

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXV

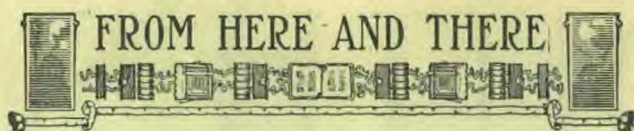
January 2, 1917

No. 1



"WHERE IS ANY REINDEER?"





The question of wedding gifts is much simpler in Japan than in America. Instead of being showered with presents, the bride and groom present gifts to their guests.

If Jupiter were cut up into one thousand three hundred pieces, each would be larger than the earth. All the planets together do not weigh half as much as Jupiter. Only the sun surpasses Jupiter in size.

The United States government has placed a ban on liquor-advertising calendars in federal buildings. Attorney-General Gregory has caused the substitution of a neat calendar prepared by the government itself.

A gleaner eighty years old went over the wheat fields of Pawnee County, Kansas, after the rich farmers had finished their harvest, and swept up with shovel and brush nine hundred bushels of wheat in forty days.

Every morning, when Mr. Rockefeller's alarm clock goes off, he has \$378,353 more than he had the day before. That is thirty-five times as much as poor King George finds in his stocking. Imagine the entire population of New York City standing in line for a street car, add Chicago's 2,500,000, San Francisco's 417,000, Washington's 331,000,—each one with a nickel in his or her hand,—and you have a composite picture of the magnitude of Rockefeller's daily income.

A Lowell, Massachusetts, lad of fourteen years entered Harvard University at the beginning of the present year. He did not break the record, however, for Herbert William James Sidis entered Harvard at eleven years of age, and John Trumbull, poet and patriot, passed successfully the entrance examination to Yale College at the age of seven years. Of course this was in 1757 when the requirements were not so heavy as at the present time. Edward Everett Hale was ready for the famous Boston Latin school at the age of nine years.

Modern medical science has proved that the tonsils are the cause of many grave disorders. When diseased, they may cause not only bad breath, sore throat, and deafness, but many serious affections commonly known as rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy, infection of the lungs, tuberculosis, appendicitis, ulcer of the stomach, heart disease, kidney affections. These throat glands are the frequent open doors to germ invasions whose poisons may produce hardening of the arteries. Better slaughter a hundred innocent-looking tonsils than run the risk of sickness and premature death by harboring one that is guilty.

The American Bible Society, which has distributed 115,000,000 Bibles since its organization a century ago, is not alone in its field of work. Great Britain has a Bible society that is one hundred and twelve years old, and a recent report says that in the past year it has issued the unprecedented number of 11,059,617 copies of the Bible. Of that number, it sent nearly 9,000,000 abroad. More than 1,000,000 Bibles found their way into the kits of British soldiers at the front. It is of special interest that the British society's depots in Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Warsaw, and Constantinople have been permitted to do business as in times of peace.

Hai-tan is a Chinese island about twenty-five miles long, with a population of 70,000. About thirty-seven years ago, it is reported, one of the inhabitants, being on the mainland, heard of Jesus, from a fellow traveler at a Chinese inn. He accepted the truth, returned to Hai-tan, and did not rest until he had carried the gospel to every one of the villages on the island. When the missionaries entered, about ten years ago, they found a prepared people. There are now preaching stations in thirty villages. Some of these poor village Christians give one fourth of their income for the spread of the gospel.

The governor of Wisconsin, according to the *Expositor*, has recently signed a bill providing a penalty of a heavy fine or imprisonment for gossipers. The act provides that any one who, in the presence or hearing of another, other than the person slandered, whether he be present or not, shall maliciously speak of or concerning any person in such a manner as shall impair his or her reputation for virtue or chastity, or expose him or her to hatred, contempt, or ridicule, shall be deemed guilty and be punished by a fine of not more than \$500 or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year.

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of plant force I ever saw was in a Western city, where I observed a wild sunflower forcing its way up through the asphalt pavement; the folded and compressed leaves of the plant, like a man's fist, had pushed against the hard but flexible concrete until it bulged up and split, and let the irrepressible plant through. The force exerted must have been many pounds. I think it doubtful if the strongest man could have pushed his fist through such a resisting medium.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs, at its thirteenth biennial convention in New York City, took action of nation-wide interest when it passed a resolution recommending that the American laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) be adopted as the national flower of the United States of America.

#### The Colporteur's Mission

THERE is no class of men whose work I value more than the colporteurs'. If I were not a preacher I should be a colporteur. Indeed, if I have been of any use at all to my generation, it has been more as a kind of colporteur than as a preacher. And such is the great need and such is the great opportunity in that direction in our day, that there will always be abundant room for both the clerical and the lay colporteur, both working into one another's hands."—*Rev. Principal Alexander Whyte, D. D.*

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must sometime fight it out or perish; and, if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 2, 1917

No. 1

## New Year's Thoughts

Let us walk softly, friend;  
For strange paths lie before us all untrod;  
The new year, spotless from the hand of God,  
Is thine and mine, O friend!

Let us walk straightly, friend;  
Forget the crooked paths behind us now,  
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,  
To better deeds, O friend!

Let us walk gladly, friend;  
Perchance some greater good than we have known  
Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown  
Shall yet return, O friend!

Let us walk humbly, friend;  
Slight not the heartsease blooming round our feet;  
The laurel blossoms are not half so sweet,  
Or lightly gathered, friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend;  
We cannot tell how long this life shall last,  
How soon these precious years be overpast;  
Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;  
Work with our might while lasts our little stay,  
And help some halting comrade on the way;  
And may God guide us, friend!

— Lillian Gray.

## The Land of the Lapps

W. S. CHAPMAN

**L**APLAND is peculiarly situated, geographically, and from an examination of an atlas map of Russia in Europe, it is puzzling to trace its actual boundaries. However, this article is not concerned so much regarding the boundary lines of this country as it is in describing the people, their homes, customs, and industries.

Suffice it, therefore, to say that, technically, Lapland has its four divisions: Russian Lapland, with an area of about 13,000 square miles; Swedish Lapland, with 10,500; Finnish, with 6,000; and Norwegian, with 3,500; in all, about 33,000 square miles.

In length, Lapland begins at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, and extends far north to the Arctic Ocean, terminating in the extremity of land called the North Cape. In Norway and Sweden the Lapps are found as far south as 62°, but are few in number, the great bulk of the people being located above 65° and upward to Vardo situated on the Arctic Ocean.

Spread over such a territory, extending almost from the temperate zone even into the arctic circle, it is natural to expect to find marked differences in the appearances, lives, and occupations of the Lapps peopling so widely separated regions. For instance, the Russian-Arctic Lapp met with in Vardo,—where the sole occupation is fishing, and where everything and everybody smells of fish, and even the cows are fed on fish,—is a whaler and a deep-sea fisherman. He differs, however, from the lake fisherman of the interior, upon whom the traveler will come camped beside a beauty-lake of which the country boasts its hundreds. The only outward resemblance between the Arctic and woodland fishermen lies in the matter of dirt, filth seeming to be prominent features in both the people and their homes.

Then there are the Mountain Lapps, roaming the forests of northern Norway and Sweden, men who will come under no law, wanderers and pilferers, who

pester the Scandinavian farmers, shooting their deer, milking their cows, and occasionally raiding their homes, carrying off a rifle or other property which attracts them. Process by law being impracticable, as the lawless ones move rapidly, here today and gone tomorrow, their trail growing green with grass behind them, the matter is generally compromised by the organization of a pursuing party of hunters. A few rifle shots put some of the trespassers, at least, where they will cease to trouble further.



REINDEER DIGGING IN THE SNOW

But these characters do not represent the Lapp proper. No finer people live anywhere than the true Lapp, who is upright, honest, and lovable in character. The Swedish and Norwegian Lapps are Lutherans, with a deep reverence for God and everything connected with religion; hospitable to a fault; a people who would rather die than knowingly commit wrong. Such is the Lapp when not corrupted by

Western civilization. The Lapps have never been united into a nation. The Norwegians and the Swedes formerly held them in bondage as serfs, and even today, though under Russia's fostering care they have increased numerically, they are still looked upon by the government much as we regard our Indians or native Alaskans.

One great cause of this lack of unity has been the migratory life of the people. As a body they are wanderers, not from choice, but necessity. They have always been herders and hunters, living on their deer. These are generally kept in small herds because of the difficulty of obtaining feed, and so the people always live in small camp communities. Their legends reach back far beyond the rise of the Roman Empire; but as they have no written history, no books, no monuments, no kings or royalty, they do not understand what patriotism means, or comprehend the necessity for wars, so have always been easily subjugated. They are a people of small stature, the average height of



the men being from four feet five inches to five feet.

However, all Laplanders belong to "parishes" established by the government, where they pay taxes and tithe, and where they report annually for registration and assessment; but the greater portion of the people, being herders, spend their entire life caring for their reindeer. These deer feed on a peculiar moss called yellow moss, on which they must be allowed to browse, as they will not eat gathered and dried moss unless trained to do so. This is a difficult task, and not practicable except for a few deer in a bunch.

This moss is a very sensitive plant, and once browsed over, even for only three weeks, it must then be given years of rest—from five to ten—before the deer can be permitted to feed upon it again, or it will die and not reappear for a generation at the least. So the herder is forced to change his location each year, often wandering far for new pasture. For his own sustenance his beasts must live, and to find food for them compels the herder often to wander over miles of desolate territory. He is compelled also to seek territory where in winter the snow does not fall too heavily, as the deer must dig down into it to find the moss which is their food. It is a strange sight, the feeding of hundreds of these animals, often almost completely hidden from sight under the snow.

Lapland is largely made up of lakes, marshes, and swamps. In summer there is no other possible way of traveling through the greater portion of the country except on foot. In a few districts reindeer can be used as pack animals, but usually supplies must be transported on the backs of men. In winter, however, when all is frozen and covered with thick ice, traveling is done by sleighs, and regular routes are established by the government, where relays of deer can always be had, and in some places horses may be obtained. A few short lines of railroad reach into the interior from the borders connecting with navigable streams, but in general, the methods of travel in Arctic Lapland remain about as they have been for generations.

To the other many disadvantages and discomforts of summer traveling in Lapland, must be added the terrible plagues of mosquitoes, dragon flies, great blue-bottle flies, and horseflies. These are present in millions, and it is not possible to protect the person from their attacks, clothing being but a small defense, especially against the bluebottle flies.

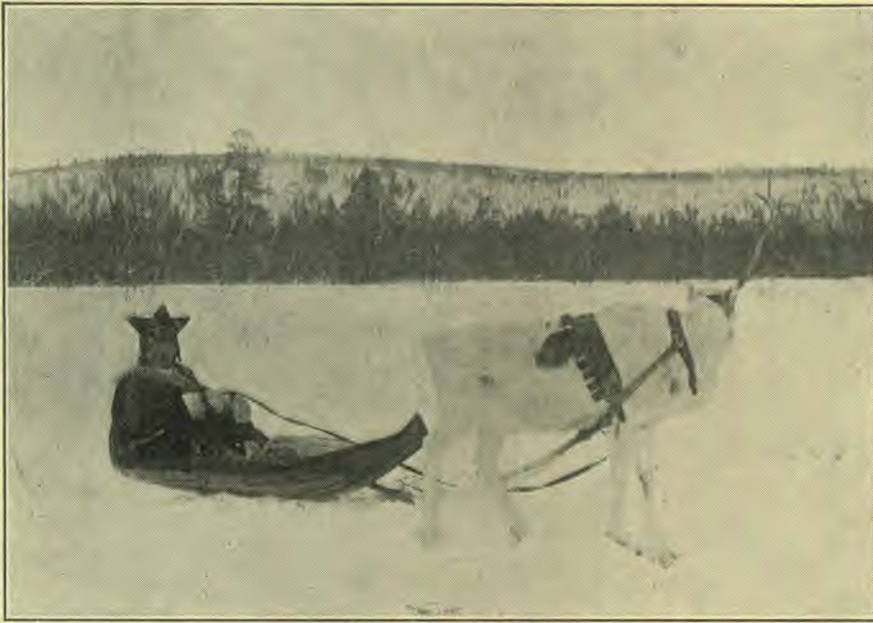
THE hardest part of any work, is in rousing oneself to begin it. Let that initial scrimmage with the devil of laziness be over with, then, as soon as possible.—  
*Albert J. Lyman.*

### The Old Woman Who was Blind

IN the railway station of the little town of —, the other morning, everybody seemed to be hurrying to see who could get a ticket first. The ticket agent was doing his best, but it was nearing train time, and though he tried to appear calm and deliberate, he was growing decidedly nervous. An old woman who had just purchased her ticket, not seeming to notice the crowd of people waiting, lingered at the ticket window to inquire what time it was. "There's the clock right behind me," was the curt reply of the agent, and the woman quickly gave place to another. But she did not look up at the clock. A young woman who was standing near by noticed this, and cheerfully told her the time of day.

No doubt that agent felt justified in suggesting that the old woman should not take his valuable time. He was overworked, and she evidently had plenty of time; the clock was in plain sight, placed there purposely; and of course he did not know she was blind. But somehow I believe the agent would have sold just as

many tickets if he had taken time to glance at the clock and give the old lady a quick, courteous reply; for there is a sort of impetus given by a kind act. Anyway it was pitiful to think of the old woman starting to grope her way back to her seat, not knowing how long she must wait for her train. I am glad the young woman noticed.



A LAPLAND TRAVELER

It is bad enough to be blind, but there are sometimes other defects which are even worse than those which are physical. These are not always seen by those who are passing through life in a hurry. All about us are people who, though seemingly self-sufficient, are needing help the very worst way; for this is a helpless old world at best, and none of us can well get along without the occasional help of a fellow traveler. So when you and I get too busy to help others, too overworked to be kind, and we feel we are justified in not doing one thing more for anybody, let us take time to stop and look about us in a kind, unhurried way, and remember the old woman who was blind.

VIDA V. YOUNG.

### Cooking Near the Kongo Border

As we all eat one, two, or three meals a day no matter where we may be, it may be interesting to know how we in this far-away land cook and bake without a stove. When we first came, we cooked over a bonfire by placing a piece of tin over the burning wood. Sometimes the boy would use large clods of clay from the ant heap when he could not get bricks or stones on which to place the pots. Many times the fire was built beside a stump or a live tree.



The cost of a stove just now is very great, and the cost of getting it here is still greater, so we have improvised a stove. We built a large standard of brick and filled the center with dirt. This saves stooping. Then we ran the brick shell about two or three layers above the standard, and this makes the fire box; over the bricks is placed a piece of sheet iron.

It is better to use iron or copper cooking kettles, as the enamel pots chip quickly and then begin to leak, and aluminum pots are too expensive.

By placing this brick stove so the wind will blow away the smoke, it will answer the purpose quite well till we can get a proper stove.

The baking is done by putting the bread into tins and placing the tins in large iron pots which have iron lids. Hot coals are then placed all around the pot and on the lid, and the bread bakes beautifully. Even pies and puddings can be baked and kept very clean of ashes by this method. Several times I have made gems by heating the irons and the pot before placing the batter in the gem irons.

At Matandani I cooked for a while over a fire in the fireplace and then used a Dutch oven. This oven was built of brick, but had no proper door. We placed hot coals inside the oven and left them there till the oven was hot; then scraped out the coals and hastily put in the bread, using a piece of sheet iron for a door. The iron bake pot is easier to use, and the food can be kept much cleaner.

Some of the pioneers place the bread right in the pot, and I saw one who used an ordinary enameled pan; but with this, one has to watch or the food will be burned.

One must be very careful about the quantity of ashes or coals used; for if too many coals are used, the crust will be burned before the center of the loaf is baked.

Today I made breaded tomatoes, roasts of different kinds, johnnycake, and gingerbread, and had good success.

It is most important to all missionaries to know how to make yeast as well as to know how to make good bread. Since flour costs nearly \$15 a sack of one hundred pounds, one cannot afford to waste any by bad batches of bread. RUTH KONIGMACHER.

### A Young Mother's Regret

A YOUNG girl was attending a good school in the Southwestern Union Conference. She was doing acceptable work in the seventh grade, and had high ideals for the future; but not having been taught the danger and sin of flirting, she had spent the previous summer indulging in dress and gayety, or having fun, as she called it. Unable to break away from the company of one young man without offending his parents, as the two families were intimate friends, she left school about Christmas, and the two were married, rather to please their parents than themselves. The groom was only eighteen and the bride seventeen years of age. As neither one had been taught to work or to be in any way independent of their people, they found it very hard to begin home-making.

In about a year an unwanted baby girl came to them, which died in a few days. In another year a baby boy was born, and both parents, though living in poverty, welcomed him. The father quite often said, "I didn't marry you because I loved you;" or, "I didn't miss you," after she had been on a visit to

her mother's. Why did not he miss her? Ah! he spent his time with the boys,—the boys that smoke and chew and drink a little just to make themselves think they are men. They laugh and tell rude jokes, and think it funny if one gets "a little tipsy."

The young girl's heart was sad, though she tried to hide the fact. She wore a pleasant smile when callers came, and tried to excuse anything she couldn't conceal.

At last their home was broken up. Their little boy, only two and a half years old, cried to go with his papa the morning he told them good-by without any kiss, and said he would come back in two weeks to get them. But he never came back, and the young mother, who works at anything honorable to make a living for herself and child, sincerely wishes she had finished her education before she married, and that her husband had been a Christian instead of just a good worldly boy, who her blinded parents felt sure would be an Adventist some day.

Girls, be careful in your choosing. Do not be too easily influenced to marry, especially before you get an education, or have weighed the matter from every side to see if the new relation will be a help and not a hindrance to a sincere Christian life. Never flirt, nor keep steady company with one you would not wish to marry if you should learn to think enough of each other. "Satan is constantly busy to hurry inexperienced youth into a marriage alliance. But the less we glory in the marriages which are now taking place, the better."—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. II.* p. 252. ETHEL KING.

### Lessons from the Dandelion

O DANDELIONS, brave and gay, that greet us in the spring,—  
And even on some winter's day,—I would your praises sing.  
The green fields are all thickly strewn with coins of gleaming gold,  
And little children, loving you, pluck all their hands can hold

As day by day the parent plant brings forth her children gay.  
There's honey for the humming bee, and common flowers for play.  
You look the sun straight in the face, be skies all gray or blue.  
Like common honest folk who hide no shame in hearts so true

When bloom is past, the stalks are crowned with spheres of gauzy sheen,  
Like constellations pure and white, the clumps of grass between  
He who the lilies viewed with love, would have us note with care  
All growing things that he has made, in earth and sea and air.  
I think he'd say, "The hoary head's a glory-crown indeed  
When found in paths of righteousness. Behold this flower's seed!"

And, when the seeds go sailing off on all the winds that blow,  
I think I hear our Master say, "Learn, sower, how to sow:  
Speak winged words; do worthy deeds; be quick to catch the breeze  
Of opportunity, and all fair chances seize.

How difficult it is to rid the lawn of this gay weed,  
Because there is a gauzy wing attached to each small seed  
And when the mower cuts it down, before he is aware  
The plant has donned a fresh new gown, and doth winged seeds prepare.  
Awake, my soul, and learn of her, this little common flower,  
And scatter thou the winged truth 'mongst men from hour to hour!

KATHERINE L. PECK.

MAKE it a rule, and pray God to help you keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night, without being able to say, "I have made one human being, at least, a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day." — Charles Kingsley.



## Mattie

MRS. W. B. WHITE

**M**ATTIE is a strong, erect, well-developed Mat-abele girl, apparently fifteen or sixteen years of age. Born in the wilds of central Rhodesia, her only dress during her first half-dozen years a string of beads or a grass bracelet, she was reared in filth, and, like thousands of her sisters, was treated as the slave of the village. The African girl is the property of the father or brother, and is valued by him only for the work she can do during the first twelve or fourteen years of her life, and for the *lobola* she will bring when he sells her. Old men with two or three wives near their own age often wish a strong young wife to do the heavy drudgery of the kraal, and will pay more cattle for one than young men are able to give. As a rule the girl has no voice in the choice of a husband, but is sold to the highest bidder. Abused from infancy, the dog and slave of the kraal, knowing the life that awaits her, is it any wonder that the African girl is often stubborn and unreliable, and less susceptible to Christianizing and civilizing influences than the boys?

But God has his jewels among the dark-skinned daughters of this dark land, and many of them are finding their way to our missions, where they are decently housed and clothed, and taught not only to read and write, to sew and mend, and to keep themselves and their surroundings clean, but to love and serve the living God.

While many of the parents are anxious that their sons receive some education because of the financial advantage it may prove to them, they are as a rule very much opposed to their daughters' attending school. They know that as the girls become enlightened they often refuse to be the wives of the men chosen by the parents, and may even make their own choice of husbands, who may not be able to pay so much as others could. It becomes a case of a girl's heart against parental authority, and tribal customs grown hoary with age; and, alas! the latter usually wins. No matter how deeply the missionaries sympathize with the girl, there is little they can do to help her. While the tribal laws forbid a man to compel his daughter to marry against her will, few girls know this, and fewer still dare face the consequences of such rebellion.

Mattie's father is dead, and her brother is the head of the kraal. As the girl became of marriageable age, perhaps fourteen, he engaged her to an old man who was able to pay the requisite number of cows and sheep. But a year or two before this the Somabula Mission had sent a teacher into that neighborhood, and his work had begun to take effect. Many of the boys had attended his school, some who had been converted went to the main station twenty-five miles away for further instruction and baptism, and his preaching and Bible reading in the kraals awoke new desires and aspirations in the minds of the young people. Naturally this was not pleasing to most of the older people. Mapone was one of the most prominent young converts, and he had made such good progress in his studies that he was able to assist Philip in his work.

Mattie had not been allowed to attend school, but Mapone wished to make her his wife, and his affection was returned. When she learned that she had been sold to an old man, she flatly refused to marry him. This did not worry her brother, for few girls can withstand authority long when enforced by the cruel sjam-

bok, a heavy ox whip which is freely used. But Mattie watched her opportunity and ran away from home, found her way to the mission, and told her story. She was taken in and kindly treated, while watch was kept for her brother, who was sure to follow.

On the second day he was seen approaching with another man, both armed with heavy sjamboks. Had Mattie fallen into their hands at that time, their cruelty would doubtless have compelled her to yield, but she escaped into the bush before they saw her. Brother de Beer, superintendent of the station, told them she had been there, and tried to reason with them, but to no avail. As they could not find the girl, they returned home, but with no intention of giving her up.

There was but one thing for Mattie to do, and that is something that few native girls have courage to undertake. She went to the native commissioner in Gwelo, twenty-five miles away, and laid her case before him. Mr. Jackson is a just man, and gave her a letter to her head chief, ordering him to see that justice was done her.

On receipt of the letter, the chief summoned her brother and lover, also the old man who had bargained for her. After hearing their stories, he asked Mattie which man she wanted to marry, and she walked to the side of Mapone and said she would have no one but him. The chief told her she could marry the man of her choice, but must go home with her brother until Mapone had cows enough to pay the *lobola* for her. He told her brother to treat her kindly, and if he thrashed her, she had permission to return to the mission and stay till her marriage.

For a month or two all seemed to go well, but the brother did not give up his purpose to sell his sister to the highest bidder. So after he thought those who had interested themselves in the case had forgotten about it, he informed Mattie that the old man was soon coming to take her to his kraal. When the girl told him she would never go with the old man, he beat her most inhumanly with the sjambok, inflicting wounds the scars of which she may carry through life, and made threats of further torture. But Mattie's spirit was not to be broken, and she succeeded in eluding the vigilance of her relations. It needed no words to inform the chief that her brother had not obeyed him, and she was sent to the mission with permission to remain there until Mapone is able to secure the necessary number of cattle for *lobola*.

Mattie has now been at the mission three months, and is learning fast. She has mastered the Zulu primer, and is beginning to learn the Zulu Bible. She has renounced the ways of heathenism, and given her heart to God. In the mission kitchen she is being taught the rudiments of housework, to keep herself and her surroundings clean, and she will be taught to sew. She is shy and modest, but she goes about her work with a song on her lips. Last evening, before our service in the church, Mr. White asked her and Monkey, another mission girl, to sing to us in Sindebele. At first they were timid, but a reassuring word from Sister de Beer encouraged them, and sitting on the floor before the fire, without embarrassment they sang, "Shall We Gather at the River?" and "Bright Jewels." Mattie's courage and determination have served her well, and we expect her to develop into a strong Christian character.



## Signs of Christ's Coming — No. 3

## Carrying the Gospel to the World

ANOTHER evidence of the nearness of Christ's second advent is the proclamation of the gospel to the world; for our Saviour said, "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. 24:14.

Rev. T. H. Lewis, president of the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, views this text in the same way: "How impressive is that declaration of the Master connecting his coming again in majesty to sit on the throne of his glory with the fulfilment of this mission of witnessing! 'This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.' Only then can the church pray consistently, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus,' when it runs quickly to bring all nations word." — *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Oct. 18, 1911.

Today we see the Word going to the remotest parts of the globe. Mission stations are scattered from pole to pole, and from the east to the west.

This is not only a sign of the end, but is proof that the message carried is truly the gospel sent by God to men; for no other good tidings is being heralded abroad claiming to be the gospel.

Since the prophetic time of the end — 1798 (Dan. 12:4) — millions of copies of the Bible have been circulated. The British and Foreign Bible Society alone distributed 11,059,617 copies of the Bible or portions of it in 1916. And many copies were scattered by other Bible societies.

Portions of the Scripture have been translated into nearly five hundred languages and dialects. If the number of copies sold indicates the popularity of a book, then the Bible is the most popular book today.

Preparation for the great world work of giving the last warning to the world came at the appointed time. The Reformation burst the bands of ignorance and ecclesiasticism, and placed the Bible in the hands of the common people. America, the Jerusalem of modern times, was discovered and a haven of refuge opened for the oppressed of earth. And the wonderful art of printing was invented, which has made it possible to publish the Word in large numbers in every tongue, quickly and cheaply. Under the influence of this triple alliance knowledge suddenly began to increase, and men began making roads for the gospel to every part of the earth.

In the distance we see a star. It appears as one body. As a telescope brings it nearer, two or more are found to be what at first seemed only one. So in Christ's announcement of the preaching of the gospel. It seems to be but one message. But as the consummation draws near, the one commission is found to be composed of three messages. These are given in Revelation 14.

There can be no doubt of the relation between Christ's prophecy and the three angels' messages, for the revelator begins the first with the identical thought expressed in the great commission, and it is also to be given at the same time — just before the second advent.

"I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven,

and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." Rev. 14:6, 7. Two other angels followed, each with a message, and then is seen the coming of the Son of man.

The early part of the nineteenth century witnessed a great movement whose purpose was the preaching of the first angel's message. In various parts of the world, men arose practically unknown to one another, preaching the gospel and sounding the proclamation of the judgment hour. William Miller, by his powerful presentation of the prophecies connected with this message, stirred up the whole American continent. More than fifty thousand persons accepted his teachings. The church bodies, generally, repudiated his doctrines, and the other two messages followed as a result.

God's Word cannot fail. His predictions become so plain and manifest when the time arrives that men are obliged to recognize their fulfilment. As history is written, the interpretation of these prophecies becomes clearer. The great world-wide proclamation of the gospel and the judgment-hour cry is making its influence felt. Many, as they look out upon the world, see the gospel speeding to the nations, as an angel flying in the midst of heaven. How appropriate seems the Bible language. And so in describing present events, the very words of the prophecy are quoted.

Rev. Charles B. Mitchell, pastor of St. James Church, Chicago, comments upon this message of John: "This is a prophecy now being fulfilled. . . . The messenger of the message, the 'angel' in John's vision, is any man or woman, or little child, who can tell the sweet story of Jesus and his love. And, then, there is proclaimed in the text the sweeping fact that the everlasting gospel is to be preached unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people." — *Northwestern Christian Advocate (Methodist)*, May 13, 1914.

When in 1913 the Lutheran Church throughout the world celebrated the "day of the ninety-five theses," to remind them of the great Reformation, the text appointed for study was Rev. 14:6, 7, the words of the first angel's message. A writer in the *Lutheran* of Oct. 30, 1913, said: "It is the vision of the angel flying in the midst of heaven, with the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people, saying with a loud voice, 'Fear God, and give glory to him.'"

A clergyman speaks of the apostle John, "who, in the Apocalypse, sees the flying angel with the everlasting gospel, hears the high announcement that 'the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ.'" — *Christian Republic*, July, 1913.

As students of the Word recognize the fulfilment of the first angel's message, a foundation is laid for a belief in the other two. These prepare the world for the second coming of Christ. They point out the danger of receiving any teaching not founded absolutely on the Scriptures. Doctrines established only on custom and the authority of man must be rejected. God alone must be exalted in these days.

The present war is furnishing an almost unprecedented opportunity for the circulation of the Scriptures. The World Sunday School Association has started a movement to supply the soldiers of Europe with Testaments. Its slogan is: "A million nickels from a million Sunday school scholars for a million



Testaments for a million soldiers." Already nearly all that number have been secured and placed in the hands of the men at the front.

With death staring them in the face, what must be the feelings of thousands of these men as they read the good tidings from God. The long, fearful hours of waiting in the trenches, not knowing but that the next moment may be their last, will cause many to think of the future life and their present condition. Hundreds will no doubt be convinced that the prophecies of Matthew 24 and the book of Revelation are being fulfilled right before them.

Thousands of Testaments have been presented to the Russian soldiers by this association. They all bear this inscription: "His Imperial Highness, the Czarevitch, Heir Apparent and Grand Duke Alexander Nickolaivitch, most graciously presents this Gospel which has been sent to him by a Sunday school scholar in America."

Similar reports regarding the distribution of the Testaments come from Italy. "Signor Giaronni Griot has started a public subscription in our Italian Protestant papers in order to offer a copy of the New Testament to every Italian soldier. Already 1,685 francs have been subscribed and the distribution has begun. Never before was there such an opportunity to reach the whole of Italy, through these millions of young men from all over the country who are willing to accept a copy and eager to read it."—*Presbyterian of the South*, Oct. 13, 1915.

There are thousands of Catholic young men in the armies of Europe who will have a chance, many for the first time, to read the Word of God.

"The Bible is now the best selling book, next to the Koran, in the Mohammedan world. In Egypt 87,000 copies of the Word of God were sold in the Nile valley," reports a missionary from that region.

So God's Word is being carried to the inhabitants of the world, that the gospel work may be finished and Christ return. No war can stop its onward progress, but as in the present struggle, the scattering of the seed is greatly increased.

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.

### "Look Up!"

ALBERT DAVIS came to the city partly for its greater opportunities and partly to escape temptations that assailed him in his old home. In new environment and under helpful influences he hoped to make a fresh start in building a strong, manly character. He joined the church and tried to surround himself with all that he knew to be good. But the climb was a hard one. He did not advance in his work so quickly as he had hoped; he made few real friends, and he was lonely. He wondered if it were all worth while.

One Sunday his pastor invited him to his study for a chat. By careful, tactful questioning he led him to tell of his past, his aspirations, his temptations, and his discouragements.

After Albert had told his story, the minister said: "When I was a boy I lived near a church on which a chimney was being built. The chimney was on the outside and ran straight up through the gable at the back. With a boy's curiosity, I watched the masons at their work, and as the chimney rose I longed to climb up and see the top of it. One day a workman dropped his trowel and it fell to the ground. I picked it up and ran with it to the foot of the ladder.

"Can you bring it up, my lad?" the mason called.

"Eagerly I mounted the ladder. When I had reached the top and was about to hand the workman his trowel, I was startled by a voice from below: 'What did you let the boy go up there for? He's sure to fall.'"

"Of course I looked down, and, because I was a little fellow, the distance was appalling. I felt sick and dizzy; my flesh grew cold; my hands and knees trembled. The man above saw my condition.

"Look up, and you'll be all right!" he said quickly. "Don't look down; keep looking up, and you won't fall." I lifted my eyes to his. The dizziness left me, and I felt secure.

"Still looking upward, I made the descent safely; but if I had looked down, I should probably have fallen, for I have never been able to look down from a great height without feeling faint.

"I have found that the mason's words are an excellent motto for life. 'Look up! Keep looking up! Don't look down, and you won't fall!' As I looked up into his face that day to receive confidence and strength, I have many times looked up to my heavenly Father for wisdom and help, and he has never failed me."

The minister laid his hand on Albert's shoulder, "Look up, my lad," he said heartily. "Keep your mind fixed on high ideals, and you won't fall."

The young man's face glowed. "God helping me, I will!" he said fervently.—*The Youth's Companion*.

### For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of Nov. 28, 1916

1. ROBERT COLLEGE is at Constantinople.
2. It was founded by Christopher R. Robert, of New York, and opened in 1863.
3. It has graduated the Hon. Stephan Panaretoff, for many years professor of the Bulgarian language and literature in that institution, and Bulgarian Minister at Washington. Another of its graduates is Mr. Michail Dorizas, of Greece, now pursuing a post-graduate course at the University of Pennsylvania. The nationalities represented at the college are Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Bulgarians, Albanians, Hebrews, and Persians.

4. Mahlah, Noah, Hoglah, Milcah, and Tirzah were the first women to demand their rights. Num. 27: 1-4; Joshua 17: 3, 4.

5. The first city mentioned in the Bible was Enoch. It was built by Cain and named for his son. Gen. 4: 17.

6. To turn in a fire alarm, turn the handle on the box to the right and pull it until the door opens.

Pull down the hook inside the box and let go.

Wait near the box to direct the firemen to the scene of fire.

The ringing of the bell when the handle is turned does not send in a fire alarm.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of Nov. 7, 1916

Iowa — i'ō-wa	Cyrene — sī-rē'ne
Hemans — hēm'ānz	Doré — do-rā'
Genoa — jēn'ō-a	Diana — dī-ān'a
Faneuil — fān'ul	Eiffel — ēf-ēl'
Erasmus — e-rāz'mūs	Buddha — boo'dā (as in foot)
Golgotha — gōl'go-tha	Beethoven — bā'tō-vēn
Guyot — gē'ō	Barbados — bār-bā'dōz
Chopin — sho-pān'	

THERE is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.—*Proverbs*.

"Do not keep on pounding after the nail is in."





### Heralds of Winter

THE haystacks were gold in the sun of the autumn,  
The sky overhead was as blue as the sea;  
And every white cloud that swam light on its surface  
Was light as a ship bringing daydreams to me.

And then, of a sudden, the sky clouded over,  
The air of the autumn grew bitter and chill;  
And winter came roaring (must winter come always?),  
O'er hayfield and forest, o'er valley and hill.

The haystacks were white, dully white, in the winter,  
The sky was as gray as the ghost of a sigh;  
And yet, as I looked toward the arch of the heavens,  
My clouds, sweet with daydreams, crept smilingly by.

—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.

### To Mount Shasta

#### A Forgotten Tribute to the Majestic Peak

"Alas, how everything will borrow  
Hues, tones, and bitterness from sorrow.  
If evening comes with softened ray  
To close the eye of dying day;  
If morning ushers in the morrow  
With dewdrops sprinkled on its way,  
'Tis all the same: a voice is whispering from the past—  
'Too late! too late! the doom is set, the die is cast!'"

—Ridge.

CHASTE as the mountain itself in its winter garb, and, like it, singularly beautiful and nobly inspiring, is the poem, "Mount Shasta," penned more than half a century ago, and now almost forgotten. Few of California's present millions know that such a man as John Rollin Ridge once lived, and that his pen had a guiding influence upon the destinies of the State in its infancy.

The author of "Mount Shasta" was a half-breed Cherokee Indian, whose native name was "Chees-qual-law-ny," which, being interpreted, means "Yellow Bird." His father was a tribal chief, who, in early life, had been taken by a missionary to a New England school to be educated. In the school town he fell in love with and married a beautiful white girl, and when he returned to his people his pale-faced bride accompanied him. From this union, in the wilderness of Georgia, in 1827, the coming poet was born. At the age of twelve the boy suffered the loss of his Indian father in the bloody warfare which preceded the removal of the Cherokees to reservations west of the Mississippi River.

The youthful John Rollin Ridge was given a good education by his white mother, who continued to reside with or near the tribe of which her husband had been chief. Soon after completing his education, in 1850, he arrived in California, where he took a prominent place as a journalist and writer and where he later held numerous public offices.

All through his eventful life, Ridge was given to verse making, many of his productions possessing literary merit of a high order. His first view of Mount Shasta inspired him to write, about the year 1860, the poem which he always regarded as his best effort. Death closed his career not many years later. The lines of "Mount Shasta" follow:—

"Behold the dread Mount Shasta, where it stands  
Imperial midst the lesser lights, and, like  
Some mighty unimpassioned mind, companionless  
And cold. The storms of heaven may beat in wrath  
Against it, but it stands in unpolluted  
Grandeur still, and from the rolling mists upheaves  
Its tower of pride e'en purer, than before.

The wintry showers and white-winged tempests leave  
Their frozen tributes on its brow, and it  
Doth make of them an everlasting crown.  
Thus doth it, day by day and age by age,  
Defy each stroke of time: still rising highest  
Unto heaven.

"Aspiring to the eagle's cloudless height,  
No human foot has stained its snowy side;  
No human breath has dimmed the icy mirror which  
It holds unto the moon and stars and sov'reign sun.  
We may not grow familiar with the secrets  
Of its hoary top, whereon the Genius  
Of that mountain builds its glorious throne.  
Far lifted in the boundless blue, he doth  
Encircle, with his gaze supreme, the broad  
Dominions of the West, which lie beneath  
His feet, in pictures of sublime repose  
No artist ever drew. He sees the tall,  
Gigantic hills arise in silentness  
And peace, and in the long review of distance  
Range themselves in order grand. He sees the sunlight  
Play upon the golden streams which through the valleys  
Glide. He hears the music of the great and solemn sea,  
And overlooks the huge old western wall  
To view the birthplace of undying Melody.

"Itself all light, save when some loftiest cloud  
Doth for a while embrace its cold, forbidding  
Form, that monarch mountain casts its mighty  
Shadow down upon the crownless peaks below,  
That, like inferior minds to some great  
Spirit, stand in strong contrasted littleness.  
All through the long summery months of our  
Most tranquil year it points its icy shaft  
On high to catch the dazzling beams that fall  
In showers of splendor round that crystal cone  
And roll in floods of far magnificence  
Away from that lone, vast reflector in  
The dome of heaven.  
Still watchful of the fertile  
Vale and undulating plains below, the grass  
Grows greener in its shade, and sweeter bloom  
The flowers. Strong purifier! From its snowy  
Side the breezes cool are wafted to the 'peaceful  
Homes of men,' who shelter at its feet, and love  
To gaze upon its honored form, aye, standing  
There the guaranty of health and happiness.  
Well might it win communities so blest  
To loftier feelings and to nobler thoughts—  
To great material symbol of eternal  
Things! And well I ween, in after years, how  
In the middle of his furrowed track the plowman  
In some sultry hour will pause, and wiping  
From his brow the dusty sweat, with reverence  
Gaze upon that hoary peak. The herdsman  
Oft will rein his charger in the plain, and drink  
Into his utmost soul the calm sublimity;  
And little children, playing on the green, shall  
Cease their sport, and, turning to that mountain  
Old, shall of their mother ask: 'Who made it?'  
And she shall answer, 'God!'"

"And well this Golden State shall thrive, if, like  
Its own Mount Shasta, Sovereign Law shall lift  
Itself in purer atmosphere—so high  
That human feeling, human passion, at its base  
Shall lie subdued; e'en pity's tears shall on  
Its summit freeze; to warm it e'en the sunlight  
Of deep sympathy shall fail:  
Its pure administration shall be like  
The snow immaculate upon that mountain's brow."

—Edward Kinyon.

### The Colporteur's Creed

I BELIEVE in the books I am selling, in the God  
I am working for, and in his ability to get "results."

I believe that honest books can be sold to honest  
men by honest methods.

I believe in working, not waiting; in laughing, not  
weeping; and in the pleasure of selling books.

I believe that a man gets what he goes after; that  
one order today is worth two orders tomorrow; and  
that no man is down-and-out until he has lost faith in  
his work and his God.

I believe in courtesy, kindness, generosity, good  
cheer, friendship, and honest service.

I believe in today and the work I am doing, in to-  
morrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure  
reward which the future holds.—Selected.





## The First Mate's Regeneration

RACHEL SALISBURY

**T**HE captain jerked his rubber cowl farther down over his ears, and stared perplexedly through the sleet at the first mate. "Sure, I don't know what to do wid the wee laddie. It's a sin to keep 'im aboard the old ship to grow up wid us rough men-fo'k. The puir b'y needs a woman to tend 'im and love 'im. Them things ain't in my line, and I don't think they fit ony of us much. We've sort er forgot about that sort er stuff." He leaned against the mast, as if to shield himself for a moment from the cutting wind, and slyly took advantage of the brief change of position to wipe some moisture from his face that wasn't melted snow.

But the mate did not see him. He was staring vacantly out over the dim lights in the bow of the ship into the angry, foaming waves, that, tearing and thrashing themselves in the clutch of the storm, pounded the solid sides of the old boat; and then, unable to find an entrance, vented themselves in bursts of foam and blackness that tossed the heavy hulk back and forth like a birch bark fragment in the sparkling rapids of a trout stream. He was not frightened by the fearful tumult. He had seen the mighty power and awful darkness of the deep before; it had lost its majesty and awe for him. His hard face softened a bit as the captain spoke, but he held himself straight and stiff on the rolling deck, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his rubber coat.

After a spell of silence, he answered, in a gentler tone, it seemed, than usual:—

"I've bin thinkin' about Buddie, too. Puir laddie! 'twas a manth agaw thet we left 'im sleepin' in the cabin, w'ile we drapped 'is cauld mither down into the black grave thet swallowed 'er up, an' all 'er life story wi' 'er. Queer, Cap'n, that she dinna lave no word about 'er kinfolk, bein' as she ken she war goin' ter die. Niver even told us w'y she 'id 'erself in the stuff to coom nort' wi' us. And now the wee lad is left alane, dinna ken whar 'is mither's gang, dinna even ken 'is ain name. We could na take 'im wi' us; the storms an' the life would be too much fer 'im. An' she, puir lady, wus so pale an' thin, wi' big, sorerful eyes, jest like his'n. But, Cap'n, how can we turn 'im out alane into the cauld world, an' 'im jest five years auld?"

The old captain shifted his feet a bit, and then suddenly started to pace back and forth in the storm, his head bent low into the crimson muffler around his neck, his steps staggering against the powerful gusts of sleet and snow that swept in fury across the deck. "No," he muttered thickly between the blasts, "We canna 'bandon the b'y. W'n we git ashore, we'll see w'at we can do. W'at's that!" A terrible crash below drew both men quickly to the hatch. They listened: no further sound came up to them, so they went below to investigate.

The cook was standing in the middle of the kitchen floor, the picture of despair. Around him, littering the whole place, were broken dishes of every hue, size, and quality, and on a stool in the corner sat a curly-haired, brown-eyed boy, swaying back and forth in a most comical way with the laughter that convulsed him.

"Oh, Jimmy, you look *so* funny! All them dishes flew right at you, just when you said you wouldn't be my elephant, just like they knew you ought to be—" a lurch of the ship cut off the rest of his sentence, and would have sent him sprawling into the pile of broken dishes had he not been holding wisely to the towel rack on the side of the wall. He slipped easily back onto his stool, having lost not a fraction of his smile, and started again to chide the discomfited cook, when he spied the dripping mate and captain in the doorway.

Eagerly he jumped down, and rushed over the pieces of crunching china to them. Their hard faces brightened at sight of him. The captain tossed him up in the air, and the mate caught him coming down, only to slip his cold hands down his neck, and hear him crow and scream. Not a word was said about the dishes. The cook became suddenly busy in trying to patch up the safety locks on the dish shelves, wondering to himself at the lack of the customary oaths which usually accompanied such misfortunes. "It's Buddie does it," he muttered. "Bin a queer feelin' board the ol' ship, iver since the lady died, an' left us alone wid the lad; don't seem natur'l somehow, but it's a heap sight better."

"Jim!" His soliloquy was interrupted sharply. "Time for the lad ter be in bed an hour ago. Move right smart, thar!"

The stalwart cook needed no second invitation. Dropping the splintered boards and cracked china, he sidled demurely toward the door, whence the "boss" was just departing. When he was safely out of sight, Jim's modesty wholly vanished, and grabbing the boy by one leg and the other arm, he took three strides down the hall, burst open the cabin door with the fourth, and tossed the wriggling child in a tousled heap on the cot, amidst shouts of laughter.

"'Nother ride, Jimmy, 'nother ride!" he cried, as he struggled to right himself on the edge of the bed.

"Naw, yer teasin' baby," replied Jim, as he stooped to untie the little shoes with his big awkward fingers, "yer don't deserve no ither ride, fer laffin' at me w'en the dishes broked. Santy Claus will niver come ter see sich as ye are, wid 'is pack and 'is reindeers."

"Santa Claus!" the astonishment in the tone caused Jim to look up into Buddie's two round brown eyes, but seeing only a question mark in one and an exclamation point in the other, he bent again over his task, continuing, "W'y, yes, hain't yer niver heerd of Santy Claus? This is Christmas night, the night w'en



Santy Claus rides all over the roofs of people's houses wid 'is reindeer sleigh, and goes down the good people's chimneys wid a pack on 'is back, and puts nice things in their socks. I pity 'im eff 'e's out tonight," said the sympathetic Jim, as he walked to the porthole and looked out, "wid the wind a-howlin' on shore like it is on sea. But say, laddie, the stars is out, an' it ain't snowin' any more, eff the wind does blow. Maybe we'll make the port tomorrer after all."

This last remark was not noticed by Buddie, who was slipping his legs into his warm flannel nightgown. He cocked his little head, with its shock of golden curls, very pertly to one side, as he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and crossed his legs in a very manly fashion, just as he had seen the captain do.

"Jim, I don't believe in Santa Claus," he said with a disdainful curl of his red lips, "that's all a fairy story. There isn't any Santa Claus, nor any reindeer, nor any people's chimneys. My mother told me so; she said there wouldn't be any of those things this year. Last year, I had a shiny tree, and an engine, and lots of things; but she said it wouldn't be that way any more. You're foolish to believe in Santa Claus, because there isn't one. You hang up your stocking and see if he comes to fill it."

This last sentence was emphasized with a shake of the finger at the astonished Jim, who was standing in the doorway, and who answered only by an astonished "Huh?" But he recovered himself enough to say, "Now, yer best jump right inter bed, and forgit all about Santy Claus. Good night."

"I'll go as soon as I read my pictures. Good night, Jimmy." And the door closed after the puzzled cook.

"Don't believe in Santy Claus," he muttered as he walked back to the deplorable-looking kitchen. "Puir little laddie, w'y did 'is mither ever tell 'im there warn't no Santy Claus? 'Cause she couldn't make no Christmas for 'im this year, most likely, or—I have an idear!" Out of the door and up through the hatch he bounded, into the free air of the upper deck. The night was glorious. The rising moon turned the subsiding wrath of the water into beautiful hues of emerald and silver, and laid a narrow carpet of gold over it from the ship to the horizon.

The grim captain was splicing halyards outside the forecabin, when the cook sidled up to him, and in a most demure and indifferent way, laid his plan before him. The captain listened with equal indifference, but gave his approval with a short grunt, then said: "Very foolish notion, but it is alright if it'll please the lad." Jim disappeared through the hatch.

The early shift was relieved, and the first mate heaved a sigh of satisfaction, as he finished his work and was free to "turn in." Contrary to his custom, he walked round by the kitchen on the way to his bunk, instead of going the usual shorter way. "Maybe," he thought, "Jim ha' na yet put the wee lad to bed, an' I can git another smile frae 'is bonnie brown eyes." But the kitchen was deserted and still, save for the rattle of the pile of ruins in the middle of the floor. Disappointed, he turned down the hall.

The light still burned in Buddie's room, and shone out under the door, making queer pencil lines on the opposite wall. A childish voice was chattering, and the rough old mate, drawn by an inexplicable power, leaned against the casing to listen.

"I would like to tell stories to you, old Rover dog, but I guess you're tired of listening now, and ready to go to sleep. But here come the sheepmen and the angels and the sheep." The mate heard the leaves of a

book rustle. "Oh, dear, I wish mamma would come back and sing the song that those angels sang! It was something about glory, and the Jesus child, and peace for everybody,—what they sang was. I guess I'll tell you, Rover, just this one more story, because it is Christmas night, and you can sit up a little later, and this is a Christmas story, too.

"You see, all the sheepmen were asleep in the night-time out in the pasture with the sheep, when all of a sudden it got light like the middle of the daytime, and they all woke up, and they were scared, and the sheep were, too. But all the light was just 'shine' from the angels' wings. And the angels told the men not to be afraid, for they had only come to tell them that a little baby was born in Bethlum; and that baby, Rover, was Jesus. And then those pretty angels sang that beautiful song, and went away, and left the sheepmen in the dark.

"Of course, they got right up and ran awful fast to the place where Jesus was. It was in a barn, Rover, cold and windy, worse'n this old boat; and when they saw him, they told him how much they loved him, and how they wanted him to take them to heaven when he grew up and went back again. Do you love Jesus, Rover? Course you're just a picture dog, and can't love very well. But I do. He lives up in heaven now, and it's him that helps me to be good every day. My mamma said so. And he feels sorry for me every time I'm naughty or mean, like Jimmy was today when he wouldn't be my elephant, and like all these naughty men are when they say swear words. Mamma said she guessed they didn't know about how much Jesus loves them, or they wouldn't make him feel sorry like that. And poor Jimmy, he still thinks that Christmas is for Santa Claus, when it's not for him at all. We'll have to tell him its real meaning, won't we, Rover? Must be he doesn't know about Jesus; maybe nobody ever told him. He can't be very happy, poor Jimmy! Oh, h-u-m," added a sleepy voice. "Guess we'd both better go to bed."

The book closed with a stifled snap, and the light went out. A soft thud echoed it, and as the mate listened he heard, "Dear Jesus, I'm glad my mamma told me about you, and how you love little boys and big ones, too. And, dear Jesus, I hope you'll send somebody to tell Jimmy and the captain and the mate and everybody else on this boat, how you love them, so they won't be bad any more. And, dear Jesus, help me to be a good boy all the time; bless all the little children tonight, and the mate and the captain and Gyp and Bill and Jerry and Art and all these folks; and help Jimmy not to believe in Santa Claus, but in the baby Jesus, who came down here to live long, long ago. Forgive us all, dear Jesus, for being naughty, and bring back mamma to me soon, and then take us all up to your house in heaven to live, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

The mate could feel the silence that followed the sweet-voiced prayer of the child. He hardly dared breathe, as, one step at a time, he drew away from the door, and crept into the darkness of the corridor. Once in his own room, he sat down and buried his face in his hands. The moon looked in through the porthole, and lingered a little more kindly than usual about the shock of tousled black hair which was streaked here and there with silver. His strong shoulders trembled, but he made no sound. He thought of his own Scotch mother, and the days when, a little boy, he had sat at her knee and listened to the story of the angels and the shepherds and the child Jesus. And



he thought how that good mother had clasped him on her deathbed, and said with infinite yearning in her voice, "Be true to the Lord, b'y, and meet me on the ither shore." Then he looked at his life as he now lived it, rough, aimless, godless. Would his good mother know where to find her boy if she could come back to look for him? She would shun his sinful life. Could God himself forgive him for all these wasted years? the irreverence to his mother's memory and her prayers for him? O, his burden was heavy and black! He would dismiss it from his mind.

He turned out the light, and was crossing the room to his bunk, when his foot caught under something heavy and he fell to his knees, his arms catching on the edge of the bed, to break the fall. With a muttered exclamation of disgust, he sat down where he fell, and reached back into the darkness for the object. It was only a nickel-plated model of an anchor which the captain had laid on the table for his inspection that morning, and which had fallen off during the storm. It was firm and shiny, and as the moonlight fell slant upon it, the reflection made a sort of halo around it.

He recalled a picture that always hung over the head of his mother's bed, of an anchor wreathed in flowers, which had the same kind of golden light about it. He had not thought of that picture for years, but he remembered distinctly the words beneath it: "He is the anchor of my soul." He wiped a warm tear off his cheek as he recalled the many prayers that his mother had offered for him while she knelt in the shadow of that anchor. His heart was too full of emotion to restrain the sobs. He buried his face in the comforters of the rude bed, and sent the cry of his heart up to God: "Forgive, dear Jesus, these wasted years. 'Elp me to be a better mon, and niver agin fergit thet Baby, wot coom doon 'ere an' died fer me." And then, rising with a guilty look, as if he thought that in some mysterious way the words he had spoken might have been heard, he crawled into bed, in his usual methodical and unconcerned manner.

Christmas morning dawned cold and clear. The stormy sea of the day before was as smooth as the cloudless, azure sky which arched overhead. All the snow and sleet were buried in the great heart of the ocean, save where it had caught in the rigging of the boat, or frozen onto rails and boards and barrels on the open deck. The spray which flew out from the sides of the prow, as it cut through the glassy waves, glistened in the sun like a shower of falling crystals. Some gulls were wheeling lazily out over the water toward the vessel: it was nearing shore. The very ship seemed to realize it, and tossed up the sparkling glory with unwonted playfulness and grace.

At six o'clock, an amazing thing happened! A bell somewhere sounded, and all over the boat rang out the shout, "Merry Christmas!" The old ship trembled in her tracks with astonishment. Never before in all her history had such a sound been heard!

Buddie heard it too, and he sprang out of bed into—the arms of Jim. "Merry Christmas, lad," sang out that awkward chap, with a happy smile. "You'll think Santy Claus som'ow got aboard las' night, an' left 'is tracks, too. Say Merry Christmas, lad!"

Bud did not heed the last impatient injunction. His eyes were glued to a curious mass in the corner, and he soon struggled free from the tantalizing Jim to investigate it. What a wonderful treasure he found! His delight was so great that he did not even notice

the group of rough heads peering in at the door, nor hear the chuckles of satisfaction at his numerous and repeated exclamation of rapture as he pulled the structure to pieces, and examined each thing. The three-legged red stool from the kitchen was tied into the corner, and on top of it was fixed a three-foot mast, rigged out completely. Hanging from all possible points on the rigging, and piled high around the legs of the chair, was a strange assortment of Christmas presents,—“real Christmas prezunts,” Jim repeated to him.

There was a box full of maple sugar lumps; a pearl-handled jackknife with one blade broken; a funny little monkey on a stick, which showed crude but sympathetic workmanship; a horsehair chain, made by the “injuns in Arjinteen,” asserted the beaming Gyp; and a one-handed, silent watch, which came from Switzerland, so Art said. There was a distorted vase shaped from putty, and decorated with bits of the broken china. It was still pliable when Buddie seized it. There was also a little model schooner, fully rigged, and painted red and green, which especially pleased Bud. And well it might, for it was the result of hours of skilful carving on the part of Uncle Billy, who thought a long time before he gave it up. There were apples cut in fantastic shapes, a box full of cookies, and popcorn strings running all through the rigging and round the legs of the stool. Besides other queer things, the products of an all night's search by the amazed old sailors whom Jim had routed out of their bunks, there was a little nickel-plated anchor, with a bit of an old red necktie tied to it. It was smooth and cold and shiny. This, with the little green schooner, seemed to please the lad most, and he crowed with glee as he pushed one over the floor and dragged the other after him.

One by one the men left the child to his play, each happy for the simple part he had played toward a real Christmas for the little fellow.

Later in the day, the first mate strolled over the deck to the captain, who was watching for the buoys which marked out the channel into the harbor.

“Guess maybe, Cap'n, yer kin gi' me ma ticket w'en we git ashore. I'm sort er tired travelin' round this auld arth; guess I'd better settle doon. Jim wants his too. An' fer Buddie, dinna worry ony more aboot 'im; I'll take the lad wi' me.”

### Mr. Carnegie's Promotion

WHEN Andrew Carnegie was a telegraph operator on the Pennsylvania Railroad, under Col. Thomas Scott, he once disregarded one of the company's strictest rules, which forbade an employee's signing the colonel's name to an order without his knowledge.

One morning a series of wrecks tangled up the line. Colonel Scott was absent and young Carnegie could not locate him. Things looked bad. Right then Carnegie sent out a dozen telegrams signed with Colonel Scott's name, giving orders that would clear the blockade.

“Young man,” said the superintendent a few hours later, “do you realize that you have broken this company's rules?”

“Well, Mr. Scott, aren't your tracks clear and your trains running?” asked the young telegrapher.

Colonel Scott's punishment was to make Carnegie his private secretary. A few years later, when the colonel retired from office, he was succeeded by the former telegrapher, then only twenty-eight years old.



### The Budget Plan

EVERY successful business house makes an estimate of its expenses and its probable income, and shapes its plans accordingly. Many families nowadays carefully estimate their income, and decide how much they can afford for living, clothes, improvements, gifts, etc. Working to such a plan, they are able to live within their means and at the same time discharge their obligations. Many individuals follow the same plan. Every one should.

How many professed Christians toss a few cents into the offering basket when they happen to be where it comes, and think little of the debt they owe to God to help him in saving a lost world! Is it right? Should we give a little when we happen to feel like it, or when it is made especially convenient for us, and ease our consciences with the thought that we have contributed to the Lord's work? If your mother were old and poor, and feeble, would you consider that you had discharged your obligations to her by giving in this way? As Christians, are we under less binding obligation to support the cause of God than we are to care for our earthly parents?

How can we be accounted as faithful stewards of our Lord's money if we do not plan to return to him regularly a portion of that which he has given us? And if we do not plan for it, and give *regularly*, do we really give very much? The Lord accuses his people of robbery. He says we rob him by withholding our offerings (Mal. 3:8), and I suppose the question of whether we do it carelessly or deliberately does not alter the guilt.

The North American Division Missionary Volunteer financial goal for 1917 is \$35,000. That is a large sum,—more than the whole denomination gave to missions thirty years ago. But our host of young people can easily do it. I fear that if we could see things as God sees them, we should see that our Seventh-day Adventist young people spend that much money each year needlessly. If we do, what an account we shall have to render for squandering our Lord's money!

Your Conference Missionary Volunteer secretary will assign your society a portion of this goal. That will be your foreign mission budget for 1917. Will you raise it? How? The Division Department is suggesting the following—

#### Plans for Local Society

"1. After a careful presentation of the plan, and an earnest season of prayer, let members (and others who desire) state on slips of paper how much they purpose to give each week; or, let a personal canvass be made by the secretary-treasurer, or some one especially appointed.

"2. The pledges are recorded by the secretary-treasurer in a special book, and an estimate made as to whether the amount is sufficient. If not, then further effort should be made to secure the pledges of others, or larger pledges from those who have already pledged. (In this case a personal solicitation should be made if it has not already been done.)

"3. An offering for foreign missions should be taken each first, second, and third meeting of the month (the fourth meeting—and fifth when there is one—is left open for offerings for local society work). A member who has pledged, should always put his offering in an envelope, and write his name on the outside. (The regular church offering envelopes should be used.)

(Concluded on page fifteen)



### God Saves and Protects

(Texts for January 7 to 13)

IN a world of sin there are dangers on every hand, dangers from without and from within. There are foes to face and griefs to bear. Sometimes we are tempted to say:—

"What can it mean? Is it aught to Him  
That the nights are long and the days are dim?  
Can he be touched by the griefs I bear,  
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?"

There is a story told of two pictures meant to represent peace. One was the picture of a stagnant pool, in the midst of the silent forest, with not a ripple upon its surface. The other was that of a little bird upon its nest in the branch of a tree, which hung just over a foaming cataract.

The Master did not pray that we should be taken from the world of tribulation, but should be kept from the evil. Happy is the child of God who can follow the poet in answering the above questions:—

"O wonderful story of deathless love!  
Each child is dear to that Heart above.  
He fights for me when I cannot fight;  
He comforts me in the gloom of night;  
He lifts the burden, for he is strong;  
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;  
The sorrow that brought me down he bears,  
And loves and pardons, because he cares."

What peace and comfort fill our hearts when, amid dangers that threaten us, either from the elements of nature let loose or because of the wrath and cruelty of men, we can trust God for salvation and protection.

MEDITATION.—Have I made a full submission of myself to God? Is it my great purpose that my life shall reflect his glory? Am I willing to suffer pain or even to die if that would glorify him? If my life and my work are entirely in his hand, then I can surely trust him to care for me in any danger or save me from any difficulty into which his providence may lead me.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Almighty God, my Maker and my King, help me to so surrender myself to thee that thou canst lead me day by day. Choose thou for me my way. When temptations come to try me, save me from sinning. In the midst of trouble may I be comforted. When dangers threaten, may thy right hand uphold me. May all the experiences of my life glorify thy name, whether they be pleasant or unpleasant to me. Help me to trust in thee in the darkness or in the light.

M. E. KERN.

### What the Morning Watch Will Do

THE Morning Watch will help you everywhere in everything.

It will sweeten your pleasures, lessen your sorrows, and multiply your power for service.

It will strengthen your heart, your hand, your mind for all the day may bring.

It will give you each day a precious gem of eternal truth.

It will cause harmful pleasures to lose their fascination.

It will cause wealth and fame to fade in the light of eternal things.

It will help you to keep sweet when things go wrong.

It will give you a word "in season" to speak to a friend in need.



It will so change you that you will love to do right and find life's deepest joys in pleasing your Saviour.

It will do more than any other one thing to fortify your heart against the enemy.

It will draw you each day into a little closer friendship with the Master, whom to know is life eternal.

For these reasons and others that you may think of we urge you to observe the Morning Watch during 1917. Will you? MATILDA ERICKSON.

## 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 January 13

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

##### Senior Assignment

January 7: Genesis 23 to 25. Marriage of Isaac; Jacob and Esau.  
January 8: Genesis 26, 27. Jacob deceives Isaac.  
January 9: Genesis 28 to 30. The vision of angels; marriage of Jacob.  
January 10: Genesis 31 to 33. A changed heart and a changed name.  
January 11: Genesis 34 to 36. God's covenant renewed to Jacob.  
January 12: Genesis 37 to 39. From sonship to slavery.  
January 13: Genesis 40 to 42. From prison to palace.

For notes on this assignment, see the *Review* for January 4.

##### Junior Assignment

January 7: Genesis 14. Abraham pays tithe.  
January 8: Genesis 15. The promise to Abraham.  
January 9: Genesis 17:1-5; 18. Visited by angels.  
January 10: Genesis 19:1-28. Lot escapes from Sodom.  
January 11: Genesis 21:1-21; 22:1-19. Ishmael; Abraham and Isaac.  
January 12: Genesis 23. The cave of Machpelah.  
January 13: Genesis 24. Rebekah.

#### How to Read the Bible

Do you like to hear and read stories? When I was a boy, I was very much interested in stories my grandfather would tell of the things that happened when he was young, about moving into the forests of Indiana; about the panthers and many other things. Later I became interested in books that told of things that happened before grandfather lived, in the early days of the United States. Then I read of what happened in the world before this country was known. By and by I found that the Bible is the most interesting storybook in the world. It is the oldest book we know, and tells about what happened thousands of years before the events which other histories tell about. Indeed it tells about the beginning of the world and even what happened in heaven before the history of this world began. And best of all, we know that its stories are all true, and that they teach us valuable lessons.

How shall we read the Bible? First, I think it is good to read it *regularly*. We should form the habit

of reading the Bible every day, then it becomes easier. This makes it more interesting too, for we can remember from day to day what we read, and join the stories together.

We should read the Bible *thoughtfully*. Sometimes we miss the most interesting things when we hurry. We should try to imagine we see the characters mentioned and the countries described. Every Bible ought to have maps for us to look at when we read. That helps us to remember and understand better. Good pictures also help sometimes.

We should read the Bible *prayerfully*. The Bible is the Word of God, and we should always ask him to help us understand it and get the lessons which we should learn from it. It is said that Walter Scott, a great English writer, when he was dying, said to a friend, "Bring me the Book." "What book?" the friend asked. He replied, "There is but one Book—the Bible."

#### The Name "Bible"

The word "Bible" is not used in the Scriptures. Bible comes from the Latin word *biblia*, which means books. This is from the Greek *biblia*, the plural of *biblion*, which is the diminutive of *biblos*. The reason the Greeks called a book *biblos* (the singular form) was because the ancient books were written on material made from the byblos, or papyrus, reed. Just as we speak of the printed sheets of paper with the news printed on them as "the paper," so they spoke of a scroll of byblos sheets with writing on them as "the biblos," and a number of them would be *biblia* (plural).

#### Learning the Books of the Bible

Every one should memorize the names of the books of the Bible. If you will notice carefully, you will see that the books of both the Old and New Testaments have been grouped largely according to what they contain; thus the historical books are together, the poetical books, etc. Some one has said that all the books can be arranged around four words: precept, practice, principle, and prophecy. The groups of both the Old and New Testaments come in this order, as you will see:—

The Old Testament		The New Testament
The Pentateuch	Books of Precept	The Gospels
Historical Books	Books of Practice	The Acts
Poetical Books	Books of Principles	The Epistles
Prophetical Books	Books of Prophecy	The Revelation

Learn the names of these groups this week.

#### Abraham

Abraham is perhaps the most noted character in the Bible aside from Jesus. He was the father and head of the Jewish nation. The story of this nation occupies four fifths of the book of Genesis and nearly all of the Old Testament. Trace his journeys on a map. What shows that Abraham was a better man than his nephew Lot?

M. E. K.

#### Question Box

Is there any reward or certificate offered for reading the Bible through in 1916? If so, how do we secure it?

Yes, the same as for 1915. It is the William Miller Bible Year Card. It is a beautiful half tone of William Miller's old Bible, printed on a white card 5 x 7 inches with round corners. The reverse side has a facsimile of a stanza written by William Miller after the disappointment in 1843.



There is nothing new to offer those who secured this card in 1915. Any one who has read the Bible through again, already has a reward more valuable than the Missionary Volunteer Department could offer.

We have decided to offer the Bible Year Card to those who began in 1915 and finished in 1916.

Those having finished the reading should fill out a "Bible Year Certifying Card" and send to their conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, or in case such a card has not been furnished you, write a letter to the secretary.



## II—The Council at Jerusalem (Concluded)

(January 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 15:22-41.

MEMORY VERSE: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15.

### Questions

1. What was the council at Jerusalem pleased to do? Who were chosen to go to Antioch? What is said of these men? Acts 15:22. Note 1.
2. What was sent by these brethren? To whom were the letters addressed? In what places did these brethren live? Verse 23.
3. What report did the brethren in council say had come to them? How did they show that such men had no authority from them? Verse 24. Note 2.
4. What seemed good to the chief brethren to do? Verse 25.
5. What did they write of Barnabas and Paul? Verse 26.
6. What were the names of others sent with them? How would they confirm what was written? Verse 27.
7. Who made the rules for the Gentile Christians? Verse 28. Note 3.
8. What four things did they ask them to abstain from? What are the closing words of the letter? Verse 29. Note 4.
9. To what church was the letter taken? To whom was it read? What effect did it have on the Christians there? Verses 30, 31.
10. What gift of the Holy Spirit did Judas and Silas possess? In what ways did they help the brethren? Verse 32.
11. After a time which of these laborers left Antioch? Verses 33-35.
12. What did Paul say to Barnabas some days after this? Verse 36. Note 5.
13. Whom did Barnabas wish to take with them? Verse 37.
14. Why did Paul not think best for him to go? Verse 38.
15. What did this lead Barnabas to do? Verse 39. Note 6.
16. Whom did Paul choose as his companion? What countries did he visit? Verses 40, 41.

### Questions for Diligent Students

1. What epistle begins with words similar to those found in the letter in this lesson?
2. How many copies of letters do you find in the Bible? By whom were they written? Name the materials used in writing letters in Bible times.
3. What will help us to settle all disputes?

### Notes

1. In the heavens "one star differeth from another star in glory." So in the church of God there are "chief men among the brethren," those to whom are given special gifts making them more capable than others. In the parable one man had five talents intrusted to him, another only one. To those who are placed in positions of trust, respect and honor are due. David was an example of this in his allegiance to Saul, even though persecuted and hunted for his life.

2. There is a wide difference between a comet and a fixed star. Jude writes of some in his day as "wandering stars." Some of these wanderers found their way to Antioch, and they caused division and trouble then as such do today. The council at Jerusalem wrote to the Gentile Christians that such

men received no commandment from them to carry on their work.

3. "James sought to impress the minds of his brethren with the fact that, in turning to God, the Gentiles had made a great change in their lives, and that much caution should be used not to trouble them with perplexing and doubtful questions of minor importance, lest they be discouraged in following Christ."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 195.

4. "Meats offered to idols." The Gentile converts would find in the market meat which had been offered to idols as a sacrifice and then sold for food by the heathen priests. To buy and eat such meat, would seem to give their consent to idolatry.

5. Paul and Barnabas did not simply bring people to profess themselves Christians, but they ever sought to make them strong in the faith, to maintain growth in grace, and to lead them to give their lives to advance the gospel.

6. Barnabas wished to take Mark on this second missionary trip, as Mark had again decided to be a minister. But Paul had no use for young men who would desert their Master in battle. He thought if Mark would leave them in time of danger when he was most needed, that he was not to be trusted again. Barnabas urged that the young man be given another trial, and so this led to a separation, and two missionary companies were formed instead of one. Bible characters are not presented to us like photographs from which all wrinkles and blemishes have been removed. Paul and Barnabas were but men. On this occasion they did not see alike, but they parted as friends.

## The Budget Plan

(Concluded from page thirteen)

"4. The secretary-treasurer will credit each member with his offering each time, and at the close of the month hand each one a statement of his standing, if in arrears. (Pads of blanks—"Offering Statement Blank"—can be secured through your tract society.) This will enable each member to know each month how he stands and give him a chance to make up the deficit. If behind at the time of the Midsummer Offering, Harvest Ingathering, or at the week of prayer, the statement from the secretary of his deficit, will be a special incentive to large giving.

"5. The church treasurer's receipt for missionary offerings will be accepted by the secretary-treasurer and counted on the pledge. (The secretary-treasurer will of course mark it "receipt," so as not to get confused in regard to his cash.)

"6. Money not in envelopes or not marked would, of course, be credited to no individual, but would count on the goal just the same.

"7. The pledge should not be considered as a debt if not fulfilled at the end of the year, but is rather a plan of systematic giving to which to work."

Surely this plan will appeal to all our Missionary Volunteers as something definite and helpful in forming the habit of right giving. May it be the great privilege of every Missionary Volunteer to hear from the lips of Jesus, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

M. E. KERN.

### Creation

I LIKE to think of the blest hour  
When waiting universes lay  
Within God's thought as some great flower  
Waits for the sun to call the day.

"Let there be light!" the Lord God said,  
And light sprang forthright at the word;  
So some fine spirit might be sped,  
Answering the summons that he heard.

The shining thing all perfect gleamed,  
Though but in instant dream 'twere wrought;  
And still more beautiful it seemed  
Since it had lain within God's thought!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.



# The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE  
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.  
TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - Editor  
ADELAIDE BEE EVANS - - - - Associate Editor

## Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription - - - - \$1.50  
Six Months - - - - .85

## Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year	Each
Six months - - - -	\$1.00
Three months - - - -	.60
	.35

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

## Motto

FEEL glum? Keep mum,  
Don't grumble. Be humble.  
Trials cling? Just sing.  
Can't sing? Just cling.  
Don't fear; God's near.  
Money goes? He knows.  
Honor left? Not bereft.  
Don't rust! Work! Trust!

—Selected.

## The Morning Watch and the Psalms

It has been said that the book of Psalms was both the prayer book and the hymnal of the Jewish people. This wonderful book of poems enters so fully into all the religious experiences of the soul that it has been loved as much by Christians as by the ancient Jews. The Hebrew title to the book means "book of praises." "The book begins with benedictions and ends with praise — first, blessing to man, and then glory to God."

It has become the great privilege of those who observe the Morning Watch to spend a year with the Psalms. Aside from the Morning Watch Calendar, which gives the texts for study day by day, would it not be well for every one to procure a vest-pocket edition of the Psalms? This can be obtained in agate type, cloth bound, cut flush, round corners, and plain edges, for five cents. Order from your tract society.

M. E. KERN.

## American Missionaries in Japan

VISCOUNT KANEKO, of Japan, is not a Christian; but he considers Christianity as a life force, superior to Buddhism. He is therefore doing all he can to extend the influence of Christianity. He is a friend to the American missionary, but claims that Japan demands educated missionaries; for he says that in his boyhood, Christianity was at a low ebb in Japan owing to the bigotry and poor education of the missionaries. They treated the Japanese as inferiors. "Some of the missionaries," says Mr. Kaneko, "were much less educated than the people they tried to reach. This condition I explained to my friends in America, on both visits, pleading for men of sound education in addition to seminary training. The present missionaries are much superior in this respect, and are not only gentlemen but are our equals in secular education. But the missionary to Japan is not dealing with South Sea islanders or Chinese of the coolie class. Mission boards should continually strengthen their demands for a wide training on the part of the men

they send to Japan, for there are Japanese today, as there were in my school days, who will sneer at Christ because of the lack of education on the part of the Christian missionary."

## Things Worth While

THE last words John's father said to him as he left him at the railway station were:—

"Emphasize what is worth while."

John had been in college six months, and the secretary of the college Young Men's Christian Association had asked him several times if he would do some work in a mission school for factory workers in the college town. The last time the secretary called he had pressed the matter rather strongly.

"You know, Blake, I wouldn't be so insistent if I didn't set a high value on your services. You are a good language scholar, and those Russians down there need some one like you to teach them. You could learn their language while you teach them English, and they are pitifully in need of Christian training. You used to work in the church and Sunday school at home. I wish you would give us the same service here."

And Blake had replied, "O Calvin, I don't have time to do that sort of thing here. Why, my schedule is all made up. I can't possibly do it." So Calvin had gone away very much disappointed.

Then for some reason John had turned to his day book and glanced over his engagements of the week before, where he had jotted down, according to his father's suggestion, the main events of each day in college.

The record ran something like this: "Monday — Basket ball game with Colfax. Score, 27 to 19. Tuesday — Hike to Round Hill. Wednesday — Spread and sing at night. Thursday — Movies, evening. Friday — Debate at Society Hall; subject, "Preparedness." Lost on affirmative. Saturday — Class play. Sunday — Lay in bed until noon. Went to vespers at 4 P. M. Stayed in evening to practice mandolin for next glee club concert."

It was a commonplace record; he had done just what most of his friends had done, but somehow he was not proud of it.

He looked it over again, and grew more and more ashamed as he thought of the Russian settlement and its dull, sordid factory environment.

"I am not living up to father's advice very well," he said to himself.

John remembered his father's confidence in his boy's faithful response to the old family ideals of service and purity and general manliness, and in the dusk he knelt and prayed as he had not prayed since he left home. Then he went round to call on Calvin.

"Put me at work next Sunday, Calvin," he said. "I'm a candidate for the Russian diploma. I want to do something 'worth while.'"

He is doing it every Sunday now, and in between, too, and his heart glows with deep satisfaction, for he is using his spare time to help in making Christian citizens out of some of the elements that go into Uncle Sam's great "melting pot." In their turn they will perhaps do great things for this Republic.—*Youth's Companion*.

MAKE the best of everything; think the best of everybody; hope the best of yourself.—*Robert Louis Stevenson's Motto*.

"A LAZY boy and a warm bed are hard to part."