

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIV

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No. 51

Mother's Christmas Gift

It never comes to Christmas but I think about the times
We used to save our pennies and our nickels and our dimes;
And we bunched them all together; even little baby brother
Put in something for the present that we always gave to
mother.

We began to talk about it very early in December.
'Twas a very serious matter to us children, I remember.
And we used to whisper nightly our suggestions to each other,
For by nothing cheap and tawdry could we show our love for
mother.

Hers must be a gift of beauty, fit to symbolize her ways;
It must represent the sweetness and the love that marked
her days.

It must be the best our money, all combined, had power to buy,
And be something that she longed for; nothing else would
satisfy.

Then it mattered not the token, once the purchase had been
made,

It was smuggled home and hidden and with other treasures
laid.

And we placed our present proudly in her lap on Christmas
Day,

And we smothered her with kisses and we laughed her tears
away.

It never comes to Christmas but I think about the times
We used to save our pennies and our nickels and our dimes.
And the only folks I envy are the sisters and the brothers
Who still have the precious privilege of buying for their
mothers.

—Edgar A. Guest, in the *American Boy*.



The Harvest Ingathering goal for the Emmanuel Missionary College this year was \$500. By October 24, the church treasurer had received \$533.96.

Two million dollars will be spent to establish in some enterprising Southern city a duplicate of the Chautauqua institution that has grown up on the shores of Lake Chautauqua in New York.

Germany has notified Holland that, as a reprisal for Norway's refusing German submarines the freedom of her territorial waters, Holland must not use German iron in repairing Norwegian ships, or Germany will not permit iron to be shipped to Holland.

On October 24 Mr. Ford, automobile manufacturer, announced that he had decided to place women employed in his factories on the same wage level as the men. This applies to the main factory at Detroit and also to branch factories. About fifteen hundred women are involved.

The speediest printing press in the world, having an hourly capacity of 65,000 newspapers, has been completed for the New York *Herald*. The new press embodies a vast number of improvements, so that in spite of its tremendous speed the attention it requires is even less than that of the ordinary newspaper press. It delivers papers folded into either 8, 16, or 32 pages. Over two hundred inventions are incorporated in the mechanism of the machine.

Mr. William A. Mackay, a mural decorator of New York, says the periscope of the submarine to be made invisible should not be painted blue to simulate the color of the ocean, but should be painted green and violet. The navy has adopted the suggestion and is now painting both the body and the periscope of submarines in these fantastic colors. The vibration of the colors on a ship in motion so affects the optic nerve that it produces a sea-blue color.

The Suicide

AFTER six months they found his body in the grove. He did not kill himself because of poverty, for the indications were that he had been a well-dressed man. In one of his pockets was found a gold watch, with the initials "C. A. C." on the back of the case. On one of the fingers of his right hand was a gold ring. This was the hand which held the 38-caliber revolver with which he had shot himself. His left hand was closed about the telltale whisky bottle.

L. L. CAVINESS.

Ten Brain Teasers

HERE are ten little brain teasers. Supply the answers from what you know about the well-known places or personages in the Bible.

A letter of the alphabet and the home of a wild animal. (E-den.)

A plant which gives us sugar.

What we call the last part of the day.

A letter of the alphabet and what is built to make a lake of a river.

The opposite of yes and an exclamation.

A bird and a part of an ear of corn.

A wise man who built a great temple.

What children do when they are sleepy.—*Selected.*

"Youth's Instructor" Bible Premiums

FOR several years the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has offered Bibles as premiums in connection with subscriptions. These Bibles have been good values for the prices charged. As far as we know they have given satisfaction.

The Bible publishers inform us that the cost of Bible paper has increased 110 per cent this year, and the cost of the leather used in binding is 70 per cent higher than it was early this year. These conditions have made it necessary for them to charge us much more for these Bibles than we have been paying.

Because of the advanced price to us we cannot continue to offer Bibles as premiums with the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR at the advertised rates. Therefore, all present Bible offers as premiums will be withdrawn Jan. 1, 1917. The reason we do not withdraw the offer at once is because we believe it only right to give our friends due notice of such changes.

Novel Dormitories

BLACKBURN COLLEGE, Carlinville, Illinois, offers an education on such reasonable terms that it is unable to provide dormitory room for all applicants. Fortunately two Pullman cars were discarded by their owners because they were not strong enough for passenger service. "These were procured and dragged to the college campus. Then a few practicable essentials were added, foundations of brick, sewerage and electric lights and hot water installed, and the earnest student could hope for no additional comforts.

"Forty earnest young students (male) moved into one, and thirty more earnest students (female) ensconced themselves in the other, which has the advantage of a large observation room. Both cars have two bathrooms each, and two large drawing-rooms, where the students keep their clothes."

Tithing in Siam

ONE of the elders in the Tap Teang church, Siam, is a firm believer in tithing. During the recent floods in his section of the country his rice field, as well as that of his unbelieving neighbor, was almost covered by the water. It seemed a complete loss to the Christian, although there was some hope that the neighbor's could be saved. But the elder believed it was his duty to keep on tithing in spite of the loss, and he now feels he has reaped the reward of his sacrifice, for when the harvest time came he found the crop the largest he had ever had. The neighbor's field was a complete failure. Now the elder says that God opened the windows of heaven, according to his promise, as a reward for his trust in giving his tithe.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 19, 1916

No. 51

A New Year

I WANT a new year. New things are not patched.
So would I start my year all finely whole,
No gaps of dull omissions meanly closed
With poorly fitting fragments of dispatch;
No mendings of ignoble afterthought,
But all one piece of steady warp and woof,
A year entire as all my years should be.

I want a new year. New things are not worn,
Not thin in places, ragged here and there,
And loose bits hanging down; no year all frayed
With fears and worries, bare before its time;
But firm and confident, a brave new year.

I want a new year. Do not new things shine?
Do they not shimmer in the dancing light?
Are they not smooth and gracious to the touch?
Is it not joy to take them from the box,
And shake them out in tumbling, happy folds,
And hold them up for all men to admire?
So, with a burst of joy, my glad new year.

I want a new year. Ah, but new things cost!
Well, I will pay the price of this new year:
The price of patience, and the price of time;
The price of prayers ascending to the God
Who was before all years began to be,
And will be through the new years as the old;
The price of partings from the lower aims,
Of staunch adhesion to the rugged best;
The price of life!

I cannot pay the price.
Pay thou for me, O Christ, my brother Christ!
Be thou my patience, and be thou my prayer;
Be thou my strength of hard, laborious will.
From out thine endless ages with my God
Bring newness to this little year of mine.
So shall it be thy year and not mine own,
Yet doubly mine, as I shall dwell with thee;
Yes, doubly mine as through it I shall pass
To thine eternity forever new.

—Amos R. Wells, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

Go Forward

How to Live the New Year

WE should not live any year merely as well as we lived the year before. There are people who really never advance in anything. They do their common taskwork this year as they did it last, certainly no better. They keep the same habits, faults and all. They become no more intelligent, no more refined. They seem never to have a new thought, to learn a new fact, to become more useful among men. They grow no more patient, gentle, or sweet. They take no larger place in the community, count for no more, are no more useful among their fellows. They read no new books, make no advance in knowledge. Their conversation consists of the same old commonplaces, they tell the same little jokes over and over. In their religious life they do not grow. They know God no better, have no more trust in time of trouble, love no more, live no more helpfully, never get to know their Bible any better. They quote only the same two or three verses which they learned in childhood. If you hear them often, you will get to know their prayers by heart. They live the same pitifully narrow religious life at fifty, at sixty, which they were living at twenty. They simply go round and round the mountain, never climbing up to any loftier height as they journey. They never get the wider look they would get by ascending as they plod. . . .

St. Paul teaches us the same lesson in a remarkable passage in one of his epistles. He gives us a glimpse of the ideal life, the perfect life in Christ. He says frankly that he himself has not yet attained this sublime height, has not reached the best. "Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect." But this unattained life he does not regard as unattainable, — he will come up to it sometime. "I press on." . . . He was in prison now, but prison walls were no barrier to his progress. He tells us, too, the method of his life. The two words which contain the secret of his noble career were "forgetting," "reaching."

Things to Forget

There were certain things that he forgot. Look at this a moment, for the word contains for us a secret we

must learn if we would make progress. "Forgetting the things which are behind." "Remembering" is a favorite Bible word. We are constantly exhorted to remember, and urgently counseled not to forget. It is perilous to forget—to forget God, to forget the divine commandments. We are not to forget our past sinful condition, lest we grow proud. We are not to forget God's goodness and mercy, lest our love shall grow cold. But there is a sense also in which our only hope is in forgetting. We never can get on to higher things if we insist on clinging to our past and carrying it with us. We can make progress only by forgetting. We can go forward only by leaving behind what is past.

For instance, we must forget our mistakes. There are many of them, too. We think of them in our serious moods, at the close of a year, when we are forced to review our past, or when some deep personal experience sets our life before us in retrospection. We sigh, "Oh, if I had not made that foolish decision, if I had not let that wrong companionship into my life, if I had not gone into that wretched business which proved so unfortunate, if I had not blundered so in trying to manage my own affairs, if I had not taken the bad advice which has led me into such hopeless consequences, how much better my life would have been!"

Some people keep compassing regretfully the mountains of their one year's mistakes through all the following year. They do little but fret over their errors all the months which they ought to make bright with better things, nobler achievements, loftier attainments. But what good comes of it? Worry undoes no folly, corrects no mistakes, brings back nothing you have lost. A year of fretting sets you no farther forward. The best use you can possibly make of last year's blunders is to forget them, and then from the experience get wisdom for this year. Remembering them, keeping them before you in painful regret, will only make you less strong for avoiding them hereafter. To err is human. We learn by making mistakes. Nobody ever does anything perfectly the first

time he tries it. The artist spoils yards of canvas and reams of paper in mastering his art. It is the same in living. It takes most of a lifetime to learn how to do work passably well.

There is a way also by which our mistakes may be made to work good for us. We can so deal with them that they shall be made to yield good instead of evil. We know well that many of life's best things in character and attainment have come out of follies. We owe far more than we know to our blunders. . . .

Forget your blunders, put them into the hands of Christ, leave them with him to deal with as he sees fit, and he will show them to you afterward as marks of loveliness, no longer as blunders, but as the very elements of perfection.

We should forget our hurts. There are hurts in every life. Somebody did you harm last year. Somebody was unkind to you, and left a sting in your memory. Somebody said something untrue about you, talked malignly of you, misrepresented you. You say you cannot forget these hurts, these injuries, these wrongs. But you would better. Do not cherish them. Only worse harm to you will come from keeping them in your memory and thinking about them. Do not let them rankle in your heart. The Master forgot the wrongs and injuries done to him, and you have not suffered the one-thousandth part of the things he suffered in this way. He loved on as if no wrong had been done to him. . . . But hurts forgotten in love become new adornments in the life. A tiny grain of sand in a pearl oyster makes a wound; but instead of running to a festering sore, the wound becomes a pearl. So a wrong, patiently endured, mastered by love, adds new beauty to the life.

We should also forget our attainments, the things we have achieved, our successes. Nothing hampers and hinders a man more than thinking over the good or great things he has done in the past. . . . Each year must have its own adornments. However fine any past achievements of ours may have been, they should be forgotten and left behind. We are to go on to perfection, making every year better than the one before. Dissatisfaction with what we have done spurs us ever to greater things in the future.

We should forget also the sins of the past. . . . Do we not believe in the forgiveness of our sins, when we have repented of them? God tells us that our sins and our iniquities he will remember no more forever. We should forget them, too, accepting the divine mercy, and since they are so fully forgiven by our Father, our joy should be full. . . . Turn your penitence into consecration. Burn out the shame of your past evil in the fires of love and new devotion. . . .

Things to Remember

The beginning of the new year is a most fitting time for renewed interest in Christian work. . . . Is any one of us satisfied with the measure of work we have done for Christ during the past year, for example? "To every man his work," is the rule of the kingdom. The work of the church is not meant to be done by any few rare souls merely. Some portion of it is to be done by each one, and that portion is not transferable. No one can do your work for you, for each one has enough of his own to fill his hands. No one can get any other to do his allotted task for him. All any one can do is his own little part. Are there any of us who have done nothing?

We need not press the question for the past, for what has not been done in its time cannot be done now.

The hands that have been idle through a past year can do nothing in the new year to make up the lack. If you have left a blank where there ought to have been beautiful work done, there can be only a blank there forever. You cannot fill it now. Toil as you will any new year, you cannot make the year you left empty anything but empty. We cannot go back over our life and do omitted or neglected duties. Shall we not cease going round and round in the same little grooves, and set our faces toward God and heaven? . . .

We never should forget with what sympathy heaven looks down upon us continually. God is not a hard master. He knows how frail we are. He remembers that we are dust. Therefore he is patient with us. He judges us graciously. If we try to do our best, though we seem to fail, marring our work, he understands and praises what we have done. With such a Master we should never lose heart, never grow discouraged, never become depressed, never let gloom or bitterness into our heart, but should always keep brave, hopeful, sweet, forgetting the past, and stretching forward, knowing that no life that is true to its best can ever fail.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

Signs of Christ's Coming — No. 1

For centuries the church of Christ has looked forward to the time when the Saviour would return. Prophets and poets have spoken and written of that glad day. Nations have come and gone. Generation after generation of men has passed away. Yet the time will come when the last nation shall arise and the last generation of men shall stand upon the earth.

Have we reached that time? Have we reason to believe that, of all the millions that have populated the earth, we are to be the favored ones, and are to witness the greatest event in the history of mankind?

God in his goodness has given all an opportunity to know when he will return. He has written many prophecies in his Word foretelling that event. In every human experience he has displayed signs that will impress the honest-hearted and show them when his coming is near.

The business man sees crises in the financial world that unnerve him; the minister of the gospel notes the declension of religious zeal and true conversion in his congregation; the tiller of the soil views the fruits of his toil swept away by flood, frost, or drought; the laborer in the mill and shop groans under the burden of long hours of wearing work with but a pittance in return; rulers look with alarm upon the unrest of their subjects.

"Everywhere in this vast world is seen a great awakening. Statesmen, industrial leaders, and even observant tourists confirm the statement of Mr. John R. Mott that 'in all history there has not been a period when such vast multitudes of people were in the midst of stupendous changes—economic, social, educational, and religious.' The events indicating this ferment have been chronicled in our newspapers and emphasized in speeches and books until they scarcely arouse even intellectual excitement any longer."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate, Oct. 18, 1911.*

The tremendous struggle which is now raging in Europe is turning the minds of multitudes to the corruptions that exist in the world. The form of religion which many have wrapped about them has been torn off. So-called Christian nations have failed to show evidences of Christianity in their dealings. The war itself came as a surprise to a large class who thought the possibility of a war between civilized nations was out of the question. Theories of an armed peace have

largely faded; and even the hope of future peace has been badly shaken in many minds.

There is scarcely a condition in the world that the Word of God has not accurately delineated. It is well for the believers to review the prophecies and warnings that are sent to the church. By studying these messages the Christian may know the times in which he lives, and be freed from the fear and uncertainty that are in the world.

A contributor to the *Christian Observer* (Presbyterian), of Nov. 5, 1913, writes:—

"Intelligent believers who study prophecy, clearly see that this age witnesses a great falling away and that the great prophetic apostasy is now prevailing in secular learning, higher criticism, and worldliness throughout all Christendom."

The writer then counsels the readers to "emphasize the blessed hope of the Lord's coming." "We should proclaim this so much the more as we see the day approaching in signs that fill the earth and cloud the heavens. This is the polestar of our hope." Thus the Lord is stirring up the people.

Signs in the Sun, Moon, and Stars

When our Saviour stood upon this earth two thousand years ago, he pointed out three special signs that would mark the nearness of his second advent. These announcements are of such a character that they cannot consistently be denied. They were hung in the heavens far out of reach or control of men. They are the A B C of last-day prophecies, the threefold witness to the certainty of Christ's word.

"Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven."

After viewing the first two of these signs, a poet says:—

"Meantime the earth gave symptoms of her end;
And all the scenery above proclaimed
That the great catastrophe was near.
The sun, at rising, staggered and fell back,
As one too early up, after a night
Of late debauch; then rose, and shone again,
Brighter than wont; and sickened again, and paused
In zenith altitude, as one fatigued,
And shed a feeble twilight ray at noon.

The moon
Swaggered in midst of heaven, grew black and dark,
Unclouded, uneclipsed."

—"The Course of Time," by Pollok, pp. 140, 141.

Though this poet died in 1827, he looked forward in faith, and wrote of the last of these three signs:—

"The stars fell down,
Tumbling from off their towers like drunken men,
Or seemed to fall; and glimmered now, and now
Sprang out in sudden blaze, and dimmed again,
As lamp of virgin lacking oil.
The heavens, this moment, looking serene; the next
Glowed like an oven with God's displeasure hot."

Again, he asks:—

"Why fall the lamps from heaven as blasted figs?"

Speaking of the dark day, Senator Ashurst, in a speech on the floor of the United States Senate, Oct. 8, 1914, said:—

"When the famous dark day occurred in New England on May 19, 1780, it was the common belief that the end of the world had come."—*Congressional Record*, Oct. 8, 1914.

The "famous dark day" and subsequent night when the moon became as blood, are well substantiated by historical records. And the falling of the stars in 1833 is no less so; one quotation will be sufficient to show this:—

"We now come to by far the most splendid display on record. It occurred on the thirteenth November, in 1833,

and was the third in successive years on the same day of the month, which now seemed to invest the meteoric showers with a periodical character. Hence they have been called the November meteors. Its chief exhibition was from longitude 61 degrees on the Atlantic Ocean, to 100 degrees in Central America; and from the North American lakes to the West Indies. Over this wide area an appearance presented itself far surpassing the most grand and imposing artificial fireworks. An incessant play of the most brilliant luminosities was kept up in the heavens for several hours. Some of these were of considerable magnitude and peculiar form. One of large size remained for some time almost stationary in the zenith over the falls of Niagara, emitting streams of light. The wild dash of the waters, as contrasted with the fiery uproar above them, formed a scene of unequaled sublimity. In many districts the mass of the population were terror-struck, and the more enlightened were awed at contemplating so vivid a picture of that described in Rev. 6:13. A planter in the South thus describes the effect of the scene on the ignorant blacks: 'I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ear. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the Negroes of three plantations, amounting in all to six or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause, I heard a faint noise near the door, calling my name. I arose, stood at the door, and soon heard the same voice again, beseeching me to arise, and saying, "O my God, the world is on fire!" I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me the most—the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed cries of the Negroes. Upward of one hundred lay on the ground; some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, and with hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful, for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell toward the earth, east, west, north, and south.'—*"Home Memories,"* pp. 396, 397.

These signs in the sun, moon, and stars prove conclusively that they are the ones mentioned by Christ, for they came at the time appointed. The sun was to be darkened during the latter part of the 1260-year period of persecution and tribulation. These days ended in 1798. The sun was darkened in the year 1780.

There have been dark days before in history, and also falling stars. But never before has one generation of men seen all three of the signs foretold by Christ, since he spoke the prophecy. The generation that was to see these phenomena was to know that the end is near, even at the door. As these things have come to pass, we look forward with faith, expecting the soon coming of our Lord and Saviour.

But these are not the only tokens of Christ's appearing in the clouds of heaven. As the second advent draws near there is an ever-increasing number of signs. The world now seems full of them. Such a tremendous event as the destruction of the world will not come without ample warning to the sons of men.

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.

A Solemn Time

WE are living today in a solemn time,
Such ne'er has been before;
Men's hearts are "failing them for fear:"
The Judge is at the door.

CHORUS:—

Many are the souls today seeking for truth,
Trying now their lamps to trim;
Hasten, then, ye heralds of the "coming King,"
Let not a light grow dim.
Even at the door, even at the door,
The Judge is at the door.

The time of angry nations now has come,
With distress upon the scene;
The righteous dead are being judged,
That their reward be seen.

The heavenly temple is opened wide,
The glorious ark is seen,
Wherein God's holy law is kept
Between the cherubim.

Souls blindly grope in the dark for truth;
Direct them to this door,
And the clear light shining from the throne
To guide us evermore.

ELIZABETH MAC HUGH.



Experiences Among Indians About Lake Titicaca, Peru

SINCE March of the present year, I have been in Plateria, and each day has given me inexpressible satisfaction. Never has life shown itself to me more desirable. There are three special reasons for this; namely, I am in an active field of labor; I have a part in this labor; and I have seen fruits of my service.

I am teaching in the school here. This work is a change for me from nursing, and I greatly enjoy it. The splendid progress of these dear Indians, so long neglected, is an inspiration to me. Many an American might well be put to shame to see with what diligence, and, in many cases, under what difficult circumstances, they study.

There are matriculated up to the present time one hundred and fifty, coming from a radius of twelve miles of the mission. The amount of grading, as yet, consists of what would be equal to the sixth grade in the States, with the exception of Bible.

Two young men from this school have been sent to take charge of other schools consisting of from thirty to fifty pupils, and with God's blessing they are having success. As the work is pressing, others are soon to follow.

It is most wonderful how courageous these young men prove themselves to be. One has been threatened at his door by Catholic priests, saying they would kill him and burn the school. But he did not fear; he trusted in God, as he afterward expressed it, and no harm came to him.

In another case, father desired to send a young man to teach in a certain place, but the man was held back by his wife's unwillingness to go. This young man, instead of yielding to this opposition, asked father to talk with his wife, so that she would consent to his answering this call. Father did so, with the result that the young man's wife and child accompanied him to his work, taking all their possessions. Through his faithfulness many souls are being brought to the fold of Christ.

My time being well taken up with school work, I have not given much attention to medical work, although I am learning the science of pulling teeth, of which I had no knowledge heretofore. I find there are opportunities to develop in certain lines that would be difficult to find elsewhere.

Before having begun my school work I enjoyed many an interesting trip on horseback with father, covering distances of thirty miles a day. One of these I shall describe.

In a place called Peninsula, there is a native worker who has charge of the school there, Juan Huanca. This is the first year the mission has been able to conduct a school in that place, and in less than two weeks, more than seventy pupils had been enrolled. In past years a government school had been conducted there, but no sooner did our school open than that school was abandoned.

At present there is no building large enough for so many pupils, consequently father was asked to help

them choose a site for the erection of a school building.

Lucian Chambe was also with us on this trip. He is a faithful brother and a great help in the work. At a distance of three miles from our destination we could discern a company of Indians with flags, coming to meet us. There were more than a hundred, two coming ahead on horses, and just back of these were two girls, well dressed, with natural flowers on their hats, bouquets in their hands, and an abundance of petals to throw upon us. All these demonstrations were to show their love for us. Fifty school children stood in a row, and as we passed before them they saluted us by raising their right hands. There were twenty-five flags in all. After having passed before the school children, we were made happy by a band of musicians who played during the remainder of our journey. This beautiful scene I shall never forget.

After having arrived at our destination, father spoke for a few moments, and prayed that God would bless the work in its beginning. Then some Indians went with us to select the location. This was soon done, and plans were laid for the school.

Before returning, father spoke again to them on a subject that concerns them very much. Not knowing how to read or write, it is difficult for them to obtain justice. There are men who possess large farms surrounded by Indian lands, and to enrich themselves these landowners take the land, little by little, away from the Indians. This naturally induces feelings of hatred in the Indian, and if he does not obtain justice through lawsuits, he determines to kill. Father, as pastor, advised them to take all these troubles to God in prayer, and then go in a band to Puno to plead justice. Most of these Indians were not believers.

This advice, however, was not heeded; so not long ago these same Indians had trouble, and eight were killed. But this trouble was a means of awakening them, and pleas have been made for three more schools in that locality. During the trouble three of our sisters were taken prisoners, and when we heard of it, father, Brother Achenbach, and I went to rescue them. They were prisoners on one of these large farms, and when we arrived there were fifty or more soldiers in the patio, but we were permitted to enter among them. Father asked the officer and owner of the farm to release our sisters, and his request was granted within a few moments. This incident served to awaken an interest in all that region.

While in Peninsula we were invited to partake of a very good meal at a table set with dishes. After having eaten, father prepared a table with medicines, and for some time all three of us were kept busy, giving stomach washes, dressing festering fingers, pulling teeth, and otherwise ministering to the suffering and afflicted. We then played a number of games, all taking part. This was greatly enjoyed. By this time there were more than three hundred Indians present.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we started on our homeward journey. In places the roads, which pass over six mountains, were very bad, being stony. More than half of the distance, which is twelve miles, we had to travel in a cold, drizzling rain. Although upon arriving home we were wet through and very cold, our hearts were full of joy for the days of rich blessings we had experienced.

In addition to my school work I have charge of the Sabbath school. There are eight classes, and from thirty to fifty members. There are also many

visitors each Sabbath. Sometimes it is so crowded that I can hardly pass around among the people. Some Sabbaths I must needs be director, secretary, organist, and teacher.

The experiences that come to the worker in these needy fields are thrilling and bring great joy to him.

FRENA STAHL.

The Secret and Source of Spiritual Power

THERE is only one source of power. We can never store up power. We can be channels.

To keep close, *close*, CLOSE to Jesus is the secret of power in our own lives, and in soul-winning.

Take time to rest in the shadow of his love. Plenty of time, every day, with him alone, praying, studying his will and Word, listening, resting, wrestling—this is the way to power. It is the royal way to success. (See Psalm 1.) Elder Luther Warren gives the following five—

Rules for Power

"Unreserved surrender of plans, friends, will, sins, self, to Jesus, minute by minute, step by step.

"A conscious staying with him, breathing in his life; reveling in his love, resting in his power and wisdom.

"Daily digging into his plan for *you*, for *today*.

"Vim, energy, push, stick-to-it-iveness; whirlwind earnestness that will not take 'no' for an answer to our plans for success.

"Keep your knife full of heaven's electricity by rubbing it on heaven's own magnet, the promises."

The following thoughts on power, given by Hallenbeck in "The Passion for Men," are worth our study:—

"To tarry in the secret place is to hold fellowship with the great heart that yearns in matchless pity over the lost, and to drink deeply of this compassion is to be possessed with the passion for souls."

"The glowing fires of love are kindled at Calvary, but they are lighted by the Holy Ghost. The flame is fed by the Word of God. . . . The atmosphere of God's throne is needed to fan the fire."

"The disciples did not leave the upper room for the streets of the city until the Holy Ghost had come upon them. Then they went because they could no longer stay. The passion was in their hearts. They must go. They must speak."

"Are the fires getting low in your heart? Has the chill of worldliness settled down upon you? God has plenty of fire on the hill. Climb up into his presence through the path of surrender, and he will take the live coal from the altar and lay it upon your heart and upon your lips. This is the fulness of the Holy Ghost. This is the passion for souls."

C. J. TOLF.

Being Comfortable in the White House

"LAWS!" exclaimed the niece of John Quincy Adams, a vivacious maiden lady of seventy, when she visited the East Room of the White House. "Is this the old room? The meal barrel used to stand in that corner. Here were the washtubs. From here to there"—pointing with her parasol—"a clothesline was stretched; and in this corner we kept our playthings."

Evidently the White House, up to twenty years ago, according to an article in the *Springfield Republican*, was like the home of almost any citizen "in moderate circumstances." The famous East Room was used

by the wives of the Presidents as a laundry and a nursery. When poor, dear Mr. and Mrs. Van Buren moved in, there wasn't a hot bath in the place; and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison complained loudly, on her arrival, that one half the upstairs was an office building; that she who was used to nine bedrooms must now live in only five.

Today, however, the White House upstairs, where the Wilson family lives and rests in privacy, is the most comfortable palace in the world. "The Presidential suite is done in blue and gold, and the walls of the boudoir, in lieu of paper, are lined with pale-blue brocaded satin." The ten extra bedrooms, the library, and the corridors are also rich in the necessities of Presidents—expensive paintings, mahogany chairs, ebony cabinets, and Oriental rugs. There are 170 miles of electric wire in the White House."

When a man becomes President, he can put his own house in storage, for in the White House everything is furnished, even to soap and towels. Should Mrs. Wilson neglect to order meals, they would be served just the same, on National Observatory time. In the closets upstairs there are dozens of massive pitchers, trays, and gravy boats of solid silver, and Mrs. Wilson can command the use of fourteen dozen pearl-handled knives (for best, of course) and twenty-four dozen solid-silver forks.

Each Presidential family has left its set of dishes; but the Roosevelt queen's ware is used for state occasions. It had 3,000 pieces originally, and cost \$22,000.

President Wilson and his family, however, insisting on a serene home life, eat lunch from ordinary dishes, with plated-silver forks. Consequently, if the maid drops a platter, there's no drama. And, realizing that his residence has the most complete system of electric burglar alarms in the world,—and that a secret service man is always stationed at the foot of the back stairs,—the President has nothing to worry about but German submarines and Mexican aggressions.—*Every Week*.

Doing unto Others

ONE who is really desirous of forming a character worthy of perpetuation will welcome correction for any practice not compatible with right principles. No one does me so great a kindness as he who tells me of my mistakes.

Am I as kind to others as I wish them to be to me? If not, why not? There may be many other reasons, but it seems that fear of losing friendship may be the prime one.

Suppose an associate is in the habit of using vain and idle words. Knowing that Jesus said that for such there must be account given in the judgment, shall I kindly remind him of his mistake, or would it be just as well to allow him to heap up many more transgressions to be repented of later, or to be answered for in the day when it is too late to repent? Let us choose the Christian course.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

The Finding-Out Club participants have been requested to send all lists of answers to the *editor* of the INSTRUCTOR. Why, then, should some address their communications thus, "Dear Brethren," or "Dear Sir"? The last page of the INSTRUCTOR gives the name of the editor. A list just came in an envelope addressed to "Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C." Now, *Takoma Park Station* is not the name of the editor of the INSTRUCTOR.



Cook's Tours

THOUSANDS of Cook's tourists have been personally conducted around the world since a famous temperance lecture in London seventy-five years ago; but most of them do not know how much they owe to that obscure lecturer, and to Thomas Cook's enthusiastic devotion to the cause.

Cook was by trade a printer, but by profession a prohibitionist. He worked assiduously to cultivate his principles in all his friends, and to this end got up a little party of Englishmen to attend the lecture in London. His was the first excursion train that ever pulled out of a station.

Today you cannot turn a corner in the remotest spot on the globe without running across a Cook's office. He is a world banker. He is Egypt's mail carrier. He is the ticket agent of the world. Railroads and steamship companies and hotels owe him a monument as high as the Bunker Hill shaft, says the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

It was sixty-one years ago when Thomas Cook conducted his first party of tourists to a foreign land. They were Englishmen who wanted to see the sights of Paris. Sixteen years later a crowd of American Masons acquired a hankering to taste the joys of the audacious French capital. It was Cook who bought the tickets, looked after the luggage, and engaged accommodations; who told palpitating ladies what they ought to wear, and instructed American business men in the rudiments of polite European behavior.—*Every Week*.

Woodchucks at College

THE long sleep of our hibernating friends never ceases to puzzle us. In an attempt to add to the general knowledge on the subject, a colony of woodchucks has been installed at Cornell University. Mr. E. T. Brewster gives the following account of this new addition to the college force:—

"They are not, to be sure, quite students. Rather are they teachers, since their mission is to prove to science how they manage their winter sleep. Instead, therefore, of attending classes, they are packed in straw and put out on the campus in the cold, stored in shallow pits underground like so many sacks of potatoes kept over winter. Then, from time to time, some of them are unwrapped, their weights and temperature noted, and samples taken of their blood. Sometimes, also, they are brought into a warm room and allowed to wake up, to show how they are getting on.

"Our 'ground hog,' in his unschooled state, sleeps from four to six months, rousing occasionally on warm days, and then dozing off again when the thermometer drops. But his sleep is not at all like the nightly slumber of such creatures as ourselves.

"To begin with, his lungs work so imperfectly that the amount of carbon dioxide in the blood rises to nearly twice the waking amount. It is this, apparently, that makes him sluggish and stupid, like a human being in bad air.

"In addition, the body temperature, which during waking times holds always close to 98°, as in ourselves and all warm-blooded animals, drops in the hibernating woodchuck to 43°.

"A human being, that is to say, suffering from a severe chill, sometimes cools down four or five degrees. If he goes lower, he commonly dies. But the woodchuck is built to cool off more than fifty degrees without harm.

"In short, our 'little brother to the bear' is two sorts of animal. Six months or more of the year he is warm-blooded, as any fur-clad thing. The rest of the time he is half-and-half cold-blooded, like a fish or a frog.

"Such really cold-blooded animals not only stand being ice-cold, but they even freeze up solid, so that their bodies

can be broken, like icicles. And yet, they thaw out as lively as ever. The woodchuck cannot, of course, do this. But he does cool his blood five sixths on the way down toward freezing, without, it seems, so much as feeling chilly."

The Teleferica

THE teleferica is something new, though it works much the same as the common basket bundle carrier in our department stores. It is an Italian cableway used to transport guns, food, and ammunition to the soldiers upon Italy's mountain tops.

There are 125 miles of cableways scattered along the 400-mile battle front, with a total carrying capacity of 3,600 tons. Three-quarter-inch steel cables are strung over rivers, plateaus, and low peaks. Then the car is mounted.

"The ability of the teleferica to do hard work taxes the imagination. The carrying capacity of its units along the 400-mile front equals the combined efforts of six army divisions of 240,000 men, or 120,000 mules. Formerly, to bring up a single 149-millimeter gun a distance of 20 kilometers from a certain locality required two months of time and many gangs of men working. Twenty days of this time was lost waiting for snow avalanches to fall.

"On one occasion the lives of forty men were lost when the cannon fell into a crevasse, and the cannon was recovered only after the most strenuous efforts.

"Most of this hard work is now being done by the cableway. Food and ammunition also find their way to the mouths, respectively, of the men and the guns via the sprightly teleferica."

It Pays to be Kind

I ONCE knew a man whom I shall call Mr. Harper. He was a farmer and lived near the railroad about forty miles east of Cleveland, Ohio. He believed in being kind to everybody and everything. One evening a tramp came to his home and begged for a place to sleep. Mr. Harper took the poor man in, and after giving him his supper, showed him to a comfortable bed.

In the morning, after the stranger had eaten his breakfast, he told Mr. Harper that this was the first time for many a day that he had been treated like a man, and he felt like a man again, and wanted to pay for his accommodations, but all he had of any value was a recipe. This he gave to Mr. Harper, saying, "This may do you some good, but it never will me."

The recipe proved to be a solution to keep oil from soaking through wooden barrels or casks, and was sold to the Standard Oil Company for a half million dollars' worth of shares of stock. Mr. Harper spent much time and money trying to find the one who gave him the valuable recipe, but failed in this attempt. He then built a small house near the railroad and furnished it for unfortunate men without homes.

Mr. Harper died some years ago, but he is remembered as a kind-hearted man, and the Bible says, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

Let us remember that it pays to be kind, because we shall surely have to give an account to God for all we do; and God expects us to be kind.

C. C. WEBSTER.

SURGICAL operations are now so common, so well understood by all, that they no longer form an inspiring topic of conversation. No, not even your own operation.

A Perpetual Calendar

A PERPETUAL calendar is a very convenient thing to have on one's desk, and a fine gift to make for father, mother, or a friend. I am sure many a missionary, too, would like one, especially those who are so far away that the new calendars do not reach them easily and promptly. Any boy or girl can make these calendars with little trouble by following directions.

First, decide on the size of the month card you are going to use. For illustration, let us say that the month space is $3\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Select the calendar for seven months, taking one month whose 1st is Sunday, one whose 1st is Monday, one whose 1st is Tuesday, and so on, till you have a card with each of the days of the week as the first of the month. Cut off the name of the month, and on three plain white papers, each $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, paste the names of the months, putting half of them on one side, and half on the other; half right side up, and half bottom side up, like this:—

JANUARY	MARCH
FEBRUARY	APRIL

One card and Its reverse

Next secure a small oblong picture frame; the size should be $5 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; it may be a little larger. You may make the frame from molding which you can buy at any picture store, or you may buy it already made for a few cents. Remove the back, and cover the cardboard that is next to the glass with whatever material you like best. Mine is a lovely blue, narrow-striped, moiré wall paper. If you like silk or some other fabric, you may use that. Near the bottom of this cardboard, cut a space $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ inches; this should be done before the covering is pasted in place, so that you can bring the edges of the covering through the opening and paste on the back, to give a neat finish. For the upper part of the card, select your favorite picture and paste in place. You can buy for a cent a reproduction of the finest paintings, or you may wish to use a photograph, a part of a postal, a snapshot, or even a magazine print. Over the opening on the back of the card paste a small paper pocket. (See Fig. 1.) This is to contain the month cards, and back of these go the month names. The month cards, being shorter, allow the month name to show above them. Fasten the card in place in the frame by small brads; the month and month-name cards, of course, are left loose in the pocket, to permit ready changing.

Use two pieces of heavy cardboard for the back which joined together will exactly cover the back of the frame. Hinge it at the top, as in Fig. 2, by pasting a strip of cloth over the seam, and cover both pieces neatly with paper or thin cloth. Fasten this with small brads to the frame at the top, c, c; and make two little holders out of a bit of tin cut from a biscuit box by pattern B; these are to be fastened to the frame at the back near the bottom, by a single small brad or tack, after you have bent the holders over at the dotted line. (See Fig. 2.) They will swing over the edge of the hinged cardboard back, and hold it in place after the date cards are put in. A support made of cardboard, like D, may be fastened to the back to keep the calendar upright on the desk. — J. Gertrude Hutton, in *Everyland*.

Discouragement

IN a fable it is told that Satan one night held a sale and offered his tools to any one who would pay the price. These were all spread out for sale, some labeled hatred, envy, malice, jealousy, sickness, despair, crime, — a motley array. Apart from the others lay a harmless-looking wedge-shaped implement marked "discouragement." It was much worn and was much higher priced than the others, showing that it was held in higher esteem by its owner. When asked the reason for this, Satan replied, "I can use this one more easily and more effectively than any of the others because so few persons know that it belongs to me. With this I can open doors that I cannot budge with the others, and once inside I can use whichever of the others suits me best."

The *Chicago Examiner*, in an editorial on "Courage," related the following story bearing on this same point:—

"In the street of Life, walking in the darkness of the shadow, Satan was out hunting with his dogs, the little imps of human weakness.

"A man came walking through Life Street.

"Satan said to a little devil, 'Go get him for me.'

"Quickly the imp crossed the street, silently and

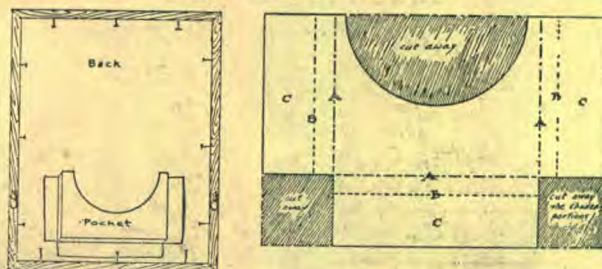


Fig. 1

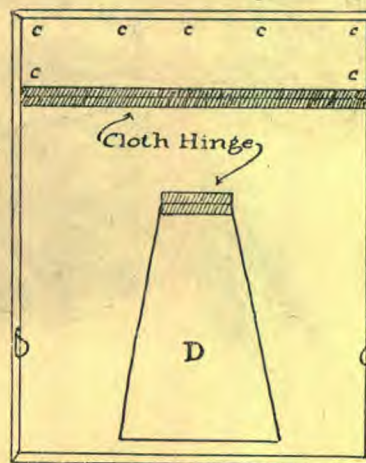


Fig. 2

DRAWING FOR A PERPETUAL CALENDAR

lightly hopped to the man's shoulder. Close in his ear he whispered:—

"'You are discouraged.'

"'No,' said the man, 'I am not discouraged.'

"'You are discouraged.'

"The man replied this time, 'I do not think I am.'

"Louder and more decidedly the little imp said again: 'I tell you you are discouraged.'

"The man dropped his head and replied: 'Well, I suppose I am.'

"The imp hopped back to Satan and said proudly: 'I have got him; he is discouraged.'

"Another man passed. Again Satan said, 'Get him for me.'

(Concluded on page fifteen)

Something to Say "Thank You" For

MOTHER called him "Pal," because Charles Orcutt Wilsen, Jr., seemed like too big a name for such a very little fellow. For that matter, Mrs. Charles Orcutt Wilsen, Sr., seemed like too big a name for such a very little woman as mother was, though that was not the reason the people who lived up over her head in the big brick apartment house called her "Wilsen."

It was a part of the job to be called "Wilsen," and she was called it very often, because when anything

looked with large frightened blue eyes into a future which it had seemed to her she could not face: a future without Pal. The long anxiety had stolen away too soon the part of her called youth; her friends lived far off, she had no money, she had nothing—nothing, that is, but Pal.

When the manager found that she could not pay the rent due him for the past month, he offered her the job, and the cubby-holish rooms, and the salary which was not quite barely enough. He had paid others twice the amount for the same work, but he knew that he did not have to pay Mrs. Wilsen, widow, so much. Other incumbents had held their positions for varying lengths of time, the shortest length being half an hour. And each of them had handed the job back to the manager with varying remarks.

At the time this story begins Mrs. Wilsen had owned the job, or, rather, it had owned her, for two years, and she had never thought of returning it to the manager. Then the manager proved himself an Indian giver: he threatened to take away the job he had given her. It was a certain day in November



"WHAT DID YOU WANT THE FRESH AIR FOR, DEAR?"

at all went wrong upstairs, from a leak in a faucet to the failure of an elevator, the people went to their house telephones and told Wilsen about it. She had to be polite—always—and pleasant—always—but not too cheerful; she had to weather storms of abuse about mistakes that were none of her making, apologizing for the janitor, justifying the manager, because she was only the complaint woman. For being only the complaint woman she was given, rent free, two cubby-holish rooms partitioned off from the dark, airless, trunk-filled basement, and for salary she received not quite barely enough. All of which, written so, sounds dreary. But it wasn't. Because Mrs. Wilsen was not like that. Every day she told herself, very often she told Pal, that she was a fortunate woman.

You see, two years before, when her husband died, she had sat in one of the smallest rooms upstairs and

when the water had been turned off for an hour while the plumber was repairing a leak. She had answered thirty calls about it, during the one hour, and was standing, waiting to answer another, when the manager stumbled into her dark hall.

"Wilsen," he said, "the tenants are complaining about the service you give them. They say your answers over the phone are inaudible, and that half the time instead of speaking up to them you stand and cough into the telephone."

Mrs. Wilsen was sorry. She did have a slight cold, but it would soon be better.

"Well, you'll have to do better," he said, "or I'll have to make a change." Then, perhaps because she was so little and thin and white, "I'd be sorry to, but it is my business to keep the tenants satisfied. I have to answer to the owner, you know."

Mrs. Wilsen knew, and then, timidly, she pointed to the telephone, high up on the wall, so high up, indeed, that by standing on her very tiptoes she could not quite reach its black rubber mouthpiece. "If we — if you could have that lowered a bit?" she suggested. "So that I could sit down to speak into it?"

"You are not," said the manager, "expected nor intended to carry on long conversations. A brief, courteous reply — that is all, and surely not worth sitting down for."

"I know," she answered again, "but often I do have to talk to them for a long time. I can't hang up the receiver while they are talking to me. Besides, I answer it so many times a day and" — it was her first complaint — "I do get — tired."

"Well," said the manager cheerfully, "I'm afraid you'll have to make the best of it."

The trouble was that she had been making the best of it for too long a time. One can't make the best of very bad things forever. But Wilsen kept on trying to. She tried to speak more loudly and clearly into the telephone, and she tried to stop coughing as she answered it. But the cough persisted and finally forced her to understand its meaning. She was frightened. Pal's daddy's cough had been much like that in the beginning. Pal was so little a person to be left quite alone in the big world.

She knew that it was useless to send for a doctor, because she knew what the doctor's prescription would be. That night she did the first seemingly selfish thing she had ever done. She moved Pal's little bed away from the window, the window that looked out on the sidewalk, and put her own couch bed in its place. And, as she lay there, with wide-awake eyes, she tried to formulate some plans for Pal. But she could not. She could only listen to the tide of footfalls above her head: first a steady surge of them, diminishing as early nighttime changed into late nighttime, to occasional stealthy or hurried steps; ceasing for perhaps an hour of blessed quiet, and then, as morning came, rising again.

The bell of her alarm clock shrilled out its summons to another day. She was tired, more tired than she had been the evening before. She had a confused idea that she had worked hard all night long, listening. But, because there was nothing else to do, she crawled out of bed and began again to make the best of things. Perhaps, after all, she lied to herself, it was simply some bronchial trouble.

For three long working days, and for three long listening nights after that, she kept on making the best of it. The fourth day happened to be Thanksgiving. It would not be true to say that Mrs. Wilsen was thankful, because in the morning when her alarm clock rang she found that her body would not obey her; she found that, for a few hours at least, she would have to stay quietly in bed. Oh, how tired she was! How comfortable the bed did feel!

She had Pal answer the first complaint. He dragged a chair into the hall, as she directed, and stood on his tiptoes, and told the cross voice from upstairs that mother was just a little ill that morning, and asked it to tell him the trouble so that he might tell mother.

"The newspaper hasn't been brought up," Pal called to her.

"Tell them we will send it up immediately," she instructed, and he answered into the telephone: "We will send it up im — im —"

"At once, dear," she prompted.

"At once, dear," he told the voice, and climbed down from the chair.

"I'm afraid," he reported to mother, "they were cross about it."

"Go and tell the janitor, pet," she said, "to distribute the papers right away."

When Pal came back from telling the janitor, he found the manager in mother's room, talking to her, and her eyes were shiny wet.

"But on a holiday," the manager was saying, "when all the men are at home! Naturally they object to having a child answer their calls. You'll have to make an effort for today, at least."

"I have made an effort," mother answered.

"Well," said the manager, "I am sure I don't know what we are going to do. The janitor will have his hands full, and my wife and I have an engagement for the day."

"Perhaps," began mother, "a little later I may —" Then, noticing Pal standing bashfully just inside the door: "Run up on the sidewalk and play for a while, little man. Right on, now, as mother says."

Pal knew that he must mind mother. But he hated dreadfully to leave her alone with a man who was making her cry. He hesitated an instant, and then he advanced and stood before the manager. "I've got to go," he said threateningly, "but you mustn't bother my mother. She's ill. You mustn't make her cry, 'n — 'n — you'd better det right out of here now." Sometimes, in moments of excitement, he lapsed into baby talk.

"Pal!" gasped mother. "Oh, shamey! So rude to Mr. Kliner! Run right upstairs now, as I told you."

Pal went. He was frightened because of the rudeness. But the manager laughed. "A nice little chap," he said. And then, quite unexpectedly, he added: "I'll tell you what; I'll phone for my doctor. He can likely give you something that'll set you up."

"Only — I —" stammered Mrs. Wilsen.

"Never mind about the bill," interrupted Mr. Kliner, to his own surprise, as he went away.

In a few minutes Pal came back with a question in each of his blue eyes.

"What is it, Pal?" asked mother.

"Up there, a man," Pal explained. "He said to me, 'I hope your heart is overflowing with gratitude today, my child.' What does that mean, mother?"

"Such talk to a baby!" scoffed mother inwardly, and then: "Today is Thanksgiving Day, dear. That means a day which people pick out from other days to say thank you to God for giving them nice things. The gentleman meant that he hoped you were saying thank you for all the nice things God has given you." "For what should I say thank you to God for giving me?" Pal questioned.

"Mother could tell you ever so many things, but it would be better if you could find them for your own self. We'll play it. It's a game. You go upstairs now and take a nice walk around the block. Don't cross the street, keep right on the sidewalk, all the way around, and walk slowly. And then you come back and see whether you can't tell mother something you have found that you can say thank you to God for."

On his walk, Pal met a most interesting little girl, with red hair and a candy turkey; so he stopped for a while to play. When he finally came home again, he saw a stranger man sitting by mother's bed, talking to her. But when Pal heard his voice, he could tell

that he was not bothering mother. It was a kind voice, sorry-sounding, and Pal stood quietly in the doorway so as not to interrupt.

"Little woman," said the stranger man, "I always tell my patients the truth. There is not much question but that you have tuberculosis. But we have caught it early, and there is no reason on earth why you can't be cured, absolutely cured. This climate is one of the best, so you can stay right here. But you must, of course, leave these rooms at once. There is not enough fresh air in here for a well person. Fresh air, plenty of it, is the first requirement."

"But, Doctor," began mother, "I can't leave here—"

"Tut-tut-tut," interrupted the doctor, "there is no such word as can't. Of course you can. Plenty of fresh air—"

Right then mother saw Pal standing in the doorway. "Sh-h-h!" she warned the doctor. "Come here, dear," she called to Pal. "This is my little son, Doctor. Pet, this is Dr. Ranamacher."

Pal shook hands with the doctor, and in answer to his, "What is your name, son?" replied, "Charles Orcutt Wilsen, Jr. Not five yet, but I can read words and print letters."

"Splendid," said the doctor.

"Little braggart," smiled mother. "You had best go now and walk around the block, say two times more, and see how many things you can find—what mother told you to find, remember?"

"I didn't find anything this other time," objected Pal, "but only a candy turkey, and it wasn't mine."

"Deary me!" deplored mother. "All the extra reason then why you should go on another hunt. Run along, pet," she added, in the voice which always meant, "Mind mother." Slowly Pal climbed the steps that led out of the dark basement up to the sunshiny sidewalk. He had heard that big tuberculosis word before, and his baby mind knew far more of its meaning than it should have known. It was an illness, a bad illness, that had taken daddy away. It could not take mother away, Pal felt sure of that, because little boys' mothers just *had to be*, they couldn't be taken away. But, unless they could get fresh air, mother would stay ill, and illnesses hurt people.

He came to the door of a garage and paused for a moment to peer in at the shining cars, standing there in lines. The object of his walk occurred to him; he was to find something to say thank you to God for. If he had one of those automobiles, now, to play with, that would be a big something. But he didn't have it, and mother had told him never to stand in that doorway, so he walked on and stopped at the window, hoping he could see the cars from there. He shaded his eyes with his hands and pressed his pug nose tight against the glass. Then he saw IT. The sign, the almost unbelievable sign, staring at him in big black letters—

FREE AIR

Sitting just inside the door of the garage was a man wearing overalls, nice and dirty and comfortable-looking. Several times he had smiled a jolly, dirty-faced smile at Pal; so the boy was not at all afraid of him.

"Please," he said, going over in front of the overalls man, "please, is your free air fresh?"

"Guaranteed absolutely fresh," answered the man with a wide smile.

"Then," said Pal, "if you please, will you give me some of it?"

"Well—now—about how much did you want?" inquired the man speculatively.

"As much," Pal answered, "as you can possibly spare."

"But you ain't got nothing to carry it in," quibbled the man.

"I—I'll get something," Pal assured him earnestly, eagerly. "So please wait and please don't give it all away. I'll come right back," and he was off as fast as he could run.

The doctor was still talking to mother when Pal reached home; so he did not stop to explain. He paused just long enough to poke his head in at the door and call jubilantly, "I've found it, mother, something great big to say thank you for!"

In another part of the basement was a row of clean new garbage cans, kept there to replace the old cans when they had worn out. Pal selected one of these. It was exactly as high as his chin, and the space between the handles, on the sides of it, was nearly as far around as his arms could reach. But, some way, he managed to tug it up the steps, and then he pushed it and pulled it to the door of the garage.

A big automobile was standing in front of the garage. In fact, it looked as if it were tied there by a long tube fastened to one of its wheels and going down into the sidewalk. The overalls man was talking to some people in the car, but when Pal came up pulling his can, the overalls man said, "Oh, ho, where is that big can going with that little boy?"

Pal smiled. He thought the man meant a joke and knew it was polite to smile at jokes.

"This little boy," the man continued, with a wink at the people in the car, "has brought this can to get some free air. He was particular, though," with another wink, "to make sure it was fresh before he decided to take it."

"But," explained Pal, feeling very uncomfortable, "it just *had* to be fresh."

The lady in the car leaned out and smiled at Pal. He thought she was a very pretty lady, even though her hair was white.

"What," she questioned interestedly, "did you want the fresh air for, dear?"

"For mother," Pal answered.

"Oh," said the lady, "has mother a car?"

"No," said Pal, "she has tuberculosis."

It seemed to Pal that the gentleman in the car said a naughty word, but he wasn't sure of that. Nobody else said anything. The pretty lady was busy with her muff. The overalls man stooped down to look at the tubing.

Pal had an uncomfortable feeling that he had said something all wrong, so he tried to explain. "That's why she has to have fresh air," he said, "'count of that. But only we haven't any, not down in our rooms. Reason of they are in a basement."

Again there was the longest, deadiest sort of a silence. But the pretty lady was looking at the gentleman in the car. That was all she did, just look, but after a time the gentleman answered as if she had spoken to him: "Of course, my dear! Of course!"

Then the lady turned and leaned out of the car again. Her eyes were shining as brightly as mother's eyes could shine, sometimes. She smiled at Pal, but she spoke to the overalls man, who was still busy examining the tubing. "Fill the little fellow's can for him," she said, "fill it full of your best fresh air and then put it up here in the car, please. Because we are going with him to take it to his mother. Because,"

and something about her voice reminded Pal of mother's voice at nighttime, right after prayer time, "we are afraid that, possibly, this can may not hold quite enough, and, in that case, we are going to tell her that we have ever so much fresh air to spare, up at our home in the mountains, and we are going to persuade her to come up there and use some of it."—*Kay Cleaver Strahan, in American Magazine.*



Is It Worth Continuing?

(Texts for December 24 to 31)

THIS brings us to the last week of 1916. Are you weary and inclined to relax and drift with the current? Are you content to remain about as you are? Or are you steadily pressing onward and upward?

Have you ever been in an athletic field or park where tens of thousands of people, packed in a great amphitheater, witnessed some thrilling contest? It may have been some popular game or a contest of mechanical skill, or a race. Without the onlooking thousands what interest would there be in the race?

Now Paul has given us a graphic picture of the Christian race. After recording in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews the triumph of the mighty heroes of faith in past generations, he says: "And, therefore, we having with us such an encompassing cloud of witnesses, *throwing off all weight, and seductive sin, let us run persistently through our prescribed course; looking forward to Jesus, the leader and trainer of our faith, who, striving for the reward prepared for him, endured the cross, despising its shame, and sits on the right of the throne of God.*"

These heroes of the past are represented as a mighty host surrounding the race course, silently witnessing to the contestants that through the grace of God every one may press on and win the race. An even more intense picture is drawn in Phil. 3:7-16:—

"But what might have been a gain to me, that I considered a loss for Christ. Nay, further; I also consider them all to be a loss, compared to the possession of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: by which I lost everything, and consider it to be refuse if I can gain Christ, and may be found in him, not possessing my ritualistic righteousness, but that through the faith of Christ, the righteousness from God by the faith; so as to know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the association with his sufferings, being assimilated to his death—so that in any way I may attain to the resurrection that is from the dead. Not that I have now attained it, or am now perfected: but I ran so that I might carry it off; and I was also laid hold of by Christ. Brothers, I do not consider myself to have won it; but one thing, *forgetting the past, and straining to those in front, I rush along the track for the prize of the supreme call of God in Christ Jesus.* As many of us therefore who are perfect, let us have this before us; and if you put anything else before you, may God reveal this to you. Beyond what we have attained to—let us go straight to that."—*Fenton's "New Testament in Modern English."* How tame and careless our course seems in the light of this stirring language.

While many have an ambition to accomplish something for the Lord, and have visions of really great achievement in his work, it is hard for them to realize that the road to true greatness is such a humble one; that great deeds are the outgrowths of secret connection with Christ. How easily we deceive ourselves when looking at some great character by ascribing his greatness to his own poor human efforts. Yet a glimpse at the inner life of these great men and women never fails to reveal the secret of their success. It is said of the late W. E. Gladstone, the greatest of English statesmen, that in his devotion to religion he resembled, more than any other man in public life, some medieval saint. As regularly as the sun rose, in fair weather or foul, it was his custom to make his early morning visit to the little stone chapel a mile distant from his home. "It was a spectacle for men and angels to see the greatest living man of earth spending the best hour of the morning in prayer and meditation before the throne of God." If that man, with such great burdens and responsibilities, could afford to observe the Morning Watch so faithfully, do you not think it will be wise for you to take the habit over into 1917? The glorious reward about which we are studying this week will be given to those who "by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality."

Paul, looking back at the close of his life, said, "I have finished the course." He ran faithfully to the end. There never was a time when temptations were so numerous, so fascinating, so overwhelming, as now. Therefore, there never was a time when it was so perilous to neglect the Christian armor and relax our vigilance. We are nearing the end of the race; the prize is almost in sight; the mansions are waiting; the reward is eternal. Let us make 1917 the most spiritual and so the most successful year of our lives.

MEDITATIONS.—The most precious and the most profitable hours of my life have been those I have spent in closest communion with my Saviour. Shall I not plan definitely for the coming year to gain a more intimate acquaintance with Jesus, even though I may have to neglect other things?

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Our prayer this week is for the United States and Canada. One hardly knows which needs it more—Canada with its sorrow and distress on account of desolate homes, absent fathers, sons, and brothers, many of whom will not return; or the United States rolling in wealth and prosperity and forgetting God, thinking only of pleasure and gain and worldly honor. Let us pray that the mighty convicting Spirit may search out the honest in heart in both countries and bring them to Christ.

MEADE MACGUIRE.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN	Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON	Assistant Secretary
MRS. I. H. EVANS	Office Secretary
MEADE MACGUIRE	}Field Secretaries
C. L. BENSON		
J. F. SIMON		

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending December 30

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 24 to 31

- December 24: Revelation 21, 22.
 December 25: John 1 to 3.
 December 26: John 4 to 6.
 December 27: John 7 to 9.
 December 28: John 10 to 12.
 December 29: John 13 to 15.
 December 30: John 16 to 18.
 December 31: John 19 to 21.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for December 21.

Missionary Volunteer Programs for 1917

"PLAN your work and work your plan," is a good motto for society leaders. The most successful societies are those whose executive committees give much thought and prayer to the planning of the work, and constant effort to its development.

One important part of the work of every society is the program. The denomination is putting forth an earnest effort to prepare studies that will lead our youth into fruitful fields of thought, stimulate Christian growth, and inspire missionary activity.

In "The Spirit of Prophecy" our loyal Christian young people are called an army. One of the first requisites for the success of an army is organization. In speaking of the true people of God who will be faithful to the end, it is said in "Early Writings" that "they moved in exact order, like a company of soldiers."

That our Missionary Volunteers are considering the same general subjects in their programs is surely a long step toward an orderly forward movement.

The publication of the programs and program material, for one month ahead, in the *Church Officers' Gazette*, has been a great help to our society officers in planning their work. In order that all may better understand the plans for 1917, we give here a list of the programs for the entire year. As a further assistance to leaders who desire to plan more than four weeks ahead we will publish in the last issue of the *Gazette* for each quarter the list of the programs for the following quarter.

Programs

January

6. Recent Great Events and Their Meaning.
 13. Local Society Work.
 20. What It Means to be a Christian.
 27. The First Foreign Missionary.

February

3. Fellowship with Christ.
 10. Standard of Attainment.
 17. Facts About the Great Destroyer.
 24. Missionaries in Captivity.

March

3. The New Life.
 10. Ye Shall Know Them by Their Fruits.
 17. Speaking for Jesus.
 24. Paul, the Great Missionary to the Gentiles.
 31. Open.

April

7. Discouragement and Its Cure.
 14. Local Society Work.
 21. Sympathy.
 28. An Early Missionary Center in the British Isles.

May

5. A Decennial of Progress.
 12. Courtesy.
 19. How to Deal with Doubt.
 26. Missionary Labors and Adventures of Joseph Wolff.

June

2. Helpfulness.
 9. The Canker of Criticism.
 16. John Eliot, First Preacher to the American Indians.

23. Union Conference Goal Dollar Day.
 30. Open.

July

7. Triumph of Religious Liberty in Peru.
 14. Local Society Work.
 21. Honesty.
 28. A Missionary Church.

August

4. Help for the Tempted.
 11. An Education — Why, When, and How.
 18. Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses.
 25. A Missionary Family.

September

1. Loyalty.
 8. God's Keeping Power.
 15. The Great Slave Maker.
 22. Mission Work in Modern Babel.
 29. Open.

October

6. Harvest Ingathering.
 13. Local Society Work.
 20. Antitypical Day of Atonement.
 27. Luther Quadricentennial.

November

3. Christian Friendship.
 10. Whatsoever Things are Pure.
 17. The Joy of Giving.
 24. Unoccupied Mission Fields.

December

1. Obedience the Test of Love.
 8. Receiving the Holy Spirit.
 15. Consecration with a New Meaning.
 22. Open.
 29. A New Leaf — What Shall the Record Be?

You will notice three kinds of programs,—a series of nineteen lessons on Christian living, ten programs on missions, and fifteen special programs, such as "Recent Great Events," "Standard of Attainment," Missionary Volunteer Day (May 5), and "Luther Quadricentennial." Besides these, one program each quarter is devoted to "Local Society Work" and another day each quarter is left "open." These eight programs must be arranged by the society officers. Of course, local society work will be considered more or less in every program, but it is thought that at least once a quarter a special program should be devoted to the promotion of some local missionary campaign or the consideration of the regular lines of work which the society is doing, or ought to do. Then there are four "open" days for the consideration of local interests or any special programs which may be desired.

Do you think of some important topics which are not included? So do I. We had an even twenty missionary themes which we were very anxious to put in, but we had room for only ten. The general outline of these programs was made by our six general Missionary Volunteer secretaries in council, and is, we believe, one of the best program plans we have ever had. Let every Missionary Volunteer look it over carefully and resolve that he will do his part, by his presence and help, to make the year 1917 the banner year for his society.

M. E. KERN.

An Indispensable Paper

INDISPENSABLE to whom? — Church elders, missionary secretaries, Missionary Volunteer leaders and secretaries, and I might say conference officers and ministers. I met a conference president going to an evening appointment. He had his file of this paper, and he said he could not get on without it.

This paper is rather unique. It is not designed for the general public, but only for the classes of workers mentioned above.

Is there any one who does not know its name? I fear there are a few, for once in a great while we

meet some one who almost seems not to have so much as heard whether there be a *Church Officers' Gazette*. And there are altogether too many who, although they have heard of it, do not use it.

A woman came to the house to wash for the family. She was given the washing machine with which to do the work. But, no; the old method was good enough for her. For hours she toiled over the tub and washboard, while the improved machinery stood idle, with which she could have done the work in a better manner, with less fatigue, and in a shorter time.

One can hardly imagine that any one would really prefer the harder and less efficient way. Perhaps the woman did not know how to use the machine and was afraid she could not learn. And it occurs to me that that may be the reason why some Missionary Volunteer officers do not use the *Gazette*.

The *Church Officers' Gazette* is indispensable to every up-to-date Missionary Volunteer leader and secretary. The last nine pages are packed with the very best material available, and with the most valuable suggestions which the leaders of this work can give. Any one who professes to be a part of this Missionary Volunteer movement should move with the body. "In unity there is strength."

You tried it and failed, did you? I heard an individual try to read a poem, and I felt like running away. I heard another recite, and was charmed. And it was the same poem. The latter person knew how. The individual who has a part on the program should take the material furnished, and make it his own—assimilate it. Then let him gather other facts on the subject from any source; and finally arrange into a talk such of the facts, illustrations, and exhortations as seem best to him. The talk may not be expressed in so good language as the articles, but it will be more interesting and do more good. Look your audience in the eyes and speak from your heart, and God will bless your effort, though you may not be an experienced speaker.

If you do not have the *Gazette*, send to the Review and Herald Publishing Association for a free copy of the December number, and begin to use it. In this number you will find a list of the programs for the first quarter of 1917. The list for the entire year is given in another article in this issue of the INSTRUCTOR. Look them over. Can you afford to work without such a well-arranged and purposeful plan?

M. E. KERN.



XIII — Review

(December 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 8:4 to 14:28.

MEMORY VERSES: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

Chapter 8

1. Who preached the gospel in Samaria after Pentecost?
2. Relate the experience of Philip with the sorcerer in Samaria.
3. How did "a man of Ethiopia" receive the gospel?

Chapter 9

1. Relate the story of the conversion of Saul.
2. What was his experience in the city of Damascus?
3. Relate the story of the resurrection of Dorcas.

Chapter 10

1. How was the gospel taken to Cornelius and his household?
2. How did the Lord show that salvation was sent to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews?

Chapter 11

1. What was Peter's experience in Jerusalem after he had visited Cornelius?
2. How was the church established in Antioch?

Chapter 12

1. How was Peter delivered from prison?
2. Describe the closing scene in the life of Herod.

Chapter 13

1. How were the first foreign missionaries chosen and sent out?
2. Trace the journey of Paul and Barnabas from the time they left Antioch until they reached Perga.
3. What prominent man was converted in Paphos?
4. How did the work start in Antioch in Pisidia?
5. How did the Gentiles receive the truth spoken to them?
6. How was the work stopped in Antioch?

Chapter 14

1. How were the apostles opposed in Iconium?
2. What man heard Paul preach at Lystra, and how was he healed?
3. What took place which shows that the people of Lystra changed their opinions easily?

General

1. Trace the journey of Paul and Barnabas from Perga till they reached Antioch in Syria.
2. Through what cities did they pass?
3. What did they relate to the brethren when they returned?

Memory Verses for the Quarter

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

"I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Acts 8:37.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Acts 9:6.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." Prov. 19:17.

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

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

"The hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord." Acts 11:21.

"The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." Heb. 13:6.

"The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Ps. 1:6.

"Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." Acts 13:38.

"He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life." John 5:24.

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

Discouragement

(Concluded from page nine)

"The proud little demon of discouragement repeated his tactics.

"The first time that he said, 'You are discouraged,' the man replied emphatically, 'No.'

"The second time the man replied, 'I tell you I am not discouraged.'

"The third time he said: 'I am not discouraged. You lie.'

"The man walked down the street, his head up, going toward the light.

"The imp of discouragement returned to his master crestfallen.

"'I couldn't get him: Three times I told him he was discouraged. The third time he called me a liar, and that discouraged me.'"

C. J. TOLF.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Relative Habit

DON'T get the "relative" habit. There are those whose kinsfolk are so numerous and so versatile that some relative and his doings are projected into every bit of their conversation, whether it be upon summer or winter, skies or earth, black or white, music or domestic science, the Occident or the Orient, animals or human beings, mountains or plains, Presidential campaigns or crocheting. It matters not what the subject, some known or unknown uncle, cousin, or aunt must be introduced to the suffering listener. With no thought of slang, the universal appeal to such is, "Give us a rest."

Important Announcement

THE paper on which the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is printed now costs 135 per cent more than we paid for it in 1915. Other items entering into the publication of our paper are also much higher. We expect to be obliged to pay these high prices during 1917. Paper manufacturers give us no hope that the cost of paper will decline, but tell us that prices may go much higher.

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has not been published at a profit to the association, so the paper cannot be continued at present rates without showing an enormous loss.

How to meet the new conditions has been studied carefully by the publishers in council with a large number of other men of experience. To help meet the situation it was voted to increase the rates slightly. The present rates are:—

Single subscription, one year\$1.25
Single subscription, six months70

Bulk Orders

5 or more copies to one address:—
One year, at rate of, each\$.85
Nine months, at rate of, each90
Six months, at rate of, each95
Three months, at rate of, each 1.00

Jan. 1, 1917, these rates will be withdrawn and subscriptions from that date forward will be:—

Single subscription, one year\$1.50
Single subscription, six months85

Bulk Orders

5 or more copies to one address:—
One year, each\$ 1.00
Six months, each60
Three months, each35

Between now and Jan. 1, 1917, new subscriptions, or renewals to present single or bulk subscriptions, will be

received at the 1916 rates. No matter when your subscription expires, you have the privilege of extending it, between now and January 1 next, at the old rate.

Twice the present output of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR could be printed with no more cost for editorial work or typesetting. Therefore, the larger the subscription list the less the cost for each paper. Will not you who read and love the INSTRUCTOR tell others what good it has done you? Will you not show them a copy and attempt to get subscriptions? By building up the subscription list, the friends of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR can be of material help to the publishers in this time of unprecedented difficulties.

The Miracle

SOMEWHERE I've read a story of a man
Who lived a life so holy that there came
From heaven an angel, begging him to ask
The gift of miracles: to heal the lame

Or touch with light the blind. The saint replied,
"God should do that. If to the palsied limb
Or stricken sight I brought the healing power,
The glory might be given me—not him."

"And what, then, do you most of all desire?
What may I from the heavenly Father bring?"
"I only ask that he will give me grace,
And having that, I shall have everything."

"But you must ask some miracle, dear saint!"
The angel, with a sweet persistence, cried.
"Then let it be that I shall do much good
And know it not," the humble saint replied.

And so this was the miracle: Whene'er
He could not see the shadow which he threw,
It had the power to comfort, bless, and heal,
But all the good it did he never knew.

And thus he simply went along his path,
Diffusing wondrous fragrance, like the flower
That sheds abroad sweet perfume, or the star
That cheers by night, unconscious of its power.

Ah! he whose life is wholly lived for Christ,
Who walks unswervingly the pilgrim way,
Knows not the half of all the good he does,
Until the great revealing judgment day!

—The Christian Herald.

Morning Watch Calendar

THE 1917 Morning Watch Calendar is ready. All the texts for next year are taken from the Psalms. "There is no other book of praise," says one writer, "so pregnant with expression of the heart's emotion under all the vicissitudes of life, or so adapted to all climes and ages, as to be the universal medium of praise for all nations of the world." Every youth should possess and use a copy. The Calendar makes an excellent Christmas or New Year's gift. The price is only 5 cents. Order from your tract society.

"OPTIMISM is the greatest business-getter, biggest trader, truest achiever in the world. Pessimism has never done anything but tear down and destroy what optimism has built up."

ONE who is too proud to learn from another is also too proud to acknowledge a fault. God knoweth the proud afar off. Ps. 138:6.

AN authority states that the book of Genesis was written by Moses while he was watching the flocks of Jethro.

"Be just before generous."