to that time. "When I received it," he tells us, "if \$25,000 or \$50,000 had been given, it would not have surprised me." An architect also offered, unsolicited, to superintend the erection of the building; and at length sufficient money had come in to justify the purchase of a site.

Mr. Müller called twice in one day upon the owner of some land at Ashley Down, only to find him out on each occasion; and thinking the Lord had some object in this he refrained from again endeavoring to see him that day, as he might have done. The next morning, however, he called once more, and was thereupon informed that he might have the seven-acre site for \$400 an acre less than would have been asked the day before. During the night the landowner had been restless, and while lying awake had decided to sell at the reduced figure, whereby \$2,800 was saved.

By the sixty-fifth day nothing more had been received toward the building fund, but the sum of \$250 followed, and hardly had he given thanks when "half-a-crown, two sixpences, and another \$5,000 were received in succession." Gifts, varying from a farthing to \$10,000, now followed; and at length, with \$55,310 in hand, after the help of God had been sought for 607 days, the building was commenced. In all, \$78,920 was received, the last donation being one of \$10,000 from a gentleman who called and paid the amount over to Mr. Müller entirely in notes, anxious that his lib-

erality should not be known even by his bankers. The house, No. 1, was opened in June, 1849.

The next year, Mr. Müller was forced to consider an enlargement of the work. For months he dwelt upon it in prayer, and the ultimate outcome was houses 2 and 3, accommodating eight hundred and fifty orphans. By some means a false report got abroad that he had in hand some \$150,000 wherewith to erect the new building, but although this was calculated to deter persons from giving, Mr. Müller knew that God could incline the hearts of people not to withhold their gifts.

The greatness of the sum required for the undertaking afforded him a kind of secret joy, "for the greater the difficulty to be overcome, the more it would be seen to the glory of God how much can be done by prayer and faith."

Almost the first gift received toward the new efforts was sixpence from one of the orphans, and it is noticeable that all the early contributions were of modest amount. At length, however, came \$40,500, "the joint donation of several Christians." Later we find one shilling from two poor factory girls, and the sum of \$26,035 arriving upon the same day. Other amounts, large and small, were sent in, and on Nov. 12, 1857, — seven years after the undertaking had first entered into Mr. Müller's thoughts and prayers,—the new orphan house, No. 2, was opened.

In May, 1861, Mr. Müller was able to announce that toward the cost of houses 2 and 3, the sum of \$233,300 had been obtained, so that the amount first prayed for, \$175,000, was exceeded by \$58,300. House No. 3, however, was not opened until March 12, 1862, owing to a difficulty experienced by one of the contractors.

Even before No. 3 was complete, Mr. Müller had come to the conclusion to carry the work still further by providing two other establishments, to shelter 850 more orphans. A family of 2,000 children to be supported by a penniless man in dependence upon God alone! The enlargement Mr. Müller anticipated would cost at least \$150,000, and increase the current expenses from \$100,000 a year to \$175,000. "But my hope is in God, and in him alone," he could say.

Applications for the admission of orphans were being made almost daily, sometimes for three or four at once. But the most powerful reason which operated in favor of the expansion of the orphan colony on the breezy heights of Ashley Down, was the evidence it afforded that "the living God is still, as four thousand years ago, *the living God*." Thousands of sinners had already been converted; multitudes of Christians had been strengthened in faith and holy purpose; the attention of hundreds of thousands had been drawn to the work; and many tens of thousands had come to see it. That was what Mr. Müller desired above all things—that God might be honored and souls saved.

Mr. Müller had for years had his eyes upon a piece of land adjoining the existing houses, and the prayer had gone up hundreds of times that God would count him worthy to be allowed to erect upon the spot two more orphan houses. He had, to use his own expression, bedewed the ground with his prayers. Now the time came to negotiate for the purchase, but such difficulties were found to stand in the way of acquiring the site that the proposal seemed to stagger for a moment under a deathblow. However, *prayer and patience*, the remedies for all troubles in all seasons, were again pressed into special service, and ere long the difficulties vanished and the land was secured. For the full amount demanded?—No, for \$27,500; or

\$7,500 less than the owner had originally asked for his property.

The sum raised for the two houses was \$290,000, and on Nov. 5, 1868, No. 4 was opened, and on Jan. 6, 1870, the fifth and last house was occupied.

The five houses had cost \$575,000, and were capable of accommodating 2,050 children, together with the necessarily large staff of helpers. Not a penny had been asked from any man—not a single letter, circular, or "advertisement" had been issued appealing for help. Without wealthy patrons, president, committee, or collectors—simply by the instrumentality of one poor man, constantly on his knees before God—had the colossal institution been built up. And so it stands, a monument of believing prayer, a witness for divine truth, a sermon in stone eloquent in appeal to men to turn to God as their ever-loving friend and helper and support.

The expense and responsibility of carrying on this great institution may be imagined. With two thousand little ones daily to feed and clothe and educate; with outfits and premiums continually to be provided for those going out to apprenticeship or domestic service; with thousands of articles of furniture, etc., from time to time to be repaired or replaced; with the children occasionally ill; and the large staff of overseers of one kind or another, such as school inspectors, matrons, masters, female teachers, medical officers, nurses, laundresses, etc., to be paid,—realize all this, and one begins to grasp what a glorious testimony the work is to the power of prayer. And this takes no account of the far-reaching and important operations of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution in its Bible, missionary, school, and tract work.

As Mr. Müller observed, "At least nine out of ten of our nobility would be unable to meet these expenses year by year, and only a few of the most wealthy could do so; but we have nothing of their wealth, and yet we are able with as much ease, if not greater ease than very rich noblemen, to accomplish this by looking to the infinitely rich One for everything."

From all quarters of the globe, from men in every grade of life, and from the most unlikely persons, supplies would emanate. From prince to tinker—from \$60,000 in one gift down to a farthing. Singular indeed was the manner in which the work was helped—yea, is still helped, for the vast institution is going on just as in Mr. Müller's time, under the honorary direction of his son-in-law, Mr. James Wright.

Times might be bad, panic might be abroad (as in the time of the Lancashire cotton famine), but the stream of gifts failed not—yea, rather became stronger. Forty-nine out of fifty donors were unknown to Mr. Müller, and this applied as much to those who gave their thousands of pounds as to those who sent their sixpences and shillings. God touched the hearts of his servants, and at his bidding, according as the need might be, they dropped their gifts into the treasury.

In the early days of the work the trials were many, but by no means did they cease when the institution became larger, as many suppose. For example, the outgoings would be \$3,160 in a single day, and the incomings but about \$15.50, or to quote another instance, \$755 expenditure on a certain day and only \$3 to hand.

Many and varied indeed were, and are, the means taken to aid the institution. Some donors regularly devote to the work the profits derived from fields, small pieces of land, fowls, cows, sheep, fruit trees of all kinds, vegetable and flower gardens, bees, turf,

grapevines, ferns, and many other things. Some donors support as many orphans as they have children of their own; a shipowner sends the money he would otherwise spend on insuring his vessels; travelers send money saved in riding third-class; laborers send their harvest money; and so the list could be amplified almost indefinitely.

In 1871, Mr. James Wright, the successor of Mr. Müller on the honorary directorship of the institution, was united in marriage with Mr. Müller's only daughter, who died in 1890. At the close also of 1871 Mr. Müller was married to Miss Susannah Grace Sangar, who proved the devoted companion of a series of long missionary journeys he subsequently undertook with a view to benefiting both the church and the world at large by his ministry and experience.

He was seventy years of age when he started (in 1875) on these missionary journeyings—a time of life when many, having borne the burden and heat of the day as he had done, would have inclined to a period of repose. In the course of seventeen tours, continued until nearly his ninetieth year (1895), he visited every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland, most European countries, including regions as remote as Hungary, Poland, and Russia, also Asia Minor, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Turkey, the United States of America, and Canada. When he was over eighty years of age he went to India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. In all, he paid evangelistic visits to forty-two countries, and the distance he traveled was equal to six times the circumference of the globe.

In earlier life he had been subject to extreme seasickness, but during these missionary tours, although he crossed the Atlantic seven times, the Red Sea five times, the Mediterranean sixteen times, and the Pacific and Indian Oceans, he was never once sick. In earlier life, too, he had been often in ill health, so that once he feared insanity, but in all these trying tours his health and strength were maintained remarkably, which he regarded as due to the blessing of God.

He preached many thousands of times, often by interpretation, and generally to vast crowds, and, from an estimate he formed, in the seventeen years over which the seventeen tours were spread, he addressed, it is thought, more than three million people. The whole of the heavy expenses of these tours were supplied as in the case of his other wants, simply and solely in answer to believing prayer. Not a single human being was told what his special needs were, at any particular time, though he often had to pay down at once \$500, and even on one occasion \$1,200, for these long voyages.

After May, 1892, when Mr. Müller returned from his last missionary tour, he devoted himself chiefly to the direction of the work of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, with occasional visits to various places to address meetings. His health and strength were remarkable. Almost up to the time of his death, he was enabled to say, "I have been able every day and all the day, to work, and with the ease of seventy years ago." Yet seventy years before he was rejected as a "consumptive" when examined for military service.

He was a great lover of the Bible, which he read through four times every year. He systematically read from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the Revelation, and had done so between one and two hundred times.

A proposal was once made to start a fund for Mr. Müller's support in old age. While fully appreciating

the great kindness shown, Mr. Müller looked upon this as a temptation, permitted by God, to put his trust in something other than Himself. The person who made the proposal inclosed a check for \$500 to start the fund. In a dignified, but kind, firm reply, Mr. Müller told the donor that he had never thought it right to make provision for himself, or his wife and daughter, except in this way, that when he had before him a case of need, such as an aged widow, a sick person, or a helpless infant, he had used the means freely which God had given him, fully believing that if either his wife or daughter or himself, at some time or other should be in need of anything, God would richly repay what had been given to the poor, considering it as lent to himself.

He possessed, he said, no property whatever, nor did his wife. He had not had one single shilling regular salary as a minister of the gospel since 1830, nor as the director of the Orphan Houses, and the other objects of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution. "When I am in need of anything," he added, "I fall on my knees and ask God that he would be pleased to give me what I need, and he puts it into the heart of some one or other to help me. Thus all my wants have been amply supplied, and I can say, to the praise of God, I have lacked nothing. My dear wife and my only child are of the same mind. Of this blessed way of living we become day by day more convinced of its blessedness."

Mr. Müller was strongly convinced that it is the duty of all Christians to adopt a regular habit of giving—not the rich only, but the poor. "As far as practicable, we should seek to do this weekly, according to that word, 'Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.' 1 Cor. 16:2. This point cannot be too much considered by Christians in the fear of God. It is God's principle, most plainly laid down in God's Word."

Thousands blessed him for driving home to them this important truth. Many traced their success in life to its adoption. One gentleman wrote him that he had been enabled, while making provision for himself and family, to give away over \$500,000 in this way.

At one time Mr. Müller knew a suddenly involved house of business. His advice to them was, to be grateful to God that he had not taken all from them. Were he in their position, he said, he should express his gratitude to the Lord by a thank-offering to him, that the calamity had not taken away the whole of their property. The gentlemen concerned, Mr. Müller learned afterward, resolved to give to the Lord \$500 as suggested.

Well, what do you think was the result? "These Christian men have had the \$500 repaid not merely tenfold, twentyfold, nor a hundredfold, but far more than a thousandfold.

Mr. Müller resided in later years at No. 3 Orphan House. His private room was comparatively small, and simply furnished. A table, couch, one or two ordinary chairs, a single armchair, which only by a stretch of imagination could be described as "easy," were the chief articles of furniture. On the walls were Scripture texts, and on the table was usually an open Bible. A man of tall and stately bearing, he was a strict disciplinarian, but his kindness of heart, his gentleness, and graciousness hardly suffered it to be known.

It was in No. 3 house on March 10, 1898, that his attendant failing to get a response to her knock at his

bedroom door in the morning, entered to find him lying on the floor dead. It was a beautiful end to a beautiful life. The first expression of weariness and weakness had come from him only the day before he passed away. On that evening he had conducted the prayer meeting at the Orphan Houses as usual, and retired to rest at his customary hour, apparently in fair health. When the news of his death in the morning, so sudden, yet so peaceful, became known, the whole city of Bristol was stirred to its depths.

On the Boundless Deep — No. 7

Life on the Ocean Wave

LONG before we reached Honolulu, interest had centered in the sailors' afternoon sewing bee on the steerage deck. Their needles were not fine nor their materials dainty, but many an elegant trousseau has aroused less universal enthusiasm. When the "Sierra" was well out to sea again after leaving Honolulu, this work materialized into a large canvas swimming tank. It was placed somewhat conspicuously on the front end of the main deck below the bridge. However, its prominent position did not interfere with its use. At daylight, at dark, morning, noon, and night, and during the night — and between times — splashing and subdued laughter were heard in that region. The luxury of a dip in the salt water directly from the ocean was greatly appreciated.

The bath was always there, and always open to the public. No closing gong sounded; no belated electric car delayed; no imperious business or home-duty call curtailed the hour's enjoyment. Those too timid to appear before others, chose for their plunge the witching hour between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower. Here one could revel with delight in the soft, cushiony arms of Neptune, as the restless waves splashed over the tank, to and fro, ever changing, never ceasing, leaving no danger of stagnant water there. They invited, urged, impelled one to enter their embrace.

Young and old enjoyed the cool depths of this bath. Even the baby toddler was carried in. Although encircled by his father's protecting arm, yet he vigorously protested, with lungs and limbs. Many of the passengers took a prolonged dip twice a day, my little girl and her father often being among this number. This tank was intended as a pleasure for passengers only, but under cover of darkness the ship's hands took their turns also, and all who knew this enjoyed their own sport with keener zest for sharing it with these faithful attendants.

Bathing suits were at a premium. Those who were fortunate or foresighted enough to have one accessible could rent or sell at their own figures. Impromptu suits were invented, and sometimes much abbreviated costumes. But we were fast plowing onward into the region where little clothing is worn. Hereafter, as long as the tank remained on deck, and that was until we neared the end of the voyage, the ship was decorated with varicolored flags of all nationalities — garments hung up to dry.

This recreation made that part of the ship a constant reminder of the wetness of the road we were traveling. The sloppiness prevented its use as a promenade deck; but there were other avenues for the stroller, and the health-and-comfort-producing fun amply compensated for any untidy appearance or inconvenience.

The absolute lack of all necessary exertion, if indulged too freely, induces a torpidity almost amounting to lethargy or laziness. The wise passenger engages in various games for exercise, deck golf, shuffleboard, quoits, etc., and conscientiously takes long, spirited walks on deck. Though he gets over the water no faster for so doing, nor hastens a minute his journey's end, he does get deep drafts of the invigorating, fresh, salt-sea air, and keeps up the healthful tone of the circulation, which is an index to the condition of the whole system. A listless, aimless stroll and an animated, vigorous walk, on the sea as on the land, are as different in results as in appearance. After the latter, one can enjoy more intensely, from the restful depths of a deck chair, the wondrous beauty of sea and sky, and the children of the sea, at whom one gets an occasional peep.

Schools of flying fish glimmered on the waves now and then, more frequently as we neared the equator. But almost before one could call his companion's attention, they were gone, lost in the big waves that changed so quickly from waters mountain high to troughs in the sea. An occasional finny friend, was landed high and dry on deck. His stay there was usually brief. Old Ocean's tossing arms, or the hand of some friendly passenger, soon returned him to the silver depths of his home. Among the trophies of our trip we have, however, the silken wings of one little fellow, the victim of too long a stay from his native element, or from the impact with the deck on his sudden arrival thereon.

Often a flock of birds was seen in near proximity to the fish, and this, doubtless, with deadly intent. The downward swoop of the birds probably caused vacant places in the school. Danger everywhere. Upward flights to elude greedy mouths from beneath, only to be captured by waiting victors gliding through the air. One whale was sighted at a distance, and endless flotillas of the Portuguese man-of-war were seen in the sapphire water.

Each day the temperature of the sea was taken, and each day the temperature of the atmosphere increased. Hasty visits had been made to the nether region to deposit furs and other winter apparel in the trunks stowed away down there. No longer were wrapped around us those rugs, the comfort of which was increased manifold by their eloquent reminders of the dear home friends. Instead, umbrellas were brought into requisition, which spoke with equal eloquence of loving ties just sundered.

The garments worn were as simple and few as previous education deemed permissible, and soothing lotions for the skin were in demand. Searching through steamer trunk and suitcases on one's knees in the tiny cabin of a ship madly careening between high-crested breakers and deep chasms, is not a pleasurable pastime. This self-evident fact was the occasion of a mishap that seems more amusing in retrospect than at the time of its occurrence. When berth and pillow had been reached for the night, the after-effects of combined caresses from wind and sun reflected from the water, proved very painful, and we sought the cold-cream jug, but accepted instead a jar of medicated vaseline. The word "medicated" sounded healing; but soon the stinging, burning sensation increased a thousandfold, especially in and about the eyes. It was awful, and remedies obtained from the ship's physician did not alleviate the pain that night. It seemed as if blindness might result, but no lasting traces were left except that etched on memory's tablet.

We had not yet encountered the warmest weather.

nor did we have it on or near the equator. Because of the lateness of the season, the sun was far south, and the hottest days would be when we were leaving the tropics.

Each day at noon the captain posted up a card telling how far the ship had sailed during the last twenty-four hours, and giving the present latitude and longitude. We began to realize that we were getting some distance from home when we saw, with a start, that this would be our last evening in our own world. We stayed on deck late that night to bid farewell to the starry heavens, and especially to the faithful guide, the North Star, which had all these many years beamed on us with steadfast friendly glance. But a slight haze overspread that part of the sky, and did not lift for even a parting gleam. All the stars were pale. We stood in the stern, watching for the familiar face of this bright beacon, until we knew that he had long since passed below the horizon and was lost to us. We would never again see this home friend unless we should sometime return to America or go to China or Japan. When he shone out again, unclouded and free, from his high place of calmness, he would not shine for us.

We talked little as we gazed for hours from the heavens above to the world of waters, with its white-foamed waves heaving high; but thought was busy — of the mysteries of the deep, and the dangers dark that roll across the sky. While some of the mariners soundly slept, some with watchful eye were keeping a constant lookout to guard against all possible danger. But how the futility of human strength would be revealed if the leagues of waves below could tell their story. These words by Mrs. Hemans, learned when a schoolgirl, came to mind: —

"What hides't thou in thy treasure caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells —
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea.
We ask not such from thee.

"Yet more, the depths have more.
What wealth untold, far down and shining through their
stillness, lies.
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main;
Earth claims not these again.

"Yet more, the depths have more.
Thy waves have rolled above the cities of a world
gone by;
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
Dash o'er them ocean, in thy scornful play;
Man yields them to decay.

"Yet more, the billows and the depths have more.
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast.
They hear not now the booming waters roar;
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave —
Give back the true and brave.

"Give back the lost and lovely,
Those for whom the place was kept at board and heart
so long.
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke midst festal song.
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
But all is not thine own.

"To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown.
Yet must thou hear a voice, 'Restore the dead.'
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,
'Restore the dead, thou sea.'"

MRS. C. M. SNOW.

How to Work Among the Hebrew People with the Harvest Ingathering "Signs"

WHILE in the city of Portland, Maine, a short time ago, in company with one of our brethren, I visited a Jewish store. It was shortly after the Sabbath, and I remarked to the storekeeper that we were both Christian Sabbath keepers. He became interested at once. I told him that we observed the Sabbath from sunset to sunset, and he told us that he did likewise. A very interesting conversation followed, and the man would have talked longer on the subject of the truth, were it not that he had customers.

I was telling this brother, who is much interested in the Jewish people and who has had much experience in working with the Harvest Ingathering papers, how it is possible to gain access to a Jew, but by a mistake how easy it is to embitter a Jew against one. I remarked that one should never say the word "missionary," or the words "Christian missionary work." To the Jew a missionary is a monster, a cruel, hateful Jew hater. The Jew believes that all the cruelties which have come to his people have been through missionaries. Hence to the Jew the word "missionary," or any word akin to it, will immediately arouse his ire and resentment. The brother then told me that he could now see what was perplexing to him on one occasion.

It seems that he had met a learned Jew, and entered into conversation with him on the subject of the Bible. He was getting considerable information from the Jew who seemed very friendly. Rather unexpectedly he told his Jewish friend that he was engaged in Christian missionary work. At once the Jew became less conversant, and soon manifested a spirit of indifference and estrangement. The brother wondered why this should be. When I told him the feelings of the Jew toward the missionary, then he understood that experience.

It is a wonderful thing to the Jew to learn that there is a people who claim to be Christians, yet keep the Sabbath, believe in the Old Testament, and accept the teachings of all the prophets. It is still more wonderful to tell the Jew that we do not eat swine flesh, but observe the laws of health as recognized and taught in the Bible. He cannot understand how a Gentile people can observe the ten commandments and recognize the teachings of the Bible which God gave to Israel. To him the most wonderful thing of all is that such a people are actually undertaking to tell all nations of earth that they are under obligation to God and to the Messiah to observe all these things.

It seems perplexing to the Jew to learn that we are teaching the Chinese, the Japanese, the Fijians, the Africans, and the rest of the heathen world that all are to observe the Sabbath of the Lord and all the commands of God. When the son of Abraham learns that Seventh-day Adventists are actually doing this work, he feels that our people are doing that which the Jew ought to do. It appeals to him, and he feels that our cause is one worthy of his help. Many of our brethren have found that by telling the Jew we are carrying a message of law and grace, including the Sabbath and the teachings of Moses and the prophets, to all the nations of earth, it not only makes the Israelites friendly to us, but also impresses them with the fact that there is a people who are doing the work which God desires to have accomplished.

But, beloved brethren and sisters, as you go to the Jew do not talk to him about missionaries and missionary work. You may tell him about our work of

Sabbath reform and other reforms which are being taught by Christian Sabbath keepers in all parts of the world; and if you approach him in this spirit, with the prayer in your heart that the Holy Spirit will impress his soul, he will be glad to meet you, he will hear what you have to say, and many will be glad to contribute to this great work which the Lord has given us to do.

The writer will be glad to hear from any of our people who have interesting experiences with the Jews as they visit them in connection with this work.

F. C. GILBERT.

Stephen's Calm Confidence *

"As Stephen stood face to face with his judges to answer to the charge of blasphemy," writes Mrs. Ellen G. White of the first Christian martyr, "a holy radiance shone upon his countenance, and 'all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.'"—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 99.

Whence came the calm confidence with which the youthful witness for truth faced those from whom he could expect no pity? In his early youth Stephen had applied himself to a study of the Holy Scriptures, and thus had laid a broad foundation on which he could now stand in full assurance that God by his Spirit would give him words to speak in answer to his accusers. So extensive, so exact, was his knowledge of the Scriptures of truth, that his adversaries "were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake."

A knowledge of God's Word always tends to inspire calmness in times of trial and danger. It is said that in the year 1812, "when information reached St. Petersburg that Napoleon's armies had entered Moscow, a general panic came upon the inhabitants, and they packed up their valuables to flee to some place of security, fully expecting that the French would soon march upon the capital." The emperor, Alexander I, was preparing to march out with a body of troops to withstand the invading foe.

Meanwhile, Prince Alexander Galitzin, the emperor's favorite, "remained calm and unconcerned, and had a large number of men employed in repairing his palace, which he continued to go on with, notwithstanding the prevailing fear. His companions were astonished at his course, and some envious persons told the emperor what he was doing, and ventured to hint that he might be a traitor, who had some secret understanding with the invading foe. Alexander sought an interview with the prince, who was glad of an opportunity to acquaint the emperor with the foundation upon which his confidence was built.

"Galitzin," said the emperor, "what are you doing? What means all this? every one prepares to flee, and you are building."

"Oh," said the prince, "I am here in as sure a place of safety as any I could flee to; the Lord is my defense."

"Whence have you such confidence?" replied the emperor. "Who assures you of it?"

"I feel it in my heart, and it is also stated in this divinely inspired volume," answered the prince, drawing from his pocket and holding forth a small Bible—a book which the emperor had never seen before. He put out his hand to receive it, but by some inad-

vertence it dropped on the floor, opening as it fell. The prince raised the Sacred Volume, glanced at the open page, and said:—

"Well, permit me to read to you in that very place on which the Bible lies open before us."

"It was that wonderful passage, the ninety-first psalm: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty,' etc.

"Oh, that your majesty would seek this retreat," said the prince, as he read the inspiring words.

"The emperor stood for a while as a man astonished. His army was at this time marching out of the city, and as was customary, he repaired to the great church for public worship, that being the last place that the emperor visits when leaving the capital to be absent any considerable time. Entering there, the religious services proceeded, and the officiating priest read before the wondering emperor the same ninety-first psalm. After the service he sent for the priest, and asked if Galitzin had mentioned the circumstances of their interview. The priest replied that he had heard nothing of the matter.

"Who told you to make choice of that particular passage this day?" said the emperor. The priest replied that "nobody had done it, but that he had desired in prayer that the Lord would direct him to the particular portion of the Inspired Volume he should read, to encourage the emperor, and that he apprehended that psalm was the word of the Lord to him."

"The emperor proceeded on his way some distance, and late in the evening, feeling a great seriousness of mind, he sent for his chaplain to read the Bible to him in his tent. He came and began to read: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

"Hold," said the emperor. "Who told you to read that?"

"God," said the chaplain.

"How?" said the emperor. "Has Galitzin told you?"

"He replied that he had not seen the prince, nor had any one told him what to read. 'Surprised at your sending for me,' continued the chaplain, 'I fell upon my knees before God, and besought him to teach my weak lips what to speak. I felt that part of the Holy Word clearly pointed out to me. Why Your Majesty interrupted me I know not.'

"The emperor felt astonished at this, and paid the greater attention to what was read, believing that this must be of the Lord's ordering; he was therefore very solemnly and tenderly impressed, and from that time he concluded, morning and evening to read privately a chapter in the Bible.

"The next day he was with the Princess Metchersky at Tver. They agreed to begin the Bible together, regularly to read it every day, so that they might both read the same portion on the same day, and be able to communicate to one another the particular impressions or reflections the reading of the day might have produced.

"The world knows what was the end of the French invasion of Russia. Moscow was burned by its inhabitants, and of Napoleon's mighty army, one hundred and twenty-five thousand were slain, one hundred and thirty-two thousand died of fatigue, hunger, disease, and cold, in their disastrous retreat, and one hundred and ninety-three thousand were made prisoners; and the expedition, undertaken in a haughty

(Concluded on page sixteen)

* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for Sept. 16, 1916, on "Stephen's Address—Continued" (Acts 7: 20-41).



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



Sunshine and Shadow—No. 3

Message to a Friend

EVA ROBBINS DAGGETT

DO you mean to say that you are thinking of uniting your life's interests with one who, although a member of the church, seems to have no Christian experience?" said Jessie to an intimate friend who had invited her to spend a few days at her home for a much-needed rest.

"Well," answered Alice, "Harold is a good man; he has a prosperous business, and although not my ideal, since he seems to worship me, I think it will be all right. My parents did not see the necessity of educating me in our schools, so I am not prepared to take up work in our cause."

"You may easily become prepared, Alice. There are opportunities on every hand."

"Well," urged Alice, "I have been out of school for some time, and being home with father I am not earning anything to call my own, so I could not hope to amount to much in the work. Harold is liberal, and we shall do all we can financially for the work, and shall help in other ways also."

"Yes, Alice, I know Harold is a good moral young man, but his heart seems wrapped up in his business, and how dare you take such a risk? Let me read you something." As Jessie went to her room for the book, she heard her friend say, "Oh, dear, I never have felt just right about it; but I have given my promise."

"Here it is," said Jessie. "Satan is busily engaged in influencing those who are wholly unsuited to each other to unite their interests. He exults in this work, for by it he can produce more misery and hopeless woe than by exercising his skill in any other direction. If men and women are in the habit of praying twice a day before they contemplate marriage, they should pray four times a day when such a step is anticipated. Marriage is something that will influence and affect your life both in this world and in the world to come."

"Satan so well knows that when he can influence a young man or woman to become interested in one who is of the world, how very easily that one may be led to take the step that almost always closes his or her religious experience and usefulness. O, how good God has been to me," sighed Jessie. "He led me so gently over the rough, dark pathway I deliberately chose, and he kept me from final despair; but what a struggle it was all those years. Home, that which God intended to be the sweetest and happiest place on earth, was instead a place from which the shadows were never lifted. O that I could send a warning cry to every young person in our ranks!"

"Alice, have you not considered that statement in the 'Testimonies for the Church,' 'My sister, unless you would have a home where the shadows are never lifted, do not unite yourself with one who is an enemy of God'?"

"Why, Jessie May!" said Alice. "You don't mean to say that Harold is an enemy of God, do you?"

"No, I could hardly say that; yet, Alice, I know you are in the habit of praying twice a day, so I will suggest that you not only pray four times a day, but pray without ceasing. I believe this is a crisis in your life, and God will help you to decide aright."

Jessie recalled some of her own dark and shadowy experiences, rehearsed them for a warning to her friend, and begged her to be sure God would approve of her course before she made a final decision.

"But I have already given my promise, what can I do?" questioned Alice.

"Let me read another statement from the same writer," replied Jessie. "If you have made a promise contrary to the Scriptures, by all means retract it without delay, and in humility before God repent of the infatuation that led you to make so rash a pledge. Far better take back such a promise, in the fear of God, than keep it, and thereby dishonor your Maker. God means what he says. I am sure it will be an unequal yoke, and I beg of you to consider it well. Don't risk a home where the shadows will ever dishearten and discourage you. You cannot afford to grieve the Spirit of God and forfeit his protection. Take no additional weights to retard your progress, as I did; and, O, such heavy weights they were! We need help instead of hindrance. True religion is needed in every home."

"I was greatly pleased to get your good letters, Alice," said Jessie, as they met a few years later in a distant State at camp meeting. "So thankful you were kept from establishing a home where the shadows would never have been lifted."

"Yes," responded Alice, "as I wrote you, I know God sent you to me with that timely message, and I am so thankful God gave me grace to accept it. I found it a little hard to study as I wanted to; but I am so happy to be engaged in this wonderful work, and to have the assurance of God's blessing on my humble efforts as I try to break the bread of life to others. I shall never regret the breaking of my promise, and Harold didn't seem to care so very much after all. His heart was so wrapped up in his business that nothing else seemed to bother him much."

A Certified Check

ONE of the most beautiful sentences in the Bible is this brief sentence from the thirty-second chapter of Genesis: "He blessed him there." No life can be at its fullest, strongest, and best until one can say, referring to some time and place: "He blessed *me* there." Turn just now to Ps. 67:7: "God shall bless us." Why not cash that splendid check, signed with God's own hand, at this very moment?—*The Christian Herald*.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Town of Don't-You-Worry

THERE'S a town called Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile,
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy
Blossom sweetly all the while.
Where the Never-Grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

In the valley of Contentment,
In the province of I-Will,
You will find this lovely city,
At the foot of No-Fret hill;
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there;
And to each a vine is clinging
Called the Frequent-Earrest-Prayer.
Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile.

—Rev. I. J. Bartlett, in the *Christian Herald*.

A True Story from India

"O IF I could have some money, I'd buy new clothes, and look as good as the sahib!"

So saying, Prabhdudas began to study how he could get all he wanted. As he came out of the mission church Sunday evening, he noticed how finely it was lighted, and he gazed round at all the lamps.

"Why, there's one they don't light. They don't want it, that's sure! And they won't miss it!" he said to himself. That night, when every one was asleep, he returned to the church, broke open the door, and with a screw driver he had brought in his pocket, he managed to get the lamp down from its place. He hid it under his clothes, for fear somebody might see it, and when he got home he put it under his bed.

Next day he carried it down, all wrapped up, to the bazaar and sold it.

The sahib missed it from the church, and as he passed by, he recognized it in the bazaar. He inquired about it, and the shopkeeper told him how they had got it.

"Prabhdudas, you've been helping us in the school," the sahib said to him, "but a lad who breaks the eighth commandment, how can he help the children and their parents to love and serve our true God? I'm sorry that I can't let you help in the mission any more. I'll try to find some other work for you."

Prabhdudas didn't say anything to the sahib, because he expected this and had already made up his mind what he would do!

"I have money now, and I want to see the places around; so I'll visit them. I won't buy new clothes, for I may want the money for food," he said to himself.

So he dressed himself up in the oldest salmon-colored things he could find, and started out as a *sanyasi*, a religious beggar. He put ashes on his head, and beads around his neck, according to the custom. He went a long way. After a while he came to a village, where the people welcomed him as a *sanyasi*.

Instead of using Hindu recitations, Prabhdudas recited to the villagers Bible passages that he had learned at the mission school. One day a man called him into his house, saying, "What you recite reminds me of my little book, that I can't understand properly. Can you help me?"

It was the Gospel of St. Luke that the man had. He and the lad stayed up very late, reading and talk-

ing over the book, the boy explaining the best he could.

Prabhdudas could not sleep afterward; he was so unhappy to think that he had betrayed his Lord for a little money. "And my name, that means 'servant of the Lord,' sounds to me just like *Judas!*" he said bitterly to himself. He shed many tears, and prayed to God to forgive him, and make him more like Jesus.

Now two wonderful things happened.

The headman of the village, and six others, were so impressed by the Bible passages which the lad recited that they traveled to the nearest mission station and there became Christians. Prabhdudas went with them, and confessed his sin to the missionary. He went back with the others to their village, where he helped them build the "God's house."

But Prabhdudas did not feel content. He remembered the way in which he had left the school. He must go back, restore the money and receive the sahib's forgiveness, as he believed God had forgiven him.

This he did, and after a time Prabhdudas grew to be a man, and became the pastor of the little village church that he had helped to build.—*Louisa A'hmuty Nash, in Everyland.*

What a Queen Asked of God

THERE is always a cause lying behind a result, and it is usually worth while to follow the slender thread that leads back to what may seem the very small start of a very big thing in the end.

During the past few months the eyes of thinking people have frequently turned toward Holland and its ruler. For the people behind the dikes have tried hard to keep their steady stand for peace, just as has our own country. "In this respect the positions of Holland and the United States are identical," says an editorial in the current issue of a leading magazine.

When William, of Holland, a sad and lonely old man of seventy, asked the hand of Emma, Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, the girl was told, "He and his people need you."

Princess Emma was barely eighteen, but when her answer came, her blue eyes gave the promise of the strong, true woman she was to become. "If they need me, I surely will go," she said.

The fair-haired young girl who became queen consort of Holland kept her promise, and in no way did she keep it more nobly than in the lofty training she gave to her only child, Wilhelmina, who became queen

of the Netherlands when she was a flaxen-haired mite of ten. The young mother said to her royal child, "If you are to become a great, wise, and just queen, you must first become a pure, true, God-loving woman."

Wilhelmina was crowned soon after her eighteenth birthday, and in the quaintly simple little speech she made from the throne to her ministers, she unconsciously voiced the keynote of what her life as a queen was destined to be. "I have prayed the two nights and days before my coronation," she said, her young voice clear and sweet, as she looked down upon the gray-haired men before her, "and I hope God will help me a great deal. I have not asked anything of him for myself. I have just asked God to please send peace, happiness, and prosperity to my beloved people through me."

Literally rising from her knees to accept her crown, from the hour of her coronation Wilhelmina has made Holland and the good of its people the first thought of her life. As a result, to the Dutch people their "Little Queen," is loved as it is given to few rulers to be loved, and when she takes a stand for her country, she does it knowing that right behind her stands Holland as a unit.

"In every way does Wilhelmina deserve the worshipping love of her adoring subjects," says a writer who has spent much time close to the courts of Europe. "She is like the flowers of their soil and their history, like the emblem of a loyal and valiant country. She is in good truth a queen, strong, yet gentle, wise, just, and merciful.

Wilhelmina is the finest type of what a reigning queen should be. She takes no one for a model, because, as a self-willed princess, she treads a path all her own, and cares only to represent her own race and her own people. She is not now a lily, reigning over tulips. She is herself a tulip, stalwart and splendid, whose high stem and bright colors shed their glory over the whole realm."—*Harriet Malone Hobson.*

A Flower by the Wayside

THE minister had been sick for weeks, but, through the best of doctors and skilful nursing, he was now getting about again.

The children had gone to school that afternoon. The house was very quiet. The little wife felt, as she looked about it, as if for a while she must get away. She turned to the minister.

"Dear," she said, gently, "would you mind very much if I left you alone for a few minutes? I should like to take a little walk, if I might."

The minister nodded. "Why, of course I should not mind," he said, heartily. "You have been shut up here entirely too much. Put on your hat and coat right this minute, and do not come back for an hour."

The minister's wife bent and kissed him. Her lip quivered; there were tears in her eyes. Not even to her best beloved would she voice her heartache and her depression. It seemed to her discouraged soul that moment that, among all the church members, nobody cared. Nobody cared whether she felt well or whether she felt ill, or how things went on in the little parsonage. This sickness would put them behind again. She did not see *how* they ever were going to pay all the bills. The minister's wife was certainly depressed that afternoon. Her heart was heavy indeed, and when she looked about over the shabby little house, it seemed to shut her in like a prison.

She wanted to go clear away from everything and think things out. Outside, in the sheltered nooks and places, little flowers would be springing up. Already the grass lay like a carpet of emerald over valley and hillside, for it was spring. She must get out, she must breathe in the lovely air and pick a wild flower or two if she could find them, and try to forget the trials and burdens of the present, and — that nobody cared.

A moment later she had kissed the thin figure in the easy-chair good-by.

"Just for an hour, dear," she said.

"Be sure that it is an hour," he had replied, tenderly.

She was thinking of him as she turned out of the gate, and started at a slow pace up the quiet street. She was thinking of the years that had gone, the hard years when she had walked by his side, the years when she had helped drive back the phantom of poverty that *would* threaten them at times, for a country minister's salary is never large, and the church members, bless them, never *will* realize that when they do not pay, the minister cannot.

She was not sorry for anything. It was not *that*. She just wanted to conquer her tiredness and her depression by a walk in the open air. She wanted to get away from the shabby little house and get a new viewpoint. She was thinking of the church members as she walked along. It could not be that they did not really care, but why had they not told her so? Oh, it was not right! it was not right for Christian people to be so chary of their words. Perhaps they did not realize what it had been to her, those long weeks of illness. Perhaps they did not realize what it meant to be troubled over unpaid bills and the children's worn garments and shoes. Oh, well, she must not expect *too* much. She walked on slowly, and then she saw up the street a lady coming in her direction. As she came closer, she saw who it was — a member of her husband's church. The children called her "the beautiful lady," she was so kind to them, and, though she was not so very young, there was something about her so sweet and charming and attractive, it was no wonder the children called her their "beautiful lady." She was very fond of white, and she wore today a white coat and a hat trimmed in pansies.

She soon came up to the minister's wife, and then the beautiful lady did something that God must have put into her heart. She put her arms about the minister's little wife, and kissed her once on one pale cheek, and then on the other. And, somehow, at the tender caress, the minister's wife felt her heartache lessen.

One church member cared, after all. Why had she not thought before of the beautiful lady? She *always* cared; and as they stood there in the afternoon sun, the beautiful lady told her how she had sympathized with her in that long and trying illness, and what a splendid fight she had made in taking care of the minister, and that she had thought of and prayed for her every day; and then she told her how nicely Helen had spoken her piece in Sunday school the week before, and what a fine boy Herbert was growing, and that she ought to be very proud of her children. And that, now that the worst was over, she must take heart and courage and never, *never* forget, how much she, at least, loved her.

And then the beautiful lady passed on up the street. But, somehow, as the minister's wife stood there, everything was changed — the tender kiss, the affec-

tionate greeting, the appreciative words, had transformed her discouraged mood into one of joy. What a lovely world it was, and what a fortunate woman was she to have such dear children, and oh! she couldn't be thankful enough that the minister was getting well. She turned suddenly about. She wanted to hurry back and put her arms around her best beloved, and make sure he was really there. It did not matter about anything else. And to think she had been discouraged!—to think she had wanted to run away, even for an hour!

She opened the door softly.

Somehow the shabby little house had never seemed so dear; everything was coming out all right. She had left her weariness and her depression on her little walk. They had vanished quite under the magic of the beautiful lady's words. Some one loved her, after all.

The minister looked up in surprise as she came in.

"Why, dear," he cried, reproachfully, "you did not take your hour, after all."

She stooped and kissed him.

"It was not necessary," she said, cheerily. "I found what I was looking for."

"You look as if you had," he answered, fondly. And then he added: "Were there any flowers out, sweetheart?"

"One," replied his wife.

He did not ask her any further question, and she did not tell him that the flower she referred to had worn a white coat and a hat trimmed in pansies. She went about her work happily all the rest of the day. Her discouraged hour was over. She had received just the help she needed. When the children came from school, she kissed them with renewed tenderness. While she prepared supper that night, as she stepped briskly back and forth between kitchen and dining-room, she had forgotten that she was ever tired in the world. She was singing softly:—

"There are lonely hearts to cherish, while the days are going by;

There are weary souls who perish, as the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew, as our journey we pursue,—
O, the good we all may do, while the days are going by."

—Susan Hubbard Martin.

For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHAT is the shortest song in the Bible?
2. A certain king was smothered by his servant; who was he?
3. Who had for a possession twenty-three cities of Gilead?
4. By whom were the children of Israel carried captive into Babylon?
5. What ancient king employed dromedaries as mail carriers?
6. Who was the founder of the Hebrew nation?
7. What king of Israel committed suicide, and how?
8. Name two persons that saved their lives by hiding in a well.
9. Of what defeated king does the Bible say, "How are the mighty fallen!"
10. Who hid one hundred prophets in a cave?
11. Of what old man do we read who felt none of the infirmities of age?
12. Who said, "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest"?
13. What king traded in apes and peacocks?
14. Who was the most wicked king of Israel?

15. To which son of Jacob was the birthright given when taken from Reuben?

16. To whom did God promise an early death as a special favor?

17. Who refused to seek refuge in the temple in a time of danger?

18. What tribe was so fond of jewelry as to put golden chains on their camels' necks?—*J. H. Vincent, D. D.*

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of August 8

1. Petroleum is a liquid consisting of many hydrocarbons dissolved in each other. It comes from the slow decomposition, under great pressure, of both vegetable and animal matter. Over two fifths of the world's supply of oil comes from the United States, which produced in 1914 292,000,000 barrels. The greatest foreign oil field is in Russia.

"In the process of conversion into useful products, crude petroleum is distilled in fractions, each fraction being purified by washing alternately with sulphuric acid and caustic soda, and being again distilled. The lighter portion of the distillate is called *naphtha* or *benzine* (q. v.), which must not be confounded with benzene or benzol derived from coal tar. Naphtha can be separated by redistillation into *cymogene*, which boils at 32° F., and is therefore practically a gas; *rhigolene*, which boils at 60° F.; and gasoline, which is the general name for the hydrocarbons boiling below 300° F."

Kerosene is made by distilling petroleum. It is the product next distilled after gasoline.

The refining industry in the United States in 1909 produced the following: "Fuel oil, 34,934,577 barrels; illuminating oil, 33,495,798 barrels; naphtha and gasoline, 10,806,550 barrels; lubricating oil, 10,745,885 barrels. Solid products such as paraffin, asphalt, and coke, amounted to 3 per cent of the total output."

2. Gasoline, the general name for hydrocarbons boiling below 300°, is made by distilling naphtha.

3. Naphtha is the lightest or first product obtained by distilling crude petroleum.

4. "Nearly all the ammonia of commerce comes from the ammoniacal liquors obtained from the destructive distillation of coal in the manufacture of illuminating gas or coke. Coal often contains as much as two per cent of combined nitrogen thus available. Other sources are the residues from the beet sugar industries, slaughterhouses, and tanneries."

5. Benzene is obtained by the destructive distillation of coal, while gasoline is made from petroleum.

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The Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

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"The Advance Guard of Missions"

by Clifford G. Howell, sketches the lives and experiences of a noble army of pioneer missionary heroes, who, in the face of perils and persecution, often of apathy at home and of opposition abroad, carried the gospel light into the dark places of the earth. No one can read these missionary biographies without having enkindled in his heart a deeper love for missions, and a more earnest determination to have an active part in obeying the Saviour's last command to his disciples. The book has 347 large pages, is bound in dark-red cloth, with white stamp, and is sold for 75 cents (special Reading Course price).

"Getting Acquainted with the Trees"

is a delightful nature book written by J. Horace McFarland. "I am not a botanist," he says, "but only a plain tree lover." In a pleasant, friendly way he tells us about maples and oaks and pines, about apple trees and nut trees,—just the common, everyday trees we all see so often, and he helps us to see them better. This book is well illustrated, completely indexed, and printed on good paper. Bound in dark-blue cloth; 234 pages; price, 50 cents.

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"History of the Waldenses"

This work, which is a reprint of the Sixteenth Book of the "History of Protestantism," by J. A. Wylie, deals with the early and later history of the Waldenses. It tells of the dreadful persecutions endured by these steadfast people through a long series of centuries,—persecutions which form "one of the most remarkable pages of the church's history." It is said that "their resplendent virtues illumined the darkness of their age;" and that they endured persecution "with a patience, a constancy, a bravery, honorable to the gospel as well as to those simple people whom the gospel converted into heroes and martyrs." Approximately 200 pages, well illustrated, and bound in cloth. Price, 50 cents.

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Order the books from your tract society.

The Value of the Reading Circle

THE most valuable part of a human being's equipment for life is the mind, but like any fine tool it is worthless or harmful unless its owner is skilled in its use and care. So the most valuable preparation for life is the training of the mind to know, love, and seek for the best and highest thoughts and motives, as well as training it to keen, deep, well-controlled habits of thinking. This training can be obtained in two ways,—by associating with the best people and by reading the best books. Every one is not permitted to associate with the noblest and most cultured people, but there is no one who cannot associate with the noblest of books—the Bible—and with those books which draw their nobility from the Bible, such as the biographies of worthy men and women, histories of God's providence among nations, and accurate descriptions of the world and its people. The Reading Courses present from year to year the right opportunity for this training and association with the highest, and it is our loss if we seize not these opportunities.

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MARY MOORE.



Equipment for Service

(Texts for September 10 to 16)

EQUIPMENT for service! That is just what we want. We long to be successful workers for our Master—workers whom he approves; whose methods he indorses. But how shall we obtain equipment for such service? The ambitious merchant strives to gain for himself the secret of mercantile success; the progressive farmer studies the best methods of agriculture, and equips his place with the necessary farm implements; the artist who endeavors to advance provides himself with good paints and brushes; the man who would be a successful teacher equips himself first of all with a liberal education. And so in all professions, equipment for service is the forerunner of success. But equipment always means more than methods and tools; it includes a consecrated heart as well as an educated mind and a trained hand.

And it is doubly true in the Master's service that the consecrated heart is a prerequisite to success. Perhaps we think that if we can tell the story of the cross, we can lead others to Christ. But a message that flows through an unsaved, selfish heart is powerless. God must have your life and mine to do with them as he chooses before he can equip us for successful service. Therefore, the first thing for us to do is to obey the command to "sanctify yourselves." It is when we obey this command, and God has full control of every detail of our lives, that he can take out of them all the rubbish of sin, and fill them to overflowing with his own love and power. Then with the lives that he has enriched, we may enrich the world. Then the arm that is stretched out to save others will not be broken, nor will the message we carry to sinners be powerless. O the possibilities before each one of us! O the privilege of such equipment for service!

But this consecration must be a continuous process. Just here lies the secret of much failure and of most success in Christian service. We did something successfully yesterday, and we think surely we can do it today. But no, we cannot, not unless we go again to the Master to have our lives equipped for the work. If the life that undertakes service is barren, the results must be barren, no matter how glorious the deeds past records show. And the only way to avoid a barren life and its mechanical service is to make sure each day that our connection with heaven is unbroken, that nothing stands between us and our Master, that we are not trying to use his power, but that he is using us. Each day our prayer should be:—

"Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
The hungry ones with manna sweet.

"Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea."

Sometimes it will seem to you that you have to pay a higher price for power in service than others do.

But never mind. Satan wants you to think so; and if possible, he will use that thought as a weapon for driving discouragement into your heart. You can count on your Master's being just, and you know that the command is, "Be ye clean." Then at all costs strive to have your life so clean that it will reflect Jesus, and Jesus only—no selfish motive in the background. Do not attempt to follow other people; follow him. Do not measure yourself by others; measure yourself by him.

Do not sigh for the important tasks God calls others to perform; do faithfully the little duties he places before you in your home, in your society, in your church, in your community. Equipment for service and consecration to service require a willingness to do "anything, anywhere, any time, for the Son of God and the sons of men." Then, too, attention to small duties is a preparation all need for great achievement. Dr. Walter Reed for nearly twenty years was a frontier physician. It was an obscure life which many would have despised, but he worked faithfully, throwing his brilliant abilities into the trivial duties about him; and in his faithful service there he obtained a training that enabled him to solve great problems. In 1900 he was called to the rescue of the American soldiers at Havana. He studied the yellow fever scourge that had broken out among them, *and he checked it.* Dr. Walter Reed's life urges us to do faithfully the work that opportunity brings us today. In the duties of everyday life God is testing and training us for larger responsibilities, and while he is thus equipping us for wider usefulness, it is well to remember that to fill life with faithful, cheerful service is a great achievement, indeed.

When you have consecrated your life to serve God cheerfully in prominent positions or in obscure places, as he may choose, seek his guidance and blessing in obtaining the additional equipment you need for efficient service. You must realize that you are a debtor to all who do not know Christ, and that it is your first business to make him known. Ask him to give you the love for souls that filled Paul with a burning desire to save others (Rom. 9:2, 3); for the enemy will make soul-winning very hard for you, and you cannot win out in the conflict unless the salvation of others is the consuming passion of your heart. And you cannot contend successfully with the enemy for souls unless you are equipped with the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit. These weapons are obtained through earnest, sincere prayer and Bible study; and are strengthened by using them faithfully in service each day. Then why not be an efficient worker? Why not be thoroughly equipped for service? You may be if you will pay the price. Will you?

MEDITATION.—My Father, take my life and equip it for service—service that will glorify thee and bless others. Take selfishness out of my heart and fill it with thy love for those about me. Give me skill in the great art of comforting and cheering others. Teach me how to give helpful sympathy, instead of enervating pity. Leave no room in my heart for grudges, but lift me above the spirit of criticism and fault-finding. Make my eyes keen to discern the needs of others, and my feet swift in carrying relief. Open my ears to hear thy voice, and give my tongue skill in telling others of thy wonderful love to us all. Keep my hands busy in doing loving deeds for others. "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight." Make all my thoughts ennobling and uplifting. Control my life in every detail that it may help to make the part of the world it touches a little better.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—This week let all pray earnestly for the big cities everywhere. Pray for the efforts put forth to

save the honest in heart. Pray for the young people growing up in the midst of their well-nigh overwhelming temptations. Yes, pray, pray, pray for the big cities just as God impresses you to pray.

M. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending September 16

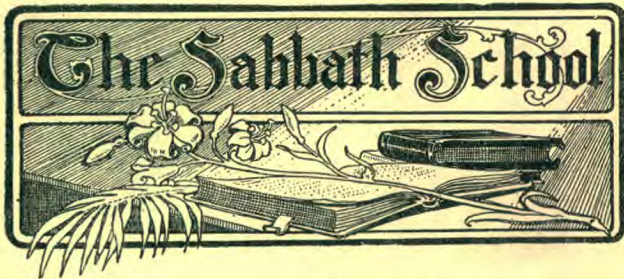
THE programs for the Missionary Volunteer Societies, Senior and Junior, for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for September.

The Bible Year

Assignment for September 10 to 16

- September 10: Ezra 8 to 10.
- September 11: Psalms 126, 85, 107, 87.
- September 12: Psalms 111 to 114, 116.
- September 13: Psalms 117, 125, 127, 128, 134.
- September 14: Psalms 84, 66, 129.
- September 15: Psalms 138, 48, 81, 146.
- September 16: Psalms 147 to 150.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for September 7.



XII — Stephen's Address (Continued)

(September 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 7:20-41.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Ex. 20:3.

Questions

1. What law was made in Egypt before Moses was born? Acts 7:19. Note 1.
2. What is said of the appearance of Moses as a child? How long did he remain at home? Verse 20.
3. Tell how Moses was "cast out" and rescued. Verse 21.
4. What did Stephen say of Moses' education? Verse 22. Note 2.
5. At what age did he visit his brethren? Verse 23.
6. What did he see? How did he try to remedy the wrong? Verse 24.
7. What did he suppose? How was he disappointed? Verse 25.
8. What did he say to others whom he found quarreling? Verse 26.
9. How was his offer to help received? What question did the one in the wrong ask Moses? Verses 27, 28. Note 3.
10. What did this experience lead Moses to do? Verse 29.
11. How long did he stay in Midian? How did the Lord appear to him there? Verses 30-33. Note 4.
12. What did the Lord say he had seen? Where did he wish to send Moses? Verse 34. Note 5.
13. For what purpose did the Lord send Moses to his people? Verse 35.
14. What did he show in bringing Israel from Egypt? How long before they reached Canaan? Verse 36.
15. What prophecy given by Moses, did Stephen quote? Verse 37.
16. How was Moses treated by the people as they journeyed? Verse 39.

17. What did they ask Aaron to make? What did they say about Moses? Were the people then more willing to hear Moses than those in the council were to hear Jesus? Verse 40.

18. Where was Moses when God talked with him? Ex. 31:18; 32:1.

19. How far did the people go into idolatry? Acts 7:41. Note 6.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. Give one wonder or sign the Lord wrought in Egypt, in delivering his people.
2. Why did it take forty years for Israel to reach Canaan?
3. What prophecy concerning Jesus is found in this lesson?

Notes

1. "While this decree was in full force, a son was born to Amram and Jochebed, devout Israelites of the tribe of Levi. The babe was 'a goodly child;' and the parents, believing that the time of Israel's release was drawing near, and that God would raise up a deliverer for his people, determined that their little one should not be sacrificed. Faith in God strengthened their hearts, 'and they were not afraid of the king's commandment.'"—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 242, 243.*

2. "At the court of Pharaoh, Moses received the highest civil and military training. The monarch had determined to make his adopted grandson his successor on the throne, and the youth was educated for this high station. . . . His ability as a military leader made him a favorite with the armies of Egypt, and he was generally regarded as a remarkable character."—*Id., p. 245.*

3. "In slaying the Egyptian, Moses had fallen into the same error so often committed by his fathers, of taking into their own hands the work that God had promised to do. It was not God's will to deliver his people by warfare, as Moses thought, but by his own mighty power, that the glory might be ascribed to him alone."—*Id., p. 247.*

4. "Humility and reverence should characterize the deportment of all who come into the presence of God. In the name of Jesus we may come before him with confidence, but we must not approach him with the boldness of presumption, as though he were on a level with ourselves. . . . There are those who conduct themselves in his house as they would not presume to do in the audience chamber of an earthly ruler. These should remember that they are in his sight whom seraphim adore, before whom angels veil their faces."—*Id., p. 252.*

5. "During all the years of servitude in Egypt, there had been among the Israelites some who adhered to the worship of Jehovah. These were sorely troubled as they saw their children daily witnessing the abominations of the heathen, and even bowing down to their false gods. In their distress they cried unto the Lord for deliverance from the Egyptian yoke, that they might be freed from the corrupting influence of idolatry."—*Id., p. 261.*

6. "Among the objects regarded by the Egyptians as symbols of deity, was the ox or calf; and it was at the suggestion of those who had practiced this form of idolatry in Egypt, that a calf was now made and worshiped."—*Id., p. 316.*

This Same Jesus

"THIS same Jesus!" O how sweetly fall those words upon the ear,

Like a swell of far-off music, in a night watch still and drear;
He who healed the hopeless leper, he who dried the widow's tear,

He who changed to health and gladness helpless suffering,
trembling fear;

He who gently called the weary, "Come, and I will give you rest;"

He who loved the little children, took them in his arms and blessed;

He, the lonely Man of Sorrows, 'neath our sin-curse bending low,

By his faithless friends forsaken in the darkest hours of woe,—

This same Jesus! When the vision of that last and awful day

Bursts upon the prostrate spirit, like a midnight lightning ray;
When, else dimly apprehended, all his terrors seem revealed,
Trumpet knell and fiery heavens, and the books of doom unsealed,

Then we lift our hearts, adoring "this same Jesus," loved and known,

Him, our own most gracious Saviour, seated on the great white throne;

He himself, and "not another," he for whom our heart love yearned

Through long years of twilight waiting, to his ransomed ones returned.

— Francis R. Havergal.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Trip to the Isle of Pines

THE Isle of Pines lies a few miles off the south coast of Cuba. It derives its name from the large pine trees that formerly covered it, many of which have been cleared off. A large per cent of the inhabitants are Americans, many of whom are dissatisfied with their lot. "This Property for Sale" is a common sign throughout the island.

I recently made my first visit to this island, and enjoyed some interesting experiences. Leaving Havana on the early morning train, I arrived at Batabano, a small port on the south side of Cuba, and went immediately aboard a small side-wheel steamer which was waiting at the wharf.

We were delayed in getting away from this place by the celebrations in connection with some Catholic feast day; but at last we loosed from port. The first part of our voyage was monotonous, as it was quite hot, and our boat traveled very slowly; but about halfway over we passed through a group of small keys rising just above the surface of the water, which claimed our attention for a time. After passing these we were interested in the appearance of two porpoises playing in the water, and which eventually placed themselves before the prow of the boat, swimming in such a position as to make it appear that they were towing us.

The waters lying between Cuba and the Isle of Pines are very clear, making it possible to see the coral-covered bottom the greater part of the way. A few miles off the coast, just as darkness was drawing on, with the captain standing on the prow of the boat signaling to the man at the wheel, we began a tortuous journey through a narrow channel winding in and out through a group of small keys, and then with the searchlight playing on the buoys, we entered a narrow river, up which we sailed for about one mile, when we slowly came to the landing wharf.

Here Elder and Mrs. H. C. Goodrich, with others of our people, were awaiting my arrival. I received a cordial welcome, and spent a profitable Sabbath and Sunday with our faithful company of believers in Nueva Gerona, the capital of the island.

Monday, under a burning tropical sun, seated high up on the top of a truck load of merchandise, Elder Goodrich and I made a fifteen-mile trip inland to visit a family of Sabbath keepers. Our visit was a pleasant one but for the mosquitoes that constantly swarmed about us, assisted in their bloody assaults by the ter-

rible Roerdory and Jijeny which attack us in large numbers. During the winter months these pests are not so prevalent, and Elder Goodrich plans to hold a series of meetings in this section at that time.

Wednesday found us in an automobile bound for Siguaneya Bay, from which place we planned to take a small boat around Punta Frances to the south coast, to visit the family of Brother McLaughlin, who is upholding the banner of truth in that section. About six o'clock in the evening we reached Los Indios, a small town composed of two stores and a small hotel operated by Americans. Here we were told that a boat was due at the wharf, five miles away, that same evening for the south coast. Although tired, just as darkness was setting in, with our heavy suitcases, we started for a five-mile walk over a winding path through a dismal alligator swamp. We fought mosquitoes all the way. At last we reached the docks, only to learn there was no boat due. We found a place to sleep with the dock hands under the wharf sheds about a half mile off shore, Elder Goodrich on an old cot without bedding, and I on a deck chair. We waited twenty-nine hours before finding opportunity to proceed on our journey. Finally we secured passage on a little dory, a canoe with a small sail. This boat rolled so heavily at times that we had to sit on one edge to keep it from turning over. At last, however, after a journey of seven and one-half hours, we reached our destination, the home of Brother and Sister McLaughlin, hid away among the coconut trees in a quiet little cove away around on the south coast. Here all alone, seldom seeing another of like faith, this brother and his wife are holding a family Sabbath school. Faithful witnesses are they for the Master.

Miss Rhoda McLaughlin expects to attend our school in San Marcos this year to prepare for an active part in the Lord's work.

Sunday morning we started on our return trip in a little sailboat managed by Brother McLaughlin and his son, and somewhat more comfortable and safe than the dory. Just after passing the point we were becalmed. This held us motionless for a time, but afterward we were hastened on by a storm that overtook us. We were safely landed again at the old wharf after a seven-hour journey, where Elder Goodrich and I parted company. He returned by automobile to his home in Nueva Gerona, and I waited twenty-four hours for a steamer to carry me around the west coast of Cuba to Havana. Finally I went aboard the good ship "Purissima Concepcion," and reached home after a voyage of thirty hours, part of which was spent in a storm.

F. G. LANE.

Stephen's Calm Confidence

(Concluded from page eight)

contempt of the government and providence of God, ended in the downfall of its leader, and the overthrow of his mighty hosts.

"As for the emperor, the impressions made upon his mind by that psalm were not transient. He took Galitzin's Bible, and, to use his own language, 'I devoured it, finding in it words so suitable to, and descriptive of, the state of my mind. The Lord by his divine Spirit was also pleased to give me an understanding of what I read therein. It is to this inward teacher alone that I am indebted, therefore I consider divine inspiration, or the teachings of the Spirit of God, as the sure foundation of saving knowledge.'"

— *Bible Society Record*, March, 1874.

C. C. CRISLER.