

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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From painting by C. Spinetti

REBECCA





The oyster is our most lucrative water crop. The 35,000,000 bushels gathered annually are worth \$17,000,000.

For fifty-one years, without losing a day, Thomas Donovan has driven his horse car through the streets of New York.

An effort is being made to get the churches throughout the country to reserve the same evening of the week for the prayer meeting.

A Dane has invented an iceless refrigerator. This is accomplished by so constructing the piping in the house that all the cold water is conducted through pipes at the rear of the box.

The total number of deaths among all the armies resulting from the war is now computed to be about 6,000,000, a number greater than the population of any American State except New York and Pennsylvania.

An aeroplane was disabled by pigeons recently while making a flight in England. It appears that the machine ran into a large flock of pigeons. The propeller struck a number of the birds and was shattered. The aviator was forced to volplane to earth.

Chinese troops have been recalled from the border of the Kwang-tung and Fukien Provinces to assist in the destruction of poppies, the cultivation of which is said to have greatly increased in the Tungan district during the unsettled period after the first Chinese revolution. The opium planters are expected to offer resistance.

"So serious is the shortage of ships," says Anthony Arnoux, "that some of the British papers are soberly advocating that the small nations, such as Chile, for instance, be compelled either to utilize the German vessels which have taken refuge in their harbors, or to seize those vessels and charter them to Great Britain."

Debts of the seven largest nations in the war are in excess of \$75,000,000,000, compared with \$27,000,000 when the war began, according to statistics compiled by a New York bank. The daily cost of the war is estimated as \$105,000,000, compared with \$90,000,000 a day last April. If the war ends next year, the annual interest on the debt, it is estimated, will be \$3,800,000 yearly.

"James F. Fenlon, seventy-two years ago became a knight of the grip, and today, at ninety, is still after the orders. Mr. Fenlon's line is pumps and windmills. He has sold more than 60,000 of these articles in his territory, and it is estimated that if all the windmills he has sold were set side by side, they would create a breeze twice as great as a session of Congress and five times as beneficial to the country."

Victor Carlstrom, on November 2, attempted a nonstop flight from Chicago to New York, but was compelled by a loosening nut on the carburetor to make a landing after having traveled 452 miles in 4 hours and 17½ minutes, the best record having then been made. But on November 19 Miss Ruth Law succeeded in making a nonstop flight from Chicago to Hornell, New York, a distance of 590 miles.

Sir Joseph Beecham, the pill manufacturer, died recently at the age of sixty-nine. By the sale of his pills the manufacturer rose from a farmer's boy to become a knight, a baronet, and the third richest man in England, with a fortune estimated at over \$140,000,000. Extensive advertising is said to have commanded this great fortune, Mr. Beecham being considered the greatest buyer of newspaper, billboard, and fence-rail space in the world. He advertised on every continent, including Greenland.

John L. Sullivan, one-time champion prize fighter of the world, is going forth to battle the antagonist who, he says, gave him his hardest fight. No, that antagonist isn't Kilrain or Corbett—it is John Barleycorn. The old fighter has started a country-wide tour in the cause of prohibition. He will speak in churches, before business men's organizations, and at other public places. He speaks from a richness of personal experience, for booze once nearly conquered the former king of the ring. It cost him his health, his friends, and the bank roll he had accumulated through his years of conquest.

Reports of the campaign funds of the two leading parties, made public on October 29, show that at that date the Republican National Committee had received \$1,667,750.29 to cover the expenses of the Presidential campaign, and the Democratic National Committee had received \$1,006,283. Nor was this all. Each committee expected to receive in the neighborhood of half a million more in the course of the final week of the campaign. These amounts do not include the individual expenses of candidates, nor the expenditures of State committees from their own treasuries, nor the expenditures of public-spirited citizens of both parties made in various ways in the interests of the campaign.

#### The Shadows

In the shadows  
Deep and darkening,  
God's eye watcheth  
O'er his own;

Through the shadows,  
To us hearkening,  
God's voice speaketh  
From his throne;

Speaketh, saying,  
"I will never  
Leave my loved ones  
All alone."

Trust in him, when  
Storm clouds lower,  
When the noonday  
Sun is bright;

Hear him saying,  
"I am leading,  
Ever leading,  
To the light."

—A. W. Cooper, in the Christian Herald.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

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No. 50

## The Colporteur's Reward

WHEN I enter that beautiful city above,  
Far removed from earth's sorrow and fear,  
I hope that somebody will whisper in love,  
"It was you first invited me here."

When I stand by the side of the river of life,  
"Twill be my joy to hear somebody say:  
"I was drunk with the world and its maddening strife  
Till the colporteur happened my way."

From his books, his tracts and papers galore,  
I first learned of this blessed abode,  
Then I turned me about and set out for the shore,  
'Twas the canvasser showed me the road.

When at home in these mansions eternally grand,  
Many dear ones with joy I behold,  
I hope that somebody beside me will stand,  
Saved, because of the books that I sold.

— Selected.

## Territory and Unions of the Asiatic Division Conference

A. G. DANIELLS

**T**HE six union conferences of the Asiatic Division comprise territories that are vast in themselves. Merely naming them may mean nothing as to their extent and importance. Such brief information as we can give within the scope of this article will tell but a small part of the details of the many interesting fields of our newest continental Division.

### Australasian Union Conference

The territory of this Union includes that of the conferences of New South Wales, North New Zealand, South New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, Victoria, Tasmania, and West Australia.

It also includes the following mission fields: Cook Islands Mission, Fiji Mission, Friendly Islands Mission, Lord Howe Island Mission, Monamona Mission for Aborigines, Niue Mission, New Guinea Mission, New Hebrides Mission, Norfolk Island Mission, Pitcairn Island Mission, Samoan Mission, Society Islands Mission, and the Solomon Islands Mission.

The fact that active work is being done in all the Island missions here named indicates the progressive attitude of this Union Conference toward mission work. Young people secure their education as ministers, teachers, and nurses with a view to engaging in active missionary work. Many have gone to these island fields.

The history of the work in Australasia dates back to 1885, when the first sermon preached by our people south of the equator was delivered at Melbourne. In Melbourne and its suburbs there are now a dozen or more churches. The same is true of Sydney. Little companies established years ago in Australia have grown into well-organized self-supporting conferences. On my visit to that field last year I did not hear of a single church building standing empty or idle; there are eighty of them in the Union.

Every department of the work has gone steadily forward. The publishing interests have been strongly developed, the annual sales of literature for the past twenty years in Australia amounting to \$75,000. Last year the sales for the Union ran over \$123,000. Four sanitariums are operating successfully. The educational work has kept pace with the progress of other branches, three training schools having been established.

The membership of 5,654 paid in tithes last year the sum of \$117,694.95, or \$20.81 per member. The 234 Sabbath schools, with their 7,018 members, gave \$22,139.36 for foreign missions. Other contributions to home and foreign missionary work were liberal.

It will be readily seen that this Union, with its many resources, will be a strength to the cause in the Far East.

### India Union Mission

It is easy to say that the territory of the India Union Mission includes India, Burma, and Ceylon. But what all that means is hard to tell and difficult to grasp. For one thing it means a population of three hundred and fifteen millions, with two hundred million Hindus, seventy-five million Mohammedans, ten million Buddhists, and eight million Animists. India is called the Gibraltar of heathenism.

This entire field is under British rule, to which fact is due the intellectual awakening now taking place in India. England has had direct, continuous contact with India since the year 1600, when Queen Elizabeth incorporated the East India Company. The influence and activities of this Company continued and enlarged until 1858, when an "Act for the Better Government of India" was passed, which transferred the administrative affairs of the whole empire from the East India Company to the British government.

The educational work of foreign mission societies in behalf of India may be said to have begun at the opening of the nineteenth century, when William Carey entered upon his work of translating and printing, and especially when he founded his college at Serampur.

Though the odds are heavy, mission work has made its gains. Our own work has been established in all its branches, and is going forward with efficiency. We have about five hundred Sabbath keepers in the field. The printing work is much more than self-supporting. Colporteurs are demonstrating for a certainty that subscription books can be sold in quantities. Five vernacular quarterlies are published, besides the monthly *Oriental Watchman* and *Herald of Health*.

The medical work is represented by seven dispensaries, three treatment-rooms, a health journal, and a self-supporting health food factory. Thousands of persons, including all classes, are treated. Native workers are being trained in medical knowledge and in the science of soul saving.

Our schools have more than held their own. The report on finances at the last general meeting showed a gain of twenty-five per cent in tithes and thirty-three and one-third per cent in Sabbath school donations.

### East India Union Mission

Included in this Union are the Malaysian and Philippine Missions. The Malaysian Mission includes the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States, Bor-



neo, and the Dutch East Indies. The Philippine Mission includes the Philippine Islands and the Salu Archipelago.

The headquarters of the Malaysian Mission is at Singapore, the capital city of the Straits Settlements government. It is the most southern city of the Malay Peninsula, being only one and one-half degrees north of the equator. Here the sun follows rigidly a program of "rising and setting that ranges only from six minutes before to six minutes after six o'clock morning and evening the year round," making all the days of the year practically twelve hours of daylight and twelve hours of darkness.

The school for the training of workers for the entire Malaysian Mission is located at Singapore. The presence and service of the faculty and students in the Singapore church are a source of great encouragement to the church, which numbers nearly one hundred members. The work done by the students in the circulation of gospel literature aids in building up the church membership. Sixty-nine languages are spoken here.

The headquarters of our work in the Federated Malay States is located in the city of Kuala Lumpur, the administrative capital of this territory. This city is about two hundred miles north of Singapore. Our work was established there in 1911. A church has been organized. The scattered condition of the people generally, the mixture of races and religions, and the separation of the people from their native land, all combine to make gospel work very difficult. Considerable literature has been sold, and the interest in our truth deepens.

Our message found its way to British North Borneo through a Chinese colporteur. As the result of reading literature a number of persons began the observance of the seventh day as the Sabbath, and accepted other of our views. A call for a minister met with response, and a good, substantial church was established. Some of its members have developed into earnest, efficient missionaries who engage in the sale of literature, giving Bible studies and conducting cottage meetings, thus carrying the truth to different parts of the island. The field is proving a promising one.

The East Indian section of the Malaysian Mission field is carried on in three separate divisions,—Sumatra, Java, and Borneo. The first of these islands to be entered was Sumatra. In 1900 active missionary work was begun. Soon a mission school was opened, Bible studies were conducted, and literature was translated into Malay for the people speaking that language. The mission station is at Padang, a pagan and Mohammedan city.

At Batavia, Java, we have headquarters, and a small but growing company. One member, a Mohammedan woman, was convicted of the truth by listening through a crack in the door to Bible studies given to others. The work is developing.

The history of Protestant missions in the Philippines dates from the year 1898, when these islands passed from Spain to the United States. Earnest, intelligent labors of Protestant missionaries have wrought marvels in the short period since. Perhaps nowhere is there a people more responsive to the gospel message than the Filipinos, of whom there are about seven millions, divided into about seventy classes or tribes, speaking more than thirty languages and many dialects.

This mission field was organized in 1906, and the ten years since has been a decade of remarkable progress. We already have about fifteen hundred believers.

Five native young men of the best education and largest experience, working as evangelists, are showing unusual ability and zeal. They are raising up large companies of believers. Bible workers are busy, and canvassers are at work. Literature has been prepared, and a good printing plant established. Thus far the demand for reading matter has exceeded the output. No other denomination is doing publishing work in these islands. A training school has also been started, manned by capable teachers from this country.

#### Northeastern Union Mission

The territory of this Union includes Japan, Korea, and Manchuria. The whole forms one of the most interesting and productive mission fields we have.

The headquarters of our work in Japan is at Tokio, where we have erected good buildings on our own land. We have a neat, well-planned printing house, a good school building, and a number of residences for those whose duties require them to live at the headquarters. The field was organized in 1896, and though the work has gone with some difficulty, it has a substantial footing.

Our work in Korea has shown most encouraging progress. Our church membership at Seoul, where is located the headquarters, is now one hundred and twenty. Our mission compound, about two miles from the city, is well situated for health and other advantages. Our workers have neat homes, and the printing house is a creditable one. At Soonan is our school, with forty acres of land for cultivation. The school attendance is almost a hundred. Medical work has played an important part in winning many to the gospel, thousands of persons having been treated, and hundreds of believers baptized.

It is claimed for Korea that there has been a convert for every hour since the gospel was first preached there, and a church for every day. The outlook is encouraging.

We have only recently entered Manchuria, with headquarters at Mukden. Six earnest workers are located there, and have made a good beginning with the eighteen millions of people of that province.

#### North China Union Mission

The territory of this mission covers Central China, East China, North China, and West China. How feeble of expression are words! We must now think in terms of almost limitless meaning, and must number by hundreds of millions. China is wondrously immense in its problems and its possibilities. Its missionary history is a most interesting one, and our own work is now figuring strongly in it.

Central China has a population of 112,000,000. Some fifty churches and companies have been raised up by our workers, evangelists, and canvassers.

East China has a population of 97,000,000, with a proportion of but one worker to millions of people. Churches are being organized.

North China includes provinces of teeming millions, and is practically unentered.

West China has 88,000,000, and our work here is only begun. A population almost as large as that of the United States calls urgently for help.

#### South China Union Mission

The territory of this Union includes the provinces of Fukien, Kwang-tung, Kwang-si, the French dependency of Annam, and the islands of Formosa and Hainan.



It was in South China that our truth first gained foothold in this great empire in 1907. The organization of the work was effected in 1909. The history of the work since has been rich with marvelous experiences and most encouraging advancement. Our believers are fast running into the thousands.

The gains in statistics in all lines of our work in China show splendid comparisons. The increase in membership, numbers of churches, tithes, offerings, and literature sales are all substantial. Our printing plant is prosperous. Our schools are proving eminently successful. Dispensaries have been established in a number of places, and are doing effective work. Native evangelists are being developed.

Of the seventy-three students in attendance at the Bible school held in Hankow during March and April, 1915, sixty-six had been idol worshipers, twenty-six had been addicted to the use of wine, four had been opium and tobacco smokers, nineteen had been gamblers, five were previously sorcerers, two were polygamists, one had been a Taoist priest, one a murderer, and one had been insane many years.

August 1, 1916, was a red-letter day for our Asiatic Division, as on that day a company of forty-one fine, capable workers sailed from this country to enter different parts of the Division. More are needed. May the mighty plea of the outstretched hands of these hundreds of millions reach the hearts of many, to give of their service and of their means to help carry the saving gospel of Jesus to this open field.

### Inheriting Eternal Riches

At the dining-table recently, around which a group of students were gathered, I asked, "What is the name of the richest man who ever lived in our world?" Immediately one of the young ladies answered, "Jesus Christ."

It was the youthful Galilean I had in mind, but asking the question as I did, I had not expected such a prompt answer; for usually our Lord and Master is not thought of first when the topic of riches is up for discussion.

Jesus told one disciple that the foxes had holes and the birds had nests, but the Son of man had no place to lay his head, no place he could count his, as men usually speak of having homes. During his ministry he was dependent much of the time, if not altogether, upon the liberality of others, and yet during all the time he was with us he was the only begotten Son of the Most High.

In the Word we are given a little glimpse of the Father's purpose concerning this Son.

First, as a Son he was and is "the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature."

Second, "All things were created *by* him, and *for* him." "He is before all things, and by him all things consist."

These are wonderful statements, really too great for our finite minds to grasp. We are staggered as we undertake to comprehend what is included in these statements. Look out at night into the starry heavens and behold these shining orbs, suns, and systems of worlds, pursuing their vast cycles in unlimited space. Are these created "*by*" and "*for*" the Son of God? — Yes, and then an infinitude beyond. Strong instruments have been invented to peer still farther into space, by which untold other systems of worlds are discovered to exist hidden from the natural eye of man, and we know these are real worlds. for photo-

graphs have been taken of them. Are these also the result of Christ's creative power, made by the Father *through* him and *for* him? This is what the Book says.

Yea, this vast universe of our Father's, upon a small speck of which we are now tenanted, was built by our infinite God "*for*" his Son. This is what the Word of God says. And did Jesus know this, while he sojourned with us as a poor young man? It seems so; for he prayed near the close of that wonderful life: "All mine are thine, and thine are mine." He was speaking of the men whom God had given him out of the world—a few like Peter, James, and John, who believed on him as God's Son sent into the world to save them. But all "*thine*" certainly included not only those on earth who are God's, but all the people on other worlds, and *all things* made for them of lesser importance than the people themselves. All the riches in glory is comprehended in all "*thine are mine.*"

Thus, although Jesus possessed all things through his inheritance of his Father's name, yet this was considered of small moment compared with the fulfilment of the purpose for which he came into the world—the rescuing of lost souls. Although he was possessed of all things, he became a servant to us to redeem us that we might behold his "*glory, which,*" he prays, "*thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.*" Yes, this world, with all it contains, its gold, its silver, its cattle upon a thousand hills, was created "*for*" his Son, with all the other shining worlds on high.

Is it possible in view of these sublime truths we shall get our eyes focused upon a few *things* of earth, counting them of such great value as to allow them to eclipse the value of possessing all things? Yes, it is possible that we do so, but *shall* we? Not if we comprehend "*things*" of earth in their true relationship to our heavenly treasures.

As sons of God we are joint heirs with Jesus of all he possesses. Let us not forget this. So by faith we may now say, as did he, "All thine are mine," if it be prefaced with "All mine are thine."

A very comforting way of looking at this subject is the manner in which the apostle Paul sums it up in these words: "Therefore let no man glory in men. For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." 1 Cor. 3:21-23.

Although we may now feel the lack of "*things*" in this life of which others may have an abundance, let us be patient; for the time is not far distant when the saints of the Most High shall possess the kingdom, "whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." The important part now is to make "*our calling and election sure.*"

T. E. BOWEN.

### Gleanings from Norwegian History — No. 3

#### St. Olaf and Later Sovereigns

"Then by hand of Olaf sainted,  
Christ's red cross arose."

—Norwegian National Hymn.

OLAF TRYGVESSEN perished in a fight at sea, in the year 1001. Thereupon, two powerful jarls, Erik and Svend, assumed control of affairs, dividing the country between them. Erik soon died, and Svend became sole ruler. In 1015, however, a claimant for the throne appeared in the person of Olaf Haroldson (St.



Olaf), a descendant of Harold Harfagr. Although but a youth, Olaf was successful in driving Svend from the country, and in the same year was crowned king.

At this time, Norway was kept in a state of continual unrest by reason of the antagonism between the Christians and the pagans. During the interregnum, paganism had regained much of the ground previously lost, and it seemed not unlikely that the country would revert to the worship of the old gods. Rome, however, was resolved that if this should occur, the fault should not lie at her door. The new sovereign was a Christian, and moreover, a zealot, so it wanted little urging on the part of the clergy to inspire him with the purpose of completely exterminating paganism. Olaf was undoubtedly sincere in his desire to uplift the cross and to secure for the true God the worship due him, though his zeal may have been not unmixed with the selfish desire of subserving his own ends, in that through the adoption of a single faith, that "more perfect union" might be brought about, which should the better insure the integrity of his kingdom.

So Olaf called upon his people, everywhere, to repent and be baptized; to choose between Thor's hammer and Christ's cross. Now the penalty for choosing Thor's religion—that is to say, for choosing to continue therein—was death. And thereupon, heads fell fast in Norway; for large numbers of the Norse were willing to endure martyrdom rather than forsake the faith of their fathers. Finding his people so obdurate in this matter, Norway's factitious saint determined that torture should add to the horrors of the deaths of the "unconverted." Every refinement of cruelty which the mind of man, Satan-inspired, could devise was, therefore, brought to bear upon the heathen. In this fell work, the cross, the fire, and the serpent all played their part. So was paganism all but eradicated; so was the so-called faith of Him who came that men "might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," made paramount.

But truth to say, the Norwegians were by this time weary of their bloody ruler, and so, in 1028, when Canute the Great, of Denmark, made war against Olaf, they gladly welcomed Canute. Olaf was compelled to flee to Russia. After nearly two years' absence from Norway, he returned, and while striving to regain dominion over his recalcitrant subjects, was slain at the battle of Sticklestad, at the early age of thirty-five years. In 1164, Olaf was proclaimed the patron saint of Norway, with the title of St. Olaf, or St. Olaus.

Olaf Haroldson left one son, named Magnus. This son succeeded to the throne upon the withdrawal of the Danes in 1035. On account of his mild character and monklike habits, he was called Magnus the Good. At his death, in 1047, Magnus was succeeded by his uncle, Harold Hardrada. This king had seen much of war, having served in the wars against the Saracens. In 1066, having undertaken an expedition against Harold II of England, Harold Hardrada was killed in the battle of Stamford Bridge. Dickens describes this battle in "Child's History of England."

And so, like flitting shadows, the kings of Norway succeed one another,—warriors for the main part, and all fearfully prone to violent deaths.

In 1380, at the death of her husband, Hakon VI, Margaret of Denmark became queen of Norway. And seven years later, at the death of her son, Olaf, likewise queen of Denmark. Soon after, she defeated the Swedish king, Albert, and became ruler of that

country also. She endeavored to place the union of the three countries on a permanent basis by the Union of Kalmar, in 1397. After a time, Sweden withdrew from this union, and Norway became, ultimately, a mere dependency of Denmark.

By the Treaty of Vienna (1814) Norway came under the Swedish crown. This was accomplished through the instrumentality of Napoleon's marshal, Bernadotte, then newly chosen crown prince of Sweden. Under the Bernadotte rulers, Norway saw greater prosperity than she had seen for many a year. But gradually, a coldness grew between the two nations, and, moved by the writings of Ibsen, Björnson, Nansen, and other patriots, the Norwegians began to think of complete freedom. This freedom they gained, when, in 1905, they withdrew from the union, and chose Prince Charles of Denmark as their king, with the title of Hakon VII. Although censured severely by the Swedish nobility, for allowing Norway to withdraw unmolested, Oscar II of Sweden adhered firmly to his peace policy. And thus, for the first time in more than five centuries, Norway possesses her own king.

J. FRED SANTEE.

### Timothy\*

STANDING among the company of believers outside the gate of Lystra, whence Paul had been dragged and stoned, was a young man whose name was Timothy. Reared by a godly mother and grandmother, and taught diligently the oracles of God, he had been profoundly stirred by the preaching of Paul and Barnabas, and had learned to love the Saviour whose life had been given a ransom for the human race.

During the few brief weeks while the apostles were laboring at Lystra, Timothy had particularly observed the spirit of the strangers whose lives seemed to be in full harmony with the spiritual truths they taught. He had been quick to discern their unselfish zeal and their singleness of purpose, and in his own heart there had sprung up a desire to emulate the example of the messengers of truth.

Now his hopes seemed suddenly dashed to the earth. If men so strong, so venerable, so courageous, were unable to withstand the wrath of their persecutors, how could he hope to be permitted to teach unpopular truth? His beloved teacher, Paul, lay prostrate before him, seemingly dead, and with him were about to die Timothy's fondest hopes.

What must have been the surprise of the faithful convert to behold his teacher, supposedly dead, showing signs of life! Now he sees him spring to his feet, with the praises of God upon his lips. Oh, the joy that restoration must have brought to the young man standing by! It must have revived his courage, and strengthened his desire to follow in the footsteps of the teacher who had led him to understand as never before the Holy Scriptures.

In the weeks and months that followed, Timothy could not forget that day of days when Paul had been rescued from the hand of the enemy, and restored to the church of the living God. Nor did the young disciple remain inactive when Paul shortly afterward left the city; for when, two years later, the veteran apostle returned to those parts, he learned that Timothy had been very active in teaching others of Jesus of Nazareth, the crucified and risen Saviour. Moreover,

\* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for Dec. 23, 1916, on "Preaching at Lystra and Derbe; Paul's First Missionary Journey Ended" (Acts 14:8-28).



the brethren were speaking highly of the young disciple who had yielded his heart to Christ two years before. So favorably, in fact, was Timothy reported of, that Paul and Silas asked him to accompany them on their missionary tour; and thus Timothy, the son of a Greek father and a Jewish mother, became an associate of the mighty Paul.

The closest of all of Paul's fellow workers (unless it be Luke the beloved physician), Timothy "seems almost identified rather than associated with him," declares Dr. J. S. Howson, in "The Companions of St. Paul," chap. 12. "To Timotheus alone are two extant letters personally addressed; and letters, too, marked with so peculiar a tenderness of feeling, and so minute a mention of details, as to single him out very strongly and definitely as the friend for whom St. Paul's personal preference was the greatest. Whatever intimacy, confidence, and sympathy is implied in the word 'companionship,' is in this case the most intense."

It was the vision of Christ and of the world's need of the saving truths of the gospel, given Saul the persecutor at the gate of Damascus, that spurred him on and on in untiring service for God. It was the vision of unselfish ministry, and willingness to suffer and to die in behalf of truths saving to the soul, that inspired Timothy to endure with hardness, as a good soldier, the privations incident to the gospel ministry. And it is the vision that the youth of today behold, in an understanding of God's purpose for the finishing of his work in the earth, that will inspire young men and young women, whatever their station in life, to do and to dare for the Lord Jesus and for the upbuilding of his kingdom.

C. C. CRISLER.

### A Glimpse of Africa

AFRICA is a wonderful and a beautiful country. In many respects it is a rich country. Its mineral deposits are many and varied, being unsurpassed for richness anywhere in the world. I went down in one of the diamond mines near Kimberley, which is more than three thousand feet deep. Out of the five deep mines being worked at that time, seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of stones in the rough were being taken every twenty-four hours. Prospectors told us there was diamondiferous soil enough in sight to work at that rate for two hundred years. At Johannesburg, in the Transvaal, ten million dollars' worth of gold was being taken out of the mines every month. There are other diamond and gold fields not yet touched, notably those in Basutoland, which is called the Switzerland of South Africa.

The Basutos are among the most intelligent and civilized of all the tribes there, but they have never allowed white people to work the mines, fearing to permit this lest their independence be taken from them; but they do not have sufficient knowledge of mining to work them for themselves. Since the opening of war in Europe, mining operations where we were stationed in South Africa have almost entirely ceased.

Africa has but two seasons, the wet and the dry. From the middle of September to the middle of May are eight months of dry, hot weather, being the summer months. From the middle of May to the middle of September are four months of rainy weather which are the winter months, when it is cooler and damp. Instead of having fire in the houses the people put on more clothing, and keep very comfortable.

When the land of Africa is properly irrigated, it yields fruits, grains, and vegetables in abundance, and three fourths of the flowers of the world are natives of Africa. Many of the most beautiful grow only there.

In the line of education the native people are still in need of everything. They are keen observers of their surroundings, especially of the things of nature. They know every tree, bush, and shrub. They will tell you that something wonderful is going to happen in the world, for everything in nature has changed in the last few years. And when they are told that according to God's Word the Saviour is soon coming to take his children home to live with him, they will say, "That is it."

A goodly number of the sons of chiefs have been sent to European colleges where they have been graduated as doctors, ministers, lawyers, and government officials. These are doing creditable work in their professions. When these same ones go back to Africa, they tell of the great difference between their country and Europe, and when the natives ask the reason for the difference, they say education makes the difference. So "We want to be educated" has become the slogan of the younger generation. Six hundred of these young people went in a body to a school and begged to be admitted, but the school could not possibly take them in, having no way to provide for them. This is pathetic. Any one going there prepared to teach could find plenty of pupils, all eager to learn, not all by any means anxious to learn the gospel, but wanting to learn the white man's way of doing business and making money. Workers there find that the most successful way of reaching the people with the gospel is to offer the children instruction in industrial lines. While giving this instruction they may be taught many Bible truths and principles. It is very desirable for this work to be accomplished before they get entangled in heathen practices of worship, superstition, and polygamy. When a heathen man sees the claims of the gospel, he finds one wife is all God intended a man to have. He may have from three or four to a dozen wives with their children. Then comes the question, What shall he do? There is a way out of it, and God has blessed those who have called upon him for help. The man takes the first wife as the legal one, and divides his property with the others, and sends them back to their friends. But in most cases, for doing this he has to endure a storm of anger and persecution. Not many are brave enough to subject themselves to this treatment.

Not the least wonderful thing about Africa are the ruins of fine old ancient cities, of which not even tradition remains as to who built them or who were the inhabitants. There are, however, plenty of evidences left in them to show that they were built and inhabited by a people highly civilized, with a good knowledge of the sciences and fine arts. We know that at one time the gospel was preached to Africa, for all up and down that continent there are things in the native worship that indicate a past knowledge of the true God. And away down at the end of South Africa there are tribes who still practice circumcision, and we know that rite was taught to the people when the children of Israel were far away to the north in the land of Egypt.

In looking over this vast expanse of country with its millions still in darkness, despite what has been done in the way of missionary effort, it would seem



that the borders of it have scarcely been touched with the tips of our fingers. Poor Africa has been the slave market of the world for centuries, yet we know in the far-away past when our own ancestors were offering human sacrifices on heathen altars in the northern parts of Europe, Christian churches were being raised up in Africa; but they rejected God and his law, and the Lord let them have their choice, and now they are an object lesson showing to what length and depths of degradation humanity will go when God is left out of their reckoning.

MRS. E. B. GASKELL.

### Willing to Sacrifice

ALONG with others who receive the love of the present truth into their hearts, the native African convert is willing to sacrifice for the cause he loves, and give as God prospers him. Of late we have seen some very striking examples of devotion and faithfulness among this people, a few of which we will mention.

About a year ago the writer organized a church over near the Indian Ocean among the Kafirs. This church is wholly a native church, no white people being connected with it. Many of them were, a short time ago, Red Kafirs, who go about with their bodies smeared with red clay, and scantily covered with orange-colored clothing. This church came out of the dense darkness of heathenism when they accepted present truth, and knew but little of God or the plan of salvation. For two or three years their crops have been a failure, their lands have produced but little, so their incomes have been very small indeed; but a short time ago this native church sent to our Union Conference office a check of £55 in tithe which they had been laying aside of their scanty means. In American money this is about \$270, and certainly speaks loudly in favor of the faithfulness of these native believers of the Fish River church.

Another instance of faithfulness came to the writer's notice a month or so ago when visiting one of our mission stations in Rhodesia. We were at Somabula, holding a Bible school with our native workers, when one day a native woman came to the mission carrying on her head a basket of grain. This grain was the tithe of all she had raised, as her crop had been terribly cut with the drought, but gladly and willingly she gave God his own, and had brought it six miles on her head. During this Bible school the old lady whose photograph is shown in the next column, walked fifty miles to the school and fifty miles home, that she might be instructed in the things of God, and know more of the truths for this time.



Willie and Mary on their way to the Bible school

To this same Bible school also came Willie with his wife, Mary, from the Shangani Reserve, to meet with those of like faith. Willie is one of our outschool teachers in that wild, dark region. This couple walked

one hundred miles to Somabula Mission and back home again, carrying the loads here shown. Willie in one hand carried his spear, as a protection against wild animals, and on his shoulder a pole with two heavy packs tied to the ends, as shown in the photograph. Mary carried on her back a heavy baby, and a basket on her head, weighing, we are sure, forty pounds. With these great loads they trudged through the hot sun and over sandy roads this long distance, that they might meet



Walked fifty miles to attend the Bible school

with us in the Bible school. Surely God, who is no respecter of persons, regards the faithfulness, devotion, and sacrifice of these African children of his, and will reward them according to their works. We believe they love God, and God loves them, and if they continue in the good way, they will finally be permitted to enter the home of the blessed.

To bring this needy people to the love of the truth and see them rejoice in it, is a work that satisfies the soul, and binds the missionaries to their labors with bands of steel.

W. B. WHITE.

### Who are Earth's Heroes?

"But ah, what folly! see, he stops to raise a fallen child, To place it out of danger's way, with kiss and warning mild.

A fainting comrade claims his care,—once more he turns aside;

Then stays his strong young steps to be a feeble woman's guide.

And so wherever duty calls, or sorrow or distress, He leaves his chosen path to aid, to comfort, or to bless.

"Speak, history! who are life's heroes?

Unroll thy long annals and say—

Are they those whom the world calls victors,

Who won the success of a day?

The martyrs of Nero? The

Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,

Or the Persians and Xerxes?

His judges or Socrates?

Pilate or Christ?"

OUR missionaries in Tabriz, Persia, have the joy of seeing the first fruits of their service for God in that trying field. Three young women have accepted the truth, and are now in this country. One of them, a Miss Shalim, who taught for several years in the American Presbyterian school at Tabriz, has entered upon the nurses' course at the sanitarium in Melrose, Massachusetts, and the other two have secured employment.

"PAIN is caused by want of thought  
As well as want of feeling."



### For the Finding-Out Club

IT was remarked recently that the Finding-Out Club from its variety of subjects would considerably increase the knowledge of one who would become conversant with every subject presented. The club is designed to inspire versatility; but the questions given this week appeal to the heart more than to the intellect. This, however, does not diminish their value.

As the 2,700 students of the University of Kansas registered this year, they were each handed a neat little pamphlet. The title-page was blank except for the words "Character First." Inside on the next page were the following three simple injunctions:—

"Don't break the home ties!"

"Write that letter *today*!"

"Go to church next Sunday!"

The pamphlet contained a brief personal message from the registrar of the university. "You are here for an education," it said. "Strive to be able to answer the following questions in the affirmative, when your work is done:—

"Has your education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them?"

"Has it made you public-spirited?"

"Has it made you a brother of the weak?"

"Have you learned to make friends and keep them?"

"Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?"

"Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?"

"Do you see anything to love in a little child?"

"Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?"

"Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life?"

"Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?"

"Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?"

"Can you look out in the world and see anything except dollars and cents?"

"Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see anything in the puddle but mud?"

"Can you look into the sky at night and see anything but stars?"

### Members of the Finding-Out Club

Stanley R. Altman	Faye F. Felter
Berna Anderson	Gussie Field-Colburn
W. M. Andress	Mrs. Mary Finn <sup>2</sup>
Mrs. C. M. Babcock	Vera M. Fleming
Laechler T. Barnes <sup>2</sup>	Thelma Aletha Fretz
Gladys Bartholomew	Hilda Mae Gilbert
Harold E. Beasley	Mrs. E. M. Glass
Lillian Beatty	Helen M. Gould
Mary F. Beatty	James C. Hannum
William Beck	Engracia Hensen
Helen Dykstra Beguelin	Herbert Hansen <sup>2</sup>
Hazel Brooks	Mrs. Carlyle B. Haynes
Rose M. Brown	Loretta Heacock
Lavina Burkhalter <sup>6</sup>	Perry G. Hills <sup>2</sup>
Lillian Burrows-Parker <sup>2</sup>	Gertrude Hinds
F. E. Cary	Mrs. Grace Hoover <sup>7</sup>
Donald J. Chaney	Modette Hunt
Charles S. Channing	Virgil Jackson
Lois A. Christian	Mrs. L. A. Jacobs <sup>5</sup>
Harold W. Clark	Orie A. Johnson
Katherine Coleman	Evelyn Karr
Myrtle E. Cooper	Mabel Otey Kelso
Reuben Coquillette	H. O. Kaneko
Clora H. Curtis	Almeda Laing
Ross A. Curtis	Mae C. Laing
C. J. Dart	Ruby E. Lea <sup>3</sup>
Milton Dillon, Jr.	Lolita Leadsworth <sup>3</sup>
Milton K. Dymot	Mrs. W. T. Lewis
Mrs. F. D. Emmons	Mary B. Long <sup>3</sup>
David E. Fay <sup>2</sup>	Mrs. H. C. Lyle
Cora Felker	Norman Lee Marsh

Irene MacDonald  
J. D. MacGinn  
Bernice Mac Lafferty<sup>2</sup>  
Laurence Mac Lafferty  
Mildred Meleen  
Edwin Montgomery  
Mary H. Moore<sup>6</sup>  
Lulu Morehead<sup>4</sup>  
Inez Mortenson<sup>5</sup>  
Athalie Moseley  
Vera Mott  
Bessie Mount<sup>9</sup>  
Mrs. Ruth Mount<sup>3</sup>  
Curtis F. Myers  
Hazel Nary  
Nannie Nelson-Kroehler  
John Newton<sup>2</sup>  
Mrs. Minnie Norman  
Agnes Nystel  
G. Nystel  
Oscar Nystel  
Mrs. Anna Osborn<sup>2</sup>  
Mrs. Josephine Paden<sup>2</sup>  
Pauline Paulson  
Louise Quick  
W. S. Reese<sup>2</sup>  
Mrs. Hattie Robinson  
Frances C. Rosenkrans  
Adeline Rouleau  
Helen Salisbury  
T. D. Sanford

Pauline Sanford  
Eva B. Santee<sup>2</sup>  
Mrs. Belle Schrank  
Laura Sharp  
Elizabeth Shipley  
Hattie M. Shoals<sup>2</sup>  
Stella Teft Shryock  
E. Harold Shryock<sup>2</sup>  
Alfred Shryock<sup>6</sup>  
Lou Smith  
Leota G. Spicer  
Mrs. Blanche Spriggs  
Frank Steuenberg  
Grace M. Steves  
Earle Stiles  
R. R. Sweany  
Eva B. Taylor  
William S. Thomson  
Ity Ruth Thompson  
Elsa Thompson  
W. C. Van Gorder  
Mrs. Robert Wallace<sup>3</sup>  
George F. Webb<sup>3</sup>  
Harold N. Williams  
May Willhelm  
Addie Wilson  
Mrs. Grace C. White  
William E. Whitmore<sup>2</sup>  
Wm. F. Wood  
Susan A. Walde  
Roland Wright



Smiles

THE smile is an asset—but there are smiles and smiles. The *Southern Merchant* (Atlanta) lists some which are to be avoided:—

1. The pitying smile, when the customer signifies a desire to look at a cheaper article than the one first shown.

2. The sarcastic smile, when the customer intimates that she is a more competent judge of her own needs than the clerk.

3. The knowing smile, when the customer says she is buying an electric shaving mug for her "brother."

4. The idiotic or meaningless, vacant, perpetual smile of the clerk who considers a smirk his stock in trade.

5. The bored smile when the customer speaks proudly of the exceptional cleverness of her sister-in-law's second cousin's children.

6. The "Heaven-help-me" smile, exchanged with a fellow employee, when the customer finds difficulty in deciding between two patterns.

### Something New

IF the children come home exhausted from their examinations, it is no wonder. Fancy the mental strain they have undergone to evolve such answers as these, which were selected from those given by New York State pupils in a regents' examination:—

The chamois is valuable for its feathers; the whale for its kerosene oil.

Climate is caused by the emotions of the earth around the sun.

The purpose of the skeleton: something to hitch meat to.

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.



George Washington married Martha Curtis and in due time became the father of his country.

The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana.

The qualifications of a voter at a school meeting are that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks.

Gender shows whether a man is feminine, masculine, or neuter.

Four animals belonging to the cat family are the father cat, the mother cat, and the two little kittens.

"The government of England is a limited mockery," wrote one school child after patient thought.—*Every Week.*

### Pygmies and Their Wives

THE pygmy is a model of domesticity. Although of wandering habits, he cleaves to one wife. As three children are considered an extravagance, he contents himself with two. His worst vice is that he occasionally relieves a neighbor of a fowl or two at night. Perhaps this weakness is some relation to the Southern Negro's affinity for chicken coops.

So shy are pygmies, and so prone to hide in the tree tops or amid thick foliage, that not every African explorer has been able to see them.

Pygmy men, as described by one traveler, are about four feet high. In spite of their brevity of stature, they are more powerfully built than most African races. They are broad-chested, muscular, with short, thick necks, small bullet heads, and massive legs. Their chests are covered with black curly hair. Most of the men wear thick black beards.

So friendly did one tribe become with an explorer that they even brought their wives to see him. The women are comely, attractive little creatures, with skins much paler than the men's. They have the usual flat nose, thick lips, and black curly hair of the Negro. Their eyes are singularly beautiful—so bright, so quick, so restless, that they seem never to light for a second on anything. Smaller than the men, the women are not more than three feet and ten inches in height.

Pygmies cannot become farmers, for they never stay in one place long enough to gather a crop. From the trees they get fruits, nuts, and wild honey. For their meat they shoot buffalo, antelope, monkey, wild pig, and occasionally elephant.

"Often," said A. B. Lloyd, the famous missionary traveler, "they follow a wounded elephant for days, shooting into it hundreds of their little iron-tipped arrows, until the poor creature dies from sheer exhaustion. They then make their little camp all around the carcass, and live upon the flesh as long as it will last, and then away they go again to seek other food."—*Every Week.*

### A Traveling Man's Experience

I HAD been traveling all week, with heavy work. Saturday evening found me at a beautiful Illinois town on Rock River.

Finding comfortable quarters, my thoughts turned to services for the next day. Looking back, it seems to me I never in all my life so desired to be in the house of God and to come in touch and communion with his dear children.

Noticing a church near by, I was told it was the First Methodist, and that it had just been dedicated. There, at the first services, I decided to go. At nine o'clock Sunday morning the bell rang, and I was soon ready. I noticed that people were entering the church

basement, so I followed the company, and found about eighty in attendance. I learned from an aged, saintly looking Scotchman that it was to be a class meeting. He gave a hearty welcome to all and announced the hymn:—

"A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify."

After prayer and another song, the pastor was the first to speak. He said: "I was born in England. My father being a shoemaker, I followed his trade. My father was a Christian, a very quiet, thoughtful man. Often, mornings, he would outline my work for the day, and then not a word would be spoken.

"To our little church there came a great awakening. Many were entering from darkness into light. I was deeply moved, and, at the age of sixteen, after days of prayer I surrendered my heart to God. I felt at once the call to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. With this conviction I worked quietly for two years, keeping my own counsel. Then the call came so strongly I could stand it no longer. Turning to father, I asked if he could let me go.

"I told him frankly I felt a call to the ministry and wanted to get an education. Father said: 'Son, you are not of age. I am poor and unable to help you.' I told him I knew it, and that God, who had called me, would provide; that I wanted to go that day.

"He told me to go, and to take my tools with me, as I might find work somewhere. Then I went home, and told it all to mother, who gave me into God's hands. I went past the old shop to bid father good-by, and started I knew not whither.

"When far down the road, I turned for a look at the old shop and home, where my childhood and youth had been passed. Father came out, calling loudly to me. When he came up, he held in his hand a fifty-cent piece, which he asked me to take; it was all he had. As he passed it to me, my heart felt breaking.

"I went on and on—far into the country. One day I noticed, far across the fields, a beautiful country home. I went to the door, told my story, and asked for work. The lady, who seemed to be interested, gave me work at doing chores. I kept at this steadily. At nights I worked at my trade. So things remained till fall, when I proposed to go on; but the good lady said they had secured an excellent teacher for the district school, and I must remain.

"There I stayed and worked while I prepared for college. The presiding elder took an interest in me, sent me to college, where with his aid and my own work I was able to pull through, and finally was graduated. And here I am to preach to you my first sermon this morning." And the sermon followed.

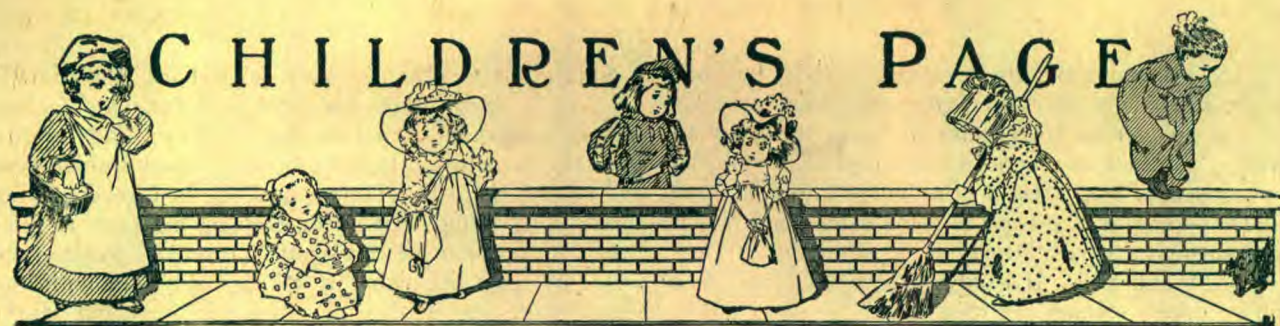
We sang the old hymn: "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms." Several spoke tenderly of God's never-failing love. And so in that little country church passed a forenoon that can never be blotted from memory.—*James M. Davis, in the Christian Herald.*

VICE is a monster of so frightful mien  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—Pope.

"HOPE and courage are essential to perfect service in the work of God. These are the fruit of faith. Despondency is sinful and unreasonable. God is able and willing more abundantly to bestow upon his servants the strength they need for test and trial."—*Mrs. E. G. White.*





## The Promotion of Clifton Grayson

**D**IDN'T you get the promotion, Clifton Grayson?" Theodora asked the question in a strained voice. The eagerness that had been in her face as she watched her brother coming up the walk had merged into disappointment and something closely resembling resentment as he came near enough for her to note the expression of his face.

"No, I didn't; Berkeley got it!" the young man answered crisply as he passed the questioner on the steps and entered the house.

The terse negative sounded almost sullen to Theodora; it certainly was not calculated to allay her rising irritation. She followed him into the house, her lips compressed into a straight, unbeautiful line. They had become almost habitually compressed in the last year—those soft, girlish lips which up to that time had known nothing but tender curves.

A little more than a year previous Theodora Grayson had been a care-free student in an Eastern seminary with a reasonable assurance of happy success before her. She had never known a father's love and protection, he having died in the girl's infancy; but in the Central Western manufacturing town where she had lived all her life, she had left her mother and brother to keep the home going and to make study and work and achievement doubly worth while to the young student. Then, very suddenly, had come a summons home, swiftly followed by a last quiet talk with her mother.

"I want you to stay with Clifton, dear, and make a home for him," the loved voice had whispered in the going-away hour. "I am not forgetting the seminary course, Theo, and I am sorry, but—Clifton needs you. You will see, as time goes on, what I mean, and I know I can trust my girl to do her share." And Theodora had promised.

Clifton was a little less than two years' older than his sister. The two had been graduated from high school in the same class for the boy had not been quite so quick to master the elements of the course as his sister, although his standing was as high. When it was decided that but one of them could continue study beyond the high school, Clifton had generously insisted that it should be Theodora, and had associated himself with one of the largest and most prosperous banks in the home city, while his sister continued her studies in the distant seminary. Then, into the busy, happy lives had come the shadow of parting.

Theodora had no thought or desire to do other than carry out her mother's wish, and immediately set about adjusting herself to the changed conditions, trying to keep the home for her brother just as the mother had done for them both. But as the weeks and months passed, a strange disappointment grew in her heart—disappointment in Clifton. Not that he consciously failed her in any way. He was the same dear, faithful brother he had always been, and his loving pride and confidence in his sister was something beautiful to

see; but, for some reason, he did not seem to progress in his work as Theodora thought he ought to. He was faithful and trustworthy, and his employers spoke strongly in his praise, yet it seemed to his sister that opportunities for promotion passed, one after another, while he remained in the background or at least advanced but slowly. This last promotion was one she had been particularly anxious for him to achieve. It had been hanging in the balance for some time, and each evening Clifton had come home with a growing dread of the questioning and disapproval that was sure to meet his acknowledgment that the goal had not yet been gained. It seemed to him that he had done nothing for months but explain, or try to explain, why it was that he was not so high, seemingly, in the scale as some others who had started when he did. As for himself, he could see a consistent reason for it all, and would have worked on courageously but for Theodora's discouraging view; that was making almost a coward of him.

And on this particular evening the limit of Theodora's patience seemed to have been reached. She tried to take this last failure with at least no greater show of impatience than that with which she had met former ones, or, at any rate, to conceal her discouragement as much as possible from her brother, but his keen eyes read her downcast face clearly.

"I'm sorry, Theo," he said humbly, as they sat down to supper. "I've surely done my best, but sometimes I almost believe luck is against me—"

"Luck!" the girl flashed out impatiently, losing for the moment her self-control. "'Poor luck' is the excuse Mrs. Oleson gives for her miserable bread; but no one else calls it that. We all know that she doesn't know how to bake bread."

Clifton flushed. Theodora had never spoken to him in that way before.

"I'll put my real capability against any of the others in the office," he flung back spiritedly. "And Mr. Whitney said"—then he subsided suddenly. What was the use of trying to change Theodora's opinion of him when he lacked the proof she demanded? He stared moodily across the supper table, seeing not his sister's flushed face, nor the softly waving shrubbery that looked in at the window beyond, but only the three worth-while promotions that had been passed over his head since he began to work. What was wrong, he wondered miserably? Surely he had tried; he had done his best, as he had told Theodora. He would have done anything to win her approbation. It was the sense of her growing disapproval and disappointment in him that had made his evening home-comings an event to be dreaded for months back. Often, too, the feeling had oppressed and hampered him in his work. He began speaking again, thinking to tell Theodora something of all this, but she only shrugged her shoulders and began clearing away the supper things.



"Are you going out this evening, Theo?" he asked as she started up the stairs after finishing her work.

"I'm going over to the church," was the brief answer. "I'm not in a good mood to go anywhere, but I promised to help serve at the banquet tonight."

"Do—do you want me to come after you?" The question was put hesitatingly.

"No, thank you. It's only three blocks, and there will be others coming my way home."

The truth was that Theodora did not want her brother to call for her, as was his habit ordinarily on similar occasions. She was so entirely out of patience that she magnified the conditions to an inconsistent degree, and felt that every one must know that her brother of whom she had hoped to be so proud, was not proving capable; he was not even keeping up with boys who were not half so well equipped mentally as she had supposed him to be. "To think of his letting Harry Berkeley win over him in that advancement!" she said to herself bitterly as she dressed for the evening. "Well, I'm just going to quit caring! I've surely done my share in trying to help him on; I've tried to point out every failing so that he could correct it; I have even made a point of looking for faults, just to help him overcome them, and now, if he doesn't take advantage of my help and get to the head it isn't my fault."

When Theodora came downstairs, Clifton was sitting on the porch railing swinging his long legs mechanically and she passed him without a word. From the house across the street Mr. and Mrs. Burton came, also bound for the church; but Theodora, in her resentful mood, did not wish any company and so held back until they had passed the corner ahead. In fact, she did not want to go to the church at all, but she had promised and felt that she must keep her word, even if she did feel out of harmony with everything.

But when she reached the church, Theodora forced a smile to her lips and greeted the merry company gathered there with her usual winning cordiality; then, as quickly as possible she slipped away from the laughing chatter and busied herself in the arrangement of the tables. She was in no spirit for the light-hearted badinage that usually characterized such occasions. She could not forget the droop of Clifton's broad shoulders, as her swift backward look had shown him to her as she had left him.

It was quite late when the company of young girls, having served their older friends merrily and graciously, themselves surrounded a table spread with appetizing dainties. One place, however, was vacant.

"I wonder why Beth Berkeley went home!" one of the girls said, indicating the empty chair.

"Some company at home, I think she said," another volunteered. "O girls, isn't it splendid about her brother's promotion at the bank?"

Theodora cringed in her chair, all the bitterness of the early part of the evening, which had been gradually slipping away from her in the generally joyous atmosphere, returning fourfold at mention of that promotion. The next instant she heard the same voice continuing:—

"Father says he's surprised, though, that Harry got it, for his qualifications are no better, and not even so good in some points, as some of the others,—as your brother Cliff for instance, Theodora,—although of course he must be capable of filling the position or they wouldn't have given it to him. Father thinks it is Harry's confident manner that gave him the advantage over the others; it sort of reflected itself in those above

him, you see. Harry is very self-reliant, you know."

"Well, he can thank his sister Beth for that," Lillian Blake said quietly, and before Theodora had time to answer the allusion to her brother. "Beth thinks there is no one quite like Harry, and she is forever saying and doing things that go to keep up his faith in himself. Of course she can see his faults and weaknesses, too, and isn't backward in talking them over with him and suggesting ways of overcoming them, but Harry told me once that Beth always made him feel, even when they were discussing some particularly glaring mistake or failure, that he could accomplish anything that he really tried for. He said it was through Beth's faith in him that he was valedictorian of his class in high school, and I have no doubt it has been the same in this instance. There is nothing like a feeling that some one believes in you and thinks you can win, to help one to accomplish things worth while."

"That makes me think of what I heard Mrs. Lester saying at one of the tables tonight," Elsie Moore interrupted. "She was speaking of Mr. Tracey's being sort of 'poor doing' you know—at least some one else had said something about it and she was trying to excuse him, as she always does when any one is accused in any way. She said she thought perhaps Mrs. Tracey rather expected too much of him, unconsciously of course, and that he had to waste a good deal of his vitality and brain force trying to figure out explanations and excuses to her for his failures, and so had only a half supply to put into his work. According to that theory it is very evident that Harry Berkeley has had every ounce of his brain power to use in his scramble to get to the head, for he has had just the opposite treatment from both his mother and Beth."

"But they have certainly expected a lot of him, too; and I have always thought that it was a great spur—the feeling that one must live up to somebody's expectations," said a thoughtful girl who had not spoken before.

"I know, but along with their expectations for Harry, Mrs. Berkeley and Beth take pains to make him feel their faith in his power to eventually reach them; and then, too, they are always patient with his failures, and try to encourage him; I know, for I have been there a good deal." It was Lillian who again spoke, and no one disputed her, for she was Beth Berkeley's most intimate friend.

Theodora had sat silent while the others were talking, every word of the thoughtless conversation sinking deep into her heart. Her face was white and there was a startled look in her eyes. What had she been doing to Clifton all these months under the mistaken idea that she was helping him? she was asking herself.

She slipped out quietly and went swiftly home through the moonlight. Clifton was sitting by the table in the living-room; his shoulders still held the disconsolate droop. He had lighted the reading lamp, but there was no book in his hands; instead, they were clasped loosely between his knees. His forehead was puckered and his eyes looked tired. It hurt Theodora. It seemed to her that for months his forehead had worn those lines and his eyes had held the anxious look. She stole up softly behind him and laid her hands on his head.

"Don't worry, Cliff," she said with the old ring of love in her voice. "What if you didn't get the promotion! It will come in time, for I know you are capable of getting to the head."



Clifton turned quickly, his face transfigured. "Of course it will come, Theo! Thank you for saying that. I wanted to explain—"

But Theo's hand was placed swiftly on his lips.

"Don't explain, dear," she said with a little laugh that held a tremor. "I know there can be a dozen good reasons besides incapability to hold you back," and to herself she added, "and some of the strongest are those I myself placed in his way."

But Clifton had no knowledge of the thought following her words. His face held a high light—a light his sister had not seen there before.

"I feel as if I could reach any height, Theo, when you express your belief in me like that," he said earnestly. Then a moment later, "But I must tell you, little girl, because it is your right to know, caring as you always have, that I have not been quite so slow in advancement as it must have seemed to you,—and to me, too, at times,—for Mr. Whitney told me today that I was fully qualified for this advancement, if the one next in line below me had been fitted to take my place. He said it was hardly fair to me, he knew, but they didn't see any other way but that I must hold my present place until young Holt is able to take it; and that won't be long, for Holt has been making good progress since his illness—it was that that put him back, you know."

How good it was to be sitting there listening to this happy explanation—not in the least like the forced, half-fearful ones she had listened to in the past. Theodora swallowed a little lump in her throat and reached for her brother's hand.

"And I'll help you more than I have, Cliff," she said, realizing for the first time all her mother had implied in those last words: "I know my girl will do her share."—*Sidney Ralston, in Young People's Weekly.*

### ◆ ◆ ◆ In the Cellar

MARGERY, crouching behind a big box, heard the cellar door slam hard behind the other children as they rushed out after looking for her in vain. She laughed to think what a clever hiding place she had chosen, and crept softly across the dim cellar to the door.

"I'll make a dash for the attic now, and keep them guessing," was her gleeful thought as she groped for the knob and gave a shove. But the door would not open. She shoved again, then threw her whole weight against it, panting and puffing; but still it did not yield. No matter what she did, nor how hard she tried, there was not an inch gained. In fact, the door was wedged fast; for a long rain had swelled the wood, and Bob and Kitty, slamming it behind them, had done the rest.

Margery sat down on the step with a little grunt. She wanted to cry, but that did not seem a very wise thing to do. "Maybe I can open the door on the other side," she thought, presently, and began feeling her way again through the gloom. A huge pile of coal had to be crossed to reach the other wall, and when she had climbed over it, it was only to find the door locked, with the key gone.

As Margery, breathing hard, clambered across the black heap again, something soft and silent and furry scrambled past her. "Oh," she cried with a little shriek, "if that was a rat, I *must* cry!" An instant later, though, a soft mew made her laugh aloud; for she knew the furry thing to be Tips, the cat, that had run in after the children and been trapped like her-

self. It was lovely to have company, and she grabbed him and held him tight. "Miaow!" cried Tips, dolefully, to let her know the state of affairs, after which he seemed quite content for a while.

Margery sat on the step holding him, expecting every moment to hear Bob and Kitty racing back to look the cellar through once more. But they did not come, and it grew even darker as daylight faded outside. After a while Margery began to call. She called everybody in the family; but it was very silent upstairs, and nobody answered.

At last the supper bell rang, and Tips, knowing the sound, stopped purring and grew restless. The bell made Margery very hungry, too, and when she heard a tramping of feet overhead, she felt that she could not wait another second.

"Mother!" she called, "Father! Frank! Agnes! Kitty! Bob!" But her little shrill voice was not strong, and after every name Tips gave a loud "Miaow!" so that it all ran together, somehow; anyway, nobody replied.

She could hear the chairs scrape back and dishes begin to clink. Part of the talk she could not hear, but now and then a sentence was quite plain. "Have some strawberry jam," said Brother Frank's big voice, once, and a big tear rolled down Margery's cheek and dropped on Tips's ear. How sad that they should have strawberry jam for tea on the night that she was caught in the cellar!

"Where's Margery?" father's voice said, and Margery's heart leaped. But it sank again; for, though she could not catch mother's answer, she knew what it was. Mother thought her at grandma's, where she took so many teas. And there sat absent-minded Bob and Kitty, not thinking about a thing but their supper!

"Mother!" called Margery for the tenth time, shrilly. "Frank!"

"Miaow!" wailed Tips, dolefully, smelling supper strongly. "Miaow, miaow!"

Upstairs Brother Frank laughed. "The cat's in the cellar," he said. "Who put him in?"

Margery called Frank's name again, but her voice was getting hoarse. "Never mind, Tips," he called back, "you shall be let out after a while!"

But after a while seemed far off to the little prisoner. She thought of knocking,—but no, they would take it for Tips bumping about. To keep up her spirits she began to hum a little tune, scarcely knowing what it was. "I'm a tiny seedling," she sang, "in the dark, dark ground!" Tips purred a soft bass, and her voice mounted higher and clearer as she went on.

"I'm a tiny seedling," she began again, when suddenly the door flew open, and Brother Frank swooped down on her and swung her, cat and all, to his big shoulder. "Well, of all the girls!" he cried, "sitting here in this black hole singing like a canary bird!" He was in the dining-room with half a dozen strides. "Look what I've found! Nose and chin a bit smutty, dress black, cat black, but just as good as new!"

Five minutes later, when Margery, washed and brushed, was enjoying buttered bread spread thick with red jam, and Tips lapped a bowl of cream on the floor, she said, "But how did you ever find out I wasn't a cat?"

"If you'd kept on calling, we couldn't have found out," mother explained, lovingly. "Sounds don't come up from the cellar as well as they go down to it. But you sang, you see."



"And we knew," broke in Bobby, "that Tips couldn't turn a tune if he tried."

"And if I'd cried," said Margery thoughtfully, "you'd never have told me from the cat, and there I'd be now. I guess singing is always best when you're in a cellar."—*Sunday School Times*.



### Victory

(Texts for December 17 to 23)

WHEN studying the texts for this week, meditate carefully upon the following choice selections on "Victory:"—

#### Victory Assured

"The apostle Peter had had a long experience in the things of God. His faith in God's power to save had strengthened with the years, until he had proved beyond question that there is no possibility of failure before the one who, advancing by faith, ascends round by round, ever upward and onward, to the topmost round of the ladder that reaches even to the portals of heaven."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 533.

#### No One Need Fail

"Not one who complies with the conditions will be disappointed at the end of the race. Not one who is earnest and persevering will fail of success. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The weakest saint, as well as the strongest, may wear the crown of immortal glory. All may win who, through the power of divine grace, bring their lives into conformity to the will of Christ. . . . Every act casts its weight into the scale that determines life's victory or defeat. And the reward given to those who win will be in proportion to the energy and earnestness with which they have striven."—*Id.*, pp. 313, 314.

#### No Time for Selfish Living

"In referring to these races [Greek or Roman] as a figure of the Christian warfare, Paul emphasized the preparation necessary to the success of the contestants in the race. . . . The runners put aside every indulgence that would tend to weaken the physical powers, and by severe and continuous discipline, trained their muscles to strength and endurance, that when the day of the contest should arrive, they might put the heaviest tax upon their powers. How much more important that the Christian, whose eternal interests are at stake, bring appetite and passion under subjection to reason and the will of God! Never must he allow his attention to be diverted by amusements, luxuries, or ease. All his habits and passions must be brought under the strictest discipline. Reason, enlightened by the teachings of God's Word and guided by his Spirit, must hold the reins of control."—*Id.*, p. 311.

#### Weights to Lay Aside

"Envy, malice, evil-thinking, evil-speaking, covetousness,—these are weights that the Christian must lay aside if he would run successfully the race for immortality. Every habit or practice that leads into sin and brings dishonor upon Christ, must be put

away, whatever the sacrifice. The blessing of heaven cannot attend any man in violating the eternal principles of right. One sin cherished is sufficient to work degradation of character, and to mislead others."—*Id.*, p. 312.

#### Keep Close Guard

"Paul knew that his warfare against evil would not end so long as life should last. Ever he realized the need of putting a strict guard upon himself, that earthly desires might not overcome spiritual zeal. With all his power he continued to strive against natural inclinations. Ever he kept before him the ideal to be attained, and this ideal he strove to reach by willing obedience to the law of God."—*Id.*, pp. 314, 315.

#### Timber for Character Building

"Not in freedom from trial, but in the midst of it, is Christian character developed. Exposure to rebuffs and opposition leads the follower of Christ to greater watchfulness, and more earnest prayer to the mighty Helper. Severe trial endured by the grace of God develops patience, vigilance, fortitude, and a deep and abiding trust in God. It is the triumph of the Christian faith that it enables its follower to suffer and be strong; to submit and thus to conquer; to be killed all the day long, and yet to live; to bear the cross, and thus to win the crown of glory."—*Id.*, pp. 467, 468.

#### Cooperation with God Means Victory

"The work of gaining salvation is one of copartnership, a joint operation. There is to be coöperation between God and the repentant sinner. This is necessary for the formation of right principles in the character. Man is to make earnest efforts to overcome that which hinders him from attaining to perfection. But he is wholly dependent upon God for success. Human effort of itself is not sufficient. Without the aid of divine power, it avails nothing. God works and man works. Resistance of temptation must come from man, who must draw his power from God. On the one side there is infinite wisdom, compassion, and power; on the other, weakness, sinfulness, absolute helplessness. God wishes us to have the mastery over ourselves. But he cannot help us without our consent and coöperation. The divine Spirit works through the powers and faculties given to man. Of ourselves, we are not able to bring the purposes and desires and inclinations into harmony with the will of God; but if we are 'willing to be made willing,' the Saviour will accomplish this for us, 'casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.'"—*Id.*, pp. 482, 483.

#### He Who Would Overcome Must be Ready

All who long to be among the overcomers should strive day by day to be ready.

"Ready to go, ready to wait,  
Ready a gap to fill.  
Ready for service small or great,  
Ready to do his will.  
Ready to suffer grief or pain,  
Ready to stand the test,  
Ready to stay at home and send  
Others if he sees best.

"Ready to do, ready to bear,  
Ready to watch or pray.  
Ready to stand aside and wait  
Till he shall clear the way.  
Ready to seek, ready to warn;  
Ready o'er souls to yearn;  
Ready in life, ready in death;  
Ready for his return."



**MEDITATION.**—The final victory will be certain if I let God have full control of my heart. My heart is the Waterloo where the victory must be won. My part is not to fight, but to give God full control of the battle field, and to obey his commands. There is no good reason why I should not be victorious; for God never loses. But I need to pray to be willing always to let God give me the victory. The march to victory will lead through Gethsemane and up to Calvary. I do pray each day for grace to say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." I want my watchword to be "Victory,"—victory over every sin today and every day.

**SPECIAL PRAYER.**—We cannot help others to gain an experience which we ourselves do not possess. This will be true of those who are now preparing for Missionary Volunteer work. They need our prayers. So, while we pray for victory in our own lives, let us ask God to greatly bless those who are planning to devote their lives to working for the young people. God has a great work for this class to do, freighted with responsibility. Let us pray that they may have such a daily experience as will make them fit vessels for the Master's use now as well as when they are ready to go into the field to labor.

M. E.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending December 23

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 December.

#### The Bible Year

##### Assignment for December 17 to 23

December 17: Revelation 6, 7.  
December 18: Revelation 8, 9.  
December 19: Revelation 10, 11.  
December 20: Revelation 12 to 14.  
December 21: Revelation 15, 16.  
December 22: Revelation 17, 18.  
December 23: Revelation 19, 20.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for December 14.



### XII — Preaching at Lystra and Derbe; Paul's First Missionary Journey Ended

(December 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 14:8-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." Acts 14:22.

#### Questions

1. Who is mentioned especially as one who heard Paul preach at Lystra? Acts 14:8.
2. How did the apostle look at him? What did he perceive? Verse 9.
3. What did Paul say to him? What did the cripple immediately do? Verse 10. Note 1.
4. How did this miracle affect the people? Verse 11.

5. What names were given to Paul and Barnabas? Verse 12.

6. What did the people wish to do? Verse 13.

7. How did the apostles try to prevent this idolatrous worship? What did they say of themselves? To what God were they directing the people? Verses 14, 15.

8. What had the nations done in the past? Yet what witness of God's love had been sent them? Verses 16, 17. Note 2.

9. How were the people affected by what Paul said? Verse 18.

10. Who afterward came to Lystra? What did these visitors do? How was Paul treated? Verse 19. Note 3.

11. What took place as the believers stood about him? What did Paul do the next day? Verse 20. Note 4.

12. After preaching in Derbe, to what cities did the apostles return? Verse 21.

13. What did they do for their converts? Verse 22.

14. How did they help the churches? Verse 23.

15. Through what provinces did they now pass? Verse 24.

16. From what port did they sail to Antioch in Syria? Verses 25, 26.

17. What did they rehearse to the church? How long did they remain in Antioch? Verses 27, 28.

#### Questions for Diligent Students

1. Trace the first missionary journey of Paul from the time he left till he returned to Antioch.

2. Give some facts about Jupiter and Mercurius whom the people worshipped.

3. What young man was converted at Lystra who afterward became a worker with Paul?

4. Where is the record of healing another man who had never walked?

#### Notes

1. "Paul threw the energy of his whole being into the command, 'Stand upright on thy feet!' He sprang up with a bound, and then continued to walk with restored vigor."—*Peloubet*.

Paul's attention was drawn to the cripple, for the man's faith shone out in his face. He earnestly desired to be healed, and his faith made it possible for him to receive the blessing.

2. "His witness is everywhere. Rays of light are refracted through drops of water, and the rainbow hangs in the sky. It is God's witness. The trees of the orchard hang full of ripened fruit, colored and tinted with color combinations no hand can reproduce. It is God's witness. The fields of grain bow in golden waves as the gentle breeze touches them lightly. It is God's witness. The storm king summons his forces, and rushes forth with a fury and menace that strikes fear to the unthinking. It is God's witness, for, 'The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters.'"—*Practical Commentary*.

3. "Paul was stoned,—not hurried out of the city to execution like Stephen, the memory of whose death must have come over Paul at this moment with impressive force; but stoned somewhere in the streets of Lystra,—and then dragged through the city gate and cast outside the walls, under the belief that he was dead. This is the occasion to which the apostle afterward alluded in the words, 'once was I stoned' in that long catalogue of sufferings. . . . 'Always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in his mortal flesh.' On the present occasion . . . by the power and goodness of God he rose from a state of apparent death as if by a sudden resurrection.

He had found some willing listeners to the truth, some 'disciples' who did not hesitate to show their attachment to their teacher by remaining near his body, which the rest of their fellow citizens had wounded and cast out."—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul*, Conybeare and Howson, p. 171.

4. "In the midst of their lamentations, the apostle suddenly lifted up his head, and rose to his feet, with the praise of God upon his lips. . . . Among those who had been converted at Lystra, and who were eyewitnesses of the sufferings of Paul, was one who was afterward to become a prominent worker for Christ, and who was to share with the apostle the trials and the joys of pioneer service in difficult fields: This was a young man named Timothy. When Paul was dragged out of the city, this youthful disciple was among the number who took their stand beside his apparently lifeless body, and who saw him arise, bruised and covered with blood, but with praises upon his lips because he had been permitted to suffer for the sake of Christ."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 184, 185.

OUR motto should not be, "I can be what I will," but "I will be what I can."—*T. J. Bassett*.

"You need not pack any worries; you can find plenty anywhere on the road."



# The Youth's Instructor

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## A True Test

WHEN in doubt as to the profitableness of a pleasure or pursuit, why not apply the test given by the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind? Once an English friend found her sitting by the seashore with her Bible on her knee looking out upon the glory of the sunset. The two talked together for a time, and then came the oft-repeated question, "O Madame Goldschmidt, how is it you abandoned the stage at the very height of your success?"

The sweet singer quietly answered, "When every day it made me think less of this [laying a finger on the Bible], and nothing at all of that [pointing to the sunset], what else could I do?"

## Twelve Great Rules for Success

Marshall Field and Company's Rule Book

1. Be cleanly and neat in appearance, avoiding extravagance and display. Girls will avoid all extreme styles in hairdressing. Men will avoid unusual color combinations of hosiery and neckwear, and loud, flashy apparel.

2. Be courteous to every one—customers, and employees who work near you.

3. Be cheerful. Customers will respond to cheerfulness on your part, and this makes every transaction of the day pass more easily and pleasantly for all concerned.

4. Avoid gossiping.

5. Use of gum, tobacco, candy, fruit, nuts, or lunch of any kind while on duty is prohibited.

6. Say "we" instead of "I" in referring to matters other than those of a strictly personal nature.

7. Misrepresentation of merchandise is suicidal to any business. We must insist that you never misrepresent any article under any circumstances. Neither will you guarantee wear or color.

8. Become conversant with all portions of the store, if possible.

9. Make no promises which cannot absolutely be fulfilled.

10. Indifference on the part of employees is a very serious blight in any business. Sales people will endeavor to serve customers immediately. If all are busy, the one nearest will request the customer to be seated.

11. See that every customer in every transaction is treated in a manner indicating that that immediate transaction is the chief point of interest in your mind.

12. The way in which a telephone message is sent indicates to quite an extent the character of the sender. A business house whose telephoning is quick, bright, to the point, and clear in its enunciation conveys an impression which is always good. Let us throughout the whole house excel in telephoning.

## Helping Belgium

THE American engineer who organized the relief work of Belgium is Mr. Henry Hoover. Through his effort England gives \$5,000,000 and France \$4,500,000 a month to the unfortunate Belgians, while the United States has given \$7,000,000 in all.

It is interesting to note how Mr. Hoover secured his monthly allowance from France. According to *Everybody's Magazine* it came in this way:—

"Mr. Hoover went to the French premier and said: 'I must have some money for the relief of the Belgians;' and the premier answered: 'But we have a war ourselves; we have destitute people of our own. How much do you think you should have from us?'

"And he replied, 'I think we should have twenty-two million francs a month from you until the war is over.' And the premier said, 'Oh, my, we have not the money! But I will see the banks; I will see what can be done.'

"The next day a letter came saying: 'Dear Mr. Hoover, please find check for twenty-two million francs. I beg you will acknowledge it,' signed by the premier of France. And each month the same check has come.

"He said to me, with a glow: 'Do not believe that the American flag is not respected abroad. If any one ever tells you that, tell him to go to Brussels and stand in front of the United States Legation and see the Belgian as he passes take off his hat to the Stars and Stripes.'

## Prohibition Victories

FOUR new States entered the prohibition ranks on November 7, Michigan, Montana, Nebraska, and South Dakota. Utah by electing a dry governor and a dry legislature virtually placed itself in the prohibition ranks; for the last legislature passed a State-wide prohibition measure by an 8 to 1 vote; but the measure was vetoed by the governor.

Alaska, too, becomes dry territory.

Kansas City, Missouri, went dry, though the State remains wet.

Hon. Oliver W. Stewart, of Illinois, summarizes the advances made by the prohibitionists as follows:—

John Barleycorn was hard hit last Tuesday. Never before did he receive, on one day, such staggering blows. He was beaten, bruised, and battered at the polls in many States. In Michigan, he was knocked down and his mangled remains trampled into the earth. The voters of Nebraska ran over him relentlessly. He was left unconscious on the prairies of South Dakota. He was banished from valley and plain in Montana. Utah decreed his death. Florida elected a governor and legislature, which will provide for his funeral.

His effort to break into prohibition States, as in Arkansas, Arizona, Washington, and Oregon were resisted successfully by people standing staunchly for prohibition.

The only landslide in 1916 was the national landslide against the alcoholic drink traffic.

Even in California, where prohibition seems to have lost, defeat came only after a hard-fought contest. Only in Missouri did the liquor traffic conduct a successful retreat. In that State, the influence of St. Louis has kept the commonwealth on the wet side, despite the fact that Kansas City redeemed itself by going dry.

It was a great day for the prohibition army. So sweeping was the victory that the daily papers, though engrossed by the close Presidential contest, gave large attention to it. *It was a famous victory.*