

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 3



"GOIN' TO SEE GRAN'MA"



A post card was recently carried from Chicago to New York by aeroplane, and thence to Bremen, Germany, by the submarine "Deutschland."

Mrs. James Boggs has been made a member of the Inaugural Committee. She has the honor of being the first woman member of an inaugural committee.

Mr. Carnegie recently gave \$17,500 to Wilberforce University, Ohio, the oldest Negro school in America, to aid in the erection of their new \$50,000 dormitory for girls.

"One ship in every two hundred that start on a long journey is either never reported, or is salvaged under trying circumstances. This record does not take into account the hazard of war."

Colonel Goethals, who built the Panama Canal, is known as a "finisher." His motto seems to be, "Don't start anything you can't — or don't — finish." This is a good rule for others than Colonel Goethals. Test it for yourself.

The Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., is launching an important scientific expedition to the French Kongo. The object is to obtain zoological specimens for the Smithsonian Institution and to make ethnological collections.

The recent annual report of the New York Bible Society, of which Rev. Dr. George William Carter is secretary, shows that 320,715 Bibles were distributed during the year, and that the society has furnished the Scriptures in fifty-three languages and in the raised type for the blind.

Preparedness is the state of being ready to seize an opportunity when it first presents itself. This is not altogether a military term. Mary Garden, at the age of twenty-three, found herself in Paris penniless, having divided a borrowed capital of \$20,000 among her singing masters. She was being charitably entertained while waiting for an engagement as an opera singer. She haunted the theater where rehearsals of the opera "Louise" were being held, bought the score, and studied it. One night the leading lady became ill at the end of the first act. Mary arrived just in time to rush on and sing the rôle. The audience fell in love at first sight, and next day Mary signed a contract. This is preparedness, and every Christian needs to be as alert in watching for the opportune moment to sow the seeds of truth.

Eleven fully matured tomatoes and as many good-sized potatoes growing on the same plant in the vegetable garden of the Pennsylvania State College, mark the advent of the newest freak plants in the vegetable world. If further experimentation proves its commercial value, the latest creation in plant life is expected to revolutionize vegetable growing by combining economy of space with productiveness of the plant. C. E. Meyers, professor of vegetable growth in the Pennsylvania State College, planted a potato. Upon the strong stalk that grew up he grafted a young tomato sprout, using the grafting wax and binding as in fruit trees. About a dozen ordinary-sized tomatoes grew to ripeness, and about the same number of healthy potatoes grew in the ground. Strange to say, the potatoes fed the tomato vines, and the tomato vines helped make the potatoes.

The League to Enforce Peace

THIS league was organized in June of 1915, with ex-President Taft as president. President Wilson addressed its first annual meeting. British statesmen have commended the object of the league, and the German chancellor in a speech to the Reichstag declared that at the end of the war Germany would coöperate with other nations to prevent a recurrence of war. The league, therefore, has already made itself of international importance.

The aim of the organization is to form a league of the nations that shall agree to the following propositions:—

1. To submit all justiciable questions,—that is, all questions which come within the scope of recognized international law,—if they cannot be settled by ordinary diplomacy, to a duly constituted international court.
2. To submit all other questions that may not be settled by mutual agreement to a council of conciliation, in order that they may be examined and a peaceful solution recommended before the nations concerned shall declare war upon each other.
3. In case any nation in the league shall declare war without thus submitting its case to such a court or council, the economic, and if necessary the military, forces of the league shall be called upon to constrain that nation to keep the peace.
4. From time to time the powers that make up the league shall hold conferences to formulate and codify rules of international law.

For the Finding-Out Club

First Part

1. WHAT was the Lewis and Clark Expedition?
2. Who founded Detroit?
3. What was the Society of the Cincinnati?
4. Who was the first Western President?
5. How many Presidents were born in Virginia?
6. Where is the oldest town in America?
7. Where was the Battle Above the Clouds?

Second Part

1. Who was chosen to take the place of Judas, and how?
2. With what man did Paul lodge while preaching at Corinth?
3. What damsel brought the news that Peter was at the gate?
4. What child was put under some shrubs and left to die?
5. What widow left her mother-in-law and returned to her own people?
6. Who was Ishmael's first child?

"THE worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise."

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 16, 1917

No. 3

Home of the English Pilgrims in Leiden

J. WIBBENS

THE house in Leiden, Holland, where lived John Robinson, leader of the English company from whom went out the Pilgrim Fathers to New England, is still one of the sights dear to American visitors. Accompanying this article is a picture of the house where Mr. Robinson lived and died. The little horizontal window marks the chamber-room which was his study and workroom, and the place of his death.

The property secured by the English exiles in Leiden was bought with a view to supplying living quarters for others than the pastor, and a meeting hall for the congregation. The house was a large one, and doubtless a churchroom once stood in the rear of the main entrance. Here it was that they held a solemn fast in July, 1620, as the younger and stronger mem-

bers offered themselves for the venturesome journey to the New World. "Let us seek God," they said, "a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance." "When all was ready," wrote one of them, "the brethren that stayed at Leiden, having again solemnly sought the Lord with us and for us, feasted us that were to go, at our pastor's house, being large; where we refreshed ourselves, after tears, with singing of psalms, making a joyful melody in our hearts, as well as with the voice, there being many of the congregation very expert in music; and, indeed, it was the sweetest melody that ever mine ears heard. After this they accompanied us to Delfshaven, where we went to embark, and then feasted us again; and, after prayer, performed by our pastor, when a flood of tears was poured out, they accompanied us to the ship, but were not able to speak to one another for the abundance of sorrow to part. But we only, going aboard, gave them a volley of small shot and three pieces of ordnance; and so, lifting up our hands to each other, and our hearts for each other to the Lord our God, we departed."

The charge which John Robinson gave to these pilgrims seeking refuge from religious oppression voices sentiments that we should not forget. He said:

"Brethren, we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may live to see you face to face on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows; but whether the Lord hath appointed that or not, I charge you before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveals anything to you by any other instrument, be as ready to receive it as

you ever were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded, I am very confident, that the Lord hath more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word. For my part I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of his will our Lord revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace; and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

"This is a misery much to be lamented; for though they were burning and shining lights in their time, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but were they now living, would be as willing to em-

brace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you, remember it as an article of your church covenant that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God.

"But I must herewith exhort you to take heed what you receive as truth. Examine it, consider it, compare it with other scriptures of truth before you receive it; for it is not possible

that the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick antichristian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once."

Above the doorway of Robinson's house are two stones set, one containing four lines of poetry in the Dutch language, the other the English inscription: "On this spot lived, taught, and died John Robinson, 1611-1625."

Over against this building is a church. Facing the house of Mr. Robinson, a great bronze plate is set into the wall of the church, on which the following can be read:—

THE MAYFLOWER 1620.

In memory of
Rev. John Robinson, M. A.,
Pastor of the English Church
over against this spot, A. D. 1609-1625,
where at his prompting, went forth
the Pilgrim Fathers
to settle New England
1620.

Buried under this house of worship 4 March 1625
Æ XLIX years.

In memoria aeterna erit justus.
Erected by the National Council of the Congregational
Churches of the United States of America
A. D. 1891.

We are glad that Holland furnished a place of refuge to those Pilgrim Fathers on their way to plant



THE JOHN ROBINSON HOME, LEIDEN

the light of the Protestant faith, and of religious liberty as they understood it, on the New England shores.

The Hague.

"Let Us Go Hence"

"Arise, let us go hence." John 14:31.

"Let us go hence"—from out the quiet chamber

Where soul with soul could meet,
From peace and safety, love and deep communion,
From tender counsel sweet;

"Hence"—to what grief, what terror and confusion,
Bewilderment and loss,
To shrieking mobs, to furious reviling,
The lash, the thorns, the cross.

And hast thou called us, Lord, from peaceful pastures

To turmoil and to care,
To days of toil and nights of weary waking,
To watch with thee in prayer?

Then, let us go, be it to shame and scorning,
To suffering and loss;

Even,—if thou art with us, blessed Master,—
Yea, even to a cross.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

The Bookman's Creed

THY BOOK have I hid in my heart, that I might triumph before heaven and men. "I will to do His will," that I may know how to give the world a strong, clear, personal, living reproduction of the Life of lives, coveting only divine guidance for every step of the way, that I may live what I teach.

To honor and magnify my profession, and to think of it as a high and royal calling, that I may act as a trustworthy representative of heaven; to be one whose work is as good as gold to the full amount bargained for; to be a doer as well as a sower; to glory in the hardness of the way and not growl at all.

To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered; to be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort; to remember that the greatest evidence of integrity is true loyal endeavor.

To look upon my work as an appointment of heaven, a service freighted with providential opportunity, to be seized with joy and made the most of; to remember that success lies in reckoning the old man of self dead, ever counting it possible to do all things through Him that strengtheneth me; and this means I am to use all the powers of my God-given brain, untiring energy, courage, and determination to win souls for heaven.

I am to expect temptation, difficulty, and trial, but every one of these must be turned into stepping-stones for triumph and victory; to believe in God's proposition to men; to know by a personal experience what that proposition is, and how to pass it on to others.

To make a study of the King's business, and as his appointed messenger I am to know the business in every detail, from the first insinuation of Lucifer up to now.

To find time to do everything needful, by never letting time find me doing nothing; to hoard days as a miser hoards dollars, that every moment and motive in life may be enriched and purified with holy purposes; to work at least forty hours a week.

To shun debt, as one who would avoid man's greatest enemy; to treasure my well-earned savings by depositing with the bank of heaven, and remember that this bank pays interest through all eternity.

Finally, to take a good solid grip on the joy of life, accept hard knocks with cheerfulness, keep on the job, and play the entire game like a gentleman, believing in that kind of gentleness that tends to true greatness;

to fight nothing so hard as my own weakness; ever endeavoring to grow as a good soldier that needeth not to be ashamed, until time shall have finished the story of humanity, and eternal victory is won, the King's seal "well done" fixed at the close of life's record.

This is the creed of the Northern Illinois colporteurs.

The Messenger's Prayer

Now I get me up to work,
I pray thee, Lord, I will not shirk;
Should I be called before the night,
I pray thee, Lord, my work be right.

C. J. TOLF.

The Experiences of Peter and Judas Contrasted

WHEN Judas decided to follow Christ, he did it for the purpose of benefiting himself. Christ assured him from the beginning that to follow him was not to gain riches. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." But Judas believed that when Christ came into the kingdom about which he had been preaching, he would have power and money; and Judas wanted to be known as the one who had helped him to this seat of glory, and he also hoped to be a sharer of it.

Peter was called to follow Christ; he accepted, relinquished fishing, and with love in his heart joined the disciples.

Peter made a sacrifice to follow Jesus; Judas made none, unless it was to sacrifice his pride as he thought he did.

All through the years of Christ's ministry, from the words and actions of these two men one would not have known that there was much difference at heart. But Peter was receptive; Judas, repelling. Peter was warm-hearted and impulsive, outspoken and thoughtless; Judas was a deep thinker, of keen foresight, a worldly business man, with a sharp lookout for anything that would benefit or injure himself.

For these reasons Judas every day hardened his heart a little more to the teachings of Christ, until one night, because of one reproachful look of Jesus, that seemed to see and read the secrets of his heart, he went to the Sanhedrin, and betrayed his Lord for thirty pieces of silver.

But Peter every day was learning of the love and beauty of the Saviour's character. By beholding he was being changed. Although he did not clearly understand all of Jesus' teachings, he was willing to learn, and so remembered and understood them later.

When Judas gave Jesus the kiss of betrayal in Gethsemane, it was a long-contemplated act that came from a sinful heart. When Peter drew his sword and cut off the ear of a servant of the high priest, it was the act of impulse, done on the spur of the moment.

Peter later denied his Master three times, the last time with cursing and swearing. When the cock crew, Jesus turned and gave Peter a long, pitying, sorrowful, forgiving look, and Peter remembered with bitter agony how he had declared he would follow Jesus anywhere, even to death. Peter then, in anguish of mind and spirit, went to the garden of Gethsemane where a little time before his Saviour had prayed for him.

Meanwhile Judas had seen his Lord condemned to death. He soon had a terrible realization that in the condemnation of Jesus, he himself was condemned forever. In terror of an inevitable fate, he fled to the high priest, and throwing down the pieces of silver;

exclaimed that he had betrayed innocent blood. Then casting himself at the feet of Jesus, Judas acknowledged him to be the Son of God, and entreated him to deliver himself. Jesus was not able to forgive Judas, for the latter had grieved away the Holy Spirit, which alone can convict of sin. He did not repent, but merely feared the future result of his sin; he did not recognize in Christ a remedy. So in an agony of remorse Judas went out and hanged himself.

But Peter had an experience out in the garden that changed his whole life and character. He fell on the Rock and was broken. He realized that Christ was the only One who could keep him from falling. He realized as never before, how very weak he was. Peter accepted Christ as his personal Saviour, and he was saved to be a strong, reliable, self-possessed worker.

"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Eze. 36:26. Peter had been given a new spirit,—the Spirit of Christ. And it worked within him "to will and to do of his good pleasure."

MARGARET ROSSITER.

Urbandale

I TRAVELED, I rode on a car
To an Urban village afar.
To while away time
I scribbled some rhyme;
I wrote what I saw from the car.

I wrote of the things on the way;
Of the scenery, the beauteous day;
Of the green smiling land;
Of the wild birdies' band;
Of the squirrels in the trees at play.

If you love old Nature's theater,
There's not a play that's greater
Than the Urbandale trip—
I'll hand you the tip,
Although I'm a tip giving hater.

Take the Urbandale trip today,
Leave worry and work for play;
The scenery is grand;
Give Nature your hand;
Take the Urbandale trip today.

JOHN E. NORDQUIST.

Triumphing over Opposition *

God's care for his workers has never been confined to any one time or place. In every age and under circumstances the most varied he has turned the opposition of enemies into a triumph for truth. Paul's arrest and imprisonment at Philippi resulted in the conversion of precious souls who otherwise might have remained indifferent to God's claims upon them.

During the 1901 General Conference, Elder W. H. Thurston, at that time superintendent of the Brazilian mission field, related an incident (see *General Conference Bulletin*, 1901, p. 123) that illustrates how God uses even the bitterest opposition to bring about his purposes.

In the early days of Seventh-day Adventist mission work in Brazil, three of our evangelists in an interior town were attacked by a mob with clubs, and one of them, Brother Stauffer, was felled to the ground, apparently dead. His companions rolled him up in a blanket, and carried him to the house of a friend, where he rallied, though unable to walk or to regain mental strength. Before going on to another part of the field, his associate evangelists arranged for his care among friends.

About three weeks later, officers came, summoning him to appear in court to answer charges lodged against him. He protested that he could not walk, whereupon they dragged him out of bed. Finding him unable to walk, "they put him back to bed, but with the promise that he would appear before the court as soon as he was able.

"As soon as he could go about, he took his small satchel and Bible, and went down and presented himself before the court. They began questioning him; and he answered every question right from the Bible, reading to them the word of God. The man that struck Brother Stauffer confessed, and was converted; but during this examination, another man arose, and bore a false testimony to what Brother Stauffer was saying; and right there and then, that man's tongue was paralyzed, and he has never spoken from that day to this."

C. C. CRISLER.

Humility

YEARS ago I was often thrown in close touch with one who showed a Christlike spirit under all circumstances. Her environment was the reverse of pleasant. She was forced to live with those who were not only narrow, jealous, and difficult to please, but who had no love for the things she loved. But she bore it all patiently.

"How can you submit, as you do?" queried I, one day, when I chanced upon the scene and saw enough to suggest the thought that patience had ceased to be a virtue. "It is too much for human endurance."

"You are right, there," my aged friend replied, sweetly; "it is beyond human endurance; but the Holy Spirit, the divine, enables me to bear patiently what would otherwise crush me. Years have taught me this one lesson, however: If one has the true spirit of humility, there is little room for hurt feelings."

When next I called upon this saintly one, she handed me the slip of paper which I shall always treasure, saying: "A quotation like this was given to me, years ago. I know not whose words they are, but I looked upon them as so good that I pasted the one given me on the flyleaf of my Bible. To the frequent reading of it I owe so much that I want you too in possession of a copy. Perhaps after reading it, you will better understand the secret of my seeming indifference to what would once have made my life a burden." Then in tremulous tone, she added: "It is little I can give you, dear, but I copied this with a prayer that you too may be strengthened by it, as I have been. To be, 'clothed with humility,' as Peter puts it, has long been my aim; and I do know, by happy experience, that He 'giveth grace unto the humble.'"

Then, with face illuminated by peace, within, she placed in my hand the following apt definition of a virtue which is too little sought after: "Humility is perpetual quietness of heart. It is to have no trouble. It is never to be fretted, or vexed, or irritated, or sore, or disappointed: it is to expect nothing, to wonder at nothing that is done to me, to feel nothing done against me. It is to be at rest when nobody praises me, and when I am blamed and despised. It is to have blessed home in myself where I can go in and shut the door and kneel to my Father in secret and be at peace, as in a deep sea of calmness when all around and above is trouble."—*Selected*.

* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for Jan. 27, 1917, on "Paul and Silas in Prison" (Acts 16:16-40).

"HAPPINESS is always a homemade article."



Home-Making in Africa

THE home-making instinct is paramount in most human beings, and those who do not have it are to be pitied. The lower animals have the same instinct, sometimes to one's annoyance in the mission field. The hens make their nests in the most unlikely places, the birds try to select a place out of harm's way, the bees may start a comb in your trunk, and the rats may keep you awake by their efforts at home-making.

A grass hut in the wilds may be more of a home than a fine stone mansion with every convenience, and some natives succeed far better than some of their white brothers.

We may pity the "poor heathen," but, in his way, he is an expert at home-building. With only two implements, an ax and a hoe, he performs miracles. With his ax he cuts the poles for the sides of his hut, and after digging a trench with the hoe he sinks the poles so that no animals can dig under his home. He strips the bark off a certain kind of tree, and uses the inner bark to tie his house together. He then cuts small saplings about as thick as one's thumb or wrist, and clamps the poles fast by tying them between the saplings with the rope bark. The roof is made of the poles for rafters, over which are tied the saplings. Upon these is placed the grass, which has been cut down with the hoe.

The wife goes to the stream and gets a certain kind of clay, from which she makes earthen dishes and pots. With the waterpots she carries water to make mud plaster for the house and to smooth off the dirt floor. The man then goes to the stream and cuts some reeds, which are tied together for the door and the top of the bed. He cuts the green bamboo, with which he makes baskets and the porridge dish. He also cuts large strips of bark which can be beaten into cloth or sacks. All this is accomplished by the ax and the hoe.

The Nyasaland boys make neat chairs and tables from the chiwali palm. Machilla pails are made from the same palm. Some natives make very presentable hats and sew them with thread from the chiwali palm.

Educated boys build good huts with windows, and an extra hut for a kitchen.

The Europeans' houses are made of brick and iron, with cement floors, and grass, iron tile, or shingle roofs. Some have all-iron houses built up off the ground. Decator huts are usually circular huts with either iron or grass for a roof.

Temporary huts are built in a day by using small poles or saplings and grass. Some throw boughs together in such a way as to make quite a comfortable place in which to live.

The Mashikilumbwe make large earthen doorways, and shelves of earth overlaid with skins for beds. The walls of the huts are made of all poles, poles with grass in between, or bamboo woven into a big basket with a few poles as support. I have seen brush used in several huts. It was tied in such a way as to make a strong wall.

The Matabele make a solid wall of mud mixed with manure, which lasts a long time. Their floors are made of beaten earth and polished with a stone till they are as smooth as glass.

Many natives in this region build their huts with poles all meeting in the center, like a tent or Indian wigwam. This is covered with grass, and clods of earth are hoed up at the base to keep them dry.

In most native huts the fire is built in the center of the hut, and the smoke gets out the best way it can.

Some of the more energetic natives, while traveling through a blistering hot district with scarcely any shade, will bend over a sapling and throw grass on it. This serves as a shade, like Jonah's gourd.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and in a country like this, one sees its results on every hand in many different ways.

The great curse of the country is the white ants, and usually a pole-and-grass hut will have to be rebuilt in three or four years.

The hope of all races is that soon Jesus will come. At that time those who are faithful will be permitted to enter that home where there is nothing to hurt or destroy, where all is joy and comfort.

S. M. KONIGMACHER.

An Experience of a Missionary

It was a hot day, and I had begun in spare hours to lay the foundation for an additional room for the house. I felt rather uneasy to see a well-known savage hanging around every day with his tomahawk in hand. He had killed a man before our arrival. On seeing him hovering so alarmingly near, I saluted him, "Nelwang, do you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, Missi," he replied, "if you will help me now, I will be your friend forever."

"I am your friend," I answered. "That is what brought me here and keeps me here."

"Yes," the savage cried out, "but I want you to be strong as my friend, and I will be strong for you. I want to get married, and I want you to help me."

"Do you know the woman you want to get?" I asked him this, wishing to bring him to some issue, for the natives often steal their wives and carry them far off to some distant village.

"Yes," replied Nelwang, "I want to marry Yakin, the chief's widow up at the inland village."

"But do you know if she loves you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Nelwang; "one day I met her on the path, and told her I should like to have her for my wife. She took out her earrings and gave them to me, and I know now that she loves me. With her earrings she gave me her heart."

"Then why don't you go and take her?"

Nelwang, with childish tenderness, came nearer to me, and with a half-whispered cry, said, "I can't; this is my difficulty, Missi: In her village there are thirty men for whom there are no wives. Each of them wants her."

"And if you take her, they will shoot you?"

"Yes, Missi, that is what they will do. But I want you to help me. You white-men can always succeed."

After I had suggested a way to him, he cried out, "I shall win her from them all. Yakin and I will be strong for you all our days."

Next morning Yakin's house was found deserted. They sent to all the villages round about, but no one had seen her. They seemed to know that she had been stolen by Nelwang. The usual revenge was taken. The houses of the offenders were burned, their fences broken down, and all their property destroyed.

"Hello," I said, as he suddenly appeared some time later, "where have you come from? and where is Yakin?"

"I must not tell you," he replied. "We are hid. We have lived on coconuts gathered at night. Will you let us come here tomorrow morning?" he asked.

"All right," I said. "Come tomorrow." And trembling with delight, he disappeared in the bush.

Nelwang and his bride soon learned to do many things about the mission, and in a few weeks both of them were showing an interest in things pertaining to Jesus and his gospel. After a few months we asked him and his wife to come to service in our little chapel near the village. At first he hesitated, fearing trouble with the thirty men of the inland village, but he soon made up his mind, and said he would come.

When service was about to begin, Nelwang could be seen in the front row, seated with the other men. In a few minutes Yakin entered on the ladies' side, and appeared dressed in almost every article of European apparel, mostly portions of male attire. She wore her bridal gown, which was a man's drab-colored overcoat buttoned tight over her native grass skirt and hanging down to her knees. Over this she had hung on a vest, and above that she had a pair of men's trousers, the body of them planted on her neck and shoulders, with her head and face looking out from between the legs, a leg from either side dangling down absurdly in front. Fastened to one shoulder also there was a red shirt, and to the other a striped shirt, waving about her like wings as she sailed along. Around her head a red shirt had been twisted like a turban, and her crude notion of art demanded that a sleeve should hang aloft over each ear. She seemed to be a moving monster loaded with a mass of rags.

Nelwang looked at me and then at her, smiling quietly, as if to say, "You never saw, in all your white world, a bride so grandly dressed."

The two souls were extremely happy, and they have remained faithful to the mission and to our work.—
John G. Paton.

Lighthouses

A LIGHTHOUSE is an object lesson to all.

For those inland or out at sea.

Inside, lamps magnify; oil supply to be watched.

It has a message: Beware of danger. Keep off the rocks.

We should be as lighthouses. Built on a good, firm foundation, and show a light in our lives.

If the lamps be neglected and oil fails, the light will go out. Danger will be near.

Let your light shine when with companions.

A shady act will smoke the glass and dim the light.

You are being watched by your chums.

You have to keep the light always burning. At night it is most useful. When the night of trouble and temptation comes, be found constantly burning a good, steady light.

When storms come, let your light burn steadily.—
Weapons for Workers.



Giving Joy

"If thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Back in thy brother's skies.
If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad."

Hookworm Disease Easily Cured

BESIDES being easily prevented, hookworm disease is also easily cured. The treatment is usually given as follows: Eat little or no supper in the evening, and take a good dose of Epsom salts before retiring. As soon as the bowels have acted in the morning, take half the quantity of powdered thymol prescribed with a little water and lie on the right side for half an hour

to allow the thymol to quickly pass out of the stomach into the intestines. Two hours later take the remainder of the thymol and again lie on the right side. This thymol will cause the hookworms to loosen their hold on the intestines. Two hours after taking the second half of the thymol, take another dose of Epsom salts together with a cup of hot, strong coffee

without sugar or cream. This will expel the hookworms and the thymol remaining in the intestines.

In the majority of cases two treatments like the above, taken a week apart, are necessary to expel all the worms. The total amount of thymol given at a treatment should depend upon the size and weight of the patient. In general, about one grain is given for every three pounds of weight of the patient. Thus, a sixty-pound patient would be given twenty grains in two doses of ten grains each. Special care should be taken by the patient not to eat or drink any alcoholic drinks, patent medicines containing alcohol, or gravy, butter, milk, fat, or oily foods during the day of the treatment and the day before, as such substances are dangerous in combination with thymol.—*Health Bulletin.*

The Bells

HEAR the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight—

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.



Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now their turbulency tells,
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clanging of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A paean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of runic rhyme,
To the paean of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
—Edgar Allan Poe

Urgent "S. O. S." Calls for Uncle Sam's Merchandise

It is not only munitions of war that this country is being asked to supply in these months, but articles which do much more good both to those who make and those who receive them, than death-dealing shrapnel and guns. From all parts of the globe are coming calls for commodities that once were purchased in Europe, but now must be purchased here.

There are umbrellas, for instance. In Central and South America, during the two months that make up the rainy season, no one, lady or gentleman, goes out, even for a short walk, without an umbrella, either open, or rolled up neatly and used as a walking stick. In the large centers of population, silk umbrellas with fancy horn handles and often ornamented with gold or silver have been part of every well-appointed wardrobe. These formerly came from France, but now Uncle Sam is earnestly invited to produce and ship them.

There are porcelain bathtubs. Argentina has taken a fancy to these articles of comfort, and is sending out urgent S. O. S. calls to American manufacturers, while all Europe is engaged in a family quarrel.

There are lamp chimneys. While the Standard Oil Company has adopted the slogan, "A Standard Oil Tin in Every Village in Africa," it can hardly keep every village supplied with lamp chimneys, too. Especially in South Africa, there is an active call just now for these articles that came from Germany before the Germans left the factories for the trenches.

There is wall paper. Not a roll of it is manufactured in Madagascar, although the dwellers on the island are going on papering their walls just as though no war were being fought. What France supplied we must now supply.

With a whole world sending us mercantile distress signals, it looks like big business ahead.—*Clinton French.*

To Work or to School, Which?

(A talk to the eighth-grade boys of the Grant School, Riverside, California)

DANIEL WEBSTER once told a good story in a speech and was asked where he got it. "I have had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never had a chance to use it till today," said he. Some of you young men want to know what good it will do you to study algebra and chemistry and Latin in your high school or academy next year. You cannot see "where it's going to help a fellow any." You should remember this experience of Daniel Webster's. You cannot tell when a knowledge of algebra or Latin will be the very thing you need to bring you a promotion. Those were foolish hunters who thought it unnecessary to load their guns until the game was in sight. One day, with their guns unloaded, they met the bear that caught them before they had a chance to load, and overcame them to their destruction.

Should you never use your mathematics or languages directly in solving "bread-and-butter problems," yet we can with perfect consistency urge you to pursue

their study. I have noted an old writer who observes that "we fatten sheep with grass, not in order to obtain a crop of hay from their backs, but in the hope that they will feed us with mutton and clothe us with wool." We may apply this to the sciences. Colton says: "We teach a young man algebra, the mathematics, and logic, not that he should take his equations and his parallelograms into Westminster Hall, and bring his ten predicaments to the House of Commons, but that he should bring to both these places a mind so well stored with sound principles of truth and reason as not to be deceived by the chicanery of the bar or the sophistry of the senate."

The time has come when all young men who hope to be of some value to a hard-working world are expected to have at least the equivalent of a high-school education, just for the general culture they get out of it and the discipline that comes through holding the mind down to hard study. I am acquainted with some wealthy, industrious business men who almost without exception, when they hire a man, ask him the question, "Have you been through high school?" They realize that a lad who has been willing to use his mind for study in school will, when a man, be quite able to use it in studying out the problems of a business.

I have been particularly interested in several boys who left school while in the eighth grade to go out and earn money. Some of them took jobs at six dollars a week. When at that time I had a little talk with them urging them to go back to school and stick to their studies until they had finished at least the high school, they said that a job was good enough for them and that they would tell me when they needed more education. They cited me to Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown who were earning "good money" without an education. That was several years ago. Three of those boys have come to me recently and said, "How I wish I had listened to you and gone back to school!" One fellow (and all honor to him) had the grit, though eighteen years old, to go back to the eighth grade and start in just where he left off. I expect a boy with sand in him like that to make somebody of himself. He says he is now going to go through college.

Make up your mind today, and settle it aright, that you will let nothing hinder you from getting a good, sound education. Do not say, "I will stay out of school this year and start in the next." The fellows who say that seldom start in the next year. I have seen that happen over and over again. The world needs you, and God needs you, for doing the world's great work. Perhaps you have thought that nobody cared whether you amounted to anything or not. But we do care, and we want you to determine right now to get yourself ready for service in advancing the kingdom of God among men. It may seem a long time until the knowledge you are now getting will be of service, but remember that you, like Daniel Webster, may some day find that it fits in just right after it has been lying idle in the brain for fourteen years.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

A Man Asks, "What is Your Favorite Book?"

OF course, no man wants the same book for every mood, any more than he wants the same food for every meal or the same medicine for every disease. But the book to which I come back again and again was written several hundred years ago.

It is called Ecclesiastes: you will find it about the middle of the Bible. Frederick the Great called it the

"Book of Kings," and said every monarch should reread it constantly.

He should have said *every man*; for every man is the monarch of his own life. And this is the book of life, written by a king who had everything that life can give. It is the answer to the eternal question: "What's the use?"

"What profit hath a man of all his labor
Which he taketh under the sun?
One generation passeth away,
And another generation cometh:
But the earth abideth forever. . . .
All the rivers run into the sea;
Yet the sea is not full;
Unto the place from whence the rivers come,
Thither they return again. . . .
The eye is not satisfied with seeing,
Nor the ear filled with hearing.
The thing that hath been,
It is that which shall be;
And that which is done
Is that which shall be done:
And there is no new thing under the sun."

In other words, life is not just one thing after another. It is the same thing again and again. Get up, worry, and work; eat, lie down, sleep. What's the use of it all?

The man who is never tempted to ask that question has no imagination.

Solomon, the writer, determined to find out what is worth while in life.

Is wisdom the thing greatly to be desired? He made himself the wisest man in the world, and discovered — what?

"In much wisdom is much grief:
And he that increaseth knowledge
Increaseth sorrow."

From wisdom he turned to mirth, only to find, as an end of living, that "this also is vanity."

He sought to give his heart unto wine, and "to lay hold on folly:" and in this also there was no satisfaction.

Perhaps, then, he said to himself, perhaps work is the one thing worth while. To achieve something great — to leave a monument for posterity to wonder at.

"I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards: . . .
"Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

Wisdom, mirth, wine, women, work, fame — but none of them satisfied Solomon.

What, then, is the answer to the riddle? What will satisfy the soul of man? What will make his life seem to have been worth while when he comes to give it up?

The answer is in the great last chapter, which begins: —

"Remember now thy Creator
In the days of thy youth,
While the evil days come not,
Nor the years draw nigh,
When thou shalt say,
I have no pleasure in them."

To live straight and simply; to do a little kindness as one moves along; to love useful work; to raise a worthy family, and to leave the world a little better than you found it — to do one's daily duty in simple reverence — this is the final answer.

And the man who, having passed through his periods of questioning, and made his false excursions into the varied bypaths, does not come finally to this true road, has missed real greatness.—Bruce Barton, Editor of *Everyweek*.

The Crusades

THE greatest movement of the Middle Ages was that of the Crusades, the attempt made by the Catholic nations of Europe to recover Jerusalem, the Holy City, from its pagan rulers, the Turks and Saracens.

Though perhaps not the originator of the first crusade, the monk Peter the Hermit virtually became its leader, and is sometimes spoken of as the Father of the Crusades. Peter was a man of singular appearance, small and almost dwarfish in stature, emaciated and ungainly, and clad in a coarse woolen robe that came down to his heels, his head and feet bare. Mounted on an attenuated-looking ass, he rode up and down the land, wherever he went causing the wildest enthusiasm; for poverty-stricken as he seemed, he was a man of wonderful personality. Possessing a great amount of personal magnetism, candid earnestness, and progressive spirit, he swayed the multitudes of Europe, as in glowing and fiery language he told of the cruelty of the Turks toward the Christians dwelling in the Holy City, and called upon all followers of Christ to help drive the infidels out of Jerusalem.

Dressed as described above, and bearing in his arms a large cross, he swept like a firebrand through Europe. Such power was his to arouse the people that they actually looked upon him as divine, and plucked hairs from his mule's tail to keep as relics.

Never had human beings been more excited; all Europe was aroused, fiery and indignant. Men felt that the Holy Sepulcher must be rescued, that Palestine must be under the dominion of the Christians, and the infidel Turk driven out. In all the principal countries of Europe, men rose, seized their arms, and prepared for the long march, the dangers of which few of them dreamed of, and none knew of.

The children, even, became enthusiastic, and boys of tender age begged to be allowed to march with their sires. The Pope, Urban II, taking advantage of the waves of enthusiasm which were sweeping over the country, made an impassioned appeal to the Catholics of all nations to rise, take up arms, and follow Peter to the Holy Land.

In an address the Pope made at Clermont, France, the people became so excited that they called out, in a general cry, "God wills it!" "God wills it!" These words became the battle cry of the armies of the Crusaders as they marched on toward Palestine. The emblem, or badge, chosen to distinguish the Crusaders from the men of other armies, was a red cross, either sewed on the right shoulder of the coat, or fastened on the front of the helmet.

The first burst of enthusiasm was the strongest, and it is said that in 1096, thousands, if not millions, of people, men, women, and children, set out for Palestine. Of course, not being regularly organized, most of them died from exposure and hardships, or were killed before they reached the Holy Land.

Then a second force, 40,000 strong, headed by Peter the Hermit himself, set out; this force consisted partly of women and children, and only a part of it succeeded in reaching the Holy Land; but they managed to exist until the arrival of a regular army of knights and men at arms, under the leadership of Godfrey de Bouillon. Thus began that great movement from Europe to Asia, which continued for several centuries, and at last ended in defeat.

Peter the Hermit began the work, and he was treated with great respect by the commanders of the armies. As the allied forces reached Palestine, on their first

trip, they found food in plenty, and life was easy, but as winter came on, provisions grew scarce, and life was not so agreeable. So discouraged were the Crusaders, that several men of note deserted the army, among them, Robert, Duke of Normandy; William, Viscount of Melun; and Peter the Hermit. Their flight caused great indignation, and Tancred, one of the leaders, was sent after them to bring them back, which he did. They were so overcome by shame that they promised never again to desert the cause of the cross.

At last, Antioch was taken, and the Turks murdered; but, unknown to the besiegers, a vast army of Saracens was marching to its relief, and the Crusaders in turn became the besieged.

The blockade was very strict, and suffering from want of food began. Much privation, suffering, and loss of life followed, but in the end the Christians were successful, and drove the Turks from the city. On Friday, July 15, 1099, Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Crusaders, and the mission of Peter the Hermit was accomplished. That wonderful man was received with great honor by the Christians dwelling in Jerusalem, who attributed to him, after God, their deliverance from the rule of the infidel in the Holy City.

On Peter's return to Europe, he founded a monastery, where he spent the remainder of his life in retirement, respected and honored, and died on July 11, 1115.

SUSIE R. BEATY.

Little Brown Hands

[The following lines, said to have been written by a girl fifteen years old, were pronounced by John Boyle O'Reilly the finest words he ever read. He published them four times, and declared he liked them better every time he read them.]

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field
That is yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
They build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at nighttime are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,—
The noble and wise of our land,—
The sword and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—Selected.

CHARLES DICKENS, the great story writer, once wrote to his son who had gone to Australia: "I put a New Testament among your books because it is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human being, who tries to be faithful and truthful to duty, can possibly be guided."



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



Folks Need a Lot of Loving

FOLKS need a lot of loving in the morning;
The day is all before, with cares beset —
The cares we know, and they that give no warning;
For love is God's own antidote for fret.

Folks need a heap of loving at the noontime, —
In the battle lull, the moment snatched from strife, —
Halfway between the waking and the croontime,
While bickering and worriment are rife.

Folks hunger so for loving at the nighttime,
When wearily they take them home to rest —
At slumber-song and turning-out-the-light time —
Of all the times for loving, that's the best!

Folks want a lot of loving every minute —
The sympathy of others and their smile!
Till life's end, from the moment they begin it,
Folks need a lot of loving all the while.

— Strickland Gillilan.

The Dime Novel and the Storybook



MAN who has written many of the paper dime novels as well as a large number of the twenty-five-cent storybooks bound in cloth, claims that the latter is really the dime novel put up in a different dress. Of course it represents the better class of dime novel, which, however, is not saying a great deal. This writer further says: —

"Now the chief difference between the 'half-dime novel' and the 'good series' in paper covers is that the former deals with criminals and their capture or with Wild West thrills, while the latter deals with boys in school or in business, in travel, in history, or adventure. If the story is about business life, the hero, a poor but honest lad with boundless ambition, starts in as an office boy. He soon makes an enemy, a dishonest office boy or clerk, and then it is a battle of wits between the hero and the villain. They resort to all sorts of tricks and devices; the dishonest boy does not hesitate to commit crime in order to trap the hero; and the hero, the humble office boy, does not hesitate to rebuke any one up to the president of the concern in order to prove himself right. In the end he usually marries the president's daughter.

"For the school story the only difference in the setting is that the scene is laid in the school or in a summer camp, or on a trip to some foreign country, instead of in the business office.

"Eliminate the school or the business setting, and you have practically the 'half-dime novel.' The hero takes the place of the detective; the bad boy, the criminal. Instead of cracking a safe, the bad boy steals books or examination questions, and hires thugs to beat his rival. The hero first suspects his enemy, then spies upon him, and finally traps him. All the excitement and thrills of the 'half-dime novel' are 'rung in,' no situations are impossible, and of course the hero always comes out on top — in accordance with the publisher's instructions that 'crime does not pay.'"

This writer calls these juvenile storybooks "wolves in sheep's clothing;" and says that "the greatest curse of these cheap storybooks lies in the fact that they deaden and finally destroy the taste for real books. Their readers miss the fine, real things. They come to prefer impossible fiction to serious books, to biography, history, or even to stories that present life and character as they are." The same thing applies to the sensational stories found in some of the best of the world's papers and magazines. As a test for

the character of stories some one gives the following rules to parents: —

"Read your children's storybooks yourself.

"Does this book lay stress on villainy, deception, or treachery?

"Are all the incidents wholesome, probable, and true to life?

"Does it show young people contemptuous toward their elders and successfully opposing them?

"Do the young characters in the book show respect for teachers and others in authority?

"Are these characters the kind of young people you wish your children to associate with?

"Does the book speak of and describe pranks, practical jokes, and pieces of thoughtless and cruel mischief as though they were funny and worthy of imitation?

"Is the English good, and is the story written in good style?"

This is wholesome counsel. Some of our so-called high-class periodicals contain stories as unsuitable for youth to read as the twenty-five-cent thriller. Should we not provide our children and youth first with our own periodicals, and then with the Reading Course books, which have been selected with much care? Historical, biographical, and scientific books can then be found that will amply provide for the limited amount of time left them.

The conviction of this dime-novel and twenty-five-cent-story writer that such reading is injurious to the nation's youth has become so strong that he has relinquished such writing, even though his livelihood has been obtained therefrom.

It is worth our while to look well to what we read and what we give the younger ones to read; for reading makes the man. Napoleon said: "Show me the man who reads good books, and I will show you the man who moves the world." Henry Clay's word must encourage parents to make great effort to supply the best to their children. He says: "When I was a boy my mother was very poor, but she was never too poor to buy her boy a good book, and to this more than anything else I owe my success in life."

"RELIGION must be made operative in every part of life, personal, civic, and economic."

Jonah, the Pet Owl

JONAH was an owl owned by Blanche Carman when a girl of eleven years. Her brother was harrowing in the field, and hearing something flutter at his feet, looked down and saw a baby owl. He picked it up, and found that one wing was broken, caused probably by the harrow passing over it. After a careful examination to determine the extent of the injury, and after trying to win the confidence of the little sufferer, he carefully placed it by the water pail. Every time he came near, it would call to him in its baby way, as though asking for food or sympathy. At the close of the day's work he took the wounded bird home to his sister. Blanche placed it in a little box that she prepared for it, and left it in the kitchen. She fed and cared for it, but feared it would not live long as it was so young to be taken from its mother and put upon an unaccustomed diet.

She named the bird Jonah, and he quickly gave his little mistress his affection and confidence. Under her care the broken wing readily healed, and the bird soon outgrew the little box and was allowed outdoor freedom. When hungry, he would sit on the doorstep and call until Blanche came to feed him. He expected to be placed on the limb of a near-by tree, and have his food handed to him in pieces by his little mistress. After the meal was finished, she would place him on her shoulder and tell him to kiss her, which he would do by placing his bill to her cheek and making a snapping noise resembling the cracking of nuts.

He seemed to prefer daylight to darkness. Sometimes in the evening, in answer to his call, the near-by trees and the roof of the house would contain many owls of various sizes and species. Jonah never went far from the house, as he could not fly, and always answered to his name when we called.

It was in the spring that he came to us, and late the next fall he seemed especially restless one evening, and later on in the night disappeared. We never saw him again. Whether some accident befell him, or whether he went away to find a sleeping place for the winter, as is the habit of his race, we do not know. For days we looked and called for him, but in vain.

MRS. C. C. CARMAN.



BLANCHE AND JONAH

the snows to rescue the travelers who are overtaken by storms, or are perishing in the terrible cold.

One morning after a storm, one of those great, honest creatures came struggling through the snow. I was greatly interested in the weary animal; for only a few days before, at Rome, a correspondent had told me that the St. Bernard dogs were extinct, and that those they called such nowadays never went out after any one. But there was there that morning a real specimen of a dog that seemed nineteen twentieths human.

I waded deep in the soft drifts, following the floundering old fellow around the hospice to the kennel, which was a room of considerable size. When the door was opened to the wanderer, the other dogs within set up a chorus of barks and whines, and fell over

one another as they crowded about him and eagerly followed him around with wags of their tails and inquisitive looks in their eyes, which were just as intelligent questionings as so many interrogation points. But the crest-fallen beast held his head and tail to the floor, sneaked from corner to corner, and finally lay down panting in a dark niche in the stone basement. He lay there with his eyes glancing out at the corners in a most shamefaced way.

All the other dogs soon left him to himself, and came about us in their whole-hearted, affectionate way. If I were to be anything but a man on this earth, I would be a St. Bernard dog. The young monk called the weary dog by name, and when the beast would not leave his shadowy retreat, the priest tried to induce him to come forth by showing him a dish containing scraps of

meat. But, hungry as he was, he merely opened his eyes a little wider, rapped the floor once or twice lightly as he gave a feeble wag to his tail, and then shrank back, and seemed not to hear or to see the invitation. The impatient keeper turned away with an angry gesture, and said that the dog would "get over his sulks very soon," and the creature probably felt ashamed that he had not found any one.

The thoughtless remark pierced into my deepest soul with a thrill that creeps and chills me again as I write. That magnificent, noble, dear old fellow seemed to feel so bad, or ashamed, or guilty because he had returned without saving any one, that he would not eat. It was not his fault that no benighted wanderer had been benumbed and dying on the mountain road that awful night. He had grandly done his duty, but he was just dog enough not to reason that far, and just human enough to feel that it was his imperative duty to save some one. Grand old fellow! How he ought to put to shame many a human soul who has never yet saved even one sinner.—*Selected.*

The Missionary Dog

RUSSELL H. CONWELL tells in the *Temple Magazine* a story of a visit to the priests of the order of St. Bernard, who, high up among the Alpine snows, furnish food to worn and perishing travelers, and keep those wonderful St. Bernard dogs, which go out amid

God's Protection

A FEW weeks ago my husband was running a threshing machine. I was alone on our ranch for a month. There was not even a dog for company or protection. The nearest neighbor was one-half mile away. Naturally I am timid, especially at night. The creek murmurs and sings as it splashes over the miniature falls. The coyote howls, and sometimes a wild cat or mountain lion screams. The air at night seems to be filled with terrifying sounds.

God has promised that he will give his angels charge over us if our trust is in him; so after my day's work was done, I would study "The Acts of the Apostles," play the organ and sing for a while. Then I would read the ninety-first psalm. What blessed promises we find there! "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day." "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." After imploring our Father's blessing upon his great work and those who are proclaiming this last message, our dear ones and ourselves, I would go to bed. There was no fear in my heart. I knew the angels would care for me. The last night I was alone, while playing and singing there seemed to be a noise at the front screen door. When I listened, all was quiet, but while singing I seemed to hear it again. As usual, when about to retire I opened the door to let the air in for the night. I found the screen all torn from the door and laid back ready to unfasten the door. I closed the door and locked it, and retired with my trust in the Lord. In a short time I heard my husband calling me. The machine had closed down that evening. He rode to town in an automobile, expecting to remain there overnight; but something urged him home. When he saw the torn screen he was glad he had walked the seven miles. "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust." O that our young people may "abide under the shadow of the Almighty!" There are temptations on every side. Satan is using every cunning art to allure and ensnare the young. Who can withstand his mighty power? Only those who earnestly seek the Lord; for "he shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

Habits

NED was watching grandpa put on his shoes. "Why do you turn them over to shake them before you put them on?" he asked. "I didn't see anything come out."

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned; but when I was in India I got in the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on, to shake out scorpions or centipedes or other nuisances that might be hidden in them."

"But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things."

"I know, but I formed the habit, and now I do it without thinking."

"Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?" said Ned.

"It's a very strong thing," said grandpa; "remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows faster than a good one. If you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young, and let them be growing strong all the while you live."—*The Expositor*.



God Alone Can Help

(Texts for January 21-27)

"READ this—this for the ninth," said my elderly friend as she entered my room after her morning devotions. There was a note of joyous victory in the voice that spoke. From the book pressed into my hand, I read:—

"Be not o'ermastered by thy pain,
But cling to God, thou shalt not fail;
The floods sweep over thee in vain,
Thou yet shalt rise above them all;
For when thy trial seems hard to bear,
Lo! God, thy King, hath granted all thy prayer:
Be thou content."

"What a comfort that must have been to you this morning! Just what you need, isn't it?" I was thinking of the burden that I knew was well-nigh crushing her heart.

"Yes," she said in a cheery, trustful tone, "God will take care of me, won't he?"

The little lady who spoke had passed her sixty-sixth birthday; but to a remarkable degree she had preserved the light of hope in her sparkling eyes and kept "the dew of youth" fresh on her aging brow. It must be, said I to myself, that God who makes the trusting heart his home, keeps it young, hopeful, and courageous to meet whatever changes life's winding pathway brings; for surely hers had brought changes enough.

Occasionally when in a reminiscent mood, she would tell of the rose-colored days of youth. She remembered even yet how at a social gathering in Brooklyn, Henry Ward Beecher wanted to talk with the beautiful girl just budding into womanhood, and how it thrilled her young heart to meet that great, good man. She had counted among her friends in those days, persons who have graced the President's Cabinet in more recent years; and persons who have counted their wealth by millions. However, failing health took her away from her friends of youthful days. But the brook of popularity flowed merrily on through all her years of hard work in the primary grades in city schools; for had not scores of her pupils come out from high school and declared her their favorite teacher?

But the passing decades brought greater changes! Death claimed many of her older friends, and most of those who remained seemed to have forgotten, during the long, silent years that intervened, the pledged loyalty of youthful friendships; only now and then a letter from a distant friend told of friendship that had stood the tests of time; most of her school children had grown to manhood and womanhood, bearing their share of responsibility in the world's work, and they, too, had drifted out of her shrinking circle of friends. But looking back over the pathway, there was one Friend who had never failed, whose loving watchcare had hovered over every step of the journey—the Friend who alone can help in every emergency.

There are many great blessings in life, and our hearts should overflow with gratitude because of them; but there are dangers from which none of these blessings,

nor yet all of them, can save us. The texts for this week remind us of this stern fact. Belshazzar felt secure in his palace because he was first ruler in the land, but position could not protect him. Death came to the rich man while he was planning to build greater barns: his wealth was powerless to save. Samson had wonderful strength, but alas, he was shorn of it through the conspiracy of his deceitful Delilah! All Judea flocked to hear John, but popularity waned, nor could it save him from the cruel, unscrupulous hand of Herodias. Joab clung to the horns of the altar; but the act did not save him; there is no security in clinging merely to the form of spiritual devotions.

It is well to learn early in life that God is the only never-failing source of help; for of all things earthly, the old adage truly says: "This, too, shall pass away." Soon or late most must sit beside Cherith and see the laughing, rollicking stream dry up till it is only a winding path of stones scorching in the sun. They may be called to sit beside the drying brook of friendship, slowly dwindling away through death and separation; or the drying brook of health, wasting away under some subtle but fatal disease; or it may be the drying brook of success, vanishing through an unbroken series of inevitable failures.

But when those who learn to trust God at all times, are called to sit beside a drying Cherith, they will be able to say with Judson, "Prospects are as bright as the promises of God;" and because they trust him, he will keep "the dew of youth" fresh on their brows, and supply them with hope and courage for each new day.

MEDITATION.—Father, help me to trust thee when little things annoy and when great things perplex. Help me to remember at all times that thou art able to help me in every emergency, and to make circumstances yield glory to thee and good lessons for me, if I let thee have thy way with me. Help me to view all things in the light of heaven, not in the twilight of earth. Keep me ever where thou canst save me from temptations within and from dangers without.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let us all pray for a greater interest in foreign missions, and then let us help to answer these prayers by studying foreign missions and by giving to them regularly week by week.

M. E.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending January 27

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 21: Exodus 14, 15. Through the Red Sea; a song of triumph.
January 22: Exodus 16, 17. The Sabbath honored; victory over Amalek.
January 23: Exodus 18 to 20. Jethro; Sinai; the law spoken.
January 24: Exodus 21 to 23. Laws; warnings; promises.
January 25: Exodus 24 to 27. A willing offering; the sanctuary.

January 26: Exodus 28, 29. The priesthood; offerings.
January 27: Exodus 30, 31. The Sabbath a sign.

For notes on this assignment, see the *Review* for January 18.

Junior Assignment

January 21: Genesis 39. Joseph in Potiphar's house.
January 22: Genesis 40. Joseph in prison.
January 23: Genesis 41. Joseph honored by the king.
January 24: Genesis 42. Joseph's brothers come to buy corn.
January 25: Genesis 43. Joseph questions his brothers.
January 26: Genesis 44. The silver cup.
January 27: Genesis 45. Joseph makes himself known to his brothers.

A Boy of Principle, Purpose, and Pluck

Of all the stories in the Bible, the story of Joseph is perhaps the most interesting to boys, although there are several others that are hard to beat. Some one has said that Joseph was the boy who didn't believe in luck. But he was lucky, I hear some one say. Yes, he was his father's favorite son, he had dreams that foretold the honor coming to him, he had fine clothes, his master in Egypt pushed him forward, and by a stroke of good fortune he became ruler of Egypt.

But how about the other side? Joseph could tell a story of hard luck, couldn't he? He was hated by his brothers. He was put in a pit to die. Perhaps a lucky fellow might have got out after his brothers went away, but he was taken out and sold as a slave. His years of faithful service for Potiphar were most cruelly rewarded by his being cast into a prison, where "his feet they hurt with fetters," and "he was laid in iron." Even after he had gained the confidence of the keepers of the prison by his upright life, and when he had every reason to hope that he should be released, the chief butler forgot all about him, and for two more years he languished in prison. What a hard lot was Joseph's! How many would have grumbled about their hard luck, and quit trying to do right!

But truly Joseph must have been a boy, and a man, who did not wait for luck; he was a man of principle, purpose, and pluck. We read in "Education" that "by communion with God through nature and the study of the great truths handed down as a sacred trust from father to son, he had gained strength of mind and firmness of principle."

That is the great thing; always to do right no matter who sees or does not see us; to serve God because it is right, and because we will not lower ourselves in our own estimation by doing wrong; always to have a great purpose which keeps us from mean things.

The Bible says Joseph was a prosperous man in the house of Potiphar. Why?—Because "the Lord was with him." But it was not because he merely professed to worship Jehovah. The Egyptians had many gods, and they believed that their gods had made their nation the greatest nation in the world. They would not care for any one because he worshiped Jehovah. I think Joseph was trusted because he deserved it. He said, "Although I am a slave in a strange land, I'll be a good slave. I'll honor God, by giving good service." So he made good, and his master somehow knew that it was because of his religion.

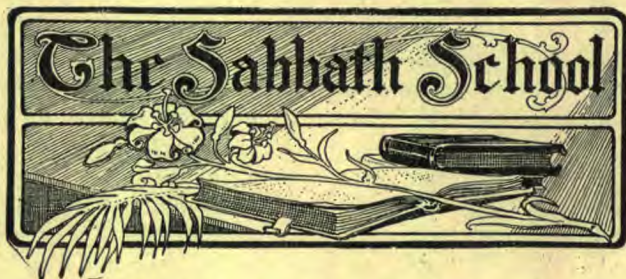
It was this same faithfulness and thoughtfulness of the interest of others which finally made him a favorite in the prison. It was Joseph's determination to do right even if he died for it, that brought him all the honor that came to him. The Lord can put such men in responsible places (if he chooses to), because they can be trusted, and because they will give glory to him.

And what a great man Joseph showed himself to be when his brothers came down! He had them in his power. They did not deserve any mercy from him. They were wrong and he was right. But that is when

we have the greatest opportunity to forgive. "True forgiveness is *unreasonable*,—that is the way God forgives us, and likes to have us forgive others." It may have been hard for him to do it. Joseph did many hard things, and that is what makes him a hero.

We cannot write something about all the interesting characters and events of the Bible, nor even call attention to all the interesting stories. But we hope that many Juniors will follow these assignments all through the year. There are many good things coming.

M. E. K.



IV — Paul and Silas in Prison

(January 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 16: 16-40.

MEMORY VERSE: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts 16: 31.

Questions

1. As the missionaries at Philippi went to pray, who met them? How did this girl help her masters? Acts 16: 16. Note 1.
2. How did this girl trouble Paul and Silas? What did she say about them? Verse 17.
3. How long did she continue to follow them? How did Paul feel concerning this? What did he say to the evil spirit in the girl? What was the result of his words? Verse 18. Note 2.
4. What did the girl's masters now see? What did they do with Paul and Silas? Before whom were they brought? What complaint did they make about them? What did they say of their teaching? Verses 19-21.
5. How did these things affect the multitude? What did the magistrates do? What command did they give? Verse 22. Note 3.
6. How severe was the whipping given? Then where were the missionaries taken? What charge was given the jailer? How did he carry out his instructions? Verses 23, 24. Note 4.
7. What was heard in the prison at midnight? Verse 25. Note 5.
8. What suddenly took place? What chance was given to all the prisoners? Verse 26.
9. What did the jailer see as he awoke? What was he about to do? Why would he do this? Verse 27. Note 6.
10. What did Paul call to him? What did the jailer hastily do? What question did he ask? Verses 28-30.
11. What reply was given him? What did the apostles then do? Verses 31, 32.
12. How did the jailer show that he was truly converted? To what place did he take Paul and Silas? How did he minister to them? Verses 33, 34.
13. What message did the magistrates send when daylight came? What did the jailer say to Paul? What was Paul's answer? Verses 35-37. Note 7.
14. To whom were his words reported? How did the magistrates feel when they heard them? What did they do? Verses 38, 39.
15. Where did the apostles then go? Whom did they visit before they departed? Verse 40.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. How many earthquake incidents are recorded in the Bible?
2. In the days of Paul of what advantage was it to be a Roman citizen?

Notes

1. "This woman was a special agent of Satan, and had brought her masters much gain by soothsaying. Her influence had helped to strengthen idolatry. Satan knew that his kingdom was being invaded, and he resorted to this means of opposing the work of God, hoping to mingle his sophistry with the truths taught by those who were proclaiming the gospel message. The words of recommendation uttered by this woman were an injury to the cause of truth, . . . and by them many were led to believe that the men who spoke with the Spirit and power of God were actuated by the same

spirit as this emissary of Satan."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 212.

2. This young woman was a slave to an evil spirit, as spiritualistic mediums are now. There were evil spirits who declared that Jesus was the Son of God, and so this spirit told the truth about Paul and Silas. But the Lord does not have need of this kind of witnesses, and Paul commanded the spirit to depart.

3. The clothes of the apostles were stripped off, they were tied, and then beaten with flogging sticks. Their backs were bruised and bleeding, and such punishment brought severe suffering. It is well for us that we do not know by experience how severe a Roman scourging was. Faint and bleeding, the apostles were then sent to a filthy prison. Paul afterward wrote how he was "shamefully treated at Philippi."

4. No prisoner could possibly get away while fastened in the stocks. This instrument of torture was a heavy piece of wood with holes into which the arms and legs, and sometimes the necks of prisoners, were placed. In this position Paul and Silas were no doubt fastened. The "inner prison" was like the dungeon where Jeremiah sank in the mire. It was a damp, cold cell with no light, and where the chains rusted on the limbs of prisoners.

5. "The apostles suffered extreme torture because of the painful position in which they were left, but they did not murmur. Instead, in the utter darkness and desolation of the dungeon, they encouraged each other by words of prayer, and sang praises to God because they were found worthy to suffer shame for his sake."—*Id.*, pp. 213, 214.

6. The earthquake awakened the jailer, and as he saw all the doors of the prison open, he felt sure he would soon suffer death for letting the prisoners escape, so he was about to take his own life. Paul's voice gave him hope.

7. "The apostles were Roman citizens, and it was unlawful to scourge a Roman, save for the most flagrant crime; or to deprive him of his liberty without a fair trial. Paul and Silas had been publicly imprisoned, and they now refused to be privately released without the proper explanation on the part of the magistrates."—*Id.*, p. 217.

Old Age to be Desirable

WE often hear it said that no one wants to grow old. And perhaps we ourselves have felt to shrink from all that an accumulation of years is supposed to bring. But it must be we do not understand what it means to grow old. The Bible says the hoary head is a crown of glory. Perhaps the sacred writer's vision of the meaning of the hoary head is expressed by the poet in the following stanzas:—

Growing Old

"A little more tired at the close of day,
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less anxious to scold and blame,
A little more care for a brother's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

"A little less care for bonds of gold,
A little more zest for the days of old,
A broader view and a saner mind,
And a little more love for all mankind;
And so we are faring down the way
That leads to the gates of a better day.

"A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little more zeal for established truth;
A little more charity in our views,
A little less thirst for the daily news;
And so we are folding our tents away
And passing in silence at close of day.

"A little more laughter, a few more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years.
The book is closed, and the prayers are said,
And we are part of the countless dead.
Thrice happy, then, if some soul can say,
'I live because he passed my way.'

THERE are three types of conversation pests that are not uncommon: those who suggest unpleasant topics of conversation or interrupt or persist in arguing at meals; those who talk too much, who monopolize the conversation in details and unessentials; and those who gossip. The welcome caller or conversationalist avoids all three ways of boring others.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Prayer

LORD JESUS, we cannot meet the subtle approach, the swift attack of evil, unless thou dost stand guard at the gate. We shall lack courage to speak out against evil men, unless we have thy courage within us. Keep us from trusting any conscious strength of our own in meeting the issue raised by sin, but lead us to depend only upon thy sufficient grace. In thy conquering name.—*The Wellspring.*

A Motto for the New Year

JOHN BURROUGHS, the naturalist and author, who speaks from an experience of eighty years, gives as a living rule the following counsel, which we would each do well to take for our 1917 motto, provided we remember that these words can have their fulfilment in the highest sense only as one surrenders himself fully to God:—

"Invest yourself in the people and things about you; deal honestly with your neighbor; think not of rewards; think how well you can do your work, how much you can get in the way of satisfaction out of each day. The essential things are home, friends, health, books, nature, a little leisure, a little money, and, above all, congenial work."

Boasters Should Beware

It is an old, familiar saying that he who excuses himself, accuses himself. So is it with the man who would exalt himself by boasting. He, too, accuses himself.

To boast is to feel the need of boasting. The strong, energetic, really successful man is too busy planning new achievements to stop to plume himself on past ones. Besides, he is not worrying about the opinion others hold of him.

He knows that he is doing well and that he can continue to do well. That is enough for him. He is quite content to let his work speak for itself.

The boaster, on the contrary, by the very fact of his boasting betrays a curious lack of self-confidence. His boasting amounts to a confession that he is surprised at himself for ever having done anything worth boasting about. The discerning recognize this and appraise the boaster accordingly.

Also they know that even those whom his boasting might delude would be repelled by the egotism which

the boasting indicates all too plainly. This means that he would find it hard to get along with others, and would be that much the more handicapped for any genuine achievement.

If, then, you notice in yourself any tendencies to boastfulness, consider their significance. Always remember that the more you boast the less likely are you to accomplish things that are really worth while.—*Irish World.*

The Forgiveness of God

WHEN Queen Victoria had been crowned, as she was leaving the grand pageant of the coronation the Duke of Wellington asked for her signature to a document which condemned a certain soldier to death. The young queen said, "Must I do this? Can nothing be done to save this man?" "No," replied the duke; "the man is found guilty of an aggravated offense." Victoria looked up into his face, and, with tears brighter than the jewels in her crown, said: "For my sake, Duke, will you not give this man another trial?" The duke promised and retired. In a few days he returned with a pardon for the criminal. Further investigation had proved the man not guilty. For the sake of the queen's tears and her great name, the nation had been saved from the stain of bloodguiltiness and an innocent man from death.

Our King on his throne of grace pleads not for another trial, but that the guilty may be pardoned and that he, in his own blood, may make them white and free. For his Name's sake the high court of heaven applauds the act of boundless mercy and redeeming grace.

If you will not come to God for your own sake or that of your loved ones, come for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. His infinite mercy should melt the hardest heart and bring all lost ones to pardon, peace, and salvation through him.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Force of Habit

How easy it is to tear a piece of paper along the line in which it has originally been folded! How easy it is for a second temptation to overcome when the first has been yielded to! A sin that has once gained the victory over our moral nature has put a fold, as it were, in that nature, and destroyed its straightness and smoothness, so that when the same temptation comes a second time it seeks the weak point which it had formerly made, and along that line of least resistance we are turned from our righteous principles and strong resolution.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

To See Christ

A SCULPTOR wrought a beautiful statue, and a man who saw it said, "I do not understand your statue. You can carve, I know, but your statue is all out of proportion. Can't you see it?"

"You cannot see it as I see it," remarked the sculptor. "You will find at the foot of the statue a place to kneel; and when you kneel at the foot of my image of Christ, you will see it in its true proportion."

The man knelt there, and he saw at once the statue in its true proportion and glory. There are things in Christ which you can never learn or see until you have knelt at his feet.—*Selected.*

"God's best tools are those we lend him."