

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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ETHEL AND LUCY ROBERTS, PASSAGRILLE, FLORIDA



AUTOMOBILES and delivery wagons are often given from twelve to forty coats of paint and varnish, according to the kind of vehicle.

MALDEN, Massachusetts, won the award for the best showing of work done in "Clean-Up Week" in New England this year. Honorable mention went to Manchester, New Hampshire.

THE late Dr. Weston, of Crozer Theological Seminary, it is claimed, read the New Testament through once every month for fifty years, and his testimony is that every reading disclosed new truths.

A GERMAN ship loaded with nitrates from Chile sought refuge in New York Harbor in September, 1914, where it has lain idle ever since. When the ship entered the harbor, the cargo was worth \$125,000. It was recently sold for \$1,000,000.

E. P. KENDALL of Bowdoinham, Maine, has invented a potato harvester that can dig, separate, and bag five bushels of potatoes during each minute of its operation. It reduces the cost of potato harvesting from seven dollars to two dollars an acre, and even more in large-scale operation.

WHEN Dr. Finney was president of Oberlin College, a woman who had been but a few months in the city rose in a prayer meeting and found fault with the church. It was not so good as she expected. When she had finished, President Finney kindly asked, "My friend, what have you done to make Oberlin better since you came here?"

IN 1901 New York began to collect fees for registering automobiles and licensing drivers. It was the first State to take the step. That year it collected \$954. Last year the fees collected throughout the whole country amounted to \$18,245,713, but the States that received them spent nine tenths of the money in building new roads and in maintaining those they had.

MONSON, in Maine, wonders why there is so much ado about the "daylight-saving" plan. About forty years ago some one in the town suggested that it would be a good thing for the workers in the slate quarries to gain an hour of daylight by going to work an hour earlier in the morning and stopping work an hour earlier at night. The town adopted the suggestion, but instead of changing the working hours it set the clocks ahead. Through all the years since then the clocks of Monson have been an hour ahead of the clocks in other Maine towns.

ON November 7 California, Montana, Nebraska, South Dakota, Michigan, and Missouri vote on State-wide prohibition. Maryland votes by counties. Idaho, which has statutory prohibition, will vote to place it in the constitution. Technically Iowa does not vote, but practically she does, because the liquor interests are trying to elect a governor and legislature committed to the repeal of the present prohibitory law. In Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Oregon, and Washington the saloon people have initiated measures, which, if carried, would largely neutralize the present prohibition laws of those States. Alaska votes for the first time on prohibition, in November.

"WHILE traveling in Scotland, Dr. Spurgeon came across a very old and thumb-marked Bible. As he held it up to a window he could see the light coming through one little spot where a worm had eaten its way through from Genesis to Revelation. As Dr. Spurgeon replaced the old Bible, he said, "Lord, make me a bookworm like that. It will never turn into an earthworm, and it will have wings by and by." Such a reading of the book of Acts will give our spirits wings and visions.

Immigrants in Night Schools

ON September first the United States Bureau of Education in the Department of the Interior began its nation-wide campaign to induce 3,000,000 non-English-speaking immigrants to attend night school and learn the language of America.

The Commissioner of Education has designated men dealing with the immigrant's problems from every angle to serve on a National Committee of One Hundred to further the purposes of the campaign. This action is the result of resolutions adopted by two Americanization conferences held during the recent meetings of the National Education Association in Detroit and in New York, at which times it was decided that the removal of the inability of the foreign-born residents to speak English could be hastened by concerted effort and coöperation of all interested agencies and individuals working intensively on a nation-wide basis prior to and immediately subsequent to the opening of evening schools in October.

Letters of appointment have been sent to representative industrial leaders, educators, labor and immigration officials, State officials, editors, officers of patriotic, civic, and racial organizations, and public-spirited citizens in every section of the United States. The function of the committee is to coöperate with the bureau in enlisting the active interest of school superintendents, chambers of commerce, commercial organizations, industrial establishments, labor unions, and private organizations.

For the purpose of enlisting native and foreign-born American citizens in the "America First" Campaign an enrolment blank, headed "Sign this card and join the Americanization movement," is used. Thousands of these cards, asking each signer for his personal help, will be disseminated in States and cities where immigrants reside. Through the active assistance secured in this manner the bureau expects to be able to reach thousands of immigrants whom it could reach in no other way. Coöperating subcommittees will be appointed in the principal immigrant communities.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

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No. 39

Trip from Riga, Russia, to Siberia, near the Chinese Border — No. 2

A Fourth-of-July Ride

MRS. J. T. BOETTCHER

EARLY in the morning, the fourth of July, the settlement of Patropavlovsk was all astir, busy with our departure. The good people had decided to take us themselves, in their comfortable carriage, as far as Semipalatinsk. They knew a shorter cut through the mountains, making the distance only about two hundred and twenty-five miles.

We were accompanied by thirteen men, a little maid, three wagons, besides our carriage, and some twenty horses. That made quite a caravan, and it took some time to get us all started. We took along a large supply of bread, eggs, and cheese. There were no fruits or vegetables to be had.

The thought that every mile would bring us nearer home gladdened our hearts, yet the parting was sad; for we disliked to leave these friends alone, fighting the drought in such a dreary spot when the earth has so many pleasant places. We had no road to follow, and the only one of our company who knew the way was the driver of our carriage, who had a curious name — Mr. Child's-Father. He knew the way well, although he had only the sun for his guide. Most of the time we were in the valleys between the mountains, and quite often were riding along by some large river. These valleys are fertile, yielding plenty of grass for the immense herds of cattle grazing there. There were thousands of horses, great flocks of sheep with beautiful wool (both white and black) and fat tails (I believe some tails weigh as much as fifteen pounds, and sometimes the wolves content themselves with eating off the tails, and leave the sheep alive), great herds of cows and oxen, and many camels. The camels always seemed frightened when we drove among them, and looked very amusing when they tried to run away.

These valleys are the summer pasturing grounds of the Kirghiz. They have their tents scattered all through the valleys, generally groups of the Kirghiz living together. They were evidently as much astonished and disturbed at our appearing as were their flocks.

Again we were impressed with the prosperity of these Mohammedan people. Their fine physique and intelligent features are evidently due to their habits of temperance, which are doubtless also one cause of their prosperity. Some had very comfortable, commodious tents, and when we stopped to talk with them they were always kind and hospitable, allowing us to go inside their tents whenever we desired. The women sat in front of their tent doors, spinning or weaving beautiful matting.

One Kirghiz woman was especially friendly, and accompanied me to the carriage, which was always a great curiosity, as they seem to ride only on horseback. She examined the seats and the springs, and then my satchels, and also expressed a desire to sit in the carriage; so I invited her to get in and take a seat beside me, which she did with great satisfaction, until my husband laughingly remarked, "We might drive off with her now!" Upon hearing this, she jumped clear

over the wheels onto the ground, although I did my best to assure her that nothing of the kind would happen. They seemed quite afraid of a camera, but when I got out and stood with them they were pleased to have their pictures taken.

These women look well and strong, and do not appear to work very hard. The men are obliged to pay for their wives. One of their young men told us that no wife could be bought under two hundred and fifty dollars. Perhaps this accounts for their being well cared for. Their faces are not veiled as are those of the Tartar women.

As the night came on, we sought out a beautiful but lonely spot, far away from any tent, and camped just about as the Gypsies do. The maid hurried around searching for dung with which to make a fire; over the fire one of the men hung a big kettle, and cooked the water for our coffee. After we had partaken of our simple meal, the men cut grass and put it in heaps for our beds. The night was cold, but as there is no dew there and we had plenty of blankets, it was pleasant sleeping on the ground. I lay awake for a while, thinking about all I had seen that day; about the folks at home and the Fourth-of-July picnic the neighbors had made for me the year before, until at last I fell asleep.

When we awoke at three o'clock the next morning (our usual hour of rising) most all the horses had disappeared. The night before, their front legs had been tied together and they were let loose. The man who had agreed to watch during the night had fallen asleep, and so no one knew where the horses were. There was no little excitement, but after considerable search they were found high up in the mountains, a long way off. Of course their front legs were quite sore.

The men told us that our camping place was not far from a gold mine, or gold mill, I should call it, where they were washing for gold; so we decided to visit it. Great loads of gold rocks are hauled there from the neighboring mountains. These rocks are broken and pounded as fine as possible with mallets, and then they are carried into the mill, where very large wheels are revolving in water. These big wheels crush the stones into powder, while the water washes away the sand and leaves the gold. We were taken through by a foreman, and saw what a tedious process it is to get the gold out of the rocks. They kindly gave us all the gold stones, or rather, pieces of rock containing gold, that we wished to carry away. But one can pick up these rocks almost anywhere in these mountains, and we also passed much gold dirt.

There are immense treasures lying undisturbed in these mountains, — gold, silver, iron, and coal, — and we thought of the cities and towns that would be booming there if it were only the land of the free.

What a pity that some of Russia's great wealth cannot get into circulation among her own people! Millions lie hoarded in the churches alone, — precious stones, gold, and silver; and untold treasures are hid-

den in the earth, which might educate Russia's people.

After leaving the mountains and coming out into the main highway, it was our privilege to pass by a Kirghiz annual fair or market. Think of it, if you can, so far away from any city, a fair that must have been at least five miles long! The principal thing, of course, was cattle, but there were all sorts of merchandise for sale, and there were also places of amusement.

Here the cattle are brought together from far and near, and here they are bought and sold, and sometimes shipped far away. It was an interesting sight to see the Kirghiz visiting the fair, riding horseback over the steppes. It is much more interesting than to watch horses on a race track, for they go so easily, scarcely seeming to touch the ground, and their riders sit so straight, and do not shout at their horses. No wonder the Kirghiz can ride so well, for they spend most of their lives on horseback.

We now began to pass through Russian settlements. The houses were neat looking and pretty. They are built of a kind of mud brick, which the settlers make themselves, and are then plastered white, giving them the appearance of cement houses. The yards were inclosed by a low wall of the same material. We stopped for a visit at one of the houses, and ate sour milk. It was served in one big bowl, from which we all ate, each person being given a large wooden spoon.

These people are called "Little Russians." They are perhaps the most thrifty of all the Russians, but they, too, are suffering from the drought, and seem to regret having settled in Central Asia. They told us that thousands had returned to European Russia, but we met new companies of emigrants, looking for a place to settle. They looked so disappointed, dilapidated, and tired that we greatly pitied them. I was reminded of the years we had spent in Nebraska when the great drought was on there.

After we left the rivers we often found it difficult to find water, either for the horses or for ourselves. There were only wells long distances apart, and generally the water in them was both dirty and salty. When we stopped for our noonday lunch we had to hold umbrellas over our heads while eating, and the hot water we were obliged to drink (we were afraid to drink it uncooked) added to the heat. It was extremely hot and dusty, and in all the two hundred and twenty-five miles there was not a tree under which we could seek shelter from the burning sun.

We were glad when night came, for then it was always cool, and we appreciated the shade it threw over the steppes. Wherever we happened to be, there we camped and made our beds under the starry heavens; and we were never molested or disturbed, nor did I ever catch a cold or get rheumatism. I should like to sleep out of doors and breathe air as pure as that was, all summer.

Some way we never thought of being afraid, and we never had a thing stolen all the while we were in Asia. We felt attached to the people we were leaving behind, and were thankful for the privilege of visiting them and learning some of their ways.

We reached Semipalatinsk early in the morning, and saw our good ship lying at anchor on the opposite side of the river Irtysh. Now began the difficult task of trying to get across the river, as there is no bridge connecting the two parts of the city. We had to be ferried over, and there is only one ferry. We were at the ferry very early, but it seemed to me there were a hundred teams waiting to get over.

It was dreadfully hot sitting there waiting, but I interested myself looking at the caravans of camels and the odd-looking people. At last, seeing no prospect of getting over, Mr. Boettcher hired a boat, and we were rowed across to our ship. As it did not sail until the next morning, we had plenty of time to dust our clothes and take a bath in the river.

I found I had broken out all over with the heat, otherwise I was enjoying unusually good health. When I looked into the glass I hardly knew myself, I was so brown. If we lived here, I think it would be only a question of time before we would become as brown as the Tartars, and we can already stand exposure and draft about as well as the Chinese.

We had a quick and pleasant trip back to Omsk.

Mission Work in China

THE great mission movement in China has its origin and motive power in the words of Christ, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." In obedience to this command, men and women have gone forth with their hearts filled with devotion to Christ and love for their fellow men, preaching the gospel to those who are bound by sin and superstition, healing the sick, and enlightening the ignorant. Sin is the cause of all misery, sorrow, sickness, and death. But in the gospel God reveals the way whereby men may be delivered, eventually bringing to an end all suffering and sorrow, and granting to every faithful believer, salvation and eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The great mission movement for China has been in operation a little over one century. Robert Morrison arrived in China in 1807. But before mission work could proceed, the language must be learned and the Holy Scriptures translated into Chinese. The announcement of a complete translation of the Bible in the year 1818 was an inspiration to enlarged endeavor. Other missionaries representing the evangelistic, medical, educational, and publishing phases of the mission movement soon arrived in China.

Through much opposition the messengers of the word of life pressed forward. Itinerating trips were made, chapels were opened in the places where interests were awakened, believers were gradually added, until at the present time there are more than 192,000 communicants of the church and about 150,000 others who are interested and studying the gospel.

The medical mission from the start has made rapid advancement. The healing of the sick has always proved an effective way of breaking down prejudice and opening the way for the gospel to enter. There are now in China more than 350 foreign physicians, operating 461 hospitals and dispensaries, and each year treating more than 1,150,000 patients.

The boys and girls of today are the men and women of tomorrow. For this reason day schools have been opened in all parts of the land for the training of the rising generation. A large number of these schools have grown into high schools and colleges. So fast has this work developed that at the present time the seventy different Protestant mission societies are now operating 2,500 day schools with an enrolment of more than 50,000 pupils; 210 schools of higher learning, with students numbering some 10,000.

A good beginning has also been made in conducting industrial schools for those desiring a training of the hand as well as the mind. In this connection we must not forget to speak of the training schools for women

of more mature years, to prepare them to guide a Christian home and also become Bible teachers to their own sex; and the kindergartens which have of late years made their appearance, and are receiving much commendation. Even the blind have been gathered in and taught to read and learn useful trades.

The Bible societies early made their appearance in China, and have been active in the production and circulation of the Scriptures in the literary style, in the Mandarin, as well as in the thirteen distinct dialects. Many millions of copies and portions of the Holy Scriptures have been placed in the hands of the Chinese people. In this great work of circulating religious literature the Bible societies have been supplemented and complemented by many tract societies. Besides these agencies sending forth literature, there are many mission presses, all busy, some overworked, sending forth annually hundreds of millions of pages of Christian literature for the enlightenment of the people.

The great army that is now carrying forward the mission work in China is composed of between four and five thousand foreign missionaries, and more than ten thousand native workers of all classes. The mission work is greatly on the increase, and the number annually accepting the gospel is truly remarkable. But is not all this in fulfilment of the words of Christ, "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come"? But "this is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes."

B. L. ANDERSON.

The Laborers are Few

THERE'S a weary longing in brain and heart,
A pain that I cannot make depart,
As I think of the crowds that walk in sin,
The tares that the tempter has gathered in,
Of the waiting ones in the dark that stand,
Fainting for bread from a Saviour's hand;
Soon will the years of probation end,
But whom can the Lord of the harvest send?

The fields to be gathered are broad and white,
And the grain for the sickle is fully ripe;
But the reapers—Oh, how few on the plain!
While, alas! is wasting the golden grain!
The day is waning, the sun's glad light
Will soon be followed by gloom of night,
And many a sheaf that the wind has tossed,
For the lack of reapers will fore'er be lost.

Soon will the last sheaf droop and fall,
And the mantle of night will cover all;
The work of the reaper will then be done,
And the grain that is saved will be gathered home;
But, oh! must we plead, and plead in vain,
For reapers to gather the precious grain?
Once more we pray, and we plead with tears,
For reapers to work till the Lord appears.

L. D. SANTEE.

A Word from Caratasca

AMONG some of the first converts brought into the fold in the Bay Islands by Elder F. J. Hutchins was a family by the name of Haylock. The head of this family, Geo. F. Haylock, Sr., was not a member of the church, but he advocated the truth, and encouraged his family to accept and follow it.

In the year 1901 this family, with the exception of the eldest son, the present Dr. Geo. F. Haylock, of Bonacca, who was at Battle Creek, and Charles, who was a pupil of Miss Ada Evans at Percalis, moved to Caratasca Lagoons, a group of large lagoons opening one into the other, situated about forty miles west of

Cape Gracias, and settled at a quiet little nook called Cowkera by the native Indians.

This family continued for a while to walk in the straight and narrow way; but eventually dropped off one by one until the Lord was almost forgotten. In the meantime the loving husband and father was laid away to rest and was soon followed by one son, his wife, and three children, then later by the youngest daughter. Other members of the family made their homes elsewhere, leaving only Mrs. Haylock, one daughter, and a son at Cowkera. The writer is that daughter's eldest child.

It is about the conditions of this place that I wish to inform the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. Grandmother, mother, and I organized a little Sabbath school, with a membership of ten; but owing to the irregularity of the mails and our inability to obtain necessary literature, it is progressing very slowly indeed. We have no male members to aid us in this work, and none of the conference workers have ever visited us. Interest in the school seems lagging, so that everything is in a lukewarm state. Living in the center of the Mosquito Reservation, we are surrounded by heathen on every hand, hence we are ever in the midst of scenes of ignorance and suffering.

The Mosquitos have many queer ideas and are very superstitious; for instance, if parents have five children die successively, it is thought they are being bewitched by some enemy. Forthwith the father goes to the *sukia* (wizard), and pays him to discover and punish the offender. Even in infancy girls are bought and sold like cattle. When a father dies, his property goes to his brothers and sisters, leaving his wife and children destitute; for his heirs will go so far as to take even their clothing from them. The hereafter for which the Mosquito Indian hopes consists of immense fishing and hunting grounds, from which the only sin that will debar them is the killing of a dog or a frog.

Suffice it to say that these people for whom Jesus died are still in utter darkness. Dear readers, shall we let our Saviour come and find them thus, all for lack of willing workers and funds?

ELMA HUNTER.

On the Boundless Deep—No. 10

Samoan Products

VISITORS at Pago Pago may go on board the American man-of-war which is always anchored in the bay. They are sure to receive a courteous welcome from its commander, who is governor of the island of Tutuila. There were also a revenue cutter, an interisland steamer, and an interned German steamer sleeping on the bosom of the sea.

Near the wharf a brisk trade is in progress as long as the steamer remains in port. Native products are offered for sale, the venders sitting on the ground surrounded by their wares. Bowls and cups and baskets of beautiful workmanship and design are presented. Sellers of garlands in plenty there are beseeching the passer-by to purchase the long strings of shells and seeds. These are transferred from the neck of the seller to that of the purchaser. There is a profusion of the many tropical fruits that grow in such plenty and perfection here,—breadfruit, coconuts, alligator pears, pineapples, and the most delicious oranges, big, thick-skinned, juicy, and sweet; but one should eat them with eyes closed, for the rich golden color of the orange seems a part of itself, and these are bright

green. Others had for sale fish and taro, or flowers, grotesquely carved war clubs, fans, mats, and tapa.

As we threaded our way through the throng, an occasional maid flashed at us a glance out of such splendid eyes that we involuntarily stopped to inspect her wares and buy curios, when we had been forced in packing to abandon many treasured relics. Many of the passengers seemed desirous of making better bargains than were offered, and haggled about the prices. But though their words were few and sometimes unintelligible, the saleswomen knew the price of their goods and would not be cheated.

It was a busy, noisy place. The day was intensely warm, and the giddiness of the boat's motion was in our heads, so Ivanilla and I decided to watch the panorama from the deck of the ship. Here we saw much to amuse us, and many visitors came on board. One of these was one of the very few fleshy women we saw at Pago Pago. She and our rotund galleyman appeared to be old friends, and danced together some rollicking reels.

The Samoan Islands produce cotton of the finest texture and coffee of the best quality. Copra, the dried kernel of the coconut, is the most important product. Annually many hundreds of tons are exported to Germany. Fruits, fish, taro, and breadfruit are the usual food of the natives, together with poi, yams, and palisanni. A man who was spending some time there, and trying to eat and relish the national dishes, invented the following remarkably elaborate menu for a dozen guests:—

	Hors d'œuvre	
Deviled birds' eggs	Oysters on the half shell	Watercress
	Soup	
Octopus	Fish (Mullet)	Taro tops
	Curry	
	Coconut curry of fresh-water shrimps	
	Roasts	
Wild pig	Boiled	Wild turkey
Wild pigeon	Salad	Turtle meat
Palolo	Vegetables	Crayfish
Sweet potatoes	Yams	Taro
Wild tomatoes		Breadfruit
	Baked plantains	
	Dessert	
	Coconut Custard	
	Palisanni (native pudding)	
	Fruit	
Pineapple	Bananas	Papaw
Mangoes		Wild figs
	Native nuts	Ginger
	Kava	Coconut milk

Since these dishes are all within the range of possibility without straining the resources of even the smallest island, a resourceful man need not starve even if shipwrecked on an uninhabited South Sea islet.

The palolo served with the native watercress is said to be a delicious dish. In fact, in most of the South Sea islands, the palolo is the fad. It looks like a worm, but tastes like an apple. One night in the year, the latter part of October, the palolo rises from the reef to spawn, and returns again to its hiding place, for just another twelve months. The native knows, to the night and hour, just when to expect it.

On the eventful night the natives gather about the reefs in their canoes—by the thousands in Samoa. Shortly after midnight the first palolo begins to rise. Faster and faster they come until the sea is covered with them. The boatmen scoop up the floating gelatinous, wriggling mass until the canoe is ready to sink. All kinds of fish and large sharks are there for the

feast, but neither shark nor man regards each other on this one great occasion.

The day after the catch is spent in feasting, and smoking the palolo so that it will keep. It is then wrapped in plantain leaves and put away. It keeps so well that the last remnants are always saved to be eaten the day before the new crop is expected—this is to bring luck.

MRS. C. M. SNOW.

Interesting Experiences of Colporteurs

THE colporteur work is the Lord's means of reaching thousands of people with present truth who otherwise would never hear the message. Those who engage in this work should not be influenced by outward conditions, for all things are possible with God; and his work must go forward regardless of conditions, such as wars, panics, floods, or droughts.

That this is true may be seen from the following experiences: In passing through North Dakota recently the writer noticed that crops had been almost completely destroyed by drought and storms. Brother Andrew Roedel, writing from that field, says:—

“Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith Jehovah of hosts.” Zech. 4:6, A. R. V. The business of the world flourishes only when outward conditions are favorable, but the Lord's business, under the blessing of his Spirit, prospers in spite of difficult circumstances. Only recently we have had several demonstrations of this in our colporteur work. Not long ago one of the drought-stricken localities in our conference was visited by a cyclone, destroying several lives and much property. One of our colporteurs had the courage to canvass in the path of the destructive storm, and here are the results of his work for three consecutive weeks: \$165, \$160, and \$121. This seems almost unbelievable. In giving his exhibitions the people were reminded of the fact that the things of this world are exceedingly uncertain, and that the book, ‘Bible Readings,’ would help them to prepare for the more certain world to come.

“Another one of our colporteurs has been having excellent success in a country where the crops are a failure. He writes: ‘The orders reported for this week's work were taken from people who were busy cutting their chicken feed. Their crop does not amount to very much, yet my report is only a few dollars less than it was when crops looked good and the people not so busy. I must say that no failure of the crop will stop the Lord's work. If we depend upon God in our work, we are bound to succeed.’”

On account of the war between England and Germany, which involves Canada, our German colporteurs in Canada have been put to many inconveniences and have met with some difficulties. One of the students told me he had been arrested several times as a German spy, but each time, after thorough investigation, was released, and served a free dinner at a hotel or restaurant. On one occasion a splendid write-up was given by a newspaper reporter, which proved a help rather than a hindrance. The following experience given by one of our colporteurs shows how in times of great danger a faithful God sends angels to protect his workers:—

“I stepped into a yard and fastened the gate. I met the man in the yard and spoke to him, introducing myself and asking his name. He said, ‘What do you want?’ I replied that I had a splendid book for the home, and began showing it to him. He very gruffly told me he did not want any. I said that I

showed my book to every man I met, but he answered, 'I wouldn't have one of your old books!' He then ordered me out of the yard, but I kept showing him the book. Leaving me, he started around the house, saying he would be back directly. I heard chains rattling, and knew he meant to run me off with the dogs, so I prayed to the Lord to protect me. The man then appeared around the corner with two large bulldogs and three bloodhounds. 'Why didn't you leave?' he shouted. I told him I wanted to show him my book first; then he hissed the five dogs on me. They started toward me, but I spoke kindly to them and they did not even touch me. The man looked astonished and then perplexed, and finally said that if the book was as important as all that he wanted one; so he ordered the best binding, and also a 'Best Stories' for his child. He then gave me a cordial invitation to come and see him when convenient. I believe the Lord protects his servants, and I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing on earth that can stop the spread of this third angel's message."

This is exactly the right conclusion, for just as surely as the prophets have foretold the proclamation of the advent message, so surely have they spoken of the printed page as an agency in its proclamation, and those who are giving themselves to this work share Heaven's protection and blessing. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" There is no failure with God.

W. W. EASTMAN.

What Will You Decide?

A FEW years ago a boy made an important decision. He decided to take the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course. Those excellent books gripped his interest, and led him to form the habit of reading good books. This habit whetted his appetite for learning. Today he is well-nigh through his college course.

A young woman some years ago enrolled in the Spare Minute Circle, and took the Reading Course. She was especially interested in the book on missions. She took the next course. She read back courses. Today she is doing faithful service in the mission field.

Young men! Young women! What are you doing with your spare moments? In the great government printing office, at Washington, D. C., they have a special device for saving every particle of gold leaf or gold dust that is brushed aside in the process of putting gold letters and gold edges on the books. The Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses are a device for saving golden moments.

We rightly treasure the words of Mrs. E. G. White, through whom the Lord gave so much instruction and council to his people. During her last illness, fully realizing that her work was about finished, her mind naturally turned to matters of great importance and to things that needed to be done. At one time she talked of our young people and the books they should read. She said:—

"We should advise the young to take hold of such reading matter as recommends itself for the upbuilding of Christian character. . . . Our youth should read that which will have a healthful, sanctifying effect upon the mind. This they need in order to be able to discern what is true religion. There is much good reading that is not sanctifying. . . ."

"In the night season I was selecting and laying aside books that are of no advantage to the young. We should select for them books that will encourage

them to sincerity of life, and lead them to the opening of the Word. This has been presented to me in the past, and I thought I would get it before you and make it secure. We cannot afford to give to young people valueless reading. Books that are a blessing to mind and soul are needed. . . ."

"I am very anxious that our young people shall have the proper class of reading; then the old people will get it also. . . ."

"We could begin a course of reading so intensely interesting that it would attract and influence many minds. If I am spared for further labor, I would gladly help to prepare books for the young."

Every year the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses are bringing pleasure and profit to an enlarging circle of our Adventist young people all round the world. In the year 1914 we granted as many Reading Course certificates as there had been years of the Christian era, save one. And there were hundreds who could have read one more book or a few more chapters and thus have received that one. This year our goal for the North American Division alone is 2,000 Reading Course certificates. Will your name be among those to whom these certificates are granted? Doubtless many will answer this question before laying aside this paper. This is the last of a series of articles calling the attention of our youth to the excellent courses which have been prepared for 1916. If you do not *decide now* to take the course, you probably will not take it. You may *desire* to take it, but there is a great difference between a lukewarm desire and a red-hot purpose.

What will you decide?

M. E. KERN.

Spurious Education

MUCH of that which is being instilled into the minds of our young people under the name of education is not only absolute error, but is extremely harmful, and stands in the way of their eternal welfare and usefulness in the world. Among these are evolution, immortality of the soul, and other doctrines peculiar to heathen philosophy, that lead the minds of our youth into channels far away from the truth.

Besides these false theories, our young people in this world are taught many things which serve only to increase their vanity and other wrong ideas of life. They are trained in the artificial, superficial, and outward show, rather than in the things which make for character and breadth and solidity of mind. They are educated in error, superfluity, infidelity, and other false lines that are positively detrimental, instead of the true and substantial things that actually qualify one for the intelligent and proper performance of life's duties. May a reform be instituted in the matter of education!

J. W. LOWE.

FUSSINESS is not the highest evidence of thrift and good housekeeping. The most shiftless and thriftless woman may be offensively fussy over some hobby. Such fussiness is usually indulged in for the purpose of showing how much "better housekeeper I am than you are."

Our Words

GUARD well the words you say;
Like weather vanes they show
To those you greet each day
Which way the soul winds blow.

MAX HILL.

The Tragedy of the Theater — No. 1

[The following article is from a chapter in Dr. Stough's book, "Across the Dead Line of Amusements." A notice of this inspiring and instructive book is given on page sixteen in this issue.]

THE theater was intended, in its inception, to be the exponent of the drama, to further it in its work of education and culture, as one of the fine arts. But, because of the great revenues derived therefrom, the theater was soon organized as a commercial business, and as such was steadily developed until, within the past few years, so great has been the profit that it is now largely conducted as a consolidated trust, with an investment of millions of dollars in properties and in contracts with hundreds of actors and actresses.

Today every city in the country is being exploited, each has its various playhouses on what are called dramatic circuits. Companies, owned and operated by these trusts, are booked throughout the entire season. Into the coffers of these theaters pours a stream of millions of dollars spent each year by the pleasure-seeking public.

The theater has become a vital factor in American life, being one of the greatest teachers of the people, next in power to the press and the pulpit. As such it calls for the closest scrutiny and most searching inquiry upon the part of moral people. . . .

It may almost seem Don Quixotian for one to protest against the theater when some of the most moral and refined people, even of the churches and clergy, attend it, indorse it, and recommend it to their children and parishioners. How much good the presentation of the following arguments may do, I do not even venture to hope. If, however, they are in any way suggestive to inquiring minds and hearts, I shall feel amply repaid.

The Ancient Condemnation

Dramatic acting has existed from time immemorial, but even the ancient writers of moral truth, both Greek and Roman, frowned upon the theater and almost universally condemned it. Plutarch, Xenophon, Plato, Socrates, Solon, Seneca, Tacitus, Ovid, and many others have raised one common voice against it as hostile to morals. "An English writer in the time of Charles the First," says Dr. Thomas Brainerd, "made a catalogue of authorities against the stage, which contains almost every name of eminence in the heathen and Christian world." Plato once said, "Plays raise the passions and pervert the use of them, and of a consequence are dangerous to morality." Aristotle said, "The seeing of plays and comedies should be forbidden to young people until age and discipline have made them proof against debauchery." Tacitus said, "The German women were guarded against danger and preserved their purity by having no playhouses among them."

Uhlhorn, writing of the theater in the Roman Empire, said, "The adventures of deceived husbands, adulteries, and amorous intrigues formed the staple of the plots. Virtue was made a mock of, the gods were scoffed at, and everything worthy of veneration was dragged in the mire."

Philip Schaff, the historian, said, "The Roman theater became more and more the nursery of vice, and deserved to be abhorred by all men of decent feeling and refined taste." Dramatic art took its rise at Athens, we are told, amid the orgies of Bacchus. "It

was an exhalation from the frantic revels of a periodical national abandonment to intoxication and debauchery."

All this was said about theaters where women never appeared, when their parts were acted by men and boys, as is the case at the present time in the Chinese theaters.

It is said no woman ever appeared on the stage until the time of the Restoration. The first time a woman ever acted was in Shakespeare's "Othello," in the part of Desdemona. It was regarded at first, Dr. Brand says, as shocking and monstrous.

Woman's presence did not purify the stage, for Macaulay declares that from "the time the theaters (in England) were opened they became seminaries of vice. Nothing charmed the depraved audience so much as to hear lines grossly indecent repeated by a beautiful girl supposed not yet to have lost her innocence."

The Church and the Theater

The church has tried both methods, to condemn and to condone. Dr. W. P. Breed said, "There was a theater in Jerusalem in the days of Jesus. Think you he ever attended it? Did the early disciples? So far from it that neither Jesus nor the apostles ever thought of forbidding their attendance upon stage plays." When Herod introduced this theater, Josephus (not a Christian) denounced it as corrupting the morals of the Jewish people.

The church very early introduced into her conditions for membership an express prohibition against the theater. Dr. Tayler Lewis says, "At baptism the candidate was called upon to say '*Vanis mundi pompis renuntio*'—'The vain pomp of the world I renounce.' It can be clearly shown that this word '*pompæ*' was employed with special reference to theatrical shows." Theophilus, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, all denounced it.

The mystery and miracle plays were introduced during the Middle Ages and were acted very widely. The art of printing being not yet known, it was thought the people could be taught spiritual truths from the stage. However, the results were never satisfactory, and finally were deteriorating. Lecky says that after the thirteenth century they became one of the most powerful agents in bringing the church, and, indeed, religion, into disrepute. Reformers then tried to correct abuses. "Two hundred clergymen," says Mrs. Mowatt, the actress, "wrote for the stage, but all in vain!"

Dr. Brainerd says that fifty-four ancient and modern general, national, and provincial synods, both of the Eastern and Western churches, have pronounced against the theater, and that the condemnatory sentence of seventy-one ancient fathers, and one hundred and fifty modern Catholic and Protestant writers, are on record. Conferences, assemblies, synods, associations, have all with one voice registered their protest. All these could not have been without worthy reasons, and it is to set forth these reasons that I am writing these words.

"If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying."

Why I am a Christian

"KINDLY tell me why you are a Christian." As I looked into the anxious, troubled face of the speaker, and read there the need of the Christ life, my gratitude to God for the blessings that have been mine thus far in the Christian way seemed almost overwhelming. A stronger, deeper love for God took possession of my heart, and I replied with fervor, "I am a Christian because I love my Lord." "Yes," came the response, "I believe you do; but why?"

My questioner's voice and manner betrayed an earnestness she fain would have concealed had she been aware of it. This very attitude touched a responsive chord in my heart, instilling there a desire to give just the message she needed most. Without opening my Bible, I repeated slowly and very softly those words fraught with untold value to every believer in Christ, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I told her I believed God. I dwelt upon the sacrifice of the Father, the agony it must have been to him who is all love and compassion to offer his only Son for our redemption. I spoke of the willingness of that Son to die for man. Then simply and freely I recited the story of the Saviour's birth into this world of misery and sin, of his lowly life, of his ministry, of his crucifixion, and of his present work of intercession.

Evidently convicted, but not yet willing to fall upon the Rock to be broken, she rose suddenly, and with the words, "Yours is indeed a beautiful faith," left me to myself. As I sat there alone with my thoughts and God, I meditated long upon the conversation that had ensued, and as I recall it today, I can truly say that I am a Christian because I love the Lord. And why should I not love him, when he lived, died, rose, and now pleads for me? *His* is the wonderful love, so wonderful that finite minds cannot comprehend it. So I do not attempt to fathom it, but accept it in simple faith, and endeavor to show my appreciation by a life of consecration to the Giver.

Then, too, the work committed to the Christian appeals to me. And this ministry for Christ is not confined to a few, but it includes you, me, all who name the name of Jesus, and in its accomplishment a foretaste of heaven is given to Christ's followers. One who has experienced the blessedness of this service for the Master, can testify to the peace and satisfaction it brings. No worldly pleasure or gain can compare with the joy that fills the heart of him who is enabled not only to relieve physical suffering, but to point the afflicted one to the divine Healer of both soul and body. The fellowship with Christ that constitutes us his channels of blessing to others, would alone compensate the Christian.

Again, I might say I am a Christian because I need to be; I need such a loving, loyal friend as Christ has proved himself to be; I need the counsel, the comfort, that come to me through his Word; I need the consolation, the inspiration to a higher and holier life, that come through communion with him. And why not treasure as a priceless gift the friendship of One whose fellowship proves a power in the life, helping us to rise above the trials, disappointments, and discouragements that continually confront us? Christ is Lord of all, yet he takes notice of even the sparrow, and he assures us in his Word that we are of more value than many sparrows, and that even the hairs of our head are numbered. Could earthly love and

guardianship be compared with such watchcare? Surely we ought to count it a privilege to be called the friend of Jesus.

Lastly, I am a Christian because I desire a home in the kingdom of God, a kingdom that will have no end, a place where sickness, sorrow, parting, and death will not be known, but where we shall live on and on to enjoy that which through the mercy and goodness of God has become our possession. I like to think of dwelling forever in a place where the mark of sin and degradation will never be seen, but where the love of God will fill every heart and be the ruling power in every life. This home in the new earth is very real to me. I think of it as a place that will not be darkened by the shades of night, as a place where we can roam through the fields and woods without fear of beast or reptile or any such thing; for you remember that there the lamb shall lie down with the lion, and that even a little child shall have no fear. And as I read the last two chapters of Revelation, I try to form a picture of the city of God, its streets, walls, and mansions prepared for the faithful. I picture myself and other redeemed ones there enjoying its riches and glories; and brightest and best of all is the thought that some day I shall see my Saviour face to face. I have read of him, I have studied picture representations of him, but what will be my feelings when I come into his living presence, behold the head that was crowned with those cruel thorns, see the prints of the nails in his hands, and hear from his own lips the story of creation, man's fall, and the price of his salvation!

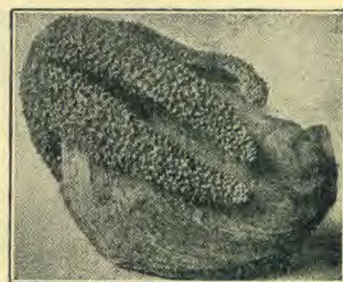
FLORENCE WHALEY.

What One Book Did

RECENTLY Mr. E. R. Button went from Takoma Park, D. C., to Riversdale, Jamaica, to take charge of the printing work in that field. He relates the following interesting incident showing the good our temperance literature is doing. He says:—

"Before Brother Haines severed his connection with the Watchman Press and went back to the States, he sold a copy of 'The Shadow of the Bottle' to Conductor L. E. Johnson, of Spanish Town, Jamaica. For the past seventeen years Mr. Johnson has been an employee of the Jamaica government railroad, and has performed his duties faithfully. So far as known, he has had but one enemy, and that enemy was rum. After reading 'The Shadow of the Bottle' and carefully weighing the evidence, he decided to forever part company with this enemy. He did so. He is now so attracted by the idea of a clean life, that he is reading 'The Other Side of Death,' which the writer delivered to him one day on the train. He is anxious to read all books published by this denomination."

For the Finding-Out Club



Name these two animals, and write a description of each.



The Morning Hymn

Now the night is over,
Now the dark is past,
Angels sweet uncover
All the world at last.

Ere the sun is higher
With his golden rays,
Let us sing together
Hymns of thanks and praise,—

Thanks to God who kept us
Safely through the night,
Bade his angels wake us
At the morning light;

Thanks to him who gives us
All the daylight hours,
Wood and hill and meadow,
Birds and trees and flowers.

And as he has kept us
Through night's shadows gray,
He will also keep us
Safely through the day,—

Safe from tears and sorrow,
Pure from doing wrong,—
And accept our praises
And our morning song.

—F. E. Weatherly.

Little Five's Image

RECENTLY I spent the Sabbath at a village in the northeastern part of Shantung, China. The season was dry, the crops were suffering severely, and the people were complaining bitterly. "We have been praying for rain daily," they said, "but it does not come, and our crops are drying up. Why does not Tien has ye (Lord of heaven) send rain?"

The occasion brought to my mind a simple little story told by my language teacher. He says the tale is true, and the incident happened near his home.

About fifteen years ago, in a little country village in Shantung, lived a family by the name of Djang. In fact, most every one that lived there was named Djang, so the place was called Djang Village.

This particular Mr. Djang and his family kept a little shop where paper houses, horses, cows, and servants were made to be burned at funerals. These wonderful creations of paper and bamboo take long weary hours to make, but "go up in smoke" in a very short time. The Chinese think that by this means, the paper houses and animals are wafted into the spirit world, there to minister to the comfort of the departed.

No village of any size in China would be complete without its shop where these paper things are made. Sometimes the proprietor of the shop sells coffins also. I met a Chinese a few weeks ago, who was both doctor and undertaker and dealer in funeral trappings at the same time. Rather a suspicious combination of affairs, it seemed to me.

To return to the subject: Mr. Djang had five sons. I do not know how many daughters, because I did not ask especially, and in China when you ask for the number of children in the family, girls are not included in the answer unless your inquiry is quite specific.

One of Mr. Djang's sons is the hero of this story. He was called Little Five, after the way boys are mentioned in this country, according to the order of their coming. I suppose his father and mother called him Little Dog or something like that, for he was only a small boy and had not received a real name yet.

One day Little Five was out in search of some way to amuse himself, and came to the almost dried-up bed of a pond. He saw great possibilities in the moist clay that was there, and an idea occurred to him. He would make an image out of the clay, and call it the Lung Wang, or dragon king.

So he set to work to fashion the image. Being a clever boy, he did his work well. After the image

had stood in the hot sun for some time and become quite hard, he pasted yellow paper on its forehead and cheeks in imitation of the gilded faces of the idols in the temples. The Lung Wang was complete.

The Lung Wang, or dragon king of the Chinese, is the god of rain. In most every village in dry Shantung, there is a temple dedicated to this rain god. If the season is dry, the people always appeal to Lung Wang to help them.

Sometimes in case of extreme drought, they form a procession to escort the image through the villages. As the escorting party, heralded by the beating of drums and the clanging of cymbals, enters a village street, all the people uncover their heads. And as the image passes by each house, some of the inmates rush out with water and dash it upon the image or more frequently on the men who bear it. Other ceremonies are connected with the occasion.

Little Five had observed such a demonstration some previous year. He knew the crops were suffering. He himself had made a rain god, and would take in hand the matter of making special appeal for rain. He gathered his comrades together, and they escorted the little clay image through the village streets as nearly as they could after the fashion of their elders. It was fun.

The village people paid little attention to the childish prank. They were probably too busy moaning about their parched fields. No one honored the image that Little Five had made, by throwing water upon it. I think Little Five took care that his comrades didn't throw water, for his image was made of clay and not of wood, like the regular rain god of the village.

That night it rained. It was a fine rain, and came just in time to save the crops. In the midst of the general rejoicing it occurred to some one that Little Five's image which had been borne through the streets was the cause of the rainfall. The idea once broached immediately found favor. One and all declared that Little Five's image was possessed with special favor. It was reverently placed in a shed prepared for it, and a thanksgiving service was held in its presence. It was worshiped.

Following this occasion, the people began to make up a subscription fund, and after the crops were harvested it was expended in a theatrical performance expressive of their gratitude to the dragon king.

In the meantime how about Little Five's image?

Why, he had long ago come and demanded it, and had taken it home with him to play with. No one hindered him, for it was his. They had already honored the little idol, and what more did it matter? Did they not already have a rain god in the village shrine? and was not one rain god enough? If the fields needed rain again they could go to him, as they had done so many times before.

Here the story closes, unless this narrative, as I trust it will, may excite pity and love in some heart for these poor people who are living in such dense darkness, and whose grasp on divine things is so frail.

C. P. LILLIE.

A New Year's Gift

ONE New Year's Day four employees of a German merchant in Paris, came to give him New Year's greeting. "I am glad that you have come," said he to them, "I have remembered you, and have laid aside for each a sum of three dollars or a Bible. You may have your choice. But I would advise you to choose the Word of God." The oldest of them answered: "I would willingly take the Bible; but you see, my lord, I cannot read; if it seems all right to you, I should like to—" "You would prefer the three dollars?" said the merchant. "I gave you the free choice, here is the money." The second and third likewise gave forcible reasons, in spite of the kindly appeals and recommendations of the merchant, why they desired the money. But the last, a young man, replied: "I prefer the Bible, of which you speak. It is good and necessary." "You are right, my friend," said the merchant. "Take this Bible and read it diligently." As the young man took the book and opened it, there rolled toward him a ten-dollar gold piece. He looked at his master astonished and inquiringly. The merchant said: "Take the gold, it is yours; the others would have found the same in their Bibles; I am sorry that they valued the money more than the Bible."—*German Youth's Friend*. Translated by H. A. Niergarth.

Initial Characteristics

I TRIED this parlor game, and it afforded much amusement. It is called "Initial Characteristics." The players form a cozy circle. Three judges are appointed. Start with any player, called the initiale, who gives his name and initials. Then each of the players, except the initiale, takes a turn at nicknaming the given initials, remembering to consider closely the habits, eccentricities, etc., of the initiale. When all have suggested a nickname for the first initiale, the player at the left gives his name and initials, and so on around the circle. The winner is the player who in the opinion of the judges gives the most appropriate or funniest nicknames.

Some of the best were:—

C. E. Platte
B. F. Cherry
M. L. Hurdy
J. D. Lynch

Physician
Coal and Wood
R. R. Engineer
Attorney

Charge Enough Platte
Burn Fine Cherry
Maine Line Hurdy
Justice Don't Lynch

—Selected.

WE admire most
Who to duty's post
Will bravely stick
Through thin and thick;
Who with courage strong
Will meet the wrong,
And thus defeat
The foes they meet.

E. C. JAEGER.



Youthful Workers

(Texts for October 1 to 7)

MORE than two thousand years ago, according to the story that has come down to us, Diogenes, with a lantern in his hand, went up and down the streets of Athens looking for a *man*. Greece was seeking for men and women who would work loyally for the welfare of the nation, and endeavor to idealize the homes of her people. Every country is looking for such young men and women. Every church is wishing, praying, and searching for them.

There always has been a demand for young men and women who were as true to principle as the needle is to the pole; for young people who have been *altruistic* enough to get out of the dark, narrow rut of self-living, and cast their lives into the furrow of the world's great need. There have been such young men and women in the past; there are such young people today. You find them in legislatures, in colleges, in pulpits, on battle fields, in heathen lands—yes, everywhere.

The world always makes room for the young person who tries to fill his place with unselfish service. Some one has said that every great enterprise has a young person at its heart or at its head. History shows how young men have put their shoulders to the wheel of national, political, esthetic, and missionary progress. Let us notice a few cases: Alexander the Great, when a youth of about twenty, crossed the Hellespont and saved Greece from Asiatic rule. At the same age, La Fayette was a major general in the United States Army. At twenty-eight, Napoleon had changed the map of Europe. Washington was a major at nineteen. Think of Hamilton, a lad of seventeen, stirring his country in behalf of the cause of liberty! See Wilberforce and Gladstone step into Parliament when only twenty-two.

Look into the realm of science: George Stephenson, when a boy of only nineteen, had in his mind a very good plan for a steam engine. Alexander Graham Bell was a young man when he sent through the crude telephone he had invented the first spoken message ever carried over wires. Newton had completed many of his great discoveries before he was twenty-five. Maria Mitchell became a famous astronomer during her twenties.

Through the arteries of music, literature, and art, the blood of youth courses freely. Beethoven was a prominent musician at twenty-one, Bach at nineteen, Mozart at seventeen. Milton wrote "Comus" before he was twenty-six. Bryant was only nineteen when he wrote "Thanatopsis." Michael Angelo was a very promising artist at seventeen. At thirty, Reynolds was the greatest portrait painter in England.

Coming to the work of the church,—the greatest of all world work,—we find young men and women in the forefront of its "far-flung battle line." Charles Spurgeon became the pastor of a church when he was only eighteen. At twenty-five Huss had fought mighty battles for the truth. Roger Williams at about thirty-one was banished because of the religious liberty prin-

ciples he advocated. David Brainerd, at twenty-nine, had finished a career among the North American Indians that has given hundreds a desire to enter the Master's service. Luther was only twenty-nine when he nailed his theses to the door of the Wittenberg church. Wesley and Whitefield began the great revival of the eighteenth century while students at Oxford. Melancthon was a teacher of Greek when only twenty-one. Calvin had published his "Institutes" when he was twenty-six.

To this list of noble young workers, could be added many names from our own church. Many of our leaders, Elders Daniells, Evans, and Spicer and others, entered the ministry when they were mere boys, about twenty-one years of age.

Sacred song has a large place in church work, and it is interesting to know that many of the heaven-sent messages have come to us through the pens of youthful writers. Take for instance, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which one writer has called "the greatest hymn ever written." That song has brought peace and comfort to aching hearts in all lands, is among the first sacred songs to be lisped by childhood and the last to linger on the lips of the dying sufferer. Henry Ward Beecher once said of it: "I would rather be the author of that hymn than to have the wealth of the richest millionaire in New York. He will die and pass out of men's thoughts. He will have done nothing to stop trouble or encourage hope! . . . But that hymn will go on singing until the trump brings forth the angel band." And this hymn, which has done and is doing so much good in the world, was written by Charles Wesley when he was only about thirty years of age.

Such Bible characters as David, Daniel, Paul, and a score of others challenge young people to become efficient workers for God. So, also, do the brave young men and women who blazed the foreign missionary trail. When the century of modern missions dawned, we see William Carey, at thirty-three, pressing into India; Robert Moffat, at twenty, starting for Africa; John Williams, at the same age, sailing for the South Sea islands. David Livingstone, when twenty-seven, went to Africa. Robert Morrison, when twenty-five, entered China. When about twenty-four, Adoniram Judson began work in Burma. Allen Gardiner was a comparatively young man when he landed on the shores of South America. And with most of these young men, were equally brave young women. Should we turn our telescope upon the mission fields today, we should find that by far the majority of workers who are entering upon service there are young men and women, no older than those who blazed the trail in heathen lands one hundred years ago.

One thing is noticeable: When God wants a worker, he calls a worker. He does not search for the idle young man or woman. He calls the busy one. Moses, David, and Amos were all busy with their flocks when God called them; Elisha was busy plowing with twelve yoke of oxen; Nehemiah was busy bearing the king's cup; Peter, Andrew, James, and John were busy fishing and mending their nets; Matthew was busy collecting taxes. The same is true today. God can use only the young people who are busy improving their present opportunities.

Much of the comfort and hope we enjoy today, comes to us through the faithfulness of young men and women of the past. To all of them we owe much; but we are in a special way indebted to those who served in God's great army of soul-winners. Their

poverty and self-sacrifice have made us rich. What have they bequeathed to us? They have left records of their noble lives which should inspire us to live for others, records of their experiences to guide us in service, and rich harvest fields for us to reap—harvests grown from seeds sown by their faithful hands, watered with their anxious tears, and blessed by their earnest prayers.

"They climbed the steep ascents of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain.
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

My dear young friend, the world's greatest need today is of young men and women who will "follow in their train." That is the need of the world! of the church! of *our* church! You are not too young to follow. Samuel was a very small child when his mother lent him to the Lord. Our Saviour when only twelve years old asked, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" In the early advent movement children helped preach the message of our Saviour's return, and the Spirit of prophecy tells us that children will do a similar work before the close of time. Let us thank God for the host of young people who are trying to live "to bless others" just as their Master did; and let us thank God that it is our privilege to do the same.

"'Tis ours to make earth's desert glad,
In its Eden greenness clad;
Ours to work as well as pray,
Cleaning thorny wrongs away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in;
Standing on the hills of faith
Till upon earth's grateful sod,
Rests the city of our God."

MEDITATION.—As I study the texts this week, I feel especially grateful that God can use young people in his work. I am reminded that the Spirit of prophecy says, "The Lord has appointed the youth to be his helping hand." May God help all our young people to appreciate the great privilege of being God's "helping hand." How shall I learn to appreciate this privilege more fully? How can I help others to see that it is their highest calling in life? A Christian worker once said: "If God has called you to be a missionary, don't dwindle into a king or a millionaire." I am thinking of a man near here who recently purchased fifty sections of land in another State. But it is a greater privilege to be a soul-winner than to be the owner of that fine sheep ranch of 32,000 acres. Yes, and greater than the privilege of holding the scepter of any country in the world is the privilege of being "His helping hand" to save others. I am so glad he has chosen our young people. And I pray that no flattering temptation will cause them to dwindle.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—This week let us pray for pureness of speech. Let us notice carefully the words that slip from our tongue. Are any of them bitter? unkind? untrue? cutting? sarcastic? caustic? Does any slang escape? any fault-finding? murmuring? criticism? Are any of them liable to wound others? He whom we serve is able to bring into captivity every thought. Let us ask him to do this, that the words of our mouths may "be acceptable" unto him.

M. E.

Abiding

THOU, Lord, the foundations of earth hast laid;
The heavens above by thy hands were made;
Thy wisdom doth ever their course ordain;
Forever and ever thou dost remain.

They all as a garment wax thin and old,
And thou as a vesture the earth dost fold;
They all shall be changed, though thou dost stand,
For all things are possible in thy hand.

We therefore would give the more earnest heed,
And daily abide by our first love's creed,
Lest haply, by word of a careless lip
Or action unguarded, we let it slip.

MAX HILL.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN Secretary
 MATILDA ERICKSON Assistant Secretary
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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending October 6

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 October.

The Bible Year

Assignment for October 1 to 7

October 1: Matthew 5 to 7.
 October 2: Matthew 8 to 10.
 October 3: Matthew 11 to 13.
 October 4: Matthew 14 to 16.
 October 5: Matthew 17 to 19.
 October 6: Matthew 20 to 22.
 October 7: Matthew 23, 24.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for September 28.

Notes from the Missionary Volunteer Secretaries

LAST week, out of a company of about thirty, I enrolled twenty-two for the Standard of Attainment. In this number there were many young married people and some elderly persons.—*E. L. Carmichael, East Michigan.*

I shall be sending you reports of the Missionary Volunteer work now, as we are beginning to make some headway. I am getting some Standard of Attainment papers, and believe there is a brighter prospect for the young people's work here.—*Mrs. I. F. Blue, India.*

One young woman who obtained a Bible Year certificate last year writes: "I have read my Bible through once this year, besides reading it on the Bible Year plan, but I have to rise at four o'clock in the morning to do my reading." She works all day.—*Mrs. R. Cowan, Manitoba.*

Mrs. Beardsley and the children went into ecstasies over the Junior set of Reading Course books, and she will not rest till she has read them, and will, no doubt, read portions to the children. She has told me several times of her appreciation of the judgment that made the choice of these books, and I have heard her recommending them to some of the parents and young people who have called at our home.—*J. I. Beardsley, Nebraska.*

The Lord has wonderfully blessed the work in South Africa during the past few months. Four new societies have been formed, one among the English, one among the Dutch, one among the colored people, and one among the natives. We have about two hundred members of the Standard of Attainment course, and seventy-five in the Reading Course. We held a successful convention at the Claremont church, when a large number of persons were present, and a real interest was awakened in the Missionary Volunteer movement. Arrangements have been made with eight churches for institutes or conventions, which will cover about five months' time.—*G. H. Clark, South African Union Conference.*

You will be glad to learn of the plan we followed in raising enough money to supply our conference Missionary Volunteer circulating library with all the Reading Course books, and a good many more. In my report to the conference session, I spoke of the merits of the Reading Course, and made a strong appeal for dollar donations for the purpose of building up this supply of books. Over twenty dollars was procured in just a few minutes. This fund is now being used in replenishing our library. At our camp meeting we plan to have all these books on exhibition.—*C. S. Prout, Northwestern California.*

Our Missionary Volunteer Society was organized in January, 1915, and as our church has a membership of Spanish and English, it necessitated two separate societies, and we have a meeting every week, alternating Spanish and English. We have adopted the pledge, motto, and aim, the same as our other societies, and are all observing the Morning Watch. Our members need instruction in how to give Bible readings; so we have each one give a study before the society, and receive corrections. Our members are very poor, but those who work are faithful in paying their dues. I have grown to love these people very much, and believe many of them will be saved.—*Jessie C. Butler, Santurce, Porto Rico.*

A Plea for the Children

THE PLEA:

WE plead for the little children
 Who have opened their baby eyes
 In the far-off lands of darkness,
 Where the shadow of death still lies;

But not to be nurtured for heaven,
 Not to be taught in the way,
 Not to be watched o'er and guided,
 Lest their tiny feet should stray.

Ah, no! it is idol worship
 Their stammering lips are taught;
 To cruel, false gods only
 Are their gifts and offerings brought.

And what can we children offer,
 Who dwell in this Christian land?
 Is there no work for the Master
 In reach of each little hand?

THE RESPONSE:

Oh, surely a hundred tapers,
 Which even small fingers can clasp,
 May lighten as much of the darkness
 As a lamp in a stronger grasp!

And then as the line grows longer,
 So many tapers, though small,
 May kindle a brighter shining
 Than a lamp would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasures,
 And infant lips can pray.
 Employ, then, the little fingers—
 Let the children learn the way.

So the lights shall be quicker kindled,
 And darkness the sooner shall flee,
 Many "little ones" learn of the Saviour,
 Both here and "far over the sea."

—*Children's Friend.*

The opinion of the Bible bred in me, not only by the teaching of my home when I was a boy, but also by every turn and experience of my life and every step of study, is, that it is the one supreme source of revelation, the revelation of the meaning of life, the nature of God and the spiritual nature and needs of men. It is the only guide of life which really leads the spirit in the way of peace and salvation. If men could but be made to know it, intimately and for what it really is, we should have secured both individual and social regeneration.—*Woodrow Wilson.*

A MAN is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no luster as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors.—*Emerson.*



I — Philip Preaching at Samaria

(October 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 8:4-25.

MEMORY VERSE: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Ps. 51:10.

Questions

1. Why were the members of the church at Jerusalem scattered? Acts 8:1.
2. Where did they go? What did they do as they went? Verse 4.
3. What is said of Philip? Verse 5. Note 1.
4. Upon what occasion before this time had the gospel been preached in Samaria? John 4:1-7, 39.
5. How did the Samaritans receive Philip? What did they hear and see? Acts 8:6.
6. What special miracles were performed? Verse 7.
7. How did these miracles cause the people to feel? Verse 8.
8. What certain man heard Philip? What had he done to the people? What impression had he given out about himself? Verse 9. Note 2.
9. What did the people think of Simon? What did they say of him? Verse 10.
10. Why did the Samaritans listen to him? Verse 11.
11. What did they do when they heard Philip preaching? How did they show their faith? Verse 12.
12. What did Simon himself do? What filled him with wonder? Verse 13. Note 3.
13. How did the believers in Jerusalem seek to help the work in Samaria? Verse 14.
14. When Peter and John joined Philip, for what did they pray? Why did they do this? Verses 15, 16.
15. What was done before they received the Holy Spirit? Verse 17.
16. When Simon saw this, what did he do and say? Verses 18, 19.
17. With what words did Peter rebuke him? Verse 20.
18. What did he say of Simon's condition? Verse 21.
19. What did Peter tell Simon to do? Verse 22. Note 4.
20. For what did Simon then ask? Verse 24.
21. After finishing their work, to what place did Peter

and John return? What did they do on their journey? Verse 25.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. What countries had Jesus said must hear the message of the disciples?
2. What had John once wished to have done to the Samaritans while he was in that country with Jesus?

Notes

1. "Philip here is not the apostle Philip, but Philip the deacon (Acts 6:5) and evangelist (Acts 21:8). He preached in Samaria, met Simon Magus, brought the Ethiopian eunuch to Christ, went on evangelizing the country till he reached Casarea, where he eventually took up his abode. Here he had four virgin daughters who prophesied and entertained Paul on one of his journeys to Jerusalem."—*Peloubet*.

2. "Used sorcery." Sorcerer was "a name given to wise men, teachers, astrologers, interpreters of dreams, but coming at this time to denote any enchanter or wizard, and in a bad sense, a juggler, a quack. Simon doubtless exercised the same arts as the modern fortune teller, with, perhaps a knowledge of chemistry and the powers of hypnotism, mesmerism, together with sleight of hand and ventriloquism. Many of these effects are very wonderful, and inexplicable to all but the initiated, so it is not strange that Simon bewitched the people, 'astonished them out of their wits.'"

3. "Among the converts in Samaria was one Simon, who, by the power of Satan through sorcery, had gained great fame among the people. . . . When he saw a greater power manifested by the apostles in healing the sick and in converting souls to the truth, he thought that by uniting with the believers in Christ he might do wonders equal to those accomplished by the apostles. He hoped thus to add greatly to his fame and wealth, for he made merchandise of his sorceries and satanic arts, pretending to impart their secrets to others. His darkened mind could not distinguish between the power of the Holy Ghost and that of Satan."—*The Spirit of Prophecy, Vol. III, p. 302*.

4. When Simon offered to buy the Holy Spirit, he had been baptized. He was professedly a member of the church, yet Peter told him to repent. Like him, our hearts may not be "right with God," even though we profess to be Christians. Should this be true of us, our first duty is to repent, confess our sin, and put it away.

GOD is able to keep all his promises, hence it is safe for him to make such ones as he sees fit. We are not sure of being able to fulfil ours, and therefore we should promise with a proviso.

THERE is a vast difference between speaking against evil in general terms and attributing wrong motives or deeds to individuals.



National Geographic Magazine

SOME OF THE NUNS OF THE TA-TSHANG NUNNERY, IN TIBET

Their head covering is made of sheep's wool. Carved on the stones is the sacred formula, "Om-mani-pade-hum" (Oh, the Jewel in the Lotus). Not very far from Khamba Jong was the nunnery of Ta-tshang, situated in a most dreary spot, with not a single habitation in sight; and in winter it must be a terrible place, wind-swept in all directions except the north. The nuns, however, seemed quite happy and contented, though they are the dirtiest lot of women I have ever seen, and after visiting the interior of the building and seeing the refectory we were thankful to be in the open air again.—John Claude White.

The Youth's Instructor

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Divine Restraint

DAILY the evils about me I see,
On every side they lie;
Saviour, I pray, give thy wisdom to me,
That I may pass them by.

Help me to hear just the words I should hear,
To let all the evil go;
Keep from the error and doubt that I fear;
Make me thy will to know.

MAX HILL.

What are You Doing?

SOME seven hundred Michigan college boys have agreed to donate a week's time each to help make that State dry. Are you doing as much?

If seven hundred of our young people in the State each devoted a week's time to the laudable work of helping the "drys" to win in the November election, infinite good would be accomplished. Will you not be one of the seven hundred? If so, set yourself to work and help to get the other six hundred and ninety-nine to follow suit.

Important Correction

IN the INSTRUCTOR of September 12 there appeared a list of gift books for the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course readers. This plan of giving books to those who had completed a given amount of reading was relinquished by the Missionary Volunteer Department a year or more ago. However, the list of such books inadvertently got in with the copy for that week. We regret the mistake, and hope no one will be seriously disappointed by the announcement that the printing of this list was an error, and no gift books will be furnished by the Department.

A Book of Worth

"ACROSS the Dead Line of Amusements" is a book written by one of the most effective evangelists in this country. Mr. Stough has given much consecrated thought to the subjects of which his book treats. The contents are the substance of lectures he has given in his nation-wide evangelistic labors. The book is well worth reading by every young Christian. If parents would read it, they might be able to give more definite reasons to their children for their opposition to the popular amusements. The book sells for 75 cents. Order of Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D. C.

Cutting Down

"THAT I should not be exalted overmuch, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh." I went to the chrysanthemum show last autumn, and saw some wonderful blooms. I said to one of the gardeners: "How in the world do you manage to produce such marvelous blooms?" "Well, sir," he said, "you see, we concentrate all the strength of the plant on one or two blooms. If we were to allow the plant to bear all the flowers it would, not one of them would be worth showing. If you would have a prize bloom, you must be content with one instead of a score." And thus God cuts away our useless blooms of Self, Popularity, Comfort, Ease, Pleasure, Wealth, and Success, that he may bring to perfection the exquisite white blossom of Holiness, and make the spirit "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."—*Sunday School Times*.

Is

"My grace is sufficient for thee." The Rev. Prebendary H. W. Webb-Peploe in one of the Northfield meetings related an experience of his earlier ministry. It was on one of life's dreary days. A much-needed vacation had been cut short by the death of his little child, and he was struggling in weariness and despondency to prepare his sermon for the coming Sabbath. In his extremity he threw himself on his knees, begging God that his grace might be sufficient for his great need. Not yet assured, he opened his eyes, which instantly rested on a wall motto before him, with the words, "My grace is sufficient for thee," so arranged in color scheme that the word "is" stood out vividly. The conviction flashed into his soul that there was no need to beg for that which was divinely assured as a fact. His life from that moment was revolutionized.—*Sunday School Times*.

Marvelous Figures

WHILE secular publishing houses regard the subscription-book work as dead, our colporteurs find it very much alive. More books are being sold than ever before, and they sell more readily. People frequently are very solicitous to obtain our books. The growth of our sales by decades from 1845 is expressed in the following figures:—

1845-54	\$ 2,500
1855-64	17,500
1865-74	73,000
1875-84	371,000
1885-94	3,979,000
1895-04	3,144,000
1905-14	14,080,000

Primitive Fire Making

ONE division of the Igorrote tribe possesses the fire syringe, by which fire is produced by rapidly compressing air, rather than by the friction process used among the other tribes. This syringe works on the principle of a piston, or plunger, forced to the bottom of a small, churnlike cylinder, and quickly withdrawn. The compression produces a spark which ignites a piece of cotton that has been attached to the plunger, and the fire is made quickly and easily. This is a very complicated process, and it is a matter of wonder how these primitive people have learned it. But it has a decided advantage, for by it fire can be made even if one is out in the wind and rain.—*Illustrated World*.