

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Photo by S. M. Harlan

LIKE CHILDHOOD — LAUGHING AS IT WENT.—SHELLEY.



Word comes from Hamburg that their missionary paper has a circulation of more than 200,000 copies.

If I had twenty tongues, I would preach politeness with them all, for a long experience has taught me that the results are tangible and inevitable. Politeness is the Aladdin's lamp of success."

A colporteur in Arizona recently sold more than \$1,241 worth of books in two weeks. One day he sold \$105 worth. Some of the largest records that have ever been made in the book work have been made this year.

On September 14 the people of British Columbia, by an overwhelming majority, adopted both State-wide prohibition and woman suffrage. The vote was on a prohibition bill, submitted to referendum by the provincial government. The measure absolutely prohibits the sale of liquor as a beverage after July 1, 1917.

A "Home to Norway" movement is sweeping over Norway. The great emigration to the United States, which during the last fifty years has drained the country of young laborers and girls from the farms, has never made itself felt so much as in the last two years while Norway has been endeavoring to become more and more self-supporting and independent of foreign imports.

A thrilling story is given in *The Outlook* of how a man named Beck, of Pasadena, California, patrols the desert in search of the lost. For ten years, his companion in this work has been his dog Rufus. He has an outfit by which he carries six quarts of water, besides a pouch containing a hypodermic syringe and antidote for snake bites. Rufus has a record of having saved the lives of thirty-two men, "down and out," and in the last stages of delirium. Besides, there are three hundred and thirty-four men who were lost, and short of provisions and out of water, who were revived by provisions and water, which Rufus himself carried. The dog is an expert in testing the quality of water. Once when Mr. Beck, perishing from thirst, did not wait for the dog first to make the test, he almost died of poisoning from drinking it. Mr. Beck and Rufus are certainly a noble pair, both deserving medals.

The Tongue the Index of Character

THE tongue is the index of man's whole being. While through ear and eye he receives all that ever gets in, through the tongue his whole being is revealed.

When God would break up man's first great ambitious scheme of a self-centered monopoly on the Shinar plains, he simply touched his tongue. The first evidence of God's touch in the remaking of man on that memorable Pentecost day was upon his tongue.

The effect upon his tongue of the break with God has been radical and strange.

The moment a man gets a vision of God he is instantly conscious of something the matter with his tongue. The sight that comes to his eyes, the sound to his ears, makes him painfully self-conscious regarding the defect in his tongue. Moses found himself slow-tongued. Isaiah felt the need of the cleansing coal for his tongue.—*S. D. Gordon.*

The Right Way to Criticize

"I THINK you spoke your piece splendidly, Rob. I was at the very back of the room, you know, and I could hear every single word."

Rob's face grew pink with pleasure. His sister Judith, though not grown up by any means, is considerably older than Rob, and he has a very high respect for her opinion. It made him feel happy to know Judith thought he had done so well. And he was glad so many of the boys had heard the ring in Judith's voice as she praised him.

It was not till the two were alone, that Judith added something she had meant to say all along. "The next time you speak a piece, Rob, I'd be careful not to swing my arm quite so much. It won't be hard if you just remember."

"I'll remember," Rob promised, and he did not mind the criticism a bit. Judith showed her good sense in praising him where others could hear, and saving her bit of criticism for his ear alone. If all sisters were as tactful and sensible, their suggestions would help their brothers far more than they do.—*James G. Cowles.*

Missionary Notes

J. A. P. GREEN, who recently spent some time in the colporteur work with J. L. Holder, field agent of the West Caribbean Conference, reports that they took orders for books to the amount of \$402 United States currency. Among those who subscribed for the book were the president of the republic, the minister of foreign affairs, minister of public instruction, ex-president of Costa Rica, superintendent of education, and other noted officials.

After leaving Costa Rica, Brother Green went to Colombia. From there he wrote: "In two days I sold 5,900 pesos' worth of books. You will be able to understand this when I tell you that 'Coming King' sells here for 200 pesos a copy."

The Study of Modern Languages Through Correspondence

THE Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, D. C., desires to announce the completion of arrangements for the study of German, French, Spanish, and Italian through correspondence, either with or without the phonograph. For particulars and the Nutshell Catalogue, address as above.

C. C. LEWIS,
Principal.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

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No. 43

A Trip in Java

(Continued)

K. M. ADAMS

SHORTLY after our return to Weltevreden we arose early to take the train to Jokjogarta, or Jokjo, as it is commonly called. The roadbeds in Java are well ballasted and the trains ride smoothly. The telegraph poles are made of railroad steel rails stood on one end. No wood can be used, as the rain and white ants work such great ravages. There are baggage cars in connection with the trains, but only sixty-six pounds will be carried free of charge.

After the train leaves Weltevreden for Jokjo, it travels through endless rice fields. The whole country toward the sea is as level as a floor. The monotony of the rice fields is broken by clumps of trees, beneath which lie clustered the houses of native villagers. Thousands of coolies can be seen scattered everywhere; in one place they are planting the rice stalks in the flooded fields one stalk at a time, while over yonder they are reaping in the same fashion. On the other side of the track, the view is much the same, except that in the smoky distance are the pale-blue mountains and rugged peaks, reminders of the hidden powers beneath that may burst forth at any moment and engulf the pleasant scene.

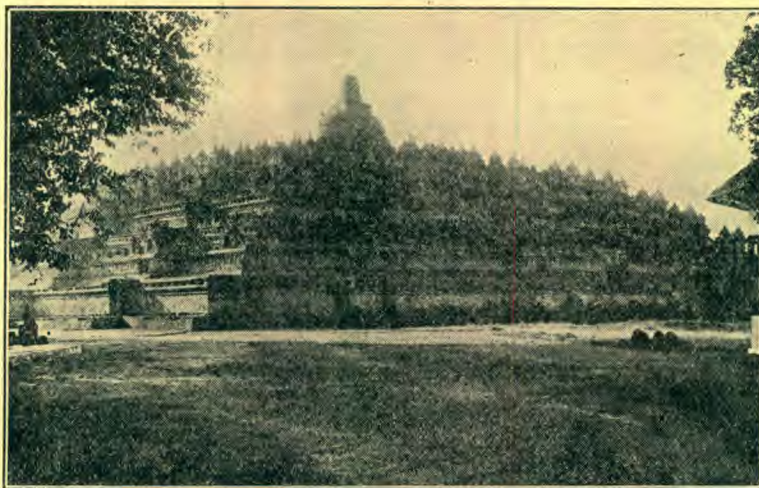
As the day progressed, the traveling became very wearisome. We were glad when Jokjo was reached at seven o'clock that night, and were soon asleep, resting from the fatigue of the day. Next morning we arose at four o'clock, in order to catch the early train at Muntillam. The moon was shining brightly as we left the hotel to go to the station, and it seemed more like evening than early morning. A coolie was carrying our suitcases, three on his head and one in his right hand. He earned the small amount customarily given.

The morning air was cool, almost chilly, as the train carried us along. In a little more than an hour we reached Muntillam, where we awaited the sado that was to take us to Boro-Budur. We jolted along between rice fields for seven miles or more before we came in sight of this stupendous monument of Buddhism. After breakfast in the hotel we went to inspect the structure. More than three hundred feet square and about one hundred and fifty feet high, it appears a solid work of masonry. It is entirely composed of blocks of stone which are less than two feet in any dimension. There are four flights of steps that ascend

to the uppermost terrace, one on each side. The pile appears to be square. After walking around the uppermost terrace, and peering into the latticed cupolas, in each of which there is a statue of Buddha, we inspected the center structure. It is solid so far as is known, for no one has made an opening into it.

The next two terraces have the same cupolas with images inside. Many of these images are without heads; presumably they have been broken off by the later race of Mohammedans, who detest idolatry and images of any form. The lower terraces are decorated with the most intricate design of bas-relief. There are eleven hundred statues of Buddha on the structure, but the number of figures in this bas-relief are innumerable. Each figure is about two feet high; there are about three to the foot, for they are placed side

by side as close as is possible, and the total length of the bas-relief is three and one-half miles. These figures are all carved out of stone. The sculpturing is remarkably good, the figures and faces are well formed, and there is hardly a grotesque figure to be seen. Men, women, horses, elephants, monkeys, carriages, snakes, boats, umbrellas, and bows and ar-



BORO-BUDUR, THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE

rows are some of the subjects, and all are well executed. Scholars tell us that these pictures are the story of Hindu mythology. If so, they are a wealth of information.

Boro-Budur was unknown one hundred years ago. It was discovered by Sir Stamford Raffles, who was at that time the governor of Java, which then belonged to England. He removed the debris that covered the temple. It looked like a large hill covered with trees and grass. It has been kept clean and in repair since that time, although some of the walls have sunk a little, and are overhanging and cracking. It is supposed to be about eleven hundred years old.

There is a curious fable concerning the building of Boro-Budur. A certain Hindu prince who was ruling in Java was madly in love with a beautiful princess, but she did not return his affection. However, in order to quiet his urgent pleadings for her hand, she said if he would erect a wonderful temple that would exalt the religion of Buddha, and complete the work in ten days, she would become his bride. Immediately he called together all the people of his kingdom, and spurred on by the exhortations of their ruler, the entire work was finished in the allotted time.

When the princess surveyed the work, she said, "This monument is indeed beautiful and the images fine, but their expression is cold, and, like my feelings for you, there is no life in them." So in spite of her promise, the princess refused to marry her lover.

Boro-Budur is truly a wonderful work of art. Viewed from a distance it is imposing, with its many minarets and spires silhouetted against the sky; scrutinized closely it reveals a wealth of detail and perfection that cannot but command awe and wonder. If the pyramids are the greatest physical feat of the ancient race, truly Boro-Budur is the culmination of magnificence in art.

The Javanese are at their best in making cutlery, and their krises, or swords, are famous throughout Malaya. The best krises are made of layers of iron and steel. These layers are thin as paper, and they are welded together to make the feathery blade. First comes a layer of tempered steel, then a layer of soft iron, and so on till the blade is built up. After the welding process, the blade is rubbed with lime juice, and arsenic is applied. By a chemical process, the arsenic unites with the iron, and remains there. The blade is then tempered, and fitted with a handle and scabbard, and is ready for sale. Just one cut from such a blade, if not fatal itself, will produce poisoning from the arsenic that is in the blade.

Many krises are made with snaky blades, in order that they may make a more ragged wound. Some have jeweled hilts and the scabbards are decorated with gold. The handles of most of them are shaped like the handle of a revolver. Many krises are worn by the coolies of today, but they are not of any special workmanship, only plain large blades.

On the road back to Muntillam there is a much smaller temple. Inside of this is a stone statue of Buddha about twenty feet high. On the face is the same expression of calm, majestic peace that characterizes his images. This temple is about sixty feet high. On the exterior are representations of Vishnu and other Hindu gods. We returned to Muntillam in our sado, feeling well satisfied with our trip. In a few moments the train was hurrying us in the direction of Samarang.

(To be concluded)

A Book of Stories

A FEW years ago, Mr. Hans Döring, one of the sub-agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society, crossed the desert of Gobi to Hami, in the heart of Central Asia, and then pressed on toward Urumtsi, the capital of Chinese Turkestan. On his way he was snow-bound for a couple of days at a little town named Mu-hi-lo—a place so far inland from the port cities of China that often two months or more are required for the journey by the swiftest available means of transit.

While marooned by the snowstorm at this outpost of civilization, Mr. Döring was invited to visit a cloth dyer named Wang, whose modest abode consisted of a single room opening onto the main street. Mr. Wang seated his foreign guest on his *k'ang* (bed), and then took down from the wall a book which hung fixed by a string on a nail. It was a copy of the Acts of the Apostles in the Mandarin Chinese Version. Its original cover had been replaced, and the smoke of the small mud hearth near the *k'ang* had toned the outside of the book to a gray-black tint, like the color of the wall on which it hung; but the pages gave evidence of having been much read, and leaves torn here and there were carefully patched.

Mr. Wang told Mr. Döring that he had obtained this book seven years before from a traveling Chinese merchant, who had received it from some missionary, but not caring to read it, had given it away. Originally Mr. Wang had lived where he heard much of the "doctrine" from traveling English missionaries, but then he had not given it serious thought. Apparently he had to be sent away from his old surroundings into the remote region in which he was now living, in order to be made to think more of the gospel story. The insignificant little book, rejected by the merchant, thus came into the hands of one whose heart had been prepared by the Holy Spirit's ministry. For seven years this small-type copy of the book of Acts had been to Mr. Wang his choicest treasure—a book of stories which to the dweller on the far-western rim of the Gobi Desert, had proved to be streams of living water.

So far as Mr. Döring could judge from Mr. Wang's knowledge of the gospel and from his manner of life, he had become thoroughly converted. He kept his copy of the Acts in as prominent a position as his Chinese neighbors kept their idols. By the side of this book he had hung up two sheets of paper. On one of them he had himself written as much as he could remember of the commandments. Seven of them were practically correct; for the other three he had substituted other precepts based on such Christian teaching as he recollected. Thus, instead of the fifth commandment, he had written, "Thou shalt not speak ill of thy neighbor;" and instead of the fourth, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." On the other sheet he had written as much of the Lord's Prayer as he could remember. Mr. Döring took especial pleasure in helping him complete these two sheets.

There are surprises in store for those who read the book of Acts over and over again, with the same diligent attention to its stories of absorbing interest (for example, the story of Philip's ministry in Samaria) as that given to it by Mr. Wang of Mu-hi-lo. And let it ever be remembered that the reading of this skilfully written storybook, will give one much clearer conceptions of the early apostolic era than will any disconnected study of the volume, valuable though a verse-by-verse study is.

The whole of the book of Acts can easily be read during a Sabbath afternoon. The book is not half so long as one might think. Boys and girls find no difficulty in reading page after page of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR and of other popular weeklies. The book of Acts would scarcely fill eight or ten pages of any one of several well-known journals that might be named, and could easily be included in the columns of a single issue of the INSTRUCTOR.

And let those who read, remember that Luke's narrative is a book of stories,—stories that arrest the attention and grip the interest and stir the blood and kindle the admiration, to say nothing of their power to uplift, to convict, and to convert. There is nothing dry or unessential in stories as told by Luke.

Charles Reade, the novelist, somewhere states that at the suggestion of Sir Edwin Arnold he read certain books of the Bible as if they were entirely new to him. Such reading brought to him many genuine surprises and unexpected pleasures, and made the Bible to him a new book indeed.

The surprises and pleasures multiply as the same book is read a second time, and a third, and a fourth. Mr. Work, formerly of the University of Wooster, has observed "how a child will return again and again

to the reading of the same book, each time with some new element of interest." "Even an adult mind," he declares, "knows something of this experience. There are certain books that have traveled with us through all the 'track of years.'"

Lord Macaulay, an omnivorous reader, was wont to reread certain books many times. "I have no pleasure in books," he once wrote, "which equals that of reading over for the hundredth time great productions which I almost know by heart."

Mr. John Morley, the biographer of Gladstone, in an address to business men and workingmen, once said: "It is a mistake to think that, because you have read a masterpiece once, twice, or ten times, therefore you have done with it. Because it is a masterpiece, you ought to live with it, and make it part of your daily life."

"You must take the Epistles," said John Locke, the English philosopher, "as you would take any other letter. You must take each as a whole, and sit down and read each from beginning to end, and see what it is about." The book of Acts is one of the New Testament Epistles, written by Luke to Theophilus.

During the remaining months spent on the book of Acts in Sabbath school study, let us plan to devote at least two Sabbath afternoons to a special examination of this precious writing handed down from ancient times. And as we read story after story, and turn page after page, to the very end of the narrative, let us pray God for the simple faith to receive and to believe that was manifested by the pious reader found by the Bible Society agent in the heart of heathen Asia.

C. C. CRISLER.

The Zion City of the Mormons

THE city by the great Salt Lake interests one from the very minute of arrival. Lying beautiful and serene at the foot of the high, cool Wasatch Mountains, Salt Lake City is as refreshing, after a long ride over sagebrush country, as an oasis in the desert, which, in fact, it really is, thriving there in that vast sparsely developed country. It is a city of streets that are marvels of width and length. The average block is 660 feet long, and the width of the streets is 132 feet from property line to property line. Of particular admiration is the parking of the streets, especially where they are parked down the center with beautiful flower beds at each end. The residence streets are particularly beautiful, with their large brick houses and big velvety lawns.

This city by the "inland sea" holds much that is of peculiar interest to the visitor. Historically the Mormon buildings come first, and the first place to which all visitors are taken is the temple grounds. In-

side the surrounding wall is the magnificent Temple, an awe-inspiring structure which is to the Mormon what Solomon's temple was to the Jew, a holy place, devoted to sacred ordinances. The cost of its construction was \$4,000,000. It is not open to the public, nor is it used as a place for general worship. Within its walls the different rites of the Mormon priesthood and the ceremonies of baptism and marriage are celebrated.

The Mormon Tabernacle, which is just west of the Temple, is one of the architectural curios of the world. Its elliptical shape looks like a vast terrapin back, or half of a prodigious eggshell cut in two lengthwise. The interior presents the appearance of an oval arch without any center support, being one of the greatest self-supporting arches in America, and probably the largest in the world that is constructed wholly of wood. The bents of the roof are composed of a lattice truss and rest upon twenty-four pillars. The



gallery, which extends around the building except at the west end, is 480 feet long and 30 feet wide. The entire building has a seating capacity of 10,000. It has twenty large doors, so that in case of emergency a great audience can make its exit within two or three minutes.

In the Tabernacle there is a wonderful, old melodious pipe organ, pronounced by some musical critics to be unequalled in variety of construction and the massing of tonal qualities. Always a wonderful instrument, it has kept pace with, adopted from time to time, the latest improvements in its line, and today is regarded by many as "the *ne plus ultra* in organ building." "The organ was constructed over thirty years ago, entirely by Utah artisans and mostly from native materials. The front towers have an altitude of 58 feet, and the dimensions of the organ are 30 by 33 feet. It has 108 stops and accessories and contains a total of over 5,000 pipes, ranging in length from two inches to thirty-two feet. It is capable of 400 tonal qualities. It is orchestra, military band, choir, and organ combined; and, I am told, there is no color, shade, or tint of tone that cannot be reproduced by it. The action is half electric and half tubular pneumatic. The electric motor is ten horsepower. The two bellows weigh 5,000 pounds and the two reservoirs 38,000 pounds. Five thousand cubic feet of air can be

pumped into the bellows every minute. The organist sits 20 feet from the organ, facing the congregation, and the distance between him and the air valves is 65 feet; yet the pipes will respond 726 times a minute."

The sea-gull monument always creates interest, and the story connected with it is very interesting. In 1848, when the city was less than a year old, and the pioneers were struggling with their first crops, there came a plague of crickets. The pests began to rapidly destroy all the vegetation in sight, and although the people fought them, the insects were too many for them and their hopes of a harvest were fading fast when a great flock of sea gulls came in from the Great Salt Lake and destroyed the crickets. The bird has ever since been held sacred by the Mormons, and the monument was erected in memory of the timely aid given by the birds.

When the outsider hears of Salt Lake City he usually thinks first of salt, and particularly the Great Salt Lake. The lake itself is a wonder, 80 miles long and 40 miles wide, with water 23-percent salt and so dense that a person can float in it with very little danger of sinking. Not far from the lake are the great salt beds presenting a remarkable sight. Round about in circling whiteness lies a shimmering expanse of salt ponds. The country for miles around the refineries is as level as a table top. Into these great ponds salt water is pumped to a depth of several inches. Sunshine is plentiful in Utah, and the process of evaporation is unhindered. The ponds are "skimmed"—much as one would skim a pan of milk. This process removes all foreign substances, and then the heavily laden salt water is sluiced into other ponds where the evaporation process is continued. When the water is entirely evaporated, a layer of salt is left. Then the process is repeated until a thick depth of salt in its natural state has been deposited over many acres of ponds. Some four to five months are required to secure the proper amount of salt deposits. Then the "harvesting" begins, and the processes of grinding, sorting, cleaning, weighing, and sacking the salt follow.

Just recently a potash factory has been established near the city. It is now shipping out great quantities of potash, so the country has no need to fear a shortage because Germany's exportation of the article has stopped. In speaking of this new industry recently, a Salt Lake editor said: "Every little while the United States discovers Utah. When the country is in need of some mineral, it runs around in circles for a time,

so to speak, and then is told to possess its soul in patience, as Utah has the article required. If the country wants anything very badly it has but to ask for it. We will wager it is somewhere in Utah."

ERNEST LLOYD.

"Saul, Saul"—Repetitions

"AND he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, *Saul, Saul*, why persecutest thou me?" Acts 9:4.

The following reasons are offered for the repetition of the term "Saul:"—

"The repetition of the name adds solemnity and earnestness."—*J. A. Alexander.*

"The repetition of the name would fix his attention."—*Albert Barnes.*

"[For] the impressiveness gained, as so often in Hebrew, by the repetition of the word."—*R. F. Weymouth.*

"It is ingeminated, or doubled, not only to arouse and awaken Saul, but to testify his love to him, and commiseration of him."—*Matthew Pool.*

The following are a few Biblical examples of repetitions:—

1. "Abraham, Abraham." Gen. 22:11.
2. "Moses, Moses." Ex. 3:4.
3. "Samuel, Samuel." 1 Sam. 3:10.
4. "O earth, earth, earth." Jer. 22:29.
5. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem." Matt. 23:37; Luke 13:34.
6. "Lord, Lord." Matt. 25:11; Luke 13:25.
7. "My God, my God." Matt. 27:46.

8. "Master, Master." Luke 8:24.

9. "Martha, Martha." Luke 10:41.

10. "Simon, Simon." Luke 22:31.

11. "Crucify him, crucify him." Luke 23:21.

12. "Saul, Saul." Acts 9:4; 26:14.

13. "Is fallen, is fallen." Rev. 14:8; 18:2.

Joseph said unto Pharaoh:—

"And for that the dream was doubled ["repeated."]—*Newberry*] unto Pharaoh twice; it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass." Gen. 41:32.

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

HE is no wise man that will quit a certainty for an uncertainty.—*Samuel Johnson.*



How God Answers Prayer

MEN scoff at the idea that the Creator of the universe could or would stoop to listen to, much less answer, the millions of petitions that ascend to him daily, the great majority of them referring to what to him would be very trivial matters.

They reason, that having countless habitable worlds under his control, many of them far superior to this insignificant planet of ours, and all of them peopled with myriads upon myriads of sentient beings, looking to him for guidance and help in their daily lives, such a thing would be impossible. They forget that even an earthly ruler answers the prayers of his people, though thousands of petitions may come to him daily. If he be a beneficent ruler, no case of sickness, poverty, or suffering is brought to his notice that does not receive his attention, and the causes of distress are, if possible, removed. How does he hear and answer prayer? He is only a finite being, with small intellectual capacities compared with those of God; and yet, somehow, he accomplishes the work—in a limited way, perhaps, but in a manner that secures the love and gratitude of his subjects.

He has helpers; men who work under his direction and carry out his plans. To one of these he sends a dispatch that the petitions that have come to him from the citizens of a burned-up village are to be granted, and the town to be rebuilt; to another, that the survivors of a flood, or of a volcanic eruption, are to be relieved. Has God any less power at his command? Has not he also his helpers and messengers and the means of sending dispatches to the children of earth? Are not the angels ministering spirits sent forth to succor those in need? The Pope of Rome has only "the eyes of man," yet he can see all over the earth by means of his church organization, and though he is but a usurper of God's throne here below, he counts himself almost omnipotent because of the far-reaching vision that he thus acquires, and because of the power that it gives him to answer the prayers of his people.

May not the machinery that the Pope uses to make him an all-seeing man, so far as this world is concerned, serve us to understand in some faint measure how the great Creator is all-seeing and all-powerful? He is not only all-seeing by virtue of his own natural eyes, and all-powerful by virtue of his own inherent wisdom and strength, but he is also so through the vast body of absolutely incorruptible officers that he employs in the government of the universe. So if a president or king can hear and answer even an individual request, cannot God, who has all the resources of the universe at his command, do as much? But you say, "How can he? How does he, when he is so far away?" Think a moment. Have you never heard of wireless telegraphy? God knew of this long before it was discovered by man. And by his own wireless system he caused his Spirit to move upon the minds of his prophets and apostles so that they spoke "the words of his mouth," just as the man at the other end of the wireless telegraph speaks ours. God and his agents are mind readers. He knows our most secret thoughts. We may hide these from the majority of our fellows, but we cannot hide them from him. If our meditations are wicked meditations, he knows it; and if pure and right, he knows it. The psalmist says, "Thou understandest my thought afar off." Ps. 139:2.

A missionary in India sent to Mrs. H. B. Hastings, of Boston, for a specified amount of tracts to be used

in combating the growing infidel sentiment of that country, at the same time praying God to supply the exact sum needed. He did not know of the writer of this article nor did I know of him, but God did, and just before his letter reached Mrs. Hastings, she was impressed to write to me for money to help in the circulation of anti-infidel books and tracts. On reading her note, I felt at once that no less a sum than five dollars must be the answer. When it reached her the India letter had arrived, and the sum sent was just the needed amount.

Was this an accident? Is there any room for questioning as to God's hearing and answering the devoted missionary's prayer? Is there doubt as to the "how"? God knew of India's needs. That faithful soldier of his had looked to him to pay for the tracts while he was inditing his letter to Boston. And instantly a wireless dispatch was sent to Mrs. Hastings to write to me for help, and another was sent to me to tell me to give the needed sum. It is all simple and beautiful.

What a high privilege to be allowed to come into the very presence of the greatest and most august Being in all the wide circle of the heavens, and not only to be allowed to come, but also to have the assurance that our petitions shall be granted if presented in the name of our great High Priest and Saviour, Jesus.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

Roman Army Officers *

FROM the days of Julius Cæsar the Roman government was imperialistic in form if not in name, and for four centuries the power of the rulers was maintained by a magnificent army, the like of which the world has seldom seen. In fact, so powerful was the Roman army that no ruler could hope to maintain his position of authority long without its support.

It was in the first flush of triumph of the Roman imperialists, that Christ was born in Bethlehem and lived his life of self-renunciation in behalf of the fallen race. During the years that followed his ascension, the apostles labored in lands ruled by Rome, among peoples held in subjection by Roman arms. In times of peace the military forces numbered from eighteen to twenty-five legions, distributed in those parts of the realm where their presence was most needed. The hard-won frontiers of the Rhine were guarded by eight legions of seasoned veterans; Spain was occupied by three legions; Pannonia and Mœsia required seven; while two legions were stationed in Egypt, one in northern Africa, and two in the extreme East. In Italy the governmental authority was upheld by a special body of soldiers commonly known as the Prætorian Guard.

In apostolic times Rome and the surrounding provinces in Italy were hotbeds of wickedness, and the Prætorian guards became corrupt through the vices of the court and of the wealthy patrician nobility. Not so, however, with the legions on the frontiers. These were, in the main, favored with competent leadership, and through rigid and wholesome discipline many of the soldiers became exemplary representatives of all that was best in the Roman character.

To understand the terms used in Bible accounts of Roman army officers, it is necessary to know somewhat of the officering of the various legions. Accord-

* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for Nov. 4, 1916, on "The Vision of Cornelius; the Vision of Peter" (Acts 10:1-23).

ing to the Rev. W. L. Bevan, in his description of the Roman army written for Smith's Bible Dictionary, each of the legions was "under six *tribuni* [identical with the "chief captain" of Acts 21:31], who commanded by turns. The legion was subdivided into ten cohorts [identical with the "band" of Acts 10:1], the cohort into three maniples, and the maniples into two centuries, containing originally one hundred men, as the name implies, but subsequently from fifty to one hundred men, according to the strength of the legion. There were thus sixty centuries in a legion, each under the command of a centurion (see Acts 10:1, 22; Matt. 8:5; 27:54). In addition to the legionary cohorts, independent cohorts of volunteers served under the Roman standards; and Biscoe ('History of Acts,' p. 220) supposes that all the Roman forces stationed in Judea were of this class. Josephus speaks of five cohorts as stationed at Cæsarea at the time of Herod Agrippa's death ('Antiquities,' book 19, chap. 9, sec. 2), and frequently mentions that the inhabitants of Cæsarea and Sebaste served in the ranks ('Antiquities,' book 20, chap. 8, sec. 7). One of these cohorts was named the Italian (Acts 10:1), as consisting of volunteers from Italy. . . . This cohort probably acted as the bodyguard of the procurator."

The able officers and disciplined troops who kept in restraint the diverse and turbulent races that formed the Roman Empire, were often of a superior type mentally and morally; and it is not at all surprising that the truths of the gospel should appeal strongly to them. Thus it was with the centurion stationed at Capernaum, whose faith was so abundantly rewarded by the Saviour in the healing of a beloved servant. And when Jesus triumphed over his enemies even while hanging upon the cross, and declared, "It is finished," it was a Roman centurion's voice that was heard exclaiming, "Truly this was the Son of God." That which the proud Pharisees and other Jewish persecutors of Jesus had failed of discerning, the clear vision of the honest heathen officer standing by had discovered, and with true nobility of soul he immediately acknowledged the divinity of our Lord.

If tradition can be trusted, Cornelius was probably a member of the famous *Cornelian gens*. "The great Scipio, the Wellington of Roman history, was a Cornelius. The mother of the two great agrarian reformers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, was named Cornelia; and the powerful Sulla, the great reviver of aristocratic privilege at Rome, boasted the same proud name."

The emperor Julian the Apostate (Birks) acknowledged Cornelius of Cæsarea as one of the few persons of *distinction* who embraced Christianity.

God wrought marvelously on the part of the honest seeker after truth, and through his conversion brought into decided prominence the fact that Gentiles, as well as Jews, were subjects of divine grace.

Little did the leaders of the early Christian church foresee the glorious triumphs which the gospel would win during the score or so of years following the conversion of the Roman officer at Cæsarea. It was with difficulty that the much-respected Peter himself could persuade his brother disciples at Jerusalem of the spiritual blessings received by Cornelius, a Gentile convert. How changed the circumstances, a comparatively few years later, when Paul himself, as a veteran apostle to the Gentiles, was brought a prisoner to Cæsarea, the former home of Cornelius, there to remain for many months in unjust confinement! To Paul was given the privilege of mingling freely with

the Roman army officers stationed in that strategic center, and he made good use of his opportunities to bear eloquent testimony concerning his faith in Jesus the crucified.

For upward of four years, at Cæsarea by the sea and at Rome, Paul's daily companions were Roman army officers and soldiers. Even amid the thrilling scenes of the long and broken voyage necessitated by his transfer from the provincial city to the capital of the empire, Paul's contact with the Roman guard resulted in the saving of precious souls. Were the annals of his life complete, what stories might be told of the silent, ennobling influence of his godly life over those professional military men whose chief ambition was to attain to worldly power and fame. Burrhus, the prefect of the Prætorian Guard, was a member of Nero's household at the time of Paul's enforced residence at Rome, and in all probability was more than once brought into close contact with the apostle; for the house which Paul was permitted to occupy while in Rome, was within the walls of the Prætorian camp, over which Burrhus had charge.

Among the "members of Cæsar's household" who turned from their thoughts of worldly honor and royal recognition, to the worship and service of the living God, there were doubtless at least several members of the Prætorian Guard. How the hearts of these soldier-converts must have been thrilled by the apostle's triumphant declaration that the faithful followers of Jesus would at last be made "more than conquerors" through him who loved them! And how they must have admired the martial spirit of the battle-scarred warrior of the cross, who, in the face of imminent death, could calmly say: "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Well might the Roman army officers who were privileged to witness the execution of the apostle, admire the heroic and self-forgetful martyrdom of the faithful warrior whose fearless avowal of Jesus of Nazareth as the Saviour of mankind had brought life eternal within the reach of countless thousands.

C. C. CRISLER.

Just Good Enough

You cannot be "just good enough"
To get to heaven alone;
No virtues that you may possess
Will for your sins atone.

No deed of life that men will praise,
No work of human worth,
No moral shell, can win the goal,
Nor place, nor name, nor birth.

Ah, no; when heaven's gate shall swing
To welcome in the throng,
Each one of all that multitude
Will bring some soul along.

MAX HILL.

It isn't so much what we do, dear,
As it is what we leave undone,
That gives us the bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.—*Disraeli*.



Salt in the Great War

SIR ALMROTH E. WRIGHT, M. D., F. R. S., one of the most famous of English physicians, uses salt to cure infection, and drain gangrenous wounds. He said before the Royal Society of Medicine:—

"I may perhaps be allowed to say . . . with regard to the simple five-per-cent salt solution . . . that it has in this war proved itself preëminently useful. When brought into application upon a dry and infiltrated wound, or a wound that is foul and covered with slough, it resolves the induration, brings back the moisture to the surfaces, and cleans up the wound in a way that no other agent does. Applied in gaseous gangrene in the form of a wet dressing to incisions which have been carried down into infected tissues, it causes lymph to pour out of the wounds and arrests the spread of infection. And, again, applied in gaseous gangrene to an amputated stump in cases where it has been necessary to leave infected tissues behind, it reverses the lymph stream and draws out the infected lymph—saving life in almost desperate conditions."

Sir Almroth Wright in 1913 received the Hungarian Prize for researches in immunity and vaccine therapeutics; in 1914 he received the Osiris Prize given by the Institute of France; in 1915 the Lecomte Triennial Prize awarded by the Paris Academie des Sciences. His last achievement, the use of salt as a cure for gangrene, seems almost beyond recompense.

Asthma

ASTHMA is a curious and baffling disorder. It cannot be properly treated until the underlying cause has been discovered, and that cause may be different with each sufferer. Any layman can understand that infection or irritation of the air passages by inhaling dust might bring on an attack of asthma in any one who is predisposed to it, but no layman could guess that almost every organ of the body may at some time or other be at the root of the mischief. Asthma is at different times traceable to the kidneys, to the circulation, to the nervous system, the digestive organs, or the lungs, to errors in diet, to gout, or to skin lesions.

Most asthmatic people are nervous in temperament, and their family history is often poor. They should be taught to guard their general health with great care, to take exercises that will strengthen the chest muscles, and to live an outdoor life as far as possible, with daily exercise that stops just short of fatigue. They should never let their feet get cold or wet.

Asthmatic people are susceptible to digestive disturbances, and their diet must be light and simple. Sea food, especially shellfish, will always bring on an attack in some people; and they must of course avoid it. But there is no routine treatment for asthma; and a good physician will always devote himself first to finding out the underlying cause of the symptoms, and then to trying to cure the kidney trouble, the gout, the malaria, or the nervous disorder that he thinks is to blame for it. Often his efforts will be rewarded by the complete disappearance of the asthma.

In obstinate cases the choice of a favorable climate may also be a matter of experiment. One person will find that his attacks disappear at once in a certain locality, although the friend to whom he recommends it will discover that he cannot live there in comfort for a day. Many people do best in a fairly dry climate where there are no wide extremes of temperature, and, above all, little dust, for dust is the archenemy of all asthmatics. Others do best in a climate that is exactly opposite to that in which they have been living, so that dwellers by the sea are better in the hills, and vice versa. In a really bad attack some form of sedative relief is usually demanded, and for that a physician should always be called, since self-administration of sedative medicines is never wise.—*Youth's Companion*.

Things One Should Know About Mosquitoes

THE eggs of the mosquito are laid in water and hatched in a few days.

In from five to ten days, the larvæ, commonly called wrigglers, change to the pupa stage.

Two or three days later, the skin splits and the full-grown mosquito creeps out.

The number of eggs laid by a single mosquito varies from fifty to four hundred.

The common mosquitoes lay their eggs in quiet or stagnant, fresh water, in a tomato can, a hole in a tree, a tub in the cellar, or a quiet pond.

Mosquitoes live several weeks, and some of them hibernate in the house all winter, to begin laying eggs early in the spring.

The common mosquito flies only a few hundred yards from its breeding place.

And to protect yourself against this troublesome and dangerous pest, remember these valuable hints:—

Do away with all stagnant water about the place; mosquitoes cannot breed without water.

Remove tomato cans, broken bottles, old buckets, or anything of a similar nature which may catch rain water.

Examine eave spouts and exposed drains in search of standing water.

Empty the water from vases, basins, and similar outdoor receptacles, at least once a week.

Water barrels, cisterns, and the like may be covered with fine-wire screen.

Permanent standing water should be covered with coal oil. The oil must make a thin film over the entire surface, preventing the wrigglers from coming to the surface to breathe. This is the only way to kill them. One ounce of oil will cover fifteen square feet of water.

Place goldfish, minnows, and sunfish in watering troughs, lily ponds, or fountains. They will eat the wrigglers.

To rid the house of mosquitoes, fumigate it with sulphur or pyrethrum powder. It will stupefy them. When they fall to the floor, they should be swept up and burned.

Pyrethrum powder burned out of doors will keep away mosquitoes.—*Selected*.

Canary Birds

WHEN Sir Walter Raleigh brought home a quantity of small yellow birds from the Canary Islands back in 1600, Mr. Britisher said, "Pf! What good are those beastly little chirping things? Too small to eat with Yorkshire puddings, and too noisy to have around the house."

But Mrs. Britisher said: "They're much nicer than that horrid tobacco you brought back last trip, Sir Walter. Here, let me carry it, John. We'll stop in on the way home for a bigger cage and some bird seed."

So canaries came to live in golden houses, to sing from little wooden bars instead of tree tops, and to form an essential part of every well-ordered household.

In times of peace thousands of birds are imported to the United States each month from the Harz Mountains of Germany, the modern center of bird culture. With this source of supply cut off by the war, to the American housewife falls the lot of keeping up the canary supply for us. There is a worth-while profit in bird raising, and many women will be taking up this pleasant work from now on as a side line to the usual household duties.—*Every Week*.

An Indian Sun Dance

A MINISTER laboring in Wyoming under the auspices of the Home Mission Society says that "the ranchers who are settling through the great Lander or Wind River Valley are practically without religious privileges. A generation is growing up without Christ." Not many miles from where he is located is an Indian agency. Here too the gospel worker is needed, as the following narrative related by this minister shows. He says:—

"Recently I attended the sun dance given by Indians at an agency fourteen miles from here. Within a circle of leafy booths made by pines, stood a tall pine tree, decorated by a buffalo head, eagles' feathers, and an image. The Indians, young men, who talked English, and who ordinarily dress like white men, had discarded all clothes but loin cloths and an apron. Their bodies were dyed brilliant colors. As they felt moved they rose and danced with rapt faces to the pole and back. For three days and nights, in intense heat without food or water, they continued this to 'make medicine' for the coming year. The dancing was accompanied by droning music by women and by a band. Sick were brought and laid in the sun to be healed. Aged men passed their hands over the dancers and 'made medicine' for them. Till forbidden by the government the custom was for young bucks to let themselves be hung up before the sun by hooks passed through the muscles of the breast. This heathenism still survives, though the government has tried to dispel it by education. The Christian religion is what is needed."

The Brook

LEAPING down the mountain side,
Little brook, so free and gay,
Can you now, as on you go,
Tell me whence you came today?

"High up on the mountain top,
Where the snows lie deep and cold,
I have come from lands of ice,
To the sunshine full of gold.

"Springing over rugged rocks,
Forming pretty waterfalls,
Often down in cañons deep,
Shut in by their stony walls,

"Always onward have I gone,
Never once I've stopped to rest,
Now I've reached the meadows green,
And by me, now, they are blest."

FLORENCE WHITNEY.

A Sympathetic Collie

AN instance of the striking sagacity and almost human sympathy of her extraordinary collie, Max, is furnished by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in her book, "Dog Stars." While she was in Germany she was suffering from a closed tear duct. Informed of a doctor in Baden-Baden whose specialty was the treatment of that difficulty, she went there to see him, taking Max along.

The afternoon of my arrival, writes Mrs. O'Connor, anxious to know his opinion, I went at once to his office.

"Yes," said Dr. von Hoffman, "there is trouble here that will yield only to an operation; with the help of cocaine, I will cut a little passage from the eye to the nose, keep it open with massage while healing, and in a fortnight your eye will be well enough for you to go away. Will you have it done?"

"Yes," I said, "certainly I will."

Max, who had been lying quietly in a corner, came forward, whimpered, looked at me anxiously, and laid his paw gently in my lap.

"This gentleman hasn't the same confidence in me that you have," said the doctor, smiling. "Come tomorrow at eleven, and everything will be ready for you."

"If you don't mind," I said, "I would much prefer the operation now."

I am sure Max pressed my knee with his paw.

"Very well," said the doctor. "I'll call my assistant. He has strong hands and will hold your head while I make the incision. Max must go into the other room."

"No," I said, "please let him stay. He will be a comfort to me. Go to your corner, old lad. Don't move till missy calls you."

Max obediently stepped back into shadow. The cocaine did not go very far, and the knife steadily pursued its way and unnerved me. I felt cold and sick; things were rather blurred, but the fear of Max, if I fainted, attacking the doctors, steadied me.

Not liking the look of things, he was gasping out little whines and whimpers. The doctor worked with quick dexterity and the operation was soon over. I called out, "All right, Max, stay where you are!" But he came to the center of the room and waited. The doctor and his assistant bandaged up my eye. I reached for my hat, and Max bounded forward with greetings of great joy. He licked my hands, stopping between the quick breaths to give an occasional pianissimo bark, and intelligently kept a safe distance from my face.

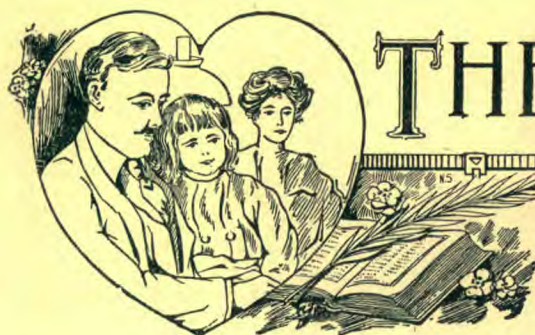
"Never," said the doctor, "have I had better patients. Max did the crying and you did the sitting still."

"He would do the suffering for me, too, if he could," I said.

"I don't doubt it, and I am sure he will make a good nurse," said Dr. von Hoffman. "He seems almost human."

"His unselfishness and fidelity are more than human," I said.

While we were going to the hotel, Max kept very close to me, and when nine o'clock came he unobtrusively stored himself under my bed, although usually he slept on a traveling rug in the corner of the room. But he wanted to be nearer when I was in trouble, and after I got into bed his tail tapped out, "I'm here to take care of you, little missy." And we both fell asleep.—*Youth's Companion*.



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."



Clean Clothes

E. C. JAEGER

I've oft confessed
I admire best
The clothes that are clean,
And the pants that are pressed;
I like to see
The hair brushed, too,
The teeth kept white,
And the polished shoe — don't you?

A little soap,
Some gasoline,
A brush or two,
Will keep us clean;
With buttons on,
And collars white,
We'll feel more prim
And act polite — won't you?

If we've had no rest
Till we've done our best
To be neat and clean,
Whether hid or seen,
Then others will think
(Or are liable to)
That our lives are clean
And our words are true.

The Tea-Time Collection

IT was on Monday that mamma tripped on one of Alfred's building blocks.

"You mustn't leave your blocks around on the floor," she said. "Always put them up in their box when you are through playing with them."

Alfred said, "Yes'm," and then forgot all about it.

That night papa stumbled over Teddy Bear. It was dusky in the hall, and Alfred had left his pet directly in front of the hatrack.

"I came pretty near falling," he told the little boy. "Remember the floor is not the place for Teddy Bears, unless you are there to take care of them."

Alfred obediently put Teddy Bear away; but the next afternoon grandma stepped on him as she was going downstairs, and if she had not clutched tightly to the banister, she would have fallen. As it was, she was badly wrenched, and papa declared it was time that Alfred became more orderly, instead of dropping his toys just where he happened to be playing.

Alfred felt very sorry that grandma should be hurt through his carelessness, and for a few days he did better. Then things were strewn about as before.

One night, at supper his father said, "Will you bring me your ball, Alfred?"

"I can't find it," he reported, after some searching.

"Suppose you look out on the veranda," papa suggested; and, sure enough, there it was, by one of the posts.

"Please bring me your new game, diablo," papa said, when the ball was in his hand.

Alfred walked away slowly. Where was diablo? He had been playing with it out on the lawn, but later, he thought, in the sewing-room. He mounted the stairs, but he could not find any pair of sticks and little bobbin. Then he hunted over the lawn. It did not appear. He was sure he did not take it into the garden. Finally it was discovered behind the front door just where he had tossed it when he had gone to ride with Uncle Dan.

"I thank you," papa said, without seeming to notice that he had been a long time on his search.

He was about to slip back into his seat at the table, where his roll and cherry sauce were waiting, when papa spoke: "One thing more — do you know where your jackknife is?"

Alfred hesitated, put his hand into his pocket and

drew it out empty. "I think I can find it," he answered.

As he went through the door, he heard grandma say, "I know he is hungry." And he couldn't help walking just slow enough to hear papa's reply: "I'm sorry."

It took a long time to find that knife, and more than once he thought he should have to give it up; but it finally came to light in the back hall window — just where he had used it to cut out a little stick for the wheel of his cart.

Everybody was through supper when he returned to the dining-room; only papa was waiting for him. "If I were you, I'd have things in their places tomorrow night," papa said — that was all.

And they were in their places, too, when papa asked for them. Teddy Bear and one or two other things he asked for; Alfred knew exactly where they were.

Not every night did papa ask, but often enough to help Alfred remember that a boy who had possessions of his own should take care of them.

In time Alfred learned to have a place for everything, and to keep everything in its place.— *Young People.*

"Any in Heaven, Too?"

LITTLE MARY was sitting with her Uncle George one afternoon. Uncle had told her to keep quiet, as he had some accounts to go over; so Mary busied herself with a picture book. For an hour all was still, then Mary heard her uncle say: "There! I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need."

"What are you talking about, Uncle George?" asked Mary.

"About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up."

"Up in heaven?" asked Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about laying up treasures in heaven.

"Oh, no, Mary. My treasures are all on earth, some in banks and some in other places," answered Uncle George.

"But haven't you any in heaven, too?" asked Mary.

"Well, I don't believe I have," said Uncle George thoughtfully. "But run away to your mother now, for I am going out."

Uncle George went out and was gone a good while; but all the time he was thinking that, after all, perhaps,

he was not so well off if he had no treasures laid up in heaven to be ready for him when he left this world and his money behind him. He was so impressed with the thought that he wisely determined to lay up treasures in heaven. He did so. Little Mary never knew until years afterward that it was her childish question that started Uncle George on a generous, active, Christian life.—*Zion's Herald*.

The Telephone Game

THE equipment for this game is simple—merely paper and pencil for each player except one, and for him an imaginary telephone. A pasteboard mailing tube will serve the purpose well enough.

The player at the telephone carries on a short conversation with an imaginary friend supposed to be at the other end of the line. The other players note the speaker's words, and when he has finished they try to fill in the friend's answers. Of course no two papers will be alike.

For example, the player at the telephone says:—

"Hello. . . . Yes. . . . No. . . . How many? . . . In about a month, I think. . . . That's a good idea. . . . Good-by."

One player's paper may read:—

"Hello."

"This is Sydney. Is that you, Jack?"

"Yes."

"Did you know we have some new neighbors?"

"No."

"Next door,—name's Spencer,—moved in last week. Jolly crowd. Lot of young folks."

"How many?"

"Two girls and three boys and one little fellow. And the father and mother are as jolly as the rest. When are you going to the beach?"

"In about a month, I think."

"Then you'll be here for some of the sport. You know there isn't any fence between our yard and the Spencers' at the rear. We're going to make a tennis court by laying it out across the two yards."

"That's a good idea."

"Come over Monday and we'll plan it. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Another player's paper, based on the same words, might read:—

"Hello."

"Katherine?"

"Yes."

"This is Mary. Have you any engagement for this afternoon?"

"No."

"Then expect me. I want to talk with you. I have some more names on my list for Flo West's linen shower."

"How many?"

"Eight in all. And Ruth has a new plan—that when we give the shower we give books at the same time. You know all of Flo's books were lost when their house burned. Of course we can't stock a book-case, but we can give her a start. When does Flo expect Dick back?"

"In about a month, I think."

"Good. That will give us time to carry out the plan before he comes. We want to get all Flo's classmates into it."

"That's a good idea."

"I knew you'd think so. I'll tell you more this afternoon. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Of course, the fun consists in the variety of conversations made from the same foundation.—*Selected*.

Are You Going Somewhere?

A YOUNG woman went out to service in a farmhouse where she found the home in great disorder, and very little being done to uplift the family or the neighborhood. After the dinner of the first day was cleared away and she was seen combing her hair, one of the children asked, "Are you going somewhere?" "No. Why do you ask?" "Because you are combing your hair," said the child. This spoke volumes as to the manner in which the girl was being trained.

May it not be that the present prevailing custom of donning a cap to cover uncombed hair in the morning is educating the girls to lie in bed so late that there is not time to prepare properly for the breakfast table?

A young man was told that the girl he was to marry usually came to the breakfast table with uncombed hair. He said, "When we are married she will not do that if I have to prepare the breakfast myself." They did not marry, so the sequel cannot be given.

D. A. FITCH.

A Friend

To have a friend, indeed, is sweet,
And sweet the name.
'Twas Jesus said, "I call you friends."
He's just the same;

But earthly friends may prove untrue,
No hold above,
Thinking of self and selfish ends,
With selfish love.

But such is life, and God permits
The blows to fall
That we may find the "Friend of friends"—
The All in all.

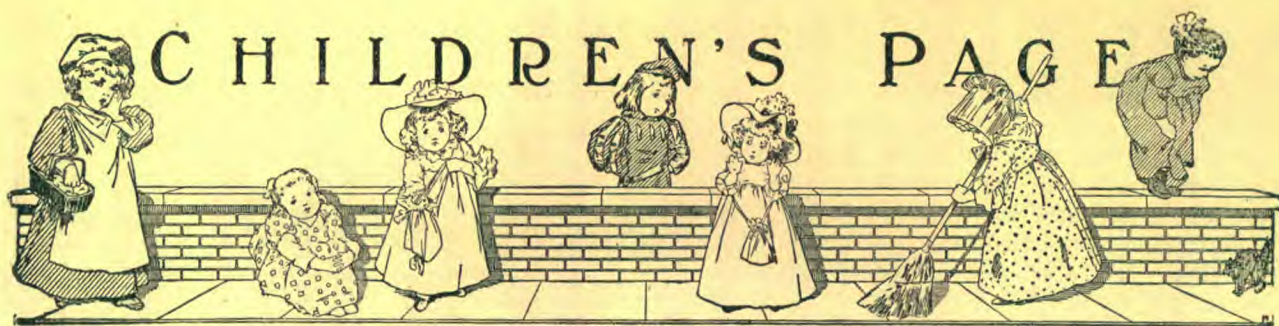
O One beloved! O shelter safe!
No more alone.
The trials but perfect our faith,
Before thy throne.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

The Two Ways

Two children were playing on a hillside, when they noticed that the hour was nearing sunset, and one said wonderingly, "See how far the sun has gone! A little while ago it was right over that tree, and now it is low down in the sky." "Only it isn't the sun that moves, it's the earth. You know, father told us," answered the other. The first one shook his head. The sun did move, for he had seen it; and the earth did not move, for he had been standing on it all the time. "I know what I see," he said triumphantly. "And I believe father," said his brother. So mankind divides still—some accepting only what their senses reveal to them, and others believing the Word of God.—*The Christian Herald*.

WELL for the person of whom it can be said as I heard one man say of a dear old Christian woman: "I always feel better, happier, and pleasanter for having met her."



Chris the Missionary

HIS name was Christopher Columbus, but no one called him anything but Chris. He was a happy-hearted boy, and a favorite in the neighborhood where he lived. He was as full of fun as a good, sound nut is full of meat, and yet there was no malice in his nature,—not a particle.

There was not another boy around that could stand on his head as long as Chris could; not another one who could run as fast or jump as high. But although Chris was well beloved by his friends and companions, he had not yet learned the beautiful lesson of loving his neighbor as himself. In fact, he did not seem to know there was such a lesson for him to learn. But one day he found out about it. It was Sabbath—a cold, stormy day, but Chris was at Sabbath school, and his teacher was talking earnestly to him and to the others in the class.

"I want all my boys to be missionaries," she said, with a pleasant smile. "Will you enlist in the cause?" Some of the boys held up their hands, but Chris did not. Instead, he looked fearlessly up into her face, and said, politely: "I'd like to oblige you, Miss Thorno, but I don't want to be a missionary. I wouldn't be one for anything—no, not if papa'd give me a hundred dollars."

"Why not?" questioned Miss Thorno.

"'Cause," said he, "I wouldn't go away and be a missionary, and leave our folks behind. I'd be so homesick I'd die."

"I understand," said Miss Thorno; "but my dear boy, it is not necessary to cross the ocean to be a missionary. If you would do that, you would be a foreign missionary; but what I had in mind when I said I wanted you to be missionaries, was home work."

"We haven't got any heathen at our house," observed Chris, at which remark they all laughed.

"I shall try to explain how I would like you to do missionary work," said Miss Thorno. "There are little things you can do at home to help your father and mother—little willing services, kindly attentions; and there are things you can do to please your brothers and sisters—you who are blessed with such treasures."

"I've got two sisters and a brother at home," one boy remarked, "but they're not treasures. Sometimes they are just as mean as they can be." Miss Thorno was amused, but she said, soberly, "Then you must be just as good to them as you know how to be. This will be real missionary work."

"I've got one sister," said Chris. "She's older than I am, so I couldn't be a missionary to her. Besides she's sick, Nellie is, and can't go anywhere. I wish she could. I've got one brother, too—a little fellow only two years old. I couldn't be a missionary to him; he wouldn't know what I was about. O Miss Thorno, you ought to see Tom! He is the biggest rogue you ever saw, and gets a spanking every day of his life. I wish he didn't, poor little Tom."

Were there really tears shining in Chris's sunny

eyes?—Yes, Miss Thorno was sure of it; sure, too, that little Tom was very dear to Chris. "It seems to me," she said, gently, "that you could do missionary work for your sick sister and your busy little brother. There are a great many things one can do for the sick, and, as for the baby boy, it would be missionary work to keep him from getting so many punishings."

She smiled at Chris, and he smiled back at her as he questioned, eagerly: "Why, Miss Thorno, could I keep Tom from getting punished?"

"I think so," she said, "if you do your best."

"Then I will," he asserted with determination; "but I don't know of anything I can do for Nellie. I don't believe she would want me to do anything for her."

"I believe she would like it, Chris."

"Why, it's mamma who does everything for her, and makes pretty dresses for her doll."

"But, Chris, I did not expect you to do such things for Nellie. There are many other things. I knew a little boy once who had a sick sister he loved dearly. He picked flowers for her, made pretty little boxes, got her water when she was thirsty, and was always doing some kind service."

Miss Thorno had no more time to talk to Chris, but he went home resolved to be a "home missionary." He found plenty to do. His mother was worn with the heat, and was trying to keep Tom out of mischief while preparing the dinner. Just as Chris entered the kitchen, she had pulled Tom out of the coal scuttle where he had seated himself unconcernedly. His white dress and skirts were black where they had come in contact with the coal, and his face and hands were smutty.

Mrs. Steele, Chris's mother, was a loving but impatient woman, so you must not wonder that, although she had kissed the pretty little fellow only a few moments before, she now threatened him sternly. "You'll get a good spanking directly," she said.

Chris heard the threat with pity for the little fellow, who ran to him for protection. He took him to the clean sink, and coaxed him to let him wash his hands and face; when that was done, he asked his mother if he could put a clean dress on Tom.

"Why, Chris," she said, in surprise, "what's come over you? you never changed Tom's clothes before." But she gave her consent. When the children came back, her anger had vanished.

"Tom's sorry, mamma," said Chris, smiling, and he led the little fellow up to her. "You'll forgive him, won't you?"

O yes, mamma forgave him with a kiss, and he was happy. So was Chris, and so was mother. The boys ran off to the sitting-room, where Nellie was waiting wearily for her mother. "Where's mother?" she asked, fretfully. "Is she never coming?"

"She has been getting a nice dinner," said Chris, cheerfully, "and she is just going to put it on the table, Nellie. Shall I wheel your table up?"

"O yes," was the ready reply, "do please; then I'll be ready when she comes in, and I am so hungry."

Chris fixed her up; then he put Tom in his high chair, and tied his bib on; got them both glasses of water, and put a stool under his sister's feet.

"Well, well," exclaimed Mrs. Steele, as she brought in the dinner, and saw what Chris had done, "what a help you are, my boy."

When dinner was over, Chris made himself exceedingly useful, helping his mother faithfully until every dish was put away. Then he wheeled Nellie out into the pleasant yard, under a shady tree. Tom followed. There the children remained for an hour. Chris picked roses for Nellie, and amused Tom in various ways. Meanwhile the tired mother fell asleep on the dining-room couch, and awoke refreshed.

The days flew by, and Friday evening had come. Miss Thorno, the new teacher, called. Chris was not in when she came, but Mrs. Steele greeted her pleasantly. Naturally they talked about Chris.

"He has been like another boy since last Sabbath," said Mrs. Steele; "such a help to us all that it seems like another house."

"The best brother that ever was," added Nellie, "the very best. O Miss Thorno, I just love Chris."

"Me, too," said little Tom. "Me lubs him, too; he's mine Chris."

At this moment Chris walked in. His face lighted up as he saw the teacher. "I've done it," he said, as he grasped her outstretched hand; "little Tom has not had one spanking this week, not one, and I'm so glad."

Mrs. Steele looked mystified, but Miss Thorno, although her eyes were somewhat misty, said, earnestly and joyfully, "*My dear little home missionary.*"—*Selected.*

Robin and the Bee

"I SUPPOSE you know it's autumn?"

Said the Robin to the Bee;

"And the leaves are getting thinner
On the most courageous tree.

You have noticed that no butterflies
Across the garden rove?

And that every single chestnut

Has been scattered in the grove?

It's a fortnight since the swallows

Took their passage o'er the sea;

So perhaps you know it's autumn,"

Said the Robin to the Bee.

"Old Winter soon gets busy

When the feeble sunbeams fade,

And he turns the flower beds over

With a white and frosty spade.

He rolls the gravel pathways

Till they ring like iron roads,

And the twigs on all the bushes

With a sparkling cloak he loads.

That's right! Let's both fly southward

Until May once more we see,

When we'll find a warmer welcome,"

Said the Robin to the Bee.

—John Lea.

THE Hwai River, in Anhwei Province, China, which overflowed its banks in the flat country, and caused the death of many thousands in 1909, is again in flood, making a million persons homeless. The American Red Cross has already spent \$600,000 in this district for flood protection, and a \$30,000,000 loan was negotiated for reclamation work in this section.

FLATTERY is an ensnaring quality, and leaves a very dangerous impression. It swells a man's imagination, entertains his vanity, and drives him to a doting upon his own person.—*Jeremy Collier.*



Things Worth While

(Texts for October 29 to November 4)

SUPPOSE the last great day had come, and you were in heaven this morning, sitting in that beautiful, happy home, looking back over your life here below. What do you think are the things that would make you glad? Suppose the Master should let you come back to live life over again, what do you think are the things you would count worth while? My dear young friend, things will look very different from the other side!

The last great day is near at hand, and only the supreme things, only the things really worth while, will endure the test it brings. On that day the scepter will fall from the ruler's hand; the fame of the statesman will vanish away; the warrior's weapon will be powerless; the farmer's deed to his broad acres of fertile land will be worthless; mansions and hovels will become heaps of ruins; jewel-decked garments and filthy rags will perish together; the gulf between wealth and poverty will be no more; worldly pleasure, on that great day, will come to a sad, sudden, and tragic end.

There will be a big prayer meeting when the last great day approaches—the biggest the world has ever seen. But it will be a sad one. In that gathering rich and poor, learned and ignorant, famous men and obscure toilers, will mingle their tears, and sigh in bitter regret that they missed the supreme things in this life. But too late comes their realization of true values. The last prayer has been answered; the last name written in the book of life; the last sinner saved. In bitter agony of soul they cry, "The harvest is past, the summer ended, and we are not saved."

But what are the supreme things in life? What are the things that will give you joy when you reach the end of the road? Not power, not position, not wealth, not pleasure. O, no, these are not the supreme things. Whether they shall bless or curse life depends alone on the manner in which they are used. The beautiful clothes for which you sigh; the fascinating story which crowds out all thought of present troubles or neglected duties; that high salary that is leading you to sacrifice some principles of Christian manhood; those pleasures that it seems you cannot forego,—these, none of these, are the supreme things in life.

When you reach the end of life, it will not make you glad to be able to say, "Well, I owned the finest automobile in our part of the country; I dressed better than any of my friends; I read every really popular novel of my day; my musical accomplishments made others green with envy; we had more money, more land, more power, than any other family in our neighborhood; I had a better education and a higher position than any of my associates; no one was more popular than I in social gatherings; no family in the community was as prominent as ours."

O, no, these and a hundred other things that many young people are seeking to win, are not the supreme things in life. These are not the things that will make you glad when you reach the other side. Some day these, too, will go the way of the mud pies that we used to make and guard with zealous care.

Whether your money, your education, your influence, your ability, and all similar blessings will give you joy in the last great day will depend altogether on the way you use them.

(Concluded next week)

MEDITATION.—Father, help me to value the things of this life according to thy standard. I know all other standards are false; but sometimes it is hard to remember this. The world is ever flaunting its standards before my eyes. Sometimes, Father, when I have blindly tried to choose the things which I understood you would count worth while, the laugh of ridicule has caused me to falter. I realize now that I failed because I did not know you. Help me to be faithful in keeping my appointments with you in prayer and Bible study, that I may know you, know what things are worth while, and find life's deepest joy in seeking them.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let each pray this week that, individually, we may love His appearing, and so live with reference to the coming of the Lord that we may be among the number who will say: "This is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation."

M. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending November 4

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 November.

The Bible Year

Assignment for October 29 to November 4

October 29: Ephesians 1, 2.
October 30: Ephesians 3, 4.
October 31: Ephesians 5, 6.
November 1: Colossians.
November 2: Philemon. Philippians 1.
November 3: Philippians 2 to 4.
November 4: Hebrews 1 to 4.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for October 26.



V — The Vision of Cornelius; the Vision of Peter

(November 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 10:1-23.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." Acts 10:4.

Questions

1. What city is first mentioned in our lesson? Where was it? Who is mentioned as living there? What was his business? Acts 10:1. Note 1.
2. What four things are said of Cornelius? Verse 2. Note 2.

3. How did God reward this faithful man? What did he see and hear? Verse 3.

4. How did Cornelius feel when in vision? What question did he ask? What was the reply of the angel? Verse 4.

5. What was Cornelius told to do? Where could he find Peter? Verses 5, 6.

6. How did Cornelius obey the instruction given him? Verses 7, 8.

7. When did the servants reach Joppa? What was Peter doing? What hour of the day had come? Verse 9. Note 3.

8. What experience did Peter have while dinner was being prepared? Verse 10.

9. What did Peter see while in the trance? What words did he hear? Verse 11-13.

10. What was his reply? Who did he think was speaking? Verse 14. Note 4.

11. What words were spoken the second time? Verse 15.

12. How many times was this done? Verse 16.

13. What was Peter's state of mind with reference to the vision's meaning? Who were even then standing at the gate? Verse 17.

14. For whom did the strangers inquire? Verse 18.

15. What did the Holy Spirit say to Peter? Verses 19, 20.

16. What did Peter then do? What question did he ask? Verse 21.

17. What did the men say in reply? Verse 22.

18. How did Peter treat the messengers of Cornelius? Where did he go the next day? Who went with him? Verse 23. Note 5.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. How many times are centurions mentioned in the New Testament?
2. What laws had been given the Jews about eating unclean animals?
3. Was Peter a home or a foreign missionary on this occasion?

Notes

1. Caesarea was a wealthy and important city built by Herod the Great, and was named for Caesar Augustus, a Roman emperor. It was on the Mediterranean coast, about seventy miles from Jerusalem, and thirty miles from Joppa. Joppa, now called Jaffa, is still an important town of 35,000 people. A railroad to Jerusalem runs from Jaffa, and great numbers of pilgrims pass through it each year.

A centurion was the captain of one hundred Roman soldiers. The Italian band numbered from four to six hundred men.

2. "Cornelius was a Roman centurion. He was a man of wealth and noble birth, and his position was one of trust and honor. A heathen by birth, training, and education, through contact with the Jews he had gained a knowledge of God, and he worshiped him with a true heart, showing the sincerity of his faith by compassion to the poor. He was known far and near for his beneficence, and his righteous life made him of good repute among both Jews and Gentiles."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 132, 133.

3. "The sixth hour (noon) was a set time of devotion with pious Jews."—*Geikie*.

"Peter had retired from his comrades in toil, for perhaps he helped Simon in his tannery, and nowhere better than upon the housetop could he find privacy and quiet for prayer. The roofs of Eastern houses are flat, and often surrounded with a parapet three or four feet high, which would screen Peter from observation as he knelt."—*Peloubet*.

4. A trance is a condition in which a person is unconscious as though in deep sleep, and knows nothing of what is going on around him. He seems to be in another place, and to see things which may not really be taking place. The one in a trance often appears as if dead, but afterward revives, and tells what was seen while in the trance.

"See the old Simon cropping up in that 'Not so, Lord.' Thus Peter protested against Christ's prophecy of his own death on the cross, and again when Christ would wash Peter's feet in the upper room. How hard it is to get rid of self-will, and how necessary is God's help in fighting it!"—*Peloubet*.

5. Taking six believers from Joppa with him "was an unusually cautious act for our headstrong apostle, and shows how momentous he considered the occasion. They were taken for witnesses, since Peter doubtless foresaw that he would be severely criticized, as actually happened."

WE have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

—Longfellow.

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.—*Carlyle*.

The Youth's Instructor

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A PRAYER

Lord Jesus, forgive our tame and dull ways of showing our love for thee! May we not be afraid to catch fire. May we learn to forget self, to be less interested in what others think of us, and more interested in what they shall think of thee. May we kindle fires of service wherever we go, and never hinder the consecrated zeal of others. In thy quickening name.—*The Wellspring.*

The Silence of the Strong

NOTHING proclaimed the divine strength of Jesus more than did his power to stand in utter silence under unjust accusation; nothing in his life of selfless service is more impressive than the times when "he answered not again."

In nothing is it harder for us to imitate the Son of God than it is in this matter of silence when we know that we are unjustly accused. Yet nothing proves the strength of a soul, and its reliance upon divine grace, more conclusively than does the power to "keep still."

When Vincent de Paul was a young man, just starting his life work among the destitute of France, he was very poor and deeply in debt. At that time he was in Paris, lodging with a friend, and one day the latter was robbed of a large sum of money that he kept in a box in the room which the two young men shared together.

He at once accused his companion of the theft; and in his anger he poured forth his accusations and reproaches before a large number of people. Vincent de Paul was always a man of few words, and now he merely said: "I did not take your money. I know nothing about it."

Beyond that first quiet denial, De Paul said nothing in his own defense, though the black shadow of that lost money rested upon him for a long time. The young friend had spread his suspicions afar, and doubts of the other's honesty lingered deep in the hearts of many.

Then nearly six years after the theft had been committed, a man who was dying confessed that he was the thief; that he had been sent to the young men's room one day with a message, and while there he had taken the money.

Never but once in his whole life was the philan-

thropist ever known to refer to that unhappy experience of his early days. Then in a talk to some young men upon moral strength and silent courage, he told the story of the stolen money as though it had happened to some one else.

"We can always leave our innocence in the hands of God," he said. "If the crime of which we are accused has not been committed, let us remember that we have committed many others, on account of which we ought to welcome disgrace and accept it, without violent effort to justify ourselves, and without having the smallest resentment against our accusers. Let us leave to God the charge of declaring the secrets of guilt and innocence."—*Young People.*

The Bible and the Robbers

A NATIVE Christian preacher in Persia was overtaken by night while traveling, and attacked by a band of ferocious Mohammedan robbers. When these men found that the captive taken in the dark was poor, they were inclined to kill him. One of the robbers exclaimed, 'He is a Gheber; let's kill him anyhow.' In a moment fifty men had drawn their swords to purge the earth of such a wretch.

"The frightened Christian had no weapons; but he had a Bible, which he had been taught to regard as a sword for spiritual warfare. Drawing his Bible from his bosom, he cried:—

"Men, you make a great mistake! Do you not see that I am a man of the Book? This is the Book that your prophet repeatedly declared to be true."

"The flash of the light on the gilt edges of the Bible caught the gaze of the men; light seemed to blaze from the Book. The swords dropped, and several of the robbers came closer to examine the volume curiously, without daring to touch it. They dragged the preacher to their village, that the mullah might say whether to spare the man for the sake of the Book.

"It is indeed the Book," said the mullah, after making sure that it contained the law, the Psalms, and New Testament, as the Koran says it does; 'it is the Book, and whoever unjustly kills one of the people of the Book, him will God smite.'

"So it came to pass that the poor preacher, so nearly murdered in the robbers' pass, finished his evening an honored guest in the village, reading to his wild hosts psalm after psalm by the flickering light of the oil wick. And as each of the beautiful psalms came to an end, the robbers, with one accord, said 'Amen!'"

—*Bible Society Record.*

Miscellaneous Selections and Reflections

SUNDAY laws promote a man-fearing, insincere form of Sabbath observance—a reproach to religion.

"Government should protect men in their religious views, but not formulate these views into law as a compulsory guide to others."

The church is God's agency to invite and persuade men to accept the salvation of Christ. The state is God's agency to compel all who will not be religious, at least to be civil.

No church is commissioned to compel men to perform religious duties. Its work is to cause all men to understand their privileges—to warn, teach, preach, beseech.

No church has any right to force her dogmas on outsiders. Why compel men to observe the forms of religion—to act religious when they are not?

GEO. M. POWELL.