

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 52





According to a German maxim, "A woman strong in flounces is weak in the head."

In order to conserve the food supply the French cabinet recently ordered two meatless days a week.

The German food dictator is attempting to relieve the present meat shortage by the use of seal flesh.

There are 25,287,000 suffering people in extreme destitution and helplessness as a result of the European war.

The amount of money expended for direct war purposes alone since Aug. 1, 1914, would build one hundred and forty-six Panama canals.

The United States Steel Corporation in announcing a 10-per-cent increase in wages to its employees, added nearly \$20,000,000 to its annual pay roll.

Near Springfield, Illinois, a man recently committed suicide, being unable to free himself from the thirst for liquor acquired through cider drinking.

Jack London, author, playwright, and adventurer, died recently, and his body was cremated without funeral ceremonies, as Mr. London did not believe in any future life.

A constitutional amendment authorizing the State legislature to grant pensions to the blind was adopted by the Missouri voters at the recent election by a plurality of 12,719.

Hon. William Jennings Bryan says prohibition is right for any unit from county to nation. He means to secure a declaration from the Democratic party for national prohibition in 1920.

Russell Sage, as errand boy in a grocery store in Troy, New York, got his board and four dollars a month. When he died, he left one hundred million dollars' worth of railroad securities.

A French sergeant was buried alive when his trench was blown up by a German mine. Old Dog Tray scented him out, and dug till he saw his master's face. Then, exhausted, he sat down and howled until soldiers came to the rescue.

On November 21, the British hospital ship "Britannic" was sunk in the Kea Channel of the Aegean Sea by a mine or torpedo. The admiralty announced that of those aboard about 50 were lost, 28 were injured, and 1,100 saved. The Kea Channel, where the great ship was lost, lies between the mainland of Greece and the island of Kea.

It is estimated that this year's cotton crop in the South, including the seed, will be worth a billion and a quarter dollars to the growers. Add 300,000 bales left over from previous crops, which will probably be disposed of this year, and the result will be that there will be brought into the South above \$1,500,000,000 for the cotton and seed marketed this year. A billion and a half dollars for one year's cotton crop seems incredible. It is an amount several hundreds of millions of dollars above the largest ever received for cotton in the history of the nation.

The 1915 Nobel prize for the greatest work of idealistic literature has just been awarded to Romain Rolland, and the 1916 to Verner von Heidenstam, the former a French novelist and the latter a Swedish poet. Romain Rolland's idealism has brought upon him the censure of his own country, since it is thought that he has made too strenuous an effort to preserve a fair and unprejudiced attitude. He has sent to the belligerent nations this word in behalf of humane and generous treatment of prisoners of war:—

"Do not break down all the bridges, since it will ever be necessary to cross the river. Do not destroy the future. A good, open, clear wound will heal; but do not poison it. Let us be on our guard against hatred. If we prepare for war in peace according to the wisdom of nations, we should also prepare for peace in war."

On November 22, Francis Joseph, aged emperor of Austria-Hungary, died, having reigned for sixty-eight years. Charles Francis Joseph, grandnephew of the deceased emperor, takes the throne. He is twenty-nine years of age.

Frozen Food

THE markets of Irkutsk, in Siberia, are an interesting sight, for the products offered for sale are, in most cases, frozen solid.

Fish are piled up in stacks like so much cord wood, and meat likewise. All kinds of fowl are similarly frozen and piled up. Some animals brought into the market are propped up on their legs, and have the appearance of being actually alive, so that as one goes through the markets one seems to be surrounded by living pigs, sheep, oxen, and fowls standing up.

But, stranger yet, even the liquids are frozen solid and sold in blocks. Milk is frozen into a block in this way, with a string or stick frozen into and projecting from it. This, it is said, is for the convenience of the purchaser, who is thus enabled to carry his milk by the string or stick handle.—*Every Week*.

Notice

THE Nashville young people's society is seeking to swell the Harvest Ingathering returns by the sale of mistletoe for the holiday season. One to three pounds are offered at the rate of seventy-five cents; more than three pounds at fifty cents. The entire proceeds go to missions. Address Lynn H. Wood, 2014 Twenty-third Avenue N., Nashville, Tenn.

"THE fires of friendship burn brightly only when fed from both sides."

IF sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—*Proverbs*.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

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No. 52

The Snowstorm

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.

Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild world
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swanlike form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mauger the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Make It a Good Year!

MATILDA ERICKSON

HE had a long list of resolutions, for he was determined to make the new year a good one. He wanted it to be the best he had ever lived. He had resolved to be kinder at home, more diligent in his work, more thoughtful of others, to get his lessons well at school, and to fill his spare moments with good reading. They were remarkably good resolutions for a boy of his years.

Commending him for his good list, his older friend asked: "Now shall I show you my New Year's resolution?" "Oh, yes, do," was the ready response. She then opened her Bible, and on the flyleaf he read:—

"Resolved: To Take Time to be Holy"

It is well to start the new year with good resolutions; but to make it possible for good resolutions to grow into noble deeds, one must plant them in good soil and cultivate them. A farmer might have the best kind of seed corn, but he would hardly expect to reap a harvest in the fall unless it be planted, cultivated, and given other care that it needed.

You wish to make 1917 a good year. Then shun the empty life that lives without a purpose. Do not indulge in harmful reading nor questionable amusements. Put away faultfinding; put away pretense; and put away self-pity. Be true to your convictions, and stand for right though you stand alone; but at the same time be charitable in your judgment of others. Have your life so securely poised that the annoyance—usual or unusual—shall not disturb your equilibrium.

But remember that while you may resolve to do these things, you cannot carry out your resolutions in your own strength. To act strongly, life must be rooted deeply in prayer, in quiet communion with God and his Word. Back of the strong outward life must be the strong inner life of prayer. The strong life that never loses its courage, its enthusiasm, its sweetness, its serenity, is not found on the bargain counter. It always costs just so much.

Then you who wish to make 1917 a good year, will you not resolve to take time to live the victorious life? Each day let God establish your heart. Let him fortify it and make it a calm, peaceful place beyond the reach of the storms that rage without. Then you and your Master will have a quiet place in which to commune. There he will give you strength for your

work, wisdom for your decisions, peace from all threatening storms. And then you shall be able to say with the poet:—

"In the secret of his presence
I am kept from strife of tongues;
His pavilion is around me,
And within are ceaseless songs!
Stormy winds, his word fulfilling,
Beat without, but cannot harm;
For the Master's voice is stilling
Storm and tempest into calm.

"In the secret of his presence
All the darkness disappears;
For a sun that knows no setting
Throws a rainbow on my tears.
So the day grows ever lighter,
Broadening to the perfect noon;
So the way grows ever brighter,
Heaven is coming near and soon.

"In the secret of his presence
Nevermore can foes alarm;
In the shadow of the Highest
I can meet them with a psalm;
For the strong pavilion hides me,
Turns the fiery darts aside,
And I know whate'er betide me,
I shall live because he died.

"In the secret of his presence
In a deep, unbroken rest;
Pleasures, joys, in glorious fulness,
Making earth like Eden blest;
So my peace grows deep and deeper,
Widening as it nears the sea,
For my Saviour is my keeper,
Keeping mine and keeping me!"

And to you who have decided to live the strong, victorious life during 1917, the Master gives these simple directions: "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." These directions contain at least five things for you to consider: time for prayer, place for prayer, alone in prayer, the Father's presence, and the blessing you may claim.

First of all, you must take time to pray. Your appointment with God must be given the precedence of every other duty on your daily program. Gordon says that one must plan for this appointment with a bit of red iron in the will, for Satan will try desperately hard to crowd it out. He knows that the weakest child of God who really takes time to pray is too strong for him to overcome. Egerton Young, a mis-

sionary to the North American Indians, tells of a frail little Indian girl who was a great spiritual power. She had been the means of leading to Christ some almost hopeless savages. When asked about her work, she attributed her success to the two hours she spent every day alone with God, never allowing any other duty to crowd out this interview.

Second, comes the command to "enter into thy closet." To that quiet place where you may be alone with God you are to retreat for prayer. Third, "Shut thy door." God not only wants you to come, but when you enter your place of secret communion, he wants you to shut out all duties that *seem* to forbid your taking time to pray. You are to shut out of your heart and mind all disturbing influences. If you cannot do this, ask him to do it for you. Then when you tell him about your needs, let him talk to you through his Word.

When you have complied with these commands, you may claim the promises that follow. The Father *will* meet you in the chamber of secret prayer; and *will* reward you openly. When you come to him with your sorrows, your longings, your fears, your trials, and your failures, he *will sympathize*. With him you may leave all that oppresses your heart, and carry away his joy. With him you may leave your want, and carry away his supply for "all your need according to his riches in glory." This is so wonderful; and the most wonderful thing about it is that it is all true.

One day a stranger visited the old cathedral in Freiburg. His interest was centered in the organ, which the old sexton took great pride in exhibiting. He asked for permission to play it, but was denied the privilege. He pleaded, but the sexton said that the instrument was so delicate that he could not let him play it. Finally, however, because of his importunity, the stranger was permitted to seat himself at the organ. The old sexton was awe-stricken as he listened. Never before had such music rolled out from his favorite organ. "Who are you?" he asked, as the stranger was leaving. "Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," the stranger replied. After that, when the sexton exhibited the organ, he would say: "Ah, could you have heard it when Mendelssohn played! And think, I nearly forbade him to play upon it!"

My dear young friend, a greater than Mendelssohn wants permission to use your life during 1917, that he may draw out of it rare possibilities of which you have not even dreamed; that he may lift your life up to his own ideal for it, which is "higher than any human thought can reach." Then will you not let him have your life, that he may make 1917 a good year for you?

Signs of Christ's Coming — No. 2 Preparing for War

No one needs to be told that the nations have been preparing for war. Even before the great struggle began which is now convulsing Europe, the leading powers were investing millions of dollars in building dreadnaughts and other weapons of slaughter, and creating great standing armies. More than twenty-five hundred years ago this condition was portrayed by a prophet of God.

The desire for peace among the nations is a worthy one. Who does not abhor the thought of bloodshed, the terrible scenes of slaughter, followed by want and sorrow beyond computation? But what men and women may long for and what is really to take place are two different things.

Under the inspiration of God, the prophet Joel cried out: "Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near." Joel 3:9. These three statements of fifteen words give a remarkable delineation of conditions in army and navy circles, a striking picture of modern militarism.

"Prepare War"

Figures that give the cost of war preparations are staggering. The human mind can scarcely grasp them. The total annual military expenditures of the world, before the war, approximated \$2,500,000,000. The money spent by as peaceful a nation as the United States in the one hundred and forty years of its political life, \$16,802,743,000, exceeds by several billion dollars the gold production of the world since the discovery of America in 1492.

Further preparations that are now being entered upon by our nation will totally eclipse anything of the past. A tentative program presented to Congress with the indorsement of President Wilson provides for an army of more than one million trained men in six years, and a navy of ten dreadnaughts and six battle cruisers within five years.

"Prepare war," says the prophet, and today it is echoed on every side. G. v. L. Meyer, former Secretary of the Navy, in his annual report for 1912, said: "What the navy is striving for is to get the highest possible efficiency and *preparedness for war*." — Page 5.

Former Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, in his annual report for 1912, speaks in the same strain: "It is therefore our most important military problem to devise means for *preparing great armies* of citizen soldiers to meet the emergency of modern war." — Page 73.

"The greatest conference of governors in the history of the United States came to a close in Boston with a formal discussion of the nation's most pressing problem — *military preparedness*."

Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, founder of the Daughters of the American Revolution, says that "if our legislators will put their ears to the ground just now, they will hear a mighty shout swelling over this country from East to West, from North to South, and what it says is, '*Prepare! Prepare!*'"

Can any one doubt that the world is entering upon the time foreseen and predicted by the prophet?

"Stir Up the Mighty Men"

This prophecy points out a new movement in military and naval enterprise. There is to be a stirring up of the great, powerful, leading men. It has remained for the developments of the past year or two to show the real significance of these five words.

In a statement issued July 18, 1915, Secretary of the Navy Daniels tells of his purpose to create a board of inventor advisers. The most famous inventor in this country, Thomas A. Edison, has been asked to act as chairman. The secretary says of this board:—

"No one realizes any more than I do that this is but a beginning. Merely inventing things will not strengthen our navy. We must have for the work that lies before us the loyal and intelligent coöperation not only of Congress, but of the whole nation. To convert dreams into realities, much more must be done than merely to show how these dreams can be made into practical and useful things.

"The navy itself, and particularly the chiefs of our own bureaus, are doing wonderful work in this respect. I seek to strengthen their hands by the *greatest genius that our country can afford*, and at the same time, by having men in whose judgment and whose ability the entire nation places implicit confidence actually associated with our own officers, to secure that interest from the public which is absolutely essential to

the work ahead. I have great hope that the beginning we have made is really a beginning — the first step in an onward march — and not a temporary spurt, launched with momentary enthusiasm, only to halt as soon as the first wave of interest dies out. No one can tell what will be the result of what we are now inaugurating, but in any event if it is to achieve the purpose for which it is intended, it will be through the support of the people of this country and Congress, and by hours and years of hard, unremitting and unspectacular labor by those who have the actual work in hand."—*Washington Herald*.

Two days later Mr. Daniels announced:—

"After consultation with eminent men in the navy and civilian life, I have decided to ask eight societies having large memberships, each to select two members who will make up the advisory committee. In this way I feel sure we will have the hearty coöperation of the *thousands of trained experts* who make up their membership. The members of these societies will naturally see to it that their most eminent representatives are chosen. We will therefore obtain for the navy the direct advice of those selected to serve on the committee, and also the interest of all the members of the societies who make the selection."—*Washington Star*.

These scientific bodies are as follows: American Chemical Society, American Institute of Electrical Engineering, American Institute of Mining Engineers, American Mathematical Society, American Society of Civil Engineers, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, American Aëronautical Society, Inventors' Guild.

This is surely a remarkable program. Is it not a stirring up of the "mighty men"? All the talent and wealth of the nation will soon be brought into play to devise and manufacture the most deadly weapons for human destruction.

This stirring up of the mighty men is not limited alone to this country. Under date of August 15, the *Washington Post* reported from London that "Minister of Munitions Lloyd-George has announced the personnel of his inventions board, which is to consider projects and inventions relating to munitions for land warfare," and Lord Fisher of the navy "has assembled around him a brilliant corps of scientists" for the benefit of the navy.

"Let All the Men of War Draw Near"

True to the program outlined by the prophet, every available man and woman will soon be called upon to train for prospective war. The present administration's plan provides for "raising a citizen army of 800,000 men in six years, which, with a regular army of 140,000 men and 300,000 reserves, would give a trained force, exclusive of State militia, of about 1,200,000 in the event of war."

"Employers throughout the United States—corporations, manufacturers, professional men, tradesmen, and business men of all classes—are to be asked to contribute as their share in the national defense, permission for their employees to engage, without serious financial loss, in two months' military training during each of three years."

"We could have 5,000,000 young men trained in arms and military tactics, who could always be a potential force to be called upon in time of need," said Senator Owen. "Let all the men of war draw near," said the prophet, and the nations are fulfilling the words.

"Let no man deceive you." The tremendous preparations for war that are being made, will end in the last great catastrophe of the world. This cataclysm will shortly precede the second coming of Christ and the end of the world. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.

Slang

SHE was an unusually interesting girl,—earnest and energetic, with a sweet, unassuming manner. We spoke of it as we walked home from the women's prayer meeting where we had met her for the first time. This young woman was chosen to lead the next meeting, and we doubted not that it would be an especially interesting one. Such the meeting proved to be, and we were enthusiastically discussing the evils of harmful gossip, when our young leader, making reference to a time when people had made remarks concerning her which were untrue, grew very much in earnest and said with some vehemence, "O Gee! when folks *say* mean things about you, it just makes you want to *be* mean."

Some way the delightfully pleasing manner was forgotten, and in our hearts we felt only disgust for the one who would resort to such language in conducting a prayer meeting. But was our attitude wholly a fair one? She was the youngest of us all. She did not really want to use an expression like that at a religious gathering, but had simply been so accustomed to using slang when with her young associates that it accompanied her even to the prayer meeting among this assembly of sedate, elderly women, where she had been honored as leader.

This incident would have passed out of my mind had it not been for the fact that a few weeks later a newspaper announced the departure of our interesting young woman to a neighboring State where her services were engaged in a high school to teach two *foreign* languages. Will her slang, I wonder, follow her even into the schoolroom?

Pure English

I have in mind another young woman about whose personality there is nothing striking. She would be considered by most people as having only ordinary accomplishments, but one has only to converse with her to know that she is a true gentlewoman. I have listened to that young woman, and fairly longed to be able to talk as she talked. Not that she speaks fluently on every subject; neither is her vocabulary unlimited, but about her pure, unaffected English, there is an indescribable charm. Really, if I should hear my friend, even in our most private conversations, make use of the expression to which our young leader of the prayer meeting resorted, I should feel decidedly alarmed, and doubt her sanity.

You may think this young woman has had special opportunities, been reared among college people perhaps, and never listened to anything but the most perfect language. Not so, she has had no advantages that you and I cannot have. She has simply made the best of her opportunities, has read good books, and has *chosen* to use the best language she could at all times.

We cannot all speak fluently. Some of us may go through life with hesitating, stammering words; and it is a comfort to know that even these, when consecrated to God's service, may influence for good where unconsecrated fluency may have no effect. But it behooves us all to use the very best words we know how to use, and there is decidedly no place in the language of the Christian for coarseness and slang. Is it not worth while to make a determined effort to avoid all such, that at all times and in all places our conversation may be in every way such as "becometh the gospel of Christ"?
VIDA V. YOUNG.

Police Preparedness in New York

THE police department of America's greatest city is prepared to the best of its ability to meet almost any conditions brought about by fire, flood, cyclone, tidal wave, earthquake, or even a foreign invasion. The force of eleven thousand men is trained for all the various kinds of work involved in dealing with a sudden catastrophe. The plans are ready, and need only to be drawn forth from their pigeonhole in order to set the whole machinery in motion. In case of riot or other necessity, eight thousand men can be concentrated almost immediately at any given point in the entire city.

In any great disaster, the first problem is to provide food and shelter for the homeless. Such unfortunate people immediately become a great, suffering, distracted horde, difficult to handle effectively without organization. These "refugees" have been carefully planned for. Sites for camps have been selected, boats and vehicles listed for transportation purposes, and arrangements made for canvas shelter. The whole camp will be conducted according to the highest standards of camp hygiene and sanitation as laid down by modern military regulations. This work will all be done by policemen. They not only know how to lay out the camp site, but can pitch the tents, and put into operation all the sanitary measures applying to large groups of people housed in one camp. They have had the best of training, both theoretical and practical, under regular army officers. Many of them have been through the course at the Plattsburg camps for this very purpose.

Then there is the commissary branch of the work. The people must be fed, and that without the delay and waste of the well-intentioned but hastily and ill-organized volunteer efforts. This commissary work has been studied to the last detail. The police department not only knows exactly where to lay its hands immediately on the needed food supplies, but will furnish out of its own ranks the cooks to prepare the meals. Even bills of fare have been planned and an outfit of eating utensils provided. Provision has also been made against the possible cutting off of the city's outside food supply by the destruction of railroad terminals and other transportation facilities.

In times of disaster, telegraph and telephone wires are often destroyed. It would be difficult in such a case to communicate in the ordinary way with the various police units scattered throughout the great city. The department, therefore, has its own wireless stations and operators, and its signal corps trained in wigwag, heliograph, and other systems of communication, so that even with the telephone and telegraph lines disconnected, orders can be sent out and the men mobilized for their different duties.

The possibility of foreign invasion also brings along its problems for the police. A threatening enemy may have agents within the city, ready to destroy the water supply and transportation depots with a few well-placed explosives. All the important points of the city's public services have therefore been carefully noted and will be heavily guarded at the first sign of trouble. Important public buildings will likewise have strong police lines thrown around them.

All this emergency work would naturally divert a large part of the force from its ordinary duties. Disorderly elements are prone to take advantage of just such conditions, and looting and other forms of lawlessness take place. This is where another organiza-

tion, recently formed, will step in as a second line of police defense. It is called the Home Defense League. This organization is simply the banding together in every police precinct of a group of citizens for training as a police reserve. There are already about two hundred of these precinct organizations, with a total membership of about twenty-one thousand men. The members of this Home Defense League meet weekly in school buildings, halls, or vacant lots, for lectures and practical instruction in police duties, calisthenics, and military drill. The police captain of the precinct supervises the work, but the men elect their own officers, and will in due time be provided with their own distinctive uniforms and badges.

The scheme as a whole is frankly experimental, but the enthusiasm so far exhibited by the different branches of this Home Defense League speaks well for its success. The league's first participation in practical work came last month, when the members assisted the police in enforcing sanitary regulations to prevent the spread of infantile paralysis. When it is considered that in the event of a serious war a regiment or two may very possibly be recruited entirely from the ranks of the police department, the importance of having a trained reserve to step into the vacant places will easily be seen. A city must not be without sufficient police protection even under ordinary conditions. But one can imagine the serious plight of a large community called on to face a sudden outbreak of domestic disorder at a time, for instance, like the present—when a large part of its State militia is serving on the Mexican border, more than a thousand miles away.

The job of the policeman in a big city is far from being simply a matter of pounding the pavement. His work is many-sided. He must be something of a lawyer, partly street cleaner and health officer, naturally a peace officer, and also a good deal of a military man. While other branches of the policeman's training have always received considerable attention, the military side has only recently been developed. It forms a distinct and important part of the preparedness program of the New York police. Any one who saw the members of the New York's "Finest" on the occasion of their recent annual parade will appreciate the military proficiency that has been gained by the men. While it is not designed to make a military man out of the policeman, it is essential for him to know how to give proper commands in a clear, intelligent manner, and how to move large bodies of men from one point to another with order and precision. These results are produced by military drill, which also helps greatly to develop discipline and a spirit of coöperation which are essential to the morale of the city's organized police force. The handling of weapons is, of course, a necessary feature of the policeman's training. The men are instructed in revolver practice, and are also taught to shoot with the regular army rifle, and to operate machine and rapid-fire guns.

To supply as much practical experience as possible, a "Police Plattsburg" has been established at Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island. Here, throughout the summer, the policemen will come in companies of three hundred and fifty at a time for a stay of two weeks. The course is voluntary; the men pay their own expenses, and do all the work of maintaining the camp in its food and sanitary arrangements. Instruction is under the auspices of regular army officers and police

officers, and is adapted to the special needs of a policeman's work. There is a twelve-hour day of field work, with lectures and demonstrations at night. Besides military training, the instruction includes calisthenics, boxing, wrestling, jujutsu, the operation of motor launches, automobiles, and motorcycles, the care and feeding of horses, wigwag and other methods of signaling, the laying out and maintenance of the sanitary military camp, and the providing, issuing, preparation, and serving of food.

This whole program of preparedness on which the New York Police Department has been engaged now for over a year must undoubtedly be one to increase the confidence of the citizens in their police protectors. — *American Review of Reviews*, August, 1916.

On the Boundless Deep — No. 12

Christmas Night at Sea

WE heard no sound of reindeer or bells; we saw no traces of sleigh — or snow or land on which tracks might have been made. But all the juveniles and younger ladies found well-filled stockings on the morning of December 25. There was none of the accustomed sparkle of frost and snow; it was a warm, brilliant summer day. To us it was a sweetly solemn Sabbath day. The very newness and uncertainty of our own future seemed to draw us into closer touch with Him the beginning of whose earthly pilgrimage this day is meant to commemorate.

The usual words of good cheer and Christmas greetings, and the circulation among the passengers of the latest mail from home,—boxes marked to be opened on this day,—furnished an opportunity for interesting little visits with newly made friends, and to talk with them about the old, old story and what the birth and death of the Saviour really mean to us personally. It is surprising how "that wonderful redemption" draws hearts together.

A subdued excitement stirred the atmosphere. Sounds of hammer and saw were audible. Preparations were on foot for an elaborate entertainment in the evening. When, later, we saw the large stage draped with the big and beautiful Stars and Stripes, and otherwise attractively decorated, it was a pretty sight. Most of the program was what would naturally be expected from a theatrical troupe. We could scarcely identify the participants as our table mates and the ship's crew. Doubtless they acted their parts well. It was said to be a great show. The music was wonderful. We remained up for only this and one other number, and did not go out to the minstrel show, though we did see the rotund galleyman, painted blacker than black, and with the silliest grin imaginable, his eyes glinting comically from the depths of a chuckle.

Mr. Snow was asked to furnish something for the occasion. Somehow, it did not seem the proper thing to celebrate Christmas with a minstrel show. It seemed that at such a time some one should speak for the Master and for the soberer significance of the day they were turning into a frolic. So, with the captain's kind permission, he climbed to the highest point accessible to court the muse. Though of course his poem was not in harmony with the spirit of the rest of the entertainment, yet it was well received. The captain and the master of ceremonies thanked him for it, and they and ever so many others told us how much they enjoyed it.

The sea was rough that night, and the ship plunged and plunged, but Charles took as firm a stand as the

boy is reputed to have done on the burning deck. These words from "The Lady of the Lake" comically flitted through my mind:—

"He mann'd himself with dauntless air,

And firmly placed his foot before:
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Above the hoarse roar of old Neptune, we could distinctly hear the following words:—

"Our Christmas Day

"Mayhap 'tis in God's providence
Our privilege should be
To celebrate this Christmas day
Out on the heaving sea.
Some leaving friends and native land.
Some faring homeward are.
Each has his bitterness or joy,
And each his guiding star.

"Far from the dread of war's alarms,
Or crack of hostile guns,
Or scenes of desolation dire,
Our day in smoothness runs.
Here reigneth joy and hope and peace.
Below, around, above,
And arching over every head,
The rainbow of God's love.



LINKED TO FRIENDS ON SHORE

"Two thousand years have come and gone
Since that glad natal day
When in the humble manger crib
The Prince of Glory lay.
The wondering wise men knelt around.
And humble shepherd folk
To whom in glad angelic song
The God of heaven spoke.

"How many millions of earth's sons
Have sunk beneath the sod
Since angels first acclaimed His birth
Who was the Son of God!
And here tonight we meet upon
This newest Christmas day,
In memory of the Christ child there
Who in that manger lay.

"Peace, peace on earth, good will to men.
Was in that angel song,
And in this life who toiled for men,
And, toiling, did no wrong.
He taught us how to live and serve,
And nobler, truer be,
E'en though the way he trod should lead
To blood-stained Calvary.

"All that he had he freely gave,
All that he was, laid down,
That man might rise from his defeat,
And gain a victor's crown.
He fought that battle over sin
For God, for you, for me;
And won for us the right to live
Through all eternity.

"They mocked and scourged that spotless Lamb,
They nailed him to the tree;
They shed his blood that bitter day
On grim old Calvary.
'Forgive them, Father,' was his prayer;
'They know not what they do;'
And so today in heaven above
He pleads for me and you.

"'Twas not one spear alone that thrust
His loving bosom through;
That spear is in my hand today
In every wrong I do.
His heart is wounded by our sins,
And he is crucified
When I through wanton sinfulness
My Saviour have denied.

"I see him toiling through the throngs
That sore upon him press
For healing and for comfort in
Their sorrow and distress.
He suffers in their suffering;
Their misery he shares.
No sorrow of the human race
Can take him unawares.

"So now in every land and clime
Men love that blessed name,
And tell the beauties of that life
And its undying fame.
It tames the savage heart of man,
It molds our lives anew,
Puts love for hate, and joy for woe,
Our whole life journey through.

"This Christmas day, this day of cheer,
This birthday of the Christ,
Men celebrate from year to year,
A sacred, holy tryst.
And yet in sore distress he bows,—
So many have forgot
The purpose of his sacrifice
On that blood-sprinkled spot.

"'Twas not to fill the world with mirth
And vanity and dross
That he went up that cruel mount
And perished on the cross.
Through every fiber of his life
God's one great purpose ran,—
To reconcile the race to God,
And win the heart of man.

"This does our Christmas signify;
And as the years go by
We see the signs of his return,
In earth, and sea, and sky.
So let us keep this hallowed day,
And yield to his control;
Then share with him the bliss of heaven
While endless ages roll."

MRS. C. M. SNOW.

The 1917 Goal

A GOAL is "a mark or point to be reached in a race or other contest." It is "the final purpose or aim, the end to which a design tends, or which a person aims to reach or attain." The old Anglo-Saxon word seems to have the idea of a rod or the mark made by the blow of a rod. I suppose the Anglo-Saxon boys of long ago, in the woods of Northern Europe, or in Britannia to which they emigrated, used to put up a pole or make a mark with a stick on the ground to indicate the end of the race course.

In these wonderful days in which we live, the boys and girls, and young men and young women, who know that Jesus is soon coming, and who understand God's message for this time, are banding themselves together

for active service in giving "the advent message to all the world in this generation." This is our goal—our final purpose or aim. And every loyal Missionary Volunteer is constrained by the love of Christ to dedicate himself to the accomplishment of this purpose.

As a preparation for this work, we need to study. And so we have our plans for self-improvement as well as for work and giving.

Every successful worker has learned that much more can be accomplished by setting for himself a goal and working to it. That this is true of a whole army of young people is shown by the great advance made by our Missionary Volunteers in 1914, the first year of the North American Division goal. In 1913 we issued 134 Standard of Attainment certificates, and in 1914, 676. In 1913, 675 Reading Course certificates were called for, while the number jumped to 1,913 in 1914. There was a very large increase in offerings to missions also.

Now, each year the North American Division Conference Committee sets a goal for our young people to reach. For 1917 it is as follows:—

2,000 to read the Bible through.
1,000 Standard of Attainment certificates.
3,000 Reading Course certificates.
2,500 young people converted and added to the church.

15,000 reporting members by Dec. 31, 1917.
\$35,000 for missions.

Dear Missionary Volunteers how shall we reach this goal? Is there any other way than that each one shall do his share? We have apportioned these goals to the Union Conferences. The Union Conference Missionary Volunteer secretary will assign your conference a portion. Your conference secretary will doubtless assign your society its proportionate part of the conference goal. What will you do? If you knew that the reaching of the Division goal rested upon you, what would you do? But it does rest upon you.

A writer tells of his efforts to get his friend nominated for Congress by a political convention:—

"He required one hundred and forty-one votes to secure his nomination in his party convention. By tremendous effort we secured the bare one hundred and forty-one votes, and we could not have controlled another vote by possible effort. Had we fallen one vote short of the one hundred and forty-one, a combination would have been made that would have defeated my friend. After the convention adjourned, one of the one hundred and forty-one came to me and said, 'It was my vote that nominated your friend.' 'Yes,' I said, 'you did it.' Then a second crowded up to me and whispered, 'I gave him the majority vote.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'yours is the credit and the glory for the good work done this day.' A third man came to me and said, 'I did not have a vote today, but I controlled one, and if I had not secured that vote for your friend he would have fallen short.' 'Yes, sir,' I answered, 'you were the only man that could have won that vote, and without that vote the day would have been lost. To you belongs the credit of this victory.' And so on around. Did I prevaricate? Did I flatter? By no means. It was the truth."

And so it is. The work of every Missionary Volunteer is essential to the accomplishment of this great task. Do not be a "slacker." In the next issue of the INSTRUCTOR there will be an article giving a financial plan for the Missionary Volunteer Societies.

M. E. KERN.



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



Running Away from Christmas

SIT down, Anthony, right here on the hall bench, before you take off your coat. Dinner isn't ready, anyway, and I've time to tell you something. It's— it's my ultimatum. I think that's what you call it."

The face of Anthony Kane, softened and stirred by his wife's kiss, stiffened into astonishment. What was this Kitty had to say solemn enough to merit "Anthony" and "ultimatum"? Kitty rarely greeted him with big words.

"You needn't be scared, dear, though *I* am! I frighten myself—but I shall do it. I have spent all day deciding; and you know, when I *decide*, Anthony—"

"O, come, call me by my right name!"

"Well, Tony, then. Sit down. You look so big standing up, and I feel specially little with this on my mind. Tony, we'll run away from Christmas."

"We'll—what?"

"Run away. It will be simple enough; only we must run in time. I've got our things nearly packed. You needn't say a syllable." Her cool fingers were over his lips. "I'm doing the saying. I have it all planned right down to the single detail of where to run to. It's got to be some place where there isn't a thought of Christmas; that's all I stipulate. We'll keep on running till we get to That Place."

"Katharine!"

"Call me Kitty. Yes, dear?"

"You never told me there was insanity in your family. This isn't giving a fellow a square deal."

"Well, there is insanity," returned his small, cool wife. "It comes on periodically. We are all taken crazy just about this time o' year, and we gradually recover after Christmas. This year I am going to skip my attack. And you've got to 'skip' with me." She laughed enjoyingly at her modest pun. Her hand crossed and recrossed Anthony Kane's shaven cheek, with the lingering and tender touch of childless wives who have so much time to caress husbands' cheeks.

"Think of not having to do up the bundles, Tony, not one bundle! No flurry and scurry and scolding each other at the last minute; no tissue paper and ribbon and strings and writing addresses! Just you and me"—Kitty was not always hampered by grammatic rule—"sitting comfortably together in That Place, wherever it is, the No-Christmas Place we are going to run away to."

He attempted to restore her sanity by homely suggestion. "Let's run away to dinner," he soothed. "If I'm not mistaken, I smell a Belinda potpie—"

"We'll start anyway day after tomorrow. I suppose you will have to have time to wind up your affairs. Tony, if I never had an inspiration before, this is one. And to think of all the dreading and planning I might have saved! I spent *hours* trying to reckon how we stand with the Smith-Curtises, and what we'd got to spend on the Dana Wards this year."

She sprang lightly to her feet, and faced him.

"*Christmas!*" she scorned, all her sweet face aflame. "Merry Christmas! Anthony Kane, we've been married eleven years, eleven weary Christmases full of nervous prostration, and empty pocketbooks, and—and tissue paper, and *strings!* Trying to keep up our end of things and give folks as valuable presents as they gave us last year! I don't know what you call it; I call it a give-and-take scramble, and I've had enough of it. There's no way out of it but to run away. I don't want to see or hear a word of Christmas, and there must be a place somewhere. We'll take hold of hands, dear, and find it. Now *we'll* have dinner."

But she drifted back to him as he hung up his coat. The tone that penetrated into that little closet was a tone he knew, but rarely had heard. He did not need to look at Kitty's broken little face.

"Of course—of course I'd have *loved* Christmas if we'd ever hung up little stockings; do you think I'd run away from that?" And she was gone again. There had never been little stockings.

Two days later they were actually on their way to That Place beyond the reach of Christmas. It was characteristic of Katharine Kane that the wild little plan had materialized; she was accustomed to carry through her plans. To Anthony Kane, her husband, to whom she was wife and children and all the world, submission even to crazy little schemes came easily. He had fortunately leisure and wherewithal to indulge her.

"Well, we've started for somewhere, Puss, but how do you know you won't find a Christmas there? We may run right into it."

"Don't laugh; this is sober earnest. Honestly, Tony, I am so sick of the present-day mercenary, distorted kind of celebrating that I want to *rest*; yes, I do! I want to forget it. You're a dear, not to mind anything, not even being pulled up by the roots at a moment's notice. When I get home, I shall give *you* a Christmas present." The inconsistency of woman! "But just now we are on the way to a place called Hardscrabble. I picked it out on a time-table. You don't look for a Christmas there, do you?" She laughed, not without modest pride at her "find." "But if anything happens that we 'run into' one, as you predict, I've two other promising places on my list: Starkville and World's End—what do you say to going to those? The last one isn't on a railroad; we'll have to hire a sleigh, and hunt it up. I happened to see a reference to it in the newspaper. O Tony, aren't you beginning to have a lovely time? Just us two!"

"Great! real Christmas spirit," mumbled Tony. He was in reality not averse to this remarkable escapade. He and Kitty deserved a little freedom after their eleven proper and expensive Christmases.

He did not really accept her pessimistic theory of the utter demoralization of Christmas; in Anthony Kane's still youthful mind were too many blissful

memories, but he "accepted" Kitty. Poor child, she had been a little solitary up to the time he had found her; and from that time on had occurred the wearisome annual games of give and take that had occasioned this adventurous quest. Kitty had much to excuse her. He never forgot the denied sweets of motherhood that she had missed.

"But look here." It was considerably further on in the trip; an uncomfortable thought had just occurred to him. "Kitty, how will it look?"

"'Look'? O Tony, you waked me up, and I was starting in on such a beautiful dream! How will what 'look,' dear?"

"This—this freak of ours. Everybody'll send us the costly rubbish just the same. I don't like the taste of the thought, Katharine."

"I've fixed that part, of course. We shall not find the front porch piled with bundles, man, dear; go on with your newspaper. I dropped a hint with Celia Beede, and I waited till she picked it up, too. Celia is so dependable!"

Hardscrabble proved a slightly little town set on a hill. It had a suspicious look of a certain amount of thrift and cheer, even in the gloom of its ill-lighted little streets. They were driven in silence to its one hotel, Katharine's spirits oddly damped. Well, all there was about it—there were the two other places! She would put into immediate action her investigations. If Hardscrabble proved a disappointment—it was destined to do it.

After the ambitious little meal called "supper" Katharine disappeared. It was half an hour later when she broke in upon Anthony sitting in the hot little bedroom.

"Oh, you've got your coat off! Put it on quick; our train goes in fifteen minutes! There's a sleeper on it. You shall have a good night's rest, poor boy. I'm doing the best I can for you."

"But what—"

"We can't stay here, Tony. This place is *full* of Christmas! I've been out investigating. The shop windows are all lighted up and decorated—actually decorated! And about every house has Christmas wreaths in the windows—hurry, dear! I'll shut up the bags."

At Starkville, when by devious ways they finally arrived at that dreary-sounding place, they were met upon the little station platform with no less than three "Merry Christmases." More of them, cheery and friendly, greeted them at the Starkville House. It appeared to be a Christmasy little spot.

"Now, isn't it too bad? You'll have to put up with a top-floor room, and a back one at that! But we're full, because of Christmas. The band folks always put up with us, and we always have a band here for the rally."

"'Rally'?" but Katharine did not look at Anthony. Already she tasted new defeat. In a species of despair she clutched Anthony's arm, and walked out.

"Never mind, Puss; better luck next time," comforted that soothing person. "There's your third place—End o' the World, is it? We haven't given that a trial. If we run into Christmas there, we'll change our tactics and call it our wedding trip. We never really had one, and it's nobody's business when or where we go."

"Oh, you're a dear!" she sighed. "No other woman's husband would have come off like this, anyway, just to please a frantic wife."

Kitty was travel-worn, and in her secret soul a little repentant of her lunacy. Even a Christmas-harried,

bundle-littered home looked appealing to her tonight. But because she was Kitty it did not occur to her to turn back from her undertaking. She had undertaken to find a Christmasless place and spend her Christmas in it. Besides, she hadn't run away from Tony.

"Let's have supper," she cried briskly. "Let's be happy, dear! Just us two at a little table here at the end of the world. Then we'll go to the real World's End. We're *due* there, Tony,—you don't mind?"

"Me—mind?" Tony was just getting into the spirit of things. He had the windy little sense of having eloped with Kitty; and the farther they ran, the better. Had he ever really had her to himself before?

After supper they continued their adventurous journeying to World's End.

"I think," Kitty mused aloud, "that we've been harnessed up, with the overdraw checkrein and all that, you know,—and driven in little narrow roads that other people made for us, and we didn't dare to turn out of. We're—we're unchecked now, and—out to grass!" She laughed enjoyingly. "Doesn't it seem good to get our heads down, and *browse*?" He stooped suddenly and kissed her.

World's End had been properly named; but they succeeded in finding it, and the night before Christmas found them in the primitive little settlement of a half-dozen houses and a blacksmith shop. That round a bend in the road a little farther on they would have found more houses and a general store they refused to be told; this was the World's End they wanted. It satisfied Kitty; she saw no signs of Christmas. The elderly soul in one of the houses, who agreed to take them in, did not wish them a merry Christmas. The elderly man soul who appeared to belong to her wore a serious, un-Christmas countenance. There were no holly wreaths visible anywhere, and the blacksmith shop was undecorated.

"We've found the Place," Kitty whispered, but she boasted too soon. Two hours later she realized her mistake.

Tony had gone to bed in the company room of the little house; but Kitty, with a woman's uneasiness and her own particular gift of wakefulness, had remained up with a book from one of the suitcases.

"Tony—Tony!" Her lips were close to his ear, and she was gently shaking him. She had just returned from a little excursion to the kitchen for a drink.

"Tony, they've hung their stockings up—their poor old stockings!" Kitty was crying, though she did not know it, and could scarcely have told why, if she had known. "Get up, dear—Tony, please! Help me find something nice of yours for the solemn old man-stocking. I know of something for the other one."

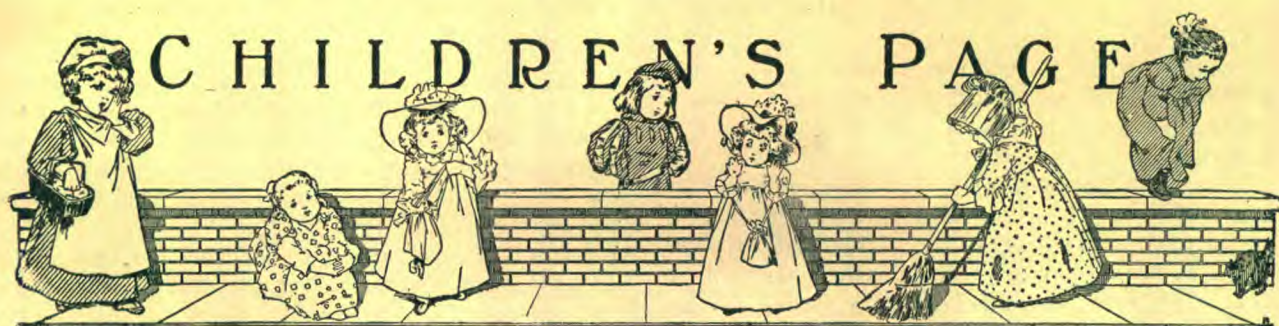
So it came about that a few minutes later these two who had run away from Christmas, stole, stocking-footed, out to the small, drear kitchen to play Santa Claus.

"Let a little end hang over the top, so he'll see it first thing. It's your very prettiest tie; Tony, you're a dear; Tony, if you dare to laugh at me!" but he was not laughing.

As they sat at breakfast the next morning, a little trail of humble vehicles paraded past the window; and the old person waiting upon them explained it. She was suddenly excited.

"Ezry! Ezry! It's goin' past! Don't stop to wipe your face!" she called to her old husband in a

(Concluded on page fifteen)



When Alice's "Mind" was Changed

IT was the first day of school; as the children settled into their seats, and became silent and attentive, the teacher smiled happily into their faces. The church school at San Marcos was not large,—only a baker's dozen of boys and girls,—but there was no lack of work to be done. The teacher, realizing that each child was a wonderful possibility for either good or evil, loved them, every one.

Marion's was the only new face in the little company; she and her widowed mother had come to San Marcos the week before, the mother taking a position as housekeeper in one Adventist family and Marion working for her board in another, so that the daughter might have the privilege of attending a church school. Mother and daughter had been in the truth but a short time, and the teacher felt that a special effort must be made to strengthen and establish the girl's faith.

"I feel we are going to have a busy, happy term of school together," spoke the teacher at length, "and I am hoping and praying that not one word may be heard in this room that will grieve away the Holy Spirit. We are God's children, and this is his school; let us love and help one another in every way possible."

Then they sang, the teacher asked God to bless and guide them in all they did that day, and soon the regular work was well under way.

At noon the children gathered under a wide-spreading pepper tree growing near the schoolhouse, to eat their lunches. The teacher was detained for a moment at her desk, and as she stepped outside the door to join the children, she heard Alice Bascom saying:—

"Your mother isn't much of an Adventist; she wears a ring."

With a gasp of dismay the teacher paused, and a moment later heard Marion's voice, low, and with a suggestion of tears very near, answer:—

"Yes, but it is her wedding ring; she has worn it so long, and father is dead, you know."

"That does not make any difference," was the stern reply. Then the teacher hastened to join them, and the subject was dropped.

Alice Bascom, the twelve-year-old daughter of a well-to-do Adventist family, was noted for her sharp and disagreeable speeches. The teacher feared the bad practice would become a fixed habit with the girl, and resolved to have a serious talk with her in regard to the matter very soon.

There was no further disturbance of the peace until Thursday evening. School had been dismissed and the children were putting on hats and wraps preparatory to starting for home when suddenly Alice's shocked voice was heard saying:—

"Why, Marion! there is a hole in your sleeve." As every eye turned in that direction, Alice's finger was seen to be pointing rigidly to a tiny rent in Marion's sleeve.

Marion flushed uncomfortably, then, seizing her lunch basket, hurried from the room without a word. Alice smiled calmly, put on her hat with care and precision, then sauntered toward home, every motion indicating that she was exceedingly well satisfied with herself and the world at large.

The teacher saw and heard all, and her face wore an anxious look as she locked the schoolhouse door. That night she prayed earnestly that she might have wisdom given her to show Alice what an unkind habit she was forming, and to help her put it out of her life.

Marion came to school the next day wearing a clean dress. Alice called the attention of the other girls to the fact by a meaning smile, but said nothing.

Monday morning nine-year-old Vera Landis caught up with the teacher on her way to school. The little girl's face was very happy as she said shyly:—

"I've got a new dress, teacher."

"So I see," answered teacher with a smile of sympathy, "and a very pretty little dress it is, too."

With a skip of pure joy the child caught hold of the teacher's hand and chattered of all the little happenings at home until the schoolhouse was reached.

Mrs. Landis was an invalid, and Mr. Landis supported his family by day labor, so Vera's dresses were not always pretty, and the teacher did not wonder at her happiness over the new dress. Alice was at the door waiting for them, and after giving Vera's dress one sharp look she smiled in a way that filled the teacher's heart with forebodings of trouble, but said nothing.

Scarcely had the children reached the playground at the morning recess when she heard Alice announce:—

"I know where Vera got her new dress."

"It is a very pretty dress, wherever she got it," spoke Marion quickly, as if trying to ward off the hurt she felt was coming to sensitive little Vera; but Alice was not to be diverted from her purpose.

"Didn't my aunt give it to you, Vera?" she asked.

"Yes, she gave me two dresses, this blue one and another brown one. Mamma was so glad, 'cause she isn't strong enough to sew, you know."

"H-m-m," said Alice, preparing for the final thrust. "They are my cousin Hattie's old dresses that she outgrew. Aunt Mollie always gives them away to poor people."

For an instant there was a hush upon the children, then a little figure passed quietly into the schoolroom and sat looking at a book all through the recess period. But the teacher's kindly eyes saw that tears had to be brushed away several times, and she knew that all of Vera's joy in the pretty little dresses was gone forever.

"Such a pity," she whispered to herself, and resolved that now was the time to speak to Alice. Toward the close of the day she asked:—

"Alice, will you stay a little while after school and help me correct papers?"

To help correct papers was considered an honor, and Alice gladly consented. By the time the papers were finished all the other children had gone, and with a little prayer for guidance the teacher said quietly:—

"Alice, I've been wondering just why you said what you did to Vera about her dress this morning."

Alice had the grace to blush slightly as she arranged the papers before her in a neat pile, then, assuming an expression of innocent wonder, she looked up and said:—

"I don't know why I said it; I was just talking—and it is true."

"Oh, yes, it is true, no doubt, but try to think *why* you said it," persisted the teacher.

Alice played nervously with the papers before her and did not answer at once, so the kind voice continued:—

"It might help you to understand your motives better if I remind you of other things you have said. Why did you call attention to the little hole in Marion's sleeve when she was a stranger to us all? Why did you tell her her mother was not a good Adventist when you had seen her only once?"

"Well, Adventists *don't* wear rings, do they?" asked Alice hopefully.

"They do not, as a rule," said the teacher, smiling, "but the wearing of a ring, or the not wearing of one, isn't a sure test of one's religion; and even if it were, do you think it a courteous way to speak to a stranger who has just come among us?"

Alice shook her head, but did not speak.

"Alice dear," said the teacher softly, "I think you are ashamed of the unkind spirit that made you say those things to the girls; now I am going to talk very plainly because I love you, and want you to grow into the beautiful Christian character it is possible for you to be if you will honestly try to overcome your faults."

"There is a verse that begins, 'Let this mind be in you;' can you finish the verse for me?"

"Which was also in Christ Jesus," whispered Alice.

"That is right. Now what was the quality that showed most strongly in the mind of Jesus?"

"Love," was the brief answer.

"Yes, love. God is love; Christ and his Father were one, so Christ also is love. If love is behind every word we speak, shall we ever say words that hurt another needlessly?"

Alice shook her head.

"I think you understand, dear. Every unkind word comes from the natural mind, and that is controlled by Satan; but God has promised to take away this selfish, natural mind, if we ask him to, and give us the spiritual mind that was in Christ Jesus. Then, if we are careful to listen to and obey what this spiritual mind says to our heart, we shall grow to be more and more like Jesus every day of our lives."

They knelt while the teacher sent up an earnest prayer for help, then Alice went home. As the teacher watched her pass down the road she smiled tenderly as she noted how little of the self-satisfied air was left, and kneeling again, she prayed that God would indeed give both Alice and herself the mind of love and tender courtesy that was in Christ Jesus.

AUNT BETH.

A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches.—*Solomon.*

"HE who follows two hares is sure to catch neither."

A Vision

I DREAMED I was in a country drenched with blood. The sky above was heavy with black clouds that were driving before a gale of wind. Night, when it fell, was black as ink, and the sough of the wind was weird and terrible.

But worst of all was the bloodshed. I saw armies at war, flash of guns that thundered, musketry and machine-gun fire, explosion of shells and bombs, masonry and dirt flying intermittently, charge of living men, the bayonet, wounds, and death.

Up from the ground seemed to rise an indescribable moan of agony. In it was concentrated the torture of the ages. All human suffering, too deep for voice, was concentrated in that pitiful wail.

I was only one among swarms of men. I tried to stop the dreadful butchery, but no one would listen. Every one I met seemed to be too busy killing, or helping others to kill, to pay any attention whatever to my plea. Eyes were holden, and did not see the suffering; ears were deaf, and did not hear the moans of strong men dying in agony.

I tried to leave that land, but everywhere at the border the guards turned me back. "Why cannot I pass through, and get away from this hideous carnage?" I inquired. And the soldier answered, "*There is no way out.*"

I dreamed again, and again I was in a war-torn land. In the midst of my sorrow I turned my eyes upward, and saw a rift in the black, scudding clouds. As I looked, the rift widened, deepened, became luminous, a mass of glory behind the inky veil. Then I saw graven on that golden background the word "Ascend."

As I gazed, the meaning broke upon my mind.

There was, indeed, no way out of a world given to the madness of war. Grim, silent, potent forces held me on the material side to my fellow men. If they suffer through their own folly, or through customs inherited from the past, I must behold it, weep with them, and suffer too. A wall of steel is around the world, and there is no way out—on that level.

But the sky above is not closed. The highroad is open; heaven invites the man that looks up.

Above the clouds is peace. The soul can rise out of the wars of an armed world into God's own calm. "*Ascend!*"

I saw, too, that the salvation of the world lies in this word "Ascend!" As long as men remain where they now are, immersed in material interests, they will war with one another as dogs fight over a bone. Only as they rise above materialism and the engrossing pursuit of mere earthly things, only as they develop the spiritual sense and live the spiritual life, will they cease their killings and their cruelties and live like brothers.—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

A New Version

"WELL, I've been pretty fairly honest and truthful for fifty years or more—I guess I'm too old to change," was the reply an old farmer made to one who had suggested some slight deception in his work of packing the produce of the farm for market.

It was a pleasant variation of the old, despairing cry which has gone up so many hundreds of times from drunkards, criminals, sinners of all sorts and degrees: "I can't reform now—it's too late—I'm too old to change."

When one is young is the best time for deciding which way the words shall stand. Shall it be the calm

statement of well-fixed habits of truth and honesty and righteousness, practiced through the years until it is almost out of the question to change them? or shall it be the despairing cry of the hardened sinner, who realizes how fast bound he is in the chains of evil habit, and who cries hopelessly: "I'm too old to change"?

It is a question which is being decided daily, whether we think about it or not. Suppose we decide it aright, now while it is easy to do so.—*East and West.*



God Guides

(Texts for January 1-6)

"I opened the old, old Bible,
And looked at a page of Psalms,
Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Was soothed by its summer calms;

"For the words that have helped so many,
And that ages have made more dear,
Seemed new in their power to comfort
As they brought me my word of cheer."

LET us believe, first of all, that our Father guided in the choice of the book of Psalms for this year's Morning Watch. It is called the book of the deeper spiritual experiences. Surely this is what we need. Year by year the din and clamor of the world is becoming louder. Hurry and confusion are on every hand. How comforting to have the assurance of the mighty God that "the meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way."

How often we are brought into circumstances which sorely perplex us. We do not know which way to turn or what to do next. It seems like a great crisis in our lives. So much depends upon our decision, and we wrestle in distress and anguish over the problem. Only the other day a young friend said, "I have spent whole nights weeping and struggling over this crisis I am facing." Ah, dear friends, why not take our Father's word? The promise is to the meek. Jesus says: "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." May he not bring us into these very trials that we may learn meekness?

We need not take one step blindly, uncertainly, in the dark. But we must meet his conditions. If we are meek, if we cultivate that inner silence, waiting upon God, listening for the still, small voice, watching for his guiding providence, we "shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

The historian says that Napoleon, though emperor, never commanded the meanest soldier to go where he would not lead. On one occasion he ordered the army to cross a river. Seeing they hesitated, he spurred his horse to the front and plunged into the river, shouting, "Soldiers! follow your general!" He was the first to reach the other side, and needless to say, every soldier followed him, cheering.

So our Master is leading today. "When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice." Let us not look at the darkness and difficulty of the way, but

trust the One who has promised to guide us by his counsel and afterward receive us to glory.

"Dark! Well, what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight,
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

"Hard! Well, and what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die.
It must be learned. Learn it, then, patiently.

"No help! Nay, 'tis not so;
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the raven, hears his children cry.
He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,
And he will guide thee, light thee, help thee home."

MEDITATION.—When the way seems dark and the pathway rough, how comforting to know that God guides. He says: "My child, let me lead you. I have traveled this road and know just the obstacles to be met. I can guide you safely o'er life's rugged path straight into the heavenly gates." Traveling alone I never can reach the Promised Land, so I want God to guide me every day; then I shall not fall by the way nor wander from the path which leads to eternal life.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—How appropriate, this first week of the new year, to pray for a closer walk with God. May the sweet words of this hymn be the prayer of each heart every day of the new year:—

"O let me walk with thee, my God,
As Enoch walked in days of old;
Place thou my trembling hand in thine,
And sweet communion with me hold;
E'en though the path I may not see,
Yet, Jesus, let me walk with thee."

MEADE MACGUIRE.



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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending January 6

THE programs for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for January.

The Bible Year Assignments

FOR the year 1917 there will be a Bible Year assignment for the Juniors. This course will omit portions of the Bible which would not be so easily understood by children, and make it easier for them to complete the reading in a year. The Juniors have their portion of the Missionary Volunteer goal to reach, and it is hoped that this arrangement will encourage a large number of Juniors to complete the Bible Year. Hundreds of our Junior young people have already found the reading of the Bible through a very interesting task. In some church schools nearly every scholar has taken up this reading.

The assignments for both Juniors and Seniors will be given in the INSTRUCTOR. There will also be notes especially prepared for Juniors which will give interesting facts about the Bible and Bible characters. Notes for Seniors will be found in the *Review* as last year.

M. E. KERN.

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

- January 1: Genesis 1 to 3. Creation; sin, salvation.
 January 2: Genesis 4 to 7. Enoch; Noah; the ark and the flood.
 January 3: Genesis 8 to 11. A new beginning; Babel.
 January 4: Genesis 12 to 15. A man of faith; tithing; the covenant.
 January 5: Genesis 16 to 19. Lot delivered; Sodom destroyed.
 January 6: Genesis 20 to 22. Abraham's faith tested.
 For notes on this assignment, see the *Review* for December 28.

Junior Assignment

- January 1: Genesis 1; 2. Creation; Eden.
 January 2: Genesis 3; 4: 1-15. The results of disobedience.
 January 3: Genesis 6; 7. The ark and the flood.
 January 4: Genesis 8; 9: 1-17. God remembered Noah; the bow of promise.
 January 5: Genesis 11: 1-9; 12: 1-10. Babel; the call of Abraham.
 January 6: Genesis 13. Abraham and Lot.

A Wonderful Book

The Bible is the most wonderful book. Its author is God, and it contains a message for everybody in the world. Many years ago, before printing was invented, many scribes in many places made copies by hand. It was the first book to be printed from movable types. It is now the most popular book in the world. There are published each year ten million copies in nearly five hundred languages. There are more Bibles sold than of all the new storybooks put together. Many of the world's greatest pictures and books, and much of its music, have come from the Bible. Whenever the Bible has been read people have been saved from sin and made happier, and children's lives have been made brighter. May the Lord help our Junior boys and girls to love the Bible and read it every day.

Would you not like to get a bird's-eye view of the Bible? It is really a library of sixty-six books in two great divisions, the Old Testament and the New Testament. How can you remember how many books each Testament has? "Old" has 3 letters; "Testament" has 9. The Old Testament has 39 books. "New" has 3 letters, "Testament" has 9, the New Testament has 3 x 9, or 27 books. It would be well to learn all these books in their order, if you have not already done so.

The Birth of the Bible

The world has stood, we suppose, about 6,000 years. For about 2,500 years there was no Bible such as we have today. How strange; the world without a Bible! But the Lord spoke to men; and his words were told by parents to their children, and children's children. Adam, who was once sinless and whose home was in the garden of Eden, lived on the earth over nine hundred years. "He carefully treasured what God had revealed to him, and repeated it to succeeding generations." He lived for over a half century after the birth of Lamech, the father of Noah. Lamech was his great-great-great-great-great-grandson. The story of Paradise, the entrance of sin, and the plan of salvation was told by Adam over and over to all who would listen. Lamech, who talked with Adam, lived nearly a century after Noah's sons were born. So the word of God was passed down from family to family, as a precious treasure.

After the destruction of the world by a flood, and when the people were becoming very wicked again, the Lord called Abraham out from among the heathen to be the head of a chosen nation. And to this nation he committed his word in written form.

Moses, whose wonderful story you will read, was the one chosen by the Lord to write the first part of the Bible. In his lonely exile near Mt. Sinai, Moses thought many times of how God had dealt with his fathers. As he prayed for his people in Egypt, the heavenly angels were sent to comfort and instruct him. "Here, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, he wrote the book of Genesis." In after years, prophets, apostles, and other men continued to write as they were moved by the Holy Ghost from time to time, until the Bible was complete.

Genesis

Genesis means beginning. It tells about the beginning of the world, of man, of sin, of death, of salvation, and of history. The great subjects in this book are creation, the fall, the flood, the dispersion, Abraham and his descendants. Nearly all history clusters about great men. Genesis may be grouped about Adam (chapters 1-5), Noah (6-11), Abraham (12-26), Jacob (27-37), and Joseph (38-50). Some of the most interesting stories that have ever been told are in this book.

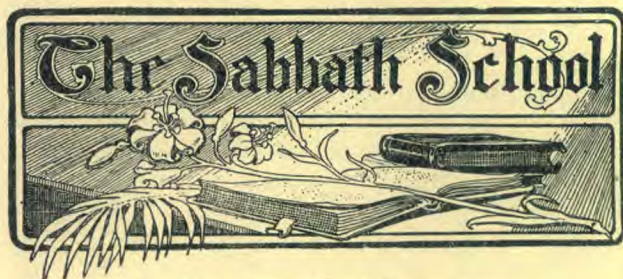
That Indispensable Paper Again

DID you send for the December number of the *Church Officers' Gazette*? If so, or if not, will not every Missionary Volunteer leader who does not have the *Gazette* arrange for it at once? Most societies need at least two copies. The cost is 50 cents a year for one copy, or two or more copies sent to the same address for 35 cents each. Order of your tract society.

There are three methods of supplying the *Gazette* to Missionary Volunteer officers: (1) the officers subscribe for themselves; (2) the society subscribes for them; (3) the church furnishes the paper to each of the officers in the church who require it. Either plan is all right. By all means subscribe so as to get the January number. Do it now.

Aside from the regular outlines and materials for both the Junior and Senior Society programs for the month of January, this number contains articles written especially for Junior and Senior leaders. Every leader who feels the sacred responsibility of his office will, of course, be anxious for suggestions and help. The denomination is endeavoring to furnish just such help in the *Church Officers' Gazette*.

M. E. KERN.



I — The Council at Jerusalem

(January 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 15: 1-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "We believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they." Acts 15: 11.

Questions

1. From what place did certain men come to visit the church at Antioch? What did they teach? Acts 15: 1. Note 1.
2. Who opposed these teachers? What course was finally determined upon? Verse 2.
3. Who helped Paul and Barnabas on their way to Jerusalem? Through what places did they pass? Of what did

they speak? What did this message bring to all the brethren? Verse 3.

4. By whom were they received when they arrived at Jerusalem? What did they declare to them? Verse 4.

5. What did some of the believing Pharisees say? Verse 5.

6. Who met first to consider the question? Verse 6.

7. Who then addressed the council? What did he say they all knew? Verse 7. To what visit did he refer? Acts 10:19-23.

8. How had God shown his approval of what Peter did on this occasion? Acts 15:8, 9.

9. What question did Peter then ask? Verse 10.

10. How are all men to be saved? Verse 11.

11. Who were the next speakers in the council? What did they declare? Verse 12. Note 2.

12. Who next addressed the brethren? Verse 13. Note 3.

13. What decision did he pronounce? Verse 19.

14. What did he propose that the council should do? Verse 20.

15. Why was it thought unnecessary to give all the details? Verse 21.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. What is the Bible way of settling difficulties? Give texts.
2. Why was the subject discussed at this conference one of great importance?

Notes

1. "Paul and Barnabas met this false doctrine with promptness, and opposed the introduction of the subject to the Gentiles. On the other hand, many of the believing Jews of Antioch favored the position of the brethren recently come from Judea. . . . The Jews feared that if the restrictions and ceremonies of their law were not made obligatory upon the Gentiles as a condition of church fellowship, the national peculiarities of the Jews, which had hitherto kept them distinct from all other people, would finally disappear from among those who received the gospel message."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 189.

Jerusalem was three hundred miles from Antioch. The church saw that the difficulty must be settled. To talk over matters in a friendly way was the course to take. To let the spirit of alienation grow would be sure to result in division. The mission of the apostles was to unite the believers in the truth.

2. All listened while the returned missionaries were speaking. No doubt they told of the new converts who were believers in Jesus; of Elymas struck blind; of a whole city listening to the gospel on the Sabbath; and of the cripple instantly healed. These were arguments which could not be answered.

3. This James was the brother of Jesus. At one time while Jesus was on earth it was said, "For neither did his brethren believe in him;" but the life Jesus lived, and the death he died, won their hearts. Now one of these same brothers was the leader in the church at Jerusalem. He was so upright and holy he was called "James the Just."

Running Away from Christmas

(Concluded from page ten)

room beyond. "It's Mis' Blacksmith Avery, her that was young Ellen Till," she explained to her guests. "Isn't it a pity to be buried on Christmas day? And Blacksmith Avery *Thanksgiving*! I tell him it should have been us; we wouldn't have left two little mites."

"Oh, two little mites!" breathed Kitty. Her fork slipped with a soft clatter to her plate. She sat forward in her chair, her eyes on the tail of the somber little procession going by.

"Two, yes; I suppose it's a mercy there weren't six; but I declare it's hard to see some miencies. They're little dears; Ellen was a beautiful girl. There isn't any better stock anywhere round here than Till stock, and I don't know but Avery comes next. I have never seen politer little dears."

"Oh—little dears!" Kitty murmured. Tony did not venture to look at the troubled little face of her. He felt the stirrings of her denied and hungry soul.

The old voice ran on garrulously. It was rare it found so good a chance as this.

"Fond o' children, are you?" The old eyes had come to rest on Kitty's face. "Well, then, I guess you'd be fond o' these children! If you'd like to see

them, I'll go over with you. The poor farm's coming after them this afternoon. We better go soon."

But Kitty had already gone, alone. The old woman's gaze followed her admiringly.

"Isn't she spry? Well, I tell him to look at the way I used to go around instead of looking at me now—Yes, we've got to let the poor farm take the Blacksmith Avery children." She sighed. "There is no one else to take them, and there isn't a grain of money to keep them if there was. 'Twon't be much different for them, poor dears, than for the rest of us. All of us live on poor farms."

Anthony Kane was not surprised that Kitty did not come back alone. He went a little way along the snowy road to meet her, and now he looked at Kitty's face. It was lighted softly by some inner light, the light he knew.

"This is 'Son,' and this is 'Sister,'" she introduced quietly. "They are both so little, Tony!"

"Sister is; I ain't. I'm big," the little voice of Son piped eagerly. "When I'm 'leven months older, I'll be seven—I—I mean I was *goin'* to be if mother hadn't died."

"I want mother!" suddenly broke in baby wailing from the tremulous lips of the other child. Sister in 'leven months more could not be more than four. Her round, wholesome little face was grotesquely contorted with its grief. To Anthony Kane, looking down, it was a piteous little face.

"Man, dear—"

"Yes, Puss—yes, I know."

"Both, Anthony? How can a little Son live without a little Sister?"

But he was spared decision. Son was before him.

"She's goin' to take me, an' I'm goin' to take Sister, an' we're goin' to have a Chris'mas. You tell him," pushing Kitty forward. "Tell him he can kiss Sister; the best place is under her chin."

To Tony, Son gravely explained: "I promised to let her kiss me 'leven more months, but she better do it on my hair; that's the cleanest place. Can I pray Sister nights? I promised mother I would."

Katharine Kane on her knees gathered the two of them into her arms. It was as if they were "praying" her. A long time afterward—it seemed—she heard Anthony's voice, striving for matter-of-factness.

"There's a train on that little branch at one o'clock. If we could catch it—"

"Of course we can catch it! If we have to run all the four miles! We've got to hurry home, Tony, on account of Christmas. We'll be a day or two late, but we'll catch it!"

She dropped her voice to an eager whisper. "Little stockings," she breathed. "We've got to hurry home and hang them up."

And again they were off, but this time they were running after Christmas.—*Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Christian Endeavor World, adapted.*

HE who works and feels he works, he who prays and knows he prays, has the secret of transforming failure into victory.—*Robertson.*

WERE we always to do our talking unto edification we would not come under the condemnation of Matt. 12:36.

"IDLENESS rusts the mind."

The Youth's Instructor

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When It was Done

DID you ever think how many are the instances where the most lasting remembrance, the incident or thing standing out the most prominently in the life of some man of perhaps world renown, some woman who lives in the hearts of others, is not the deeds the doer counts as greatest? Often, very often, it is some little incident or act almost unthought of at the time by the doer, that is considered the distinguishing thing the individual did.

While striving to do some great thing, apparently almost by chance one opens his heart door in the doing of some little deed; and it is this little service that passes out into the farthest circle of influence. We know Mary Magdalene by the broken alabaster box; the widow at the treasury by her two mites; the widow of Zarepta by her baking two little cakes; Naaman by his washing in Jordan,—things indeed counted very small by the doers.

Writers and poets often are known by some production counted by them, perhaps, as some little effort, rather than by their larger and deeper topics. "Pilgrim's Progress," for example, was written by John Bunyan while in prison, with no thought at the time that the manuscript would be accounted as of any particular worth. He did it mainly to take up his time. But that very book has had a larger circulation than all his other writings combined.

"I once knew a woman," writes Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., "who wrote stories. Her stories were eagerly sought after, for they were well written and charming, and yet she was not entirely satisfied with them.

"Some day," she used to tell us, "I'll do something really fine."

"You are always doing good work," we invariably answered; but she would laugh and say: "It will be better—some day."

"And then, one afternoon . . . she came in smilingly, happily, and cried out as she saw us: 'I've written my big story—my great big beautiful story. I'm tired, and I'm sleepy, but I'm glad; for I've done the best thing that I ever hoped to do.'

"Was it this masterpiece of hers that others counted as such?—Ah, no! After she died,—she died suddenly,—a close friend received a letter from a farmer woman out in the Middle West. It ran: 'I think you might like to know about a little experience that I once had with a famous authoress. Maybe you knew her.

"My son and my husband were both killed on the same day in a terrible accident, and I was just about crushed when the news came to me. My heart and my soul and my body seemed all one empty ache for them. And after the funeral, to take my mind away from the terrible thoughts, I sat down and wrote a letter. I wrote the letter to *her*. She was my favorite writer. I wrote it because it was necessary to confide in some one, but I never expected an answer.

"And yet, she did answer! And her letter to me was the first thing that showed me that I could still go on living my life without my husband and my son. She inclosed a little poem in the letter."

"We discovered the authoress was our friend who had died suddenly. She had done so many kind little deeds! And, a group of us together, we read the tiny little poem that she had sent to the grief-stricken farmer woman, the stranger woman she had never seen. It was brimming over with tenderness and sympathy and love—that little poem; so full of her spirit that we were very silent for a moment after we had finished reading it; and then some one said: 'It is her masterpiece.' And we all knew that it was."

Exactly! And why?—O, she put sympathy into it, she put tenderness into it, and she filled it with *love*! This is what makes life worth while. It is when these beautiful qualities shine forth in our lives, manifested wheresoever, whensoever, and to whomsoever it may be, that we are doing our masterpiece work for our God. We may not count it such, but the Master, beholding, will say: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

T. E. BOWEN.

For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHAT nation was harmed by an east, and helped by a west, wind?
2. Whose houses were lighted in the midst of a great darkness?
3. Who set an idol in God's house?
4. What unbelievers were made to acknowledge the power of God by the smallest and most disagreeable family of insects?
5. What good and what bad king both began their reigns when they were eight years old?
6. What can't be killed, quenched, drowned, or bought?
7. Whose face was covered as a sign of his approaching death?
8. What city was saved by a man's head?
9. Who saved his life by betraying his city?
10. Who used a nail for a weapon, who an ox goad, who a jawbone, and who a piece of a millstone?
11. When did fire and ice persuade a man to release his slaves?
12. What Gentile king was directed to build a Jewish temple?
13. Who dug for water seven days at the edge of a great river, and why?
14. What king was slain by his servants, and what king by his sons?
15. What king had dealings with a witch, and what king with a wizard?—*Samuel Scoville, Jr.*

Answers to Bible Acrostic in "Instructor" of November 21

1. Deborah. Rebekah's nurse. Gen. 35:8.
2. Absalom. 2 Sam. 18:17, 18.
3. Vashti. Esther 1:11, 12, 19.
4. Isaac. Gal. 4:28; Rom. 9:9.
5. Daniel. Dan. 6:3.