

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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From the original painting by R. Sorbi

CORNELIA AND HER SONS

"Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus, and wife of Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, was, when left a widow, the mother of eleven sons and one daughter. Nine of these sons having followed each other, in quick succession, to the grave, the bereaved mother concentrated her affection upon the two boys that remained; and henceforth it became the all-absorbing business of her life to direct their education and mold their unfolding powers. To this task she brought qualities of mind and heart singularly rich and noble, and to these was united a spirit of joyous self-sacrifice in the truest sense heroic. Nothing could for a moment distract her from the thought and oversight of her gifted boys. The king of Egypt sought her hand in marriage, but for her sons' sake she refused to share that ancient throne; and to the end of life and for all time, though full proud of being the daughter of the Great Scipio, she preferred to be known as the mother of the Gracchi.

"Our picture illustrates the well-known story of Cornelia's maternal pride. A Campanian lady, after having made a display of her jewels, expressed a desire to see those of Cornelia. The latter, calling her sons to her side, said proudly, 'These are my jewels!' The boys — Tiberius and Caius — justified her pride and fulfilled her high hopes, though each of them, after an exhibition of great powers and of heroic patriotism, fell an early victim to a cruel and corrupt oligarchy. After the death of the second son, Cornelia retired to Misenum, where, says the historian, 'she lived for many years, not so much sorrowing for the loss of her sons, as dwelling with delight on the memory of their acts. Many visited her in retirement to hear the story of the old reformers. Calmly and loftily she told the tale, declaring that her sons had found worthy graves in the temples of the gods. In after days her statue in bronze was set up in the Forum, and beneath it were placed these words only: "Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi."'"



American shipyards are said to be building a new ship every day.

Nikolas Kalogeropoulos, a friend of ex-Prime Minister Venizelos, recently accepted the premiership of Greece.

Milk may soon be delivered in red bottles, as chemists have found that it spoils much less quickly in red than in transparent bottles.

Kioto, the ancient capital and most sacred city of Japan, is the city where emperors are crowned and buried, though now they reign in Tokio.

An aviator of San Diego, California, advertises "jitney air-bus trips" about San Diego, moonlight flights over the harbor, or from San Diego to Coronado for five dollars a passenger.

During the first seven months of 1915 the book sales in Vermont amounted to \$3,556. During the corresponding months of 1916 the sales amounted to \$8,900, a gain of almost 250 per cent.

Seamless hot water bottles are regarded as superior to those with seams. Such bottles have been given the name "Wonpeace" Molded Water Bottle. They are manufactured by the Goodrich Rubber Company, of Akron, Ohio.

Several patents for artificial sausage skins have recently been issued by the government at Washington. One patent, issued to a German firm, is for a skin made of woven tendons of animals. Another, to a man in Canada, is for a thin-walled tube of dried cellulose hydrate, containing an ingredient which is waterproof, but which will dissolve in the digestive fluids, and which is edible. Sausage skins made of the intestinal tubes of animals will evidently soon be a thing of the past.

The British Salvation Army has established a War Matrimonial Agency. There has long been a surplus of women in Great Britain. At present there are 1,250,000 more women than men in the United Kingdom. At the close of the war there will be a much greater discrepancy. Commissioner David Lamb, of the British Salvation Army, has started a one-million-dollar fund for the purpose of sending women to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, where they are welcomed as wives by the farmers. If the generous spirit of a prosperous Canadian farmer, who asked for and received a mother with six children, characterizes the majority of the men, the agency will not necessarily be long-lived.

Filipinos, learning wisdom from the European battle fields, have done much toward exterminating the locusts that infest their country, by the use of chlorine gas. Locusts fly in the Philippines in swarms so dense that it often takes hours for them to pass a given point. The sun is obscured, and the hum of their wings in flight may be heard for miles. Never a year passes but that damage to the extent of millions of pesos is done by droves of these insects throughout the scattered archipelago. It was Dr. Vivencio Rosario, of the faculty of the Philippine University, who first discovered the use of chlorine gas to combat the locusts. Where locusts have not passed beyond the "hopper" stage, they may be mowed down, as it were, with the gas.

Grains of Wisdom from the Visiting Nurse

A VISITING nurse had lectured to a group of school children. On being requested to write out what they had learned from her visit, they recorded the following rules of health:—

"Don't let the baby suck its thumb, for there might be a fly on it and it would get the disease of the fly."

"Don't rock the baby, as it will toss its brains."

"If a baby gets beer every day, it won't grow very large and it won't be good in school."

"Rocking is not good for babies; it makes them sick and stiff."

"Bad habits are easily made by the mothers, and the babies get wise to them."

"If you give the baby alcohol, he will lose one-half pound every year and will become drunk when he is old."

"Never lift it up by the arms, because it will place them out of place. Never pick up the baby by the arms whatever."

"The public owes the baby as follows: Pure air and sunshine; pure, cool, fresh, free-flowing air at night; its own private bed, sufficient covering of fluffy, porous materials, and the chance to be a perfect man or woman."

Anti-Gossip Clubs

A YOUNG girl killed herself not long ago, in a small village in England. The coroner's verdict was "killed by idle gossip." The girl had done nothing wrong, but was unable to bear the whispered taunts and remarks that started in some unknown fashion.

This started an anti-gossip crusade and the formation of a club to suppress even apparently harmless criticism. A very small entrance fee was named, so rich and poor alike would join, and a fine of a shilling named for the first breach of the rules. Two shillings were for the second, three for the third, and so on up to ten, the maximum. After that the woman was blackballed as an incurable gossip.

It will be interesting to see whether such an organization lives or fails. There is such a subtle distinction between casual comment and lighter gossip. And harmless gossip so soon grows into something more malicious.—*Selected.*

If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.—*Longfellow.*

THE reward of one duty is power to fulfil another.—*George Eliot.*

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 44

The Hill of God

JOHN FRANCIS OLMSTED

Who shall ascend into the hill
Of Christ, the mighty King,
Or who shall ever, ever stand
Where only angels sing?

He that hath cleansed his hands and heart
From every earthly way,
Who hath not lifted up his soul,
Nor vain deceit displayed.

He shall receive the blessing from
Our God who rules and reigns,
Who blesses us with righteousness
And cleanses sinful stains.

Can it be true that God will save
A sinner poor like me,
And change my vile and sinful heart
Till I am ever free?

Yes, God will save each trusting soul
Who would his favor win,
Whoe'er will spurn, forsake, and leave
The paths of earthly sin.

A Trip in Java

(Concluded)

K. M. ADAMS

CONTINUING our trip through Java, we left Samarang for Surabaya, traveling by the northern route through Goendih and Tjepoe. The country is for the most part level, and rice fields abound. On the way we passed through the great teak forests of Rembang, where grows the best teak in the world.

It was here that we saw an original form of irrigation pump. A man standing near the bank of a pond had a pole about twenty feet long pivoted on a post set in the ground. On the other end of the pole was a wooden tub of about seven gallons' capacity. He would dip this bucket into the pond, raise it up, lift it over to an irrigation ditch, and empty it, the water running away and watering the fields near by. This work was kept up with a regular swing that reminded one of working at the pumps on a ship.

A Javanese Wedding

On reaching Surabaya we witnessed part of a Mohammedan Javanese wedding ceremony. The ceremony generally lasts several days, so we were not able to see the entire performance. When we were coming up a street, several lights appeared, and there was a great commotion. The lights were numerous gas jets on a frame mounted upon a gas tank, and carried by a coolie. The arrangement of the jets was according to a very pretty design. There were several of these torches borne before the bridegroom as he came to the bridal feast. On alighting from his European carriage, an umbrella fringed with lace about a foot and a half long was held over his head.

In front of the bridegroom was a corps of drummers beating Javanese drums. Close in front of the drummers and facing the bridegroom was a row of singers. As the procession moved along and the drums sounded, these singers walked backward, chanting to the beat of the drums and bowing in unison before the bridegroom. As the drums beat, the one holding the umbrella over the bridegroom's head would twirl it about. Ahead of the singers and facing the bridegroom was a man carrying a green Mohammedan flag, with the star and crescent. When the drums were sounded and the song rang out, the flag was waved back and forth.

In going down a narrow alley about one hundred and fifty feet long, to the house where the feast was

to be held, the procession went so slowly that nearly fifteen minutes were required to cover the distance. The bridegroom, who did not appear to be more than seventeen years of age, was profusely decorated with silks and flowers.

When the house was reached, the bridegroom went in. Before the house was a large shed about one hundred feet long, built for the occasion. It was covered with galvanized iron roofing, and under it was the table laid for the feast. There were plates of rice, meats, watermelon, and other delicacies. At one end was a Javanese band playing European music on European instruments.

In a few moments the women friends of the bride came out to partake of the feast. They were all married women, and most of them were not over sixteen. They were gorgeously arrayed in silks, with heavy gold bracelets, and several wore large diamond rings. The bride came out last of all. She was thirteen years old, and appeared to be somewhat frightened. She had a veil over her head, and was covered with a profusion of silks and sweet-scented flowers. Her face was powdered white, and her eyebrows and lashes were penciled a jet black. The women took places about the table and began to eat. They ate with their fingers, but were very dainty about it. Their fingers were never placed in the mouth. In about fifteen minutes, they arose from the table and entered the house. Soon the women guests departed. We were told that each guest was expected to bring a cash present to the bride and groom.

The real marriage ceremony was probably performed at an earlier time by the priest, as these were undoubtedly the closing scenes of the marriage.

The Surabaya Market

The market in Surabaya is an interesting place. It is just right; not too dirty to be offensive, as in Batavia, and not so clean and precise as to be uninteresting, as in Singapore. It covers several acres, and has shops selling commodities of every description. In one place are vegetables, nuts, rice, beans, and other eatables; in another part of the market are fresh and dried fish; in still another section, cloth, embroidery, and jewelry can be bought. There are stalls selling medicines, potteries, clocks, tools, toys, and an almost innumerable variety of things.

For the payment of a cent or two, women with baskets follow the buyers in order to carry the purchases. It is wonderful what heavy loads they can carry on their heads. We saw one small woman who did not weigh more than ninety pounds, carrying a basket of stones that took two men to lift up on her head. It must have weighed two hundred pounds.

It is interesting to see the children in Surabaya running about the streets with faces powdered as white as snow. This powder is made from rice, and is plastered over the children's faces in order to keep them cool. Europeans who have tried it say the powder really has a cooling effect.

There are large cement and lime kilns in Surabaya, and bricks are manufactured in large quantities. This city is the headquarters for teak wood. This timber is sold by the cubic meter, and the strange part of it is that the smaller the board, the more it costs. The lumber sellers say that when the boards are sawed up small, more is wasted in sawdust and more labor is expended, so they must charge more heavily for it. Most of the wood sawing in Java is done by hand, as in China. One sawyer is above the log and another beneath, and they will saw away all day long. There are a few steam sawmills in Singapore.

Teak is not a hard nor a heavy wood, but it does not warp much and is seldom attacked by white ants. This latter property makes it especially valuable in a country where no other wood is safe from the ravages of these insects. They refrain from feasting upon teak because of the siliceous matter it contains. Silica, another name for sandstone, gives the wood a gritty character that wears out the ants' mandibles. This same characteristic dulls the carpenters' tools when working teak. This wood is of a light-caramel color and takes a beautiful polish. The better furniture and the interiors of houses are made of it. There are woods in the tropics so hard that a nail cannot be driven into them, and others so heavy that a piece will sink in sea water.

There is a delightful mountain resort close to Surabaya, and as the heat of the city was depressing, we decided to again breathe some cool air. We traveled an hour from Surabaya by train to Porrong, where we changed to a sado. The volcano, on the side of which is Soemberwekas, our destination, could easily be seen from Porrong. The distance between these two cities is about sixteen miles. The road rises gradually, and it is hard for the pony to haul his load. The road is well kept, and passes through a beautiful country. Much of this land is used for growing sugar cane. Here and there are seen the tall white smokestacks of sugar mills, and great fields of sugar cane with waving white plumes stretching into the distance.

Halfway we changed to a sado pulled by two horses, as the road was becoming steeper. From this place the road no longer skirts the foot of the mountain, but runs directly toward it. Soon we reached the village of Prigen, part way up the mountain side. Here we left the carts and finished the journey on foot. Away we went, across the mountain streams pure and clear, up steep slopes, past terraced rice fields, with the tropical sun beating down upon us. When we reached our destination, we were exceedingly thankful for the cool, refreshing breeze which the height above the plain afforded.

From our point of vantage we could look far out over the country. We were told that on clear days, boats on the sea could be seen sailing by. On one side was the extinct cone of a volcano, its steep sides rising

abruptly from the plain. On the other side rose a still taller cone, from which issued smoke and steam and from which sulphur is mined. On the slope of the latter peak, opposite us, lay a village which is a much-frequented mountain resort for the residents of Surabaya.

There are two small concrete bathing pools in this place, and they are kept filled by the water of a clear mountain stream. The suggestion that we have a bath was eagerly seconded. The shock of the cool water brought a tingle to the skin that we had not experienced since leaving America, and we enjoyed the sensation to the fullest extent. Our sore, tired feeling left like magic, and we felt more than fitted for the return journey.

After a stay of an hour, we retraced our steps. At Prigen we purchased some large oranges and bananas to relieve our hunger, and then hastened toward the railway for our return trip to Surabaya, and thence to Weltevreden. With regret we left this delightful spot, and we found the heat of the plain most stifling after enjoying the cool air of the mountains.

Javanese Versus Sundanese

On the journey through the island we noted two main types of people, the Javanese and the Sundanese. The Javanese are more beautiful and refined than the Sundanese. These two types speak different languages, yet on the coast many of both classes understand Malay, but in the interior the Malay is little spoken.

The Javanese are a musical people. They have many kinds of instruments. The most common one is a series of bamboo sticks or strips of metal laid on a frame, the music being produced by striking these keys with a hammer. There are many of the same kind of instruments in America. The Javanese are great theatergoers. They have a native theater called a *wayang*, which travels from place to place. The actors are wooden puppets that cast a shadow. These are dressed to represent the gods and heroes of their mythology. While these puppets are manipulated about the stage, a reciter is repeating the play. These entertainments are greatly loved by the Javanese.

The dress of the Javanese is a coat, trousers, and sarong for the men, while the women wear the sarong and a long coat that comes nearly to the knees. The sarong is the distinctive dress of the Javanese and Malays. It is made of a piece of cloth two yards wide and one yard broad. It is sewed so as to make a cylinder, open at both ends. This is placed about the body, drawn tight, with the slack in front. The slack cloth is folded lengthwise with the body, and the top tucked in to hold it in place. The slack is open at the bottom, so that the feet have free play. It is really a beautiful garment. The natives make them with colors and designs; some of them are made of silk and cost as much as one hundred dollars.

The money used in Java is the guilder, which is worth forty cents of American money. The guilder is divided into one hundred cents, so that the cent in the Netherlands Indies is worth only four mills of American money.

At Weltevreden we secured ship passage to Singapore on the same boat that had brought us to this beautiful island. The run was smooth and uneventful, and we were glad when we saw the harbor of Singapore and knew that at last we were home again, and able to take up our work with renewed vigor.

The Birthday of European Christendom *

NEVER, perhaps, did the nobility of Peter's soul receive greater test than during the course of his ministry in the home of Cornelius, the Roman centurion at the head of the Italian cohort of soldiers stationed at Cæsarea.

The Lord in mercy had prepared the apostle at least in part for that which was to take place. While Christ was still upon earth, Peter and his fellow disciples had been told repeatedly that their mission was to be a world-wide one; and on the day of Pentecost, Peter had caught a glimpse of the spread of gospel truth throughout the earth, when he declared, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." On the same memorable occasion he said, "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." But how little did he understand the full significance of these prophetic words!

Years passed. Saul the persecutor was converted, and after a brief sojourn in Damascus and a longer period of retirement in Arabia, he sought out Peter at Jerusalem, and told him of his experience and of his call to preach the gospel he had once despised. Doubtless Peter then caught further glimpses of God's purpose to bestow upon all nations the benefits of the gospel; for Paul during his visit at Jerusalem had a vision in which he was apprised of his mission to the Gentiles. Yet Peter had still further experiences to pass through before he could be persuaded to lay aside his earlier circumscribed conceptions of the work of God in the earth. Not until there was revealed to him, in the form of an acted parable in vision, the eternal truth that what God has cleansed no man is to call common or unclean, was he prepared for the call to minister in the home of a Gentile seeker after truth whose heart was open to conviction and obedience.

When, in the good providence of God, the Roman soldier and the Jewish fisherman are brought face to face, declares Dr. Macduff ("Footsteps of St. Peter," pp. 465-470), "Peter, with the outspoken and generous manliness of his nature, tells Cornelius what induced him to respond so readily to his solicitation. He alludes in the first instance to the barriers separating Jew from Gentile, which hitherto were deemed insuperable, and specially precluding the former from accepting the hospitality of the latter, on account of the meats proscribed by the Hebrew law. But he now informs him that his scruples had, by the clear voice and intimation of heaven, been removed.

"Cornelius, in his turn, briefly rehearsed the story of the heavenly visitant, by whose express command it was he had ventured to ask the apostle to undertake that long journey of thirty miles from Joppa.

"If Peter had any wavering or hesitation before, as to the path of duty, he has none now. We may feebly imagine his emotions in that hour of joyous marvel; how his whole soul must have kindled into rapture.

... He gives vent at once to a rush of unpremeditated words,—one of those noble epigrammatic addresses or discourses, attempting to paraphrase which, would be to spoil and mutilate,—'Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.' [For the text of the address, see Acts 10: 34-43.]

"While the inspired preacher was still speaking, the Holy Ghost descended on all present. . . . 'They of the circumcision' who had accompanied Peter from Joppa, were specially filled with astonishment. They beheld sights strange to Jewish eyes. They listened to sounds strange to Jewish ears. . . . What proof more was needed? 'On the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost.'

"Amid that scene of profound interest, Peter's voice again interposed. He saw his way to put still further the seal of apostleship on the transaction; and that way surely must have been clearly made plain, when he acted entirely on his own responsibility without asking the advice or coöperation of his colleagues in Jerusalem. With the thing signified so palpably before him, how could he hesitate for a moment to

add the sign itself? God had baptized with fire; surely he, his servant, may not be hindered from baptizing with water. 'Can any forbid the water' (it is in the original, not simply

water as in our Authorized Version). It is the complement to 'the Spirit' in the close of the sentence—'Can any forbid the water, that these should not be baptized, who have received the Spirit?' . . .

"The company assembled in the house of Cornelius were forthwith baptized in the name of the Lord; and as if to strengthen them in their adopted faith, and to vindicate his own honorable office as through them the opener of the kingdom of heaven to the Gentile nations, the apostle responded to their wish to tarry with them for some days.

"We shall not further linger on this great crisis hour in Peter's history, however tempted to do so. The exclusive Jewish ritual with its galling restraints was repealed,—the burdensome yoke of the ceremonial law forever removed,—the stranger and foreigner made a fellow citizen with the 'saints, and of the household of God.' It was, of all incidents in apostolic story, that which was most momentous in its bearing and results to us. It was the birthday of European Christendom."

C. C. CRISLER.

A Mighty Purpose

"I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given away or kept, only as by the giving or keeping of it I shall most promote the glory of him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity. May grace be given me to adhere to this."—From Livingstone's Journal, May 22, 1853.

Character, Not Religious Activity

To satisfy the religious instinct in man, Satan has always set before him rites and ceremonies designed to lead his mind away from God. And when God has ordained ceremonies in the church to turn men's hearts to him, it has always been Satan's design either to pervert them in such a way that men should fail to see God, or to implant the idea that there is virtue in the ceremonies themselves. If these are of value in themselves, then the more often they are repeated the more efficacious will they be for the one performing them.

* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for Nov. 11, 1916, on "The Gospel to the Gentiles" (Acts 10: 24-48).

Ceremonies aside from those which God has ordained, lead away from him. All those which he has ordained lose their value when confidence is placed in them instead of in God. The heathen trusts in the frequent repetition of his ceremonies. The Catholic does the same. The corresponding error in some Protestant churches is to trust in church activity instead of in a character molded by the hand of God into his image.

The question should not be primarily, "What do I?" but, "What am I?" In the midst of Jewish exclusiveness, ritualism, and narrow, bigoted formalism, Jesus found one who saw clearly this principle. "And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth: for there is one God; and there is none other but he: and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." Mark 12: 32, 33.

In the midst of these same things in Catholic and heathen lands, the missionary finds a few who place character above ceremonialism. In Protestant lands the worker finds a few who realize that "to obey is better than sacrifice," and who accept the testing Bible truths. The true Christian does not confide in his profession or church activities, but seeks to perfect "holiness in the fear of God." To all such Jesus says, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God;" and if we follow on to perfection, when Jesus comes we shall enter in.

E. W. THURBER.

The Ideal Missionary Volunteer

OUR understanding of the word "ideal" is an imaginative conception of, and conformity to, a certain standard of perfection. There is only one standard of perfection for the Christian—the Christ-life; and fundamentally there is only one course to pursue to reach that standard. His life was that of an ideal Missionary Volunteer. The name Missionary Volunteer at once suggests those qualities essential to the achievement of idealism in a young person's Christian life. Think of the two words "Missionary Volunteer" separately. *Missionary* really spells service for Christ,—service for him every day all through life. *Volunteer* means to offer one's services willingly, never seeking to be excused. Therefore we can see only one standard of perfection, one ideal for our youth in this Missionary Volunteer movement; that is, wholehearted, willing devotion, and service to Christ every day.

This ideal is not reached in one day, nor in one year; no more than is the development of Christian character. The young person must employ certain agencies, undergo certain training, in order to attain this ideal. These agencies are all found in this Missionary Volunteer movement. It is making the development of this missionary spirit possible in the lives of hundreds of young people in this cause today, and it will develop all who properly appreciate and employ its agencies. Owing to the misconception of the scope of the Missionary Volunteer work in the minds of

many, the strength of this truth has not been so fully realized as it might have been.

The Missionary Volunteer movement deals with every phase of the young person's life in accomplishing the ideal. For convenience rather than for exactness we will divide his life into four phases,—the spiritual, intellectual, social, and missionary,—as these have a direct bearing upon the proclamation of this message. We have definite features prepared to foster and develop each one of the four phases. His spiritual life is developed and encouraged by the use of the Morning Watch, in the prayer bands organized, and by reading the Bible. His intellectual life is stirred to activity by our educational work, such as the Standard of Attainment, Reading Courses, and the training derived from helping on the programs rendered by the society. Also we are succeeding in turning the minds of our young people in the home churches toward our training schools. Their social life offers one of the largest problems in the movement; however, we are ever urging the youth to follow more closely the principles laid down in the Spirit of prophecy.

The spiritual, educational, and social all bear toward the fourth phase,—the missionary. True to its name this Missionary Volunteer movement is one gigantic missionary enterprise. Therefore, it calls for the development of the real missionary spirit; and we must diligently cultivate the first three mentioned features in order

Our Legacy from Livingstone

"I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun?

"I LEAVE IT WITH YOU."

—Livingstone.

to make the missionary spirit possible. It is evident that the person who does not pray nor observe the Morning Watch, who does not study his Bible, who associates with worldly companions, enjoying their evil ways, cannot become a missionary while following this course. On the contrary the one who brings into his life, prayer, Bible study, and proper associations, will have an inborn passion and love for souls which will cause him to exclaim, "I will give my life, my all, for suffering humanity, whether it be at home or abroad, and in any vocation in life."

In conclusion let me emphasize the fact that we must recognize our present Missionary Volunteer methods as means to one common end,—the development of ideal missionaries. Consequently the ideal Missionary Volunteer will be found observing the Morning Watch, for his life will be the prayer life. The prayer band will find him there. He will read his Bible, and possess, or endeavor to secure a Standard of Attainment certificate. He will prefer the Reading Course books to cheap, unwholesome literature; and he will cultivate his taste for the higher kind of music. He will not be found enjoying the company of the pleasure seeker, the boisterous and uncouth, for he is living with Christ, above worldly things. To the ideal Missionary Volunteer, service for Christ will be the sweetest and most satisfying, and to this end will his energies be spent.

CHESTER S. PROUT.

"SEEST thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

"DON'T be satisfied to 'keep going.' Be sure you are going somewhere."



Today's Opportunity

AFTER a recent concert given for the entertainment of a number of Europe's soldiers, one of them was asked to propose the vote of thanks. He arose and said: "We are very grateful for the amusement afforded us tonight; and we appreciate all the musical talent brought for our enjoyment. But we are off to the front tomorrow; and I do not know how to die — I am not prepared to meet God: I only wish there had been something for our souls."

This soldier voiced the unexpressed feeling of many of his comrades; for one Christian worker engaged in distributing literature among them said:—

"I disposed of the literature that you sent me, 'in the turning of the hand.' As I betook myself to the distribution, I was literally overwhelmed in the barracks, as everybody wanted to get a Bible or a New Testament. When I now walk through the barracks, I often see here and there a war prisoner with a Bible in his hand, and, sitting around him, four to six men, sometimes even more, to whom he reads aloud out of the Bible, all attentively listening."

Another in speaking of the eagerness of the soldiers for spiritual reading said: "They came in great haste, like hungry wolves, to get a Bible or Testament."

Dr. J. H. Jowett, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, says:—

"I do not know of any opportunity among all the many opportunities in Europe to do good which is more fraught with promise. The Russian people are essentially a reverent people. This reverence may sometimes express itself in forms of superstition, but nevertheless it is there, a great fruitful awe in the presence of the unseen. I suppose it would be true to say that the Russian people are the most reverent people in Europe. If only that rich bed of reverence could be planted with the seed of the kingdom of our Lord, the harvest would be inconceivable in its range and influence."

"Everybody knows how difficult it has been to evangelize Russia, and how the obstacles have sometimes appeared overwhelming. But now great masses of Russian soldiers are interned in Germany and Austria, and the door is open to present to them the gospel of our Lord. It can be done not only by the spoken message, but perhaps even more effectively by the printed word. The days of these prisoners are long and they drag wearily on, and therefore they will welcome any form of reading, and preëminently I think they will eagerly welcome the story of our Saviour's love."

"I commend the movement to the Christian people of this country. This country has shown its beneficence toward stricken Europe in a hundred ways; in none could that beneficence be more fruitfully expressed than in sending the evangel of the Lord Jesus to these great multitudes of Russian prisoners."

As the result of the work of these missionaries among Europe's soldiery many conversions are re-

ported. The Gospel Committee for Work Among War Prisoners, New York City, solicits means for conducting a campaign at the prison camps. The committee proposes to print and distribute, by personal workers in the camps, Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, and other Scripture portions, beginning with the Russian prisoners and gradually extending as the work advances. A Russian translation of "Pilgrim's Progress" permits its use if friends will provide funds for printing. It will also print, in the various languages of those it is designed to reach, a variety of other literature of a spiritual character, suited to the needs of the work. Among the latter will be addresses in leaflet form by Moody, Spurgeon, and other spiritual leaders, which have been most effective in reaching the hearts of men.

A Russian prisoner at Camp Schneidemühl writes:—

"With much joy do I receive and read your literature, and I desire to express my best thanks for same. I can also inform you that the Lord is working by his Spirit in our camp. Already seven men have been converted. In our midst there is also a Russian preacher captive, and he puts himself to much trouble to preach the gospel among the rest. Many inquirers are coming with questions. Please send me some tracts in the Russian language."

These missionaries are doing a good work, and we hope our people in Europe are taking similar advantage of their opportunities.

Bible Facts About the Antediluvian Patriarchs

Bible Chronology from the Creation to the Flood

	Years	Years from creation
FROM Adam to Seth (Gen. 5:3)	130	130
From Seth to Enos (verse 6)	105	235
From Enos to Cainan (verse 9)	90	325
From Cainan to Mahalaleel (verse 12) ..	70	395
From Mahalaleel to Jared (verse 15)	65	460
From Jared to Enoch (verse 18)	162	622
From Enoch to Methuselah (verse 21) ...	65	687
From Methuselah to Lamech (verse 25) ..	187	874
From Lamech to Noah (verse 28)	182	1056
From Noah to the flood (Gen. 7:6)	600	1656

Ages of the Antediluvian Patriarchs

	Years
Adam lived (Gen. 5:5)	930
Seth lived (verse 8)	912
Enos lived (verse 11)	905
Cainan lived (verse 14)	910
Mahalaleel lived (verse 17)	895
Jared lived (verse 20)	962
Enoch lived on earth (verse 23)	365
Methuselah lived (verse 27)	969
Lamech lived (verse 31)	777
Noah lived (Gen. 9:29)	950

All these patriarchs lived contemporaneously with Adam except Noah. Lamech, Noah's father, was about 56 years old when Adam died. Noah lived about 350 years after the flood began. Seven of these ten patriarchs lived more than 900 years. Methuselah, the oldest, died the same year the flood began, and probably helped Noah build the ark. Allowing that Noah preached the coming flood for 120 years (Gen. 6:3), he began 1,536 years from creation. Lamech, Noah's father, died about five years before the flood.

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

In the Christian Pathway

The Christian's Glory

GOODNESS is glory-lighted. Sinful flesh is opaque to the light of heaven, but righteousness quickly absorbs and radiates celestial glory. The redeemed rejoice at the shining of the glory of the coming King, while the wicked are destroyed by its brightness.

Stephen's face shone as if it had been the face of an angel; Moses veiled his face to hide the shining from Sinai's glory. The heavenly messenger foretelling the birth of Jordan's preacher left some of his splendor



FOUNDED ON A ROCK

upon the devout priest. Flashes of heavenly glory may be caught upon the face of every true child of God, however plain the natural features, while even natural beauty fades away as a sinner's sin darkens and deepens.

Heaven makes no mistake. The gates of glory open to let celestial light stream through upon those only whose hearts have been purified in the cleansing blood of Jesus, and whose lives have been guided by heaven's own book of life. "Years ago, at one of the Northfield conferences, there was a man who carried about with him a very wonderful atmosphere. He seemed always to be on the heights with the light of God upon his face. An atmosphere like that does not 'happen'; it is not the result of 'temperament'; there is a reason for it, and Mr. Moody determined if possible to find that reason. So he asked the man about his work.

"He found that he was a street-car conductor, whose day began so early that he had to get up at four o'clock. But he rose still earlier than that. At half past three, even on the bleakest winter mornings, he was up, taking his orders for the day from the Word of God. Mr. Moody had discovered the secret.

"Will half an hour a day with the Bible always give such power?—No. There are several things to be observed about this man's study. In the first place, it was study and prayer—not a mere skimming over a number of pages until the time was up; it was a vital communion between him and his Master. And every moment face to face with God will unfailingly count in a life. Yet there is still more to be considered. He put God first in his day—first in time, first in thought, first in order of importance. There

is an especial promise to those who do that. And finally it cost him something—it was a daily sacrifice that he offered. It was not an easy half hour when he had nothing especial to do—it was one that demanded resolution and constant sacrifice of his own ease. 'Shall I give the Lord of that which cost me nothing?' David cried."

Getting Used to Things

"You get used to it," I overheard one friend remark to another concerning some matter of almost daily occurrence.

"Yes," was the philosophical reply, "when you know you have to, you can get used to anything." And you can. Moreover, you must. Not everything in this world is just as we would have it, not everything is right; not everything can be right, for sin is here, and the results of sin are everywhere evident. We can overcome sin in ourselves. We can encourage others to overcome sin in their lives. But we cannot deliberately change present conditions in the world by our own efforts. Then we must call to our aid the good old philosophy, "What can't be cured, must be endured." We must simply "get used to it."

Have you not known people who had the faculty of making the most of unpromising and uncomfortable conditions? Did you like them? They are so perennially sweet and pleasant, so unruffled and calm, so true and good, that we love them unconsciously. Do you not read the secret of life here? While we are in this unpleasant world, make the most of it; "get used to it," and then our lives will win souls to the higher, better life of love and obedience to God.

MAX HILL.

The Best Time

IF a blot or a mistake is made when writing with ink, it is much more easily erased while it is fresh.



THE LAST PRAYER

A mistake in conduct or speech is much more easily corrected and gladly forgiven when fresh in the thought than after it has remained for some time in the mind and heart of the one who was wronged or offended.

D. A. FITCH.

—♦♦♦—
We must not hope to be mowers
And gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers
And watered the furrow with tears.

—Carey.



Autumn

LITTLE wren, that came to me with your cheery springtime song,
You thrilled my heart with melody all the laughing springtime long.

Little scold, that coaxed for me your babies from their summer nest,
At sunset, crooning tenderly, you hushed my heart to summer rest.

Little wren, so soon from me must you take your autumn way?

Ah! lonely then my heart shall be, little wren, that autumn day.
—Hazeltine Fewsmith, in *The Forecast*.

Frozen Eggs

A RECENT bulletin of the Department of Agriculture gives the results of five years of careful study of methods of putting up frozen canned eggs for the market. The experts of the Department found that it is just as possible to make good canned eggs as it is to make good canned milk or good canned baked beans. And there is a good deal more of an economic reason for canning eggs than canning beans, for on account of their fragility, eggs cannot be kept and transported so easily as beans. Eggs are produced principally in the spring and summer, and there is practically no production in the winter. Unless the oversupply of eggs in summer can be kept in some way for winter use, there must be a shortage.

Of course, some of the summer eggs are kept in the shell in cold storage, but there are many perfectly good fresh eggs which are small or slightly cracked, or soiled, and which cannot therefore be kept in the shell, or which it would not pay to ship in summer from the corn belt to the egg-consuming markets. These eggs, the Department of Agriculture has found, can be broken and canned and kept in excellent condition for winter cooking. You may buy the whites separately in one can and the yolks in another, or you may buy whites and yolks mixed together in a single can. They are not yet put up in packages small enough for the average householder. The smallest commercial package is five pounds, and this would not be practicable for ordinary home consumption, because the eggs have to be used practically as soon as they are thawed out. They can be kept only two or three days at a temperature of 45° to 50°, which is the temperature of the average household refrigerator.

These hard frozen eggs, however, are already used by most bakers and manufacturers of macaroni, and they are practical for use in hotels, boarding houses, restaurants, and large families. In fact, some hotels with progressive chefs are already using them. They cannot, of course, be used for poaching, but they can be used for all cooking purposes in which eggs are required. They are excellent for pies, puddings, and

custards, far cheaper than fancy shell eggs, and far better than seconds or storage eggs. They are cheaper because they are put up largely in the egg-producing belt of the Middle West, at the time when hens are laying best, and because they can be shipped closely packed in refrigerator cars, so that there is no waste space and so that the usual ten-per-cent loss from egg-breakage is saved. They are fresh because only fresh eggs are allowed to go into the cans, and after they are frozen, they are kept in absolutely air-tight tins, without deterioration either in quality or in freshness until they are used.

As soon as the eggs are received at the examining house they are sent to a chilling room and kept for about twenty-four hours at a temperature between 35° and 38° F., which removes all heat from them. They are then candled and recandled in another chilled room, and all eggs which the candling shows to be other than good are discarded. These graded eggs are then broken in refrigerated rooms, which are so constructed that they are as aseptic and as light as it is possible to make them. No dust or flies can get into these rooms, and the temperature in them never rises beyond 65° F. These rooms, moreover, are absolutely water-tight and steam-proof, so that they can be thoroughly cleaned.

Owing to the perishable nature of eggs, their canning under the method developed by the specialists of

the Department of Agriculture calls for even greater cleanliness than is considered necessary in canning other products. In fact, the egg-canning rooms which the Department is striving to get egg handlers in the egg-producing centers to establish, look more like the operating rooms of modern hospitals than commercial factory plants, and represent the acme of scientific sanitation. The utensils



FROZEN EGGS

used for breaking the eggs are all of metal, so that they can be steam sterilized, which is necessary in order that the work of breaking and canning the eggs can be done with bacteriological cleanliness. The operatives clean their hands much as a surgeon does before beginning an operation, and they dress in clean caps and gowns, such as are used by trained nurses.

Each egg is broken into a separate glass cup and carefully inspected before it is poured into a sterile container. Wherever a doubtful egg is broken, it is at once cast aside and all the utensils used in connection with it are cleaned and sterilized, and the operative cleans her hands. All the traces of the bad egg must be removed before work can be continued. In order to make certain that the egg breakers will give sufficient attention to each egg, a definite speed of breaking is set and maintained. Girls who attempt to work too rapidly and carelessly are checked. As soon as a can is filled with broken eggs, the contents are mechanically churned to a cream, and the can is then taken to the "freezer," which maintains a temperature of 10° F., and sometimes much lower.

The freezer is an immaculately clean room, filled with row on row of shelves formed by pipes covered with thick hoar frost. Inside the pipes there is a flow of brine or other chemical solution which is kept far below the freezing point, so that the heat in the room

is absorbed by the pipes, in exactly the opposite manner from the way in which steam radiator pipes throw heat out into a room. The can of frozen eggs is placed on one of these shelves and in twenty-four to thirty-six hours the eggs in the can are hard frozen. They are then carefully covered and kept until required for use. Until the canned eggs are actually opened and melted for use in cooking, they are kept hard frozen. The exceedingly low temperature which is maintained prevents the multiplication of bacteria, and when the eggs come out of this storage, if proper conditions have been maintained, they are just as sweet and fresh as the day they went in.

Such is the process which makes fresh laid eggs in winter a staple instead of a luxury. Hard frozen eggs cannot now ordinarily be bought at retail because they would have to come to the housewife absolutely hard frozen, and very few retailers are equipped with sufficient cold storage facilities to keep any hard frozen articles. The eggs have to be kept at a temperature of 32° or below, and most refrigerators in retail stores are from ten to fifteen degrees warmer. The possibilities of refrigeration are still in their infancy, and some day, if there is the right kind of refrigeration all along the line, it will be possible for the egg dealer to deliver to the housewife a two-pound box of frozen eggs on baking day, much as the milk dealer now delivers his standing order of milk. In this way the housewife would be getting her eggs at the equivalent of twenty-two cents a dozen instead of fifty cents or more in the middle of winter.

Until that happy time comes, however, the possibilities of the wider use of frozen eggs in restaurants, hotels, first-class baking establishments, and by manufacturers of commercially prepared food products, should be known and appreciated. Frozen eggs are a boon in that they offer a means of raising the standard of life at the same time that they decrease the cost of living. The years of careful study which the Department of Agriculture has devoted to the matter and the resulting wise direction which has revolutionized and standardized the frozen egg business, represent a service of inestimable value to the people of the country.
— *The Forecast*.

Ambrine: a French Surgeon's Wonderful Discovery

"SOMEWHERE in France," working night and day in the field hospitals, an unknown doctor is performing cures almost miraculous. He has discovered a new remedy for burns, and for frozen feet and hands: a cure that saves hands and feet after gangrene has made them things of horror, that rebuilds a man after his flesh has been eaten away by liquid fire and burning tar.

The unknown is Dr. Barthe de Bandfort. An American woman nursing the French soldiers tells, in *The Outlook*, of his wonderful work. Ordinarily, when gangrene begins its deadly work, the foot or hand, or more often the entire limb, has to be amputated. Of the dozens and dozens sent to this surgeon, only one had to have his legs amputated. And not one man flinched or cried out under the treatment, because not one suffered any pain. That is the most wonderful thing of all.

One man lay on a stretcher, rolling a bandage unconcernedly while they dressed his stumps.

"Does it hurt?" asked the American.

"Not at all," he replied, "but before I reached here —"

There were dozens — all interested in their cases,

all witnessing to the fact that they felt no pain, all fast recovering.

"And then we came to the burning tar cases," the nurse goes on. "One doctor told me that it was considered the most terrible form of suffering. When I caught sight of the first of them, I could not believe my senses. I could not believe that any man in such a state could be living. But do you know, will you believe, that very man — that apparent wreck, every feature of whose face was then indistinguishable, eyes closed, lips and parts of his face burned to the bone, teeth all exposed like a grinning mask, whose hands were too dreadful for me to describe — talked with Mrs. T. only ten days later? That the features of his face are not only plainly distinguishable, but that the deep wounds are healing up, the flesh fast healing over with new white skin, that there remains on his forehead but one place not yet fully recovered, and that there will not be, within another week, even a scar? His skin was as soft as a baby's."

The new treatment is so simple that the wonder of it is no one has thought of it before. It consists of a mixture of wax, paraffin, and resin, heated to 120° C., at which degree it becomes like water and of the color of honey. Then it is ready to use. If you dip your fingers into it, it has only a comfortable warmth, and dries at once when you remove your fingers, incasing every little fold or crease in an elastic covering through which you can see.

The nurse describes the simple principles on which the doctor works.

"All air is kept out," she explains, "and there is no moisture; and, you know, air and moisture are the greatest causes of suffering to burned people. If the skin is not too sensitive, the wax (or ambrine, as the surgeon has named it) can be painted on with a brush. If it is, the liquid is sprayed on with a small pump. The member is then wrapped in cotton and gauze, to keep the waxy covering from breaking, or, as in the case of faces, with a mask of gauze only. In the beginning, the wax covering is removed every twelve hours, and a new one painted on. The removing of the wax causes no pain. Later it is taken off but once in twenty-four hours.

"To my surprised inquiry if that were really all that produced such marvelous results, the surgeon replied: 'Mademoiselle, we do nothing. Nature left alone does it all. It is as if we covered the man as one covers a plant in a conservatory, away from all harmful influences, and there the skin grows again, untouched, as a plant grows under the influence of the sun. That is all.' — *Every Week*.

The Biggest Pump Known — the Sun

AMONG the most powerful modern machines are the great pumps used in supplying water to cities and raising it out of deep mines. One of the largest pumps in the world is at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It is driven by a 7,000-horsepower engine. When it is remembered that one horsepower will raise 16½ tons one foot a minute, the immense power of this pump is apparent.

It is an inspiring sight to see the immense machinery of modern industry doing the work of thousands of men. But there is a larger pump than any man has ever invented which works silently and continuously all around us. Reference is made to the sun which raises into the atmosphere all the water which falls

(Concluded on last page)



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."



Her Widow's Mite was Fourteen Cents



WOMAN'S tears can start about anything. In Mrs. Shields's case they started her into the retail coal business.

It happened this way: She was sitting in her husband's bare office in Marysville one dreary November morning, facing the problem of supporting herself and her fatherless little son.

Her handicap, she discovered on adding up the pile of statements of indebtedness lying on the desk, amounted to \$400; her assets, she found on investigating her purse, came to a nickel and nine pennies.

It was at this point the tears began to flow.

It was also at this point a traveling salesman chanced into the office and found Mrs. Shields dolefully contemplating her fourteen-cent capital. But instead of making a hasty exit from the dolorous scene, he demanded in a big-hearted fashion to know what the trouble was all about.

A Carload of Coal to Sell

"Now, Mrs. Shields," he announced at the end of the story, "the best thing for you to do is to go into the retail coal business. I represent the Sunday Creek Coal Company, and I'll have a carload of coal shipped to you right away. I'll stand good for it and the freight, and all you have to do is to sell the coal. Then you can pay me back and get another car."

"Well," finally consented the new customer, "send me the tiniest little car you have, and I'll try it."

But when the freight agent notified her a few days later that the coal had arrived, Mrs. Shields was appalled to find a gigantic forty-ton car awaiting her on the sidetrack.

"Take it away!" she telegraphed the salesman frantically.

"Get out and sell it," wired back the salesman.

There was nothing else for it. With quaking knees she set out to canvass the business section of the town. For the most part, the men were good-naturedly ready to help her dispose of her forty tons, though occasionally a "gentleman of the old school" on whose help she had especially relied refused to give her an order, sternly reminding her that "a woman's place is in the home."

But, on the whole, Mrs. Shields was so encouraged that when the first car was gone she ordered a second. By the first of May she had sold five forty-ton cars, and decided definitely to stick to the coal business.

Marysville was not a manufacturing place, and in the summer there was not much doing in the fuel line. The coal dealers paid little attention to their business till fall.

But to Mrs. Shields this slack time was her opportunity. She made a house-to-house canvass of the entire town, courteously soliciting a share of the people's patronage.

In a little notebook she jotted down the kind of stoves and furnaces in each house, and made a study of the grade of coal best adapted to their individual

use. In this way she learned exactly what the trade needed and demanded, and was able in the fall to risk keeping a variety of coal on hand.

That winter her business grew rapidly. Her motto was, "Satisfy the customer." This included more than giving prompt service and honest weight. It meant showing a customer how to make his new hard-coal stove burn; it meant dropping everything to go to the help of some wrathful housekeeper whose "range wouldn't go;" it meant studying the idiosyncrasies of worn-out furnaces.

A Member of the Board of Trade

But it paid in friendship and dollars — and in the good opinion of "gentlemen of the old school" who owned refractory furnaces.

That year Mrs. Shields's business associates acknowledged her success by making her a member of the Marysville Board of Trade.

The next summer she again made her round of "trade calls." But this did not occupy all of the dull season — a "luxury" which, Mrs. Shields argued, no business could afford. And as soon as her coal trade was on a firm basis, she added a "summer specialty" in the shape of building material.

By the third year her enterprise was thoroughly established. Never since the fourth season has the volume of sales amounted to less than \$40,000 a year. She has out a standing challenge to match tonnage with any other dealer in town.

Troubles of a Woman Pioneer

It has not all been smooth sailing. In addition to the usual business man's troubles, she has had to meet the petty vexations encountered by every woman who pioneers in a new field.

But these things amount to a very small handicap when compared with her present assets, which include her home, bought and paid for, a college education for her son, and one of the most reliable and best-known businesses in central Ohio.

Moreover, supplying her townspeople with their winter fuel has in no wise lessened her feminine qualities. She has still the housewife's orthodox fondness for a big white apron — and is a firm believer in the efficacy of woman's tears. — *Grace M. Sissons, in Every Week.*

Master and Servant

I HAVE a Master in the skies —
The King of kings is he;
Yet he came down and left his crown,
A servant here to be.

The angels praise him day and night
Upon the glassy sea;
Yet since man's fall he left it all
To serve humanity.

The earth is his and all therein;
He rules the stormy sea;
Yet greater service no man did
Than what he did for me.

HELEN ROSSER.



A Missionary Pear

IT was the very queen of pears — a Bon Cretien; color, light yellow, slightly tinged with red; large size, weighing nearly eight ounces; smooth as a baby's cheek, and tapering gracefully at the top into a stout stem of twice the usual thickness. It was exhibited at the agricultural show, standing alone upon a plate, the perfection of its kind.

"I am going to send this pear to your wife, Colonel," said its owner, on the morning of the second day of the exhibition. "Tell her it has taken a prize, and, besides, is the finest specimen that I ever had the pleasure of growing."

"Or seeing either," replied the colonel. "My wife will appreciate the honor, I assure you."

So home it went with him to dinner, and Mrs. Colonel could not admire it enough, and instead of giving it a place with the other fruit, brought out a china dish and an embroidered doily for its reception.

"But we must never eat it ourselves," she said. "Such a pear as this ought to have a mission. What do you say to my sending it to old Mr. Swallow?" Of course the colonel assented.

A few streets farther on, Mr. Swallow was found, sitting by the window of his farmhouse. On one side was the sunny orchard; on the other, the barn, that the old gentleman, now a cripple, liked to keep in view. The colonel's little daughter brought in the pear.

"Your mother was very kind to send me such a present," he said, putting it down upon the window sill before him. "It beats any that I ever saw before."

"But I won't eat it," he added to himself after the child left. "It was a mighty kind thing to spare one so nice, and I'll do the same by somebody else. There's Jimmy's school-teacher. She's another kind one, and she shall have it."

When Jimmy had run home at recess, he was greatly delighted by his grandfather's commission to take the pear carefully in a box to Miss Brown.

Miss Brown placed it upon her table, and allowed the whole school to look and admire without handling. Into the exercises of the afternoon she introduced an object lesson upon fruit, and, after school was dismissed, sat down to decide what should be done with her gift.

"I couldn't have the heart to cut such a wonderful pear. How kind is old Mr. Swallow to send it to me. There's Mary Burch just getting over a fever. How pleased she'd be to have it!" And so again the pear found another resting place.

"I won't ask to eat it, mother, if you'll just let me hold it and smell it. Oh, what a beauty!"

Mary's eyes sparkled, and she took, figuratively speaking, a long stride toward health from the vision of green fields and shady roadside brought to her by the pear's mellow fragrance.

"Now, mother, who shall have it? for I wouldn't eat such a beauty if I could. Perhaps Mr. Jules will paint it. Let me send it to him."

Mr. Jules's studio was a pleasant place, but its owner was a little too fond of the fascinating easel, and a little too forgetful of other people's comfort. An invisible influence from the pear before him began to make helpful suggestions.

"Very kind of that sick young lady. I'll sketch and paint it for her. I'll do it at once, before it grows dark; and I'll not eat such a present, either."

About eight o'clock that evening, the minister, who had entered into an argument with the artist the day before, and had left a little wounded and sore in feeling, was surprised and pleased by the present of an uncommonly fine pear.

"So kind in Brother Jules to take such a pleasant way of assuring me that he wasn't offended; and such a magnificent specimen! If Catherine agrees, we'll pass it along tomorrow for somebody else to enjoy. How much comfort there is in kindness!"

One might begin to wonder, by this time, how the pear escaped bruises, but each owner had held it so carefully and admiringly that not a pressure was to be seen upon its surface.

In a doctor's office the next morning, a young man sat reading, when a tap at the door, and the minister entered.

"I was just going by, and I thought I'd step in a minute, and show you what our district could do in the way of producing pears."

Half an hour later, and the young doctor stood alone holding the pear.

"Well, I'll rent a sitting in his church — see if I don't. I won't neglect it any longer. I didn't know before that ministers could be so friendly. Now, what shall I do with this beauty? It has helped me enough already. Somebody else must have it, to be sure."

Now, Mrs. Colonel, its first owner, was blessed with excellent health. To use her own words, she was "never sick." But this particular morning she awoke with a headache. The pain became so intense that she sought a lounge and a darkened room, and the colonel went down town with an anxious face. Meeting the doctor's clerk, and knowing him well, he mentioned the fact of this unusual illness.

"Just the time," said the young man to himself as he hurried home, "for a chance to send her my splendid pear. She has been so kind to me here, I wonder I never thought of such a thing before."

Biddy, the maid at the colonel's, answered the bell, and took the message and the plate to her mistress's room.

"The jintleman has called, mum, to say he's sorry you're sick, and he's left the finest pear that was ever seen."

"A pear? Roll up the curtain a little, Biddy, and let me see it."

Then, greatly to Biddy's surprise and even terror, as she turned to leave the room Mrs. Colonel began to laugh.

"Sure, I believe she's losin' her sinses. I wish the colonel would come;" and when he arrived an hour later, she sent him hastily up to the room. Mrs. Colonel was sitting up in her rocking-chair, with a face as bright as if a headache had never troubled her.

"Look here, Ben. See my present."

"Why, it's our very pear again! Where did you get it, wife?"

"Charles Hadley brought it, and there's no guessing where it may have traveled. It's so funny to have it come back to me; and I've enjoyed thinking of it so much that my headache has all gone, and I'm going down to dinner."

Mrs. Colonel decided to take a walk that afternoon, and trace the pear's wandering. Being of a cheerful turn herself, she brought a gleam of sunshine into every call. Old Mr. Swallow told his part, and he hadn't felt so merry or laughed so much for a long time. The teacher, Miss Brown, wished she could put it into story. Mary, the sick girl, was sure she could go downstairs the next day, that pear had been such a strengthener; and "Just look," she said, "at my present!" And there it was in a lovely painting. Then Mr. Jules put on his hat to walk over to the minister's too. At the parsonage the story of the "missionary pear" was again repeated, and they only wished it could have gone all through the town; and the young man who gave it away at the last decided that his move was the best of all.

The pear was finally cut into seven pieces, one for each stopping place, and, of course, was delicious. The decision was made that its history should be written out, for a suggestion to all holders of fruit in this season of abundant harvest.—*Henrietta Rea.*

Our School in Chile

OUR school is located about six hundred and forty-two kilometers, or four hundred miles, south of Santiago. It is in the country about five kilometers, or three miles, from the station of Pua. The railroad is quite near here. We can see the trains passing many times a day.

At the south of the school there is a little stream. On each side of this stream are bushes and trees that are green all the year. In the spring they are covered with white and yellow flowers. To the north is a grove with very large trees, for they have not been cut down or burned as have most of the woods here in Chile. I like to go to the north side of the grove on a summer's evening where we can see the little town of Pua with its houses shining in the sun, and the big blue hills to the west, which look white in harvest, with the wheat and oats that grow there. On a clear day we can see many houses, covered with sheet iron, at the foot of the hills.

To the east not far from here is a pond, where we often go on Sabbath afternoon for a walk. This pond used to be surrounded with weeping willows, but last summer there was so much dry grass around there that it caught fire and burned the willows.

A bell rings at five-thirty in the morning to awaken us; at six-thirty all assemble in the dining-room, where we study the Sabbath school lesson, sing a hymn, and pray, before breakfast. At eight another bell rings and we go into the classroom for worship. We sing a hymn there. The director or one of the teachers reads a chapter and prays, then the recitation work for the day begins.

The members of the first-year missionary course have a Bible class the first hour. We are studying the prophecies of Daniel. We also study Oriental, Greek, and Roman history. Mr. Brower, our director, teaches these classes. We recite grammar and arithmetic to Mr. Arias; geography, botany, and zoölogy to Miss Block, our music teacher. She came from Argentina about three years ago.

The second-year class of the missionary course study Bible, physiology, botany, zoölogy, arithmetic, grammar, and history.

The fourth-grade pupils recite their lessons in the same room as we do. They study five or six different things. The first, second, and third grades have their classes in a room by themselves. Nearly all of them are day pupils and live near here.

Mr. Arias is our drawing teacher. In the summer we are to go outside to draw the trees, hills, and houses. We are all happy to know that the spring (September, October, and November) will soon be here, after the long rainy winter, when we can see once more the fields covered with flowers, and the happy birds singing and building their nests. In about a month we shall have a vacation for a week. The eighteenth of September is the independence day of our country.

Our school will close in December. We shall all be glad to get a long vacation after a hard year's study.

COLINA CAMERON.



Things Worth While

(Concluded)

(Texts for November 5 to 11)

LAST night as I sat watching those faithful sentinels gather their sparkling host in the dark-blue field above, I asked myself: What things are really worth while in this life? And today as I am thinking again of things worth while I am constrained to pray that you may be saved from missing these supreme things in life. Life cannot hold everything. There are many good things that you will have to let go; but the supreme things you must not miss, for these—and only these—will make you glad when you reach the end of your journey.

When you reach the end of life's road, you will be glad that you took pains to live the victorious life, and build a character after the pattern shown you when alone with God and his Word in the chamber of secret prayer.

You will be glad that early in life you accepted Jesus as your personal Saviour and tried to live a consistent Christian life.

You will be glad that, forgetful of self, you "lived to bless others."

You will be glad that you obtained the best possible preparation for your life work.

You will be glad that you did cheerfully, and with your might, what your hand found to do, always giving the world the best that you had.

You will be glad that every day, stormy or fair; filled with sorrow or pleasure; whether it meant loss or gain, praise or humiliation, to you; you always obeyed the command to seek first the kingdom of heaven.

You will be glad that each day you laid up some treasure in heaven—perhaps a visit with a wayward one, a letter to a discouraged friend, a self-denial offering for the poor, a prayer for the tempted.

You will be glad that you never allowed yourself to set your affections on the things of this world; that, like Moses, you esteemed "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt."

You will be glad that, while you were never content to stand still in your present Christian experience, but were ever striving to be a better Christian and a more efficient worker, you were always content with your surroundings and never murmured because your task was hard or your associates unkind.

You will be glad that you took time daily to hide a portion of God's Word in your heart.

You will be glad that you kept the stream of your life pure—so pure and clean that all along the way others could see Jesus reflected in it.

You will be glad that you endeavored always to have the words of your mouth and the meditations of your heart acceptable to God; and that you filled your mind with thoughts that were pure and true and kind.

You will be glad that in school life, in business transactions, and in social gatherings you did "all to the glory of God."

You will be glad that, regardless of the opinions of others, despite the threats and persecutions of men, you always feared God and obeyed his commandments.

You will be glad that you always watched for opportunities to do others good, to make those about you happy, to speak a word of comfort and courage, to lead others to Christ.

You will be glad that you spent enough time in prayer to live the victorious life.

You will be glad that you were always loving, sincere, and true, and never allowed yourself to let your attitude toward others depend upon their attitude toward you.

You will be glad that you were hospitable "without grudging."

You will be glad you were always kind—kind in the home, in your judgment of others, in your criticism of the absent.

You will be glad that you were always pleasant, hopeful, and courageous.

You will be glad that you became so intimately acquainted with your Saviour that you found him closer and more real than any human friend.

And the things that will make you happy when you reach the end of life are the things that are worth your while today. They are the supreme things. They should have *first place* in your daily program. Just as the sunbeam contains all the beautiful colors of the rainbow, so the life worth while, the life that will endure the test of the last great day, will be made up of the things that make you glad when you reach the end of the road.

Last Tuesday when No. 5 pulled into Cañon City, Colorado, the flagman was seen helping a very sick young man off the train. He wished to get a breath of fresh air during the brief stop. Too faint to stand, he lay down on the station platform, and, alas, in a few seconds he was dead. In his pocket was a ticket from New York to Los Angeles. Doubtless this

young man had plans laid for his stay in the West, but he started too late; death overtook him on the way. How often death overtakes a young person in hot pursuit of some cherished plan. Some young people will decide too late to live for the supreme things in life; but *you* must not. The future is uncertain. The only safe way is to begin living for the supreme things today; tomorrow may be too late.

MEDITATION.—Father, I thank thee that thou dost make it possible for me to live for the supreme things in life. In the lonely desert, in the crowded street, at home or among my friends, yes, everywhere, I may live for the supreme things. Help me to do this. Help me to be true, ever and always, in thought, in word, in deed, that I may at last be greeted by my Saviour's "Well done."

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let us continue this week to pray that we may love His appearing, and, loving his appearing, that we may seek to live each day in such a way as to hasten his coming.

M. E.

Success

THERE is a path that many seek, a way
That's often sought in vain. The reason why?
No vim have some; and others answer, "Wait,
There'll come a time." They say, as days pass on,
"All things will come to those who wait."

And some
Have labored hard—and failed. They did not know
The keynote of success. There are indeed
A few who've found it. (And right glad am I
To know it.) 'Tis a little thing. Too small,
Some think, and fain would pass it by.

Lies not in dreams of brighter days to come.
Its secret this: A moment rightly used,
Which else would idle be. 'Tis God's own way
To fit us for a greater work. His means
To bring to us success; and through it all
To keep from Satan's snares.

The seed we plant
Appears at first a lifeless thing; but soon
A blade shoots forth, the ear is seen, and on—
Till perfected it stands. 'Tis very like
The lives of those who use their moments well,
With careful thought of their return. And when
The last one bears its record to the throne,
We'll find true power and love,—a part of God
In man. And this I count alone success.

MRS. FLORA E. YERGIN.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending November 11

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 November 5 to 11

November 5:	Hebrews 5 to 7.
November 6:	Hebrews 8 to 10.
November 7:	Hebrews 11 to 13.
November 8:	Luke 1, 2.
November 9:	Luke 3, 4.
November 10:	Luke 5, 6.
November 11:	Luke 7, 8.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for November 2.



VI—The Gospel to the Gentiles

(November 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 10:24-48.

MEMORY VERSE: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." Acts 10:34.

Questions

1. When did Peter and those who were with him arrive at Caesarea? How had Cornelius prepared for their coming? Acts 10:24.
2. How did Cornelius receive Peter? What did Peter say? Verses 25, 26.
3. How did Peter explain his presence there? What question did he ask? Verses 27-29.
4. How did Cornelius reply? Verses 30-32.
5. In what words did he show he was pleased that Peter had come? What did he say all present wished to hear? Verse 33. Note 1.
6. How did Peter begin his address? Verse 34.
7. What did he say of people in every nation? Verse 35.
8. Then whom did Peter preach? Verse 36. Note 2.
9. Where had the gospel of peace been preached? Verse 37.
10. With what did he say Jesus was anointed? What did the Saviour do while on earth? From whom did he receive strength? Verse 38.
11. Who were his witnesses after he went to heaven? What did they testify? Verses 39-42.
12. What other witnesses testify of him? What do they say? Verse 43.
13. What took place while Peter was preaching? Verse 44.
14. How were those who came with Peter affected when they saw this? Verse 45.
15. What did they hear? What question did Peter ask? Verses 46, 47.
16. What did he command these Gentiles to do? What invitation did they give him? Verse 48. Note 3.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. Give one prophecy in the Old Testament that testifies of Jesus.
2. Quote one text outside the lesson which shows that all men are alike to God, if they love and obey him.

Notes

1. When Cornelius and his family and friends met for worship, they felt they were in the presence of God. They had come to hear what he had to say to them. Though Peter spoke the words, they believed what he said was the Lord's message to them. In the same spirit we should come to the Sabbath school and church service, even though it may be held in a common dwelling, and then we shall hear God's voice speaking to us through human lips and in his Word.
2. "Then to that company of attentive hearers the apostle preached Christ,—his life, his miracles, his betrayal and crucifixion, his resurrection and ascension, and his work in heaven as man's representative and advocate. As Peter pointed those present to Jesus as the sinner's only hope, he himself understood more fully the meaning of the vision he had seen, and his heart glowed with the spirit of the truth that he was presenting."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 138.
3. "Thus was the gospel brought to those who had been strangers and foreigners, making them fellow citizens with the saints, and members of the household of God. The conversion of Cornelius and his household was but the first fruits of a harvest to be gathered in. From this household a widespread work of grace was carried on in that heathen city."—*Id.*, p. 139.

NEVER put off till tomorrow what should be done today.—*Jefferson*.

"HE that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

"EACH time in life comes but once. Make the most of it."

"Sumbibazo" and "Proving" in Acts 9:22

WE are informed that after Paul's conversion he "increased the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, *proving* that this is very Christ." Acts 9:22.

That the word, *sumbibazo*, here translated "proving," not only means "proving," but also suggests *how* Paul proved that Jesus is the Messiah, is evident from the following:—

1. Definitions

"*Sumbibazo*, (1) to unite, or knit together, Col. 2:2, 19; (2) to put together in reasoning, and so, to conclude, prove, Acts 9:22; (3) to teach, instruct, 1 Cor. 2:16."—*G. R. Berry's Greek-English Lexicon*.

"*Sumbibazo*, to bring together; to conclude, to infer, Acts 16:10; to prove, Acts 9:22; to instruct, 1 Cor. 2:16; pass., to be knit together, Eph. 4:16; Col. 2:2, 19."—*W. J. Hickie's Greek-English Lexicon*.

2. Occurrences and Usages in the Authorized Version

"Acts 9:22: *proving* that this is very Christ.

"Acts 16:10: *assuredly gathering* that the Lord had.

"1 Cor. 2:16: mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him.

"Eph. 4:16: and *compacted* by that which every joint supplieth.

"Col. 2:2: *being knit together* in love.

"Col. 2:19: and *knit together*, increaseth with the increase of God."—*The Englishman's Greek Concordance of the New Testament*, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1867.

3. Other Translations

"He *demonstrated* that this is the Messiah."—*Syriac Translation*.

"*Showing, by comparison*, that 'this is the Christ.'"—*Rotherham's Translation*.

"Confirming and evincing with the fullest evidence, that this Jesus of Nazareth is indeed the Messiah."—*Doddridge's Paraphrase*.

4. Notes, etc.

"Literally: 'bringing together'—the prophecies and the history."—*Rotherham's note*.

"*Proving*—*confirming*. The word means 'putting together the chain of an argument,' or points and proofs."—*Jacobus's note on Acts 9:22*.

"*Proving*, literally, putting together or combining; i. e., various proofs and arguments, or prophecies with their fulfilment."—*J. A. Alexander's note on Acts 9:22*.

"*Sumbibazon*, 'proving' by a *connected* chain of argument. Conf. chap. 16:10. Properly, the verb means to *put together* (as arguments here), to *unite*, etc."—*J. A. Spencer's note in his Greek New Testament*.

"22. *Sumbibazon*, 'evincing,' as in 1 Cor. 2:16. *Sumbibazein* properly signifies to *put together*, as carpenters' work. And since he who *proves* anything does it by showing the connection, and tracing the chain of facts or reasonings, so it comes to mean to *demonstrate*, a sense which occurs in 1 Cor. 2:16, and sometimes in the LXX; but rarely in the classical writers."—*Bloomfield's note on Acts 9:22*.

From these practical facts we may learn the importance and force of presenting the present truth by "comparing" scripture with scripture, "here a little, and there a little." See 1 Cor. 2:13; Isa. 28:9, 10.

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

The Youth's Instructor

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Obey the Call

To lowly fishers by the sea
The Master called, "Come, follow me,"
And straightway from their nets that day,
Those humble fishers turned away.

Their nets, their trade, they left behind,
A better way of life to find;
Left father, mother, home, and all
In answer to the Master's call.

Today the call comes home to you;
Let conscience hear, what will you do?
Leave all behind, no treasure hold,
But follow with those men of old.

Go, follow on, and thou shalt know
A heavenly peace on earth below;
Walk with the Man from Galilee,
And thou the joy of heaven shalt see.

MAX HILL.

Warnings to Authors

If you must write poetry —

Don't compare the future to a sheet of white paper.

Don't speak of the flowers as going to sleep in winter under the blanket of the snow.

Don't write of the Christmas star, unless you are sure you have something new to say about it; or of Easter lilies; or of Thanksgiving home-coming.

Don't write spring poetry, unless it is new spring poetry.

Don't write about any bird until you know its every feather, can tell its song by a whiff of it, and have watched it getting its livelihood.

Don't indite a poem to the rainbow; or, if you do, omit the idea of a bright hope against the dark background of sorrow.

In short, if you must write poetry, don't write about something regarding which you are ignorant; and read the best poetry, lots of it, so that you may learn what real poetry is, and what themes have been adequately and frequently treated.

Then, if you must write stories —

Don't tell about the little girl who wanted something very much, and gave it up unselfishly, and then was repaid by something better.

Don't relate the thrilling tale of the clerk who made a delivery of goods under difficult circumstances, while the other clerks ridiculed his fidelity, and thereby won promotion.

Don't introduce two sisters of the Mary and Martha types.

Don't describe the young heroine who flags a train and thereby saves hundreds from a burning bridge.

Don't tell of the dismissed employee who saves his employer in stressful circumstances, and is therefore reinstated.

Don't picture the extravagant wife who brings her husband to the verge of ruin and comes to her senses as she nurses him through brain fever.

Don't — but why keep on? Don't write stories at all unless you can steer clear of the obvious, the hackneyed, the horribly mediocre.

Finally, remember that writing stories is the most difficult task on earth — except writing poetry. Don't expect to succeed in either without —

1. Brains.
2. Training.
3. Perseverance.
4. Time. — *Caleb Cobweb.*

The Biggest Pump Known — the Sun

(Concluded from page ten)

in the shape of rain or snow. It is clear that all the water which runs in the thousands of rivers that cover the earth and which fills its great lakes, came down originally as rain; for all these bodies of water would soon fail if they were not replenished from the skies.

A little computation will show that an astonishing amount of water falls on the earth every year. Even a big rain is a much more important thing than is ordinarily supposed. In summer there are rains in which almost an inch of water falls over a large area, and occasionally there are those when two or three inches fall in the course of a few hours. An inch of water on an acre weighs over 100 tons, and on a square mile, more than 60,000 tons. Rain ordinarily falls from a height of about half a mile. The fact that it ascends in the form of vapor does not mean that the same work was not expended to raise it, as would have been done if it had been elevated to that height as water. The same amount of energy is used in one case as in the other.

The average rainfall for the whole United States a year is about 20 inches. That is, on the average 1,200,000 tons of water fall each year on every square mile in this country from a height of half a mile. There are in the United States 3,600,000 square miles. Therefore the sun has pumped up the 4,320,000,000 tons of water which each year fall upon the United States.

A simple calculation shows that one horsepower will raise about 3,500 tons one-half mile in one year. Therefore it would require 1,200,000,000 horsepower, working continuously, to pump up the water to the sky which falls as rain on the United States. But the area of the whole world is fifty times that of this country, and the average rainfall on it probably does not differ much from 20 inches.

It follows from this discussion that the sun pumps up annually from the earth more than 20,000,000,000,000 tons of water. It is, therefore, immeasurably beyond the most powerful pump yet devised by man. If the energy of the descending rain could be used to drive our machinery, no other source of power would be required. But this is only one of the ways in which the sun's heat does work upon the earth, and the whole amount of energy which strikes the earth is many times that which is used in evaporating the water and raising it to the sky. While the amount of energy the sun pours upon the earth is appalling, the earth is so small as seen from the sun that only one part in eight billion of the energy that streams out from it strikes this little planet upon which we live. — *F. R. Moulton.*