

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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A MARYLAND CREEPER

FROM HERE AND THERE

Are you reading the notes on the Junior assignment? If you overlook these, you miss helpful and interesting reading.

Ringworm is caused by a vegetable parasite which attacks the skin through some small abrasion. Some cases are much more stubborn than others, hence need what may be called more vigorous treatment. Applying carbenzol oil and washing with carbenzol soap is an effective treatment. Ringworm of the scalp is usually the hardest form to cure.

What makes happy marriages is not great gifts or great sacrifices. It is not even necessarily great love; for great love is often exacting and harsh. It is just the habit of saying tender and kindly words, of giving at the right moment and in the right way the praise and the affection that make difficulties disappear and that turn rough and barren places into smooth and smiling ones.

The United States government has undertaken, through the Federal Farm Loan Bureau, to finance the long-time needs of the farmer. The Federal Farm Loan Act, when fully in operation, will make it possible for any farmer complying with its provisions, anywhere in the United States, at any time, to borrow any sum, from one hundred dollars to ten thousand, for any term of years from five to forty, at reasonable rates of interest, up to half the value of his land plus one fifth of the value of the permanent insured improvements upon it. This is the greatest job of lending on real estate ever undertaken in the history of the world.

The mosquitoes that live along the shores of Lake Nyassa, in Africa, are so numerous and so large that even the proud New Jersey singer is put to shame every time it thinks of its relative of the Eastern Hemisphere, especially when it realizes that there the native considers its race an asset instead of a pestiferous liability. The natives eat them, relish them, welcome everything concerning them, except the sting. Hunters go forth to the marshes with large bags on their shoulders, into which they toss handfuls of mosquitoes. These are then pressed into cakes an inch thick and six inches in diameter. *Kungo* the cakes are called, and one of them will bring many beads and potatoes in the open market.

Mr. Howard J. Shannon, in an article in the *Scientific Monthly*, entitled "Insect Migrations as Related to Those of Birds," maintains that many insects as well as birds make annual migrations southward in the autumn, following well-defined routes that correspond to those taken by the birds of the same regions. The insects include certain North American species of Diptera, butterflies and dragon flies. Mr. Shannon believes that there may be a return migration in the spring, but he is not sure whether such migrants are the same individuals that flew south in the fall or a new generation, bred in the southern winter quarters. Some idea of the magnitude of the migrations may be gathered from the statements of the author in regard to the monarch butterflies (*Danais archippus*), which "in mingled myriads move forward in swarms, forming a veritable crimson cloud miles in width, and streaming backward for equal distances, casting below them as they go perceptible shadows."

The most convenient method for sterilizing tooth-brushes is with that most common household germicide, table salt. After the gums and teeth have been properly brushed, sufficient salt is placed in a glass of warm water to make a saline solution. This is used as a mouth wash. The brush is then to be cleaned as well as possible by holding it under the hot-water tap. Salt is then sprinkled on the brush, and it is hung up to dry. The salt permeates to the center of the tufts of bristles, and sterilizes as well as toughens them.

There is a fortunate Pekingese that inhabits a brown-stone house in West Seventy-eighth Street, New York City. It has a reception-room richly upholstered and adorned with rare Chinese hangings. The dog eats out of gold dishes and has two attendants. Its jeweled collar cost \$1,000, and the leash is a gold chain. The owner is, of course, a man with money. This summer he told the reporters he was going to tear down the house next door to have a playground for the little pet.

Taking it all around, 1916 was the best business year the United States ever experienced; yet there were seventeen thousand business failures. Compared with twenty-two thousand the year before, this is encouraging; but practically one out of a hundred of all concerns in business failed, and, year in and year out, through good times and bad times, the proportion of failures never varies very far from one per cent.

An Interesting Experience

ABOUT two years ago a young man, a Belgian Catholic, became interested in the truth, and later in one of our cottage meetings expressed his intention to keep the Sabbath. He had much to learn, and as he knew nothing of the Bible, and was a high-spirited worldlyling when he started to attend our meetings, I feared he did not have Christian experience enough to stand the trials that were before him. But he was firm in his decision. He worked as grain inspector at an elevator under people of his former faith, but was soon thrown out of employment. For about three months he had only a day's work now and then. One day while visiting me, I told him that I could not understand why he did not get work, for God always keeps his promise (Matt. 6:25-33) when we devotedly seek first the kingdom of God and do what we can to get work. He saw afterward that God was giving him and his family a lesson in economy. They reached the extremity of one loaf of bread and a few potatoes. While we had prayer I remember his saying, "O Lord, you are testing us very hard, but I will be true to the truth!" He got his old job back, and has kept it since, and they are getting along better than before he began to keep the Sabbath. Last winter, when work at the elevator closed, he did iron work; this winter he is canvassing, and took eighty-five dollars' worth of orders the first week.—*C. Edwardson.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

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No. 11

The Lilt of a Laugh

I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
As I've toiled with the men who failed;
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
And I've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale my soul would tell
As it drifts o'er the harbor bar:
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side,
Oh, they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song rang far and wide,
And they hearkened to that instead.
Its tones were sweet as the tales they tell
Of the rise of the Christmas star.
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

If you would be heard at all, my lad,
Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;
For those who are deaf to accents sad
Are alert to the cheerful note.
Keep hold of the cord of laughter's bell,
Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

—Selected.

Laughter

THERE are two kinds of everything, and there are two kinds of laughter. I met a little boy in Moby Lane; he was an acknowledged son of A. Neil Lyons; he spoke with discriminating disapproval of a woman he met in a railway carriage, saying:—

"What's the matter wif her? I laughed at her free times an' she didn't laugh back." He meant the smiling kind of laughter.

It is the other laughter I have in mind—the kind that asserts a superiority to others. After my talks with the boy in Bavaria, I tried to think out a philosophy of laughter. I didn't get very far. I know, as Lord Chesterfield knew, that sitting down where there is no chair produces more laughter than the wittiest remark you can make. When that happens, you laugh—you have let yourself be surprised by some apparent negligence in the laws of nature, at some apparent break in the cosmic mechanism, of which the Other Fellow is the victim. You do not laugh when you yourself sit down where there is no chair. Laughter is always aimed at a person or a thing; you smile with people and you laugh at them.

Mothers do not laugh; they smile.

The Little Boy in Bavaria

There was a street near my hotel in Munich, in *ante-bellum* days, where I used to walk and take the air. It was there I met the little boy in Bavaria. The first time I saw him he was a wet-eyed boy sitting on a stone ledge. I walked past him; then I turned back and said, "Good morning." He was very polite. He bowed and said to me, "Good morning, sir." I requested him not to call me sir, but doctor.

"Are you a doctor?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Certainly; I am a tear doctor," I replied. It was the next day, or perhaps the day after, we agreed he should call me "Old Doctor Philo," though I wasn't keen on the adjective. However, I became his Old Doctor Philo, and we met nearly every day and discussed affairs in general, and I learned many things. One day we were walking near his house when he said abruptly—after emitting a long breath: "Well, I must go in and see my father."

"Good," I said, "so I will leave you here."

"Oh, please," said the little boy in Bavaria, "come with me, for I must go in and see my father."

One of the dirty trinity was tugging at him, and it was not sentimentality; it was fear.

"Oh, please," and he put his arm up round my waist, and led me into the house. He was a very young boy, slim and gentle, tall for his age, with a white face and serious eyes. I did not know his father then, though all the world knows him, for he is a very famous man, many times a doctor, *omnifarian doctus*, a scientist and scholar. That day—I see him as though in a picture—he sat in a big chair with a tall back, beside a little round table littered with books and papers. He was a long, thin man, with a studious face and a partly bald head; what hair he had was gray and yellow, and that was the color of his thick, straggling mustache; he was dressed in gray clothes, and his long legs—ending in gray slippers—stuck out straight before him. We entered the room softly, the boy in Bavaria pressing close to my side, with one arm round my waist. The learned man half turned his head, and eyed us over the back of the chair. What he said was: "Ah! I suppose this is your 'Old Doctor Philo.'"

And with that, out of the gray-and-yellow man there came a blast of laughter, so merry, so hard and gay, so cold and hostile to humanity, that the boy in Bavaria wilted up against me in sheer physical chill.

Then I understood.

I understood why a boy sat wet-eyed on a stone ledge in Bavaria; I understood why he said: "Oh, please, I must go in and see my father." That scientist, that portent of a man, had a sense of humor, which is an awful thing for a man of science to have. He laughed because childhood was not identically like his manhood; he laughed at childhood's amusing ignorance of the cosmic system—its hopeful way of sitting down where there is no chair; and, laughing, he was gloriously aware that he was wiser than the childhood at which he laughed.

Have you ever been laughed at by a scientist?

Then you know the fierce, deep, and blighting power of laughter.

It is all very well to laugh and have the world laugh with you, as in the famous song, if you and the

world are not laughing at the Other Fellow — at his tragic endeavors to sit down where there is no chair. Gayety of heart is charming; the joy of life that bubbles over is wholesome; but they have nothing to do with the laughter aimed at men and things. There is bitter cruelty in laughing at men, and to laugh at cosmic mechanism is sheer idiocy. Wherefore have a care of your laughter: if you are laughing because you are alive, it is all right; but if you are laughing because the Other Fellow has fallen on his nose, it is all wrong. There was once a man named Zeuxis; they showed him a portrait of an old woman — the poor old face fatigued by the years, the dim, watery eyes, the toothless mouth,—all the scantness and tremor of age were pictured there; and Zeuxis, looking at the portrait, laughed himself to death—and the world was better, cleaner, richer for his going. His was the bad kind of laughter. I have no words fierce enough to blast it with. The man who would laugh in an old woman's home, would find something to laugh at in the nursery—and that is falling into the abyss of cynicism.

More and more, as I go through life, I try to wean myself from laughing at the Other Fellow—even when he is fat.

Even when—like the little boy in Bavaria—he is sentimental.

It is a lesson I learned from listening at nursery doors.—“*Take It from Me,*” by Vance Thompson.

The Many-Sided Paul

THE apostle Paul is recognized as one of the greatest of foreign missionaries, and it is not difficult to understand the reason for this. He was first genuinely converted, entirely changed in thought, desires, and works. “One minute a cruel Roman, heartless as concerned a human life. The next moment a kind Christian heart full for all suffering.” This was Paul, because on the Damascus plain he beheld Jesus, the real Jesus, with all the love of his great heart revealed in his countenance. This vision broke Saul's stubborn will, and the picture burned into his soul on that day by heaven's glory, never dimmed. He then comprehended the awful havoc his own evil work had wrought. Humiliated, enlightened, and converted, he started out on his remarkable career. His life was like a jewel of many facets, each face revealing new beauties. He was a “scholar, orator, pioneer, saint, converser, evangelist, writer, singer, friend, organizer, strategist, missionary, philosopher, traveler, teacher, theologian, leader, hero, logician, martyr.”

Paul's Sincerity

While the apostle was many-sided, he was not two-faced. He hated everything that savored of insincerity or deception. He once openly rebuked Peter because he ate and drank with the Gentiles until some Jews from Jerusalem came up to Antioch, then fearing their trouble-making propensities, he refrained from intimate association with his Gentile brethren. Even Barnabas was influenced for the wrong by Peter's example, so Paul frowned upon such a questionable course. Paul himself could say after long service, “Our exhortation was not of deceit, nor of uncleanness, nor in guile.” In his preaching he did not try to

please men, but God. He used not flattering words. This is an age of flattery; men everywhere endeavor by such means to gain favor and unmerited success, but Paul's method of gaining favor was by better means. “Ye know,” he says, “how we exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children.” “We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.”

Courtesy and Thoughtfulness

The apostle's love and thoughtfulness for others was a more substantial as well as a more honorable way of gaining influence than that of flattery. His courtesy and thoughtfulness are manifest throughout his epistles. In but one of the fourteen Pauline letters does the author fail to send some word of greeting to some one, or to speak kindly of some of his coworkers. Even when writing that didactic letter to the Hebrews, he thought to speak of the release of Timothy from prison. In the letter to the Colossians he says of Epaphras, who was from Colosse, “I bear him record, that he hath a great zeal for you.” This thoughtfulness could not fail to attract the people to him and to his message.

His great-hearted, fatherly spirit is further shown in his dealing with Onesimus, a runaway slave, who belonged to Philemon of Colosse. Paul had met Onesimus in Colosse, and had brought his master into the truth. Later Onesimus, having robbed Philemon and escaped to Rome, heard again in Rome the truth from the lips of the aged apostle, and was converted. This change having taken place, the only thing for him to do was to return to his master and acknowledge his sins. Paul sent a letter by Onesimus to Philemon, urging him to deal as a brother with his former slave, and if he felt to hold him responsible for what he had taken from him, Paul would pay the sum with his own hand. Do you wonder that multitudes have been taken captive by the wonderful spirit of the great apostle to the Gentiles?

Integrity and Hardness

With Paul “right was right, wrong was wrong; no compromise.” This is illustrated by the apostle's almost frantic endeavors to prevent the Lystrans from sacrificing to him and his coworker as to gods. How easy for them to have argued, “We do not want to be worshiped; but if we make these people angry, we cannot hope to convert them. They are only heathen; why not keep still until we have opportunity to teach them the right?” This was not Paul's way. Perhaps his dread of this particular wrong was increased by the serious judgment quickly inflicted upon Herod for accepting homage due only to God.

The apostle had no liking for the faint-hearted. We cannot think he was a coward even by nature, and if he had been, the grace of Christ would have dissipated it on the Damascus plain. He was a hardened soldier of Jesus Christ, and he disliked faint-heartedness so ardently that when John Mark returned home on account of homesickness, the apostle absolutely refused to allow him to accompany him on his next journey. By precept and example Paul showed that a Christian cannot “go to heaven on flowery beds of ease,” but “that all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;” for, according to the apostle, it is



given unto us not only to believe in Christ, but to suffer with him; and to suffer must be regarded as great a privilege as to believe. Paul himself so thoroughly believed this that even after being beaten, scourged, stoned, shipwrecked, robbed, and having suffered weariness, pain, hunger, thirst, cold, and nakedness, he could say: "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecution, in distresses for Christ's sake." If one's pleasures do not come from this source, it may be they are not of the right kind.

If it seems hard to believe that Paul could really take pleasure in reproaches and distresses, we must remember that doubtless each new trial brought him great joy because it lifted him nearer to the heart of Jesus. What cared Paul for heathen beatings and persecutions so long as he felt the Saviour's arm tighten about him?

The apostle learned later that while youth sometimes shrinks from hardships as did John Mark, that many will not take the hand completely from the plow, but will in time gain renewed courage, turn about, and march on to victory. In subsequent ministry Paul said that John Mark had been very profitable to him. It takes a large-hearted, Christian man so fully to reinstate in favor a young man who has blundered.

Fearlessness is also characteristic of this Christian knight. Even when he could not talk about Jesus, he would sing about him, and the prisoners heard him. Yet once he was tempted by fear,—fear that the people of Corinth would not receive his testimony. Jesus said to him, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city." This no doubt so aroused and shamed the apostle that never again do we read of his faltering or wavering, even in the face of death.

We do not read of any one's pointing to the apostle as an excuse for backsliding; but there have been many who have been encouraged to endure hardness as a soldier of Jesus Christ by his unswerving fidelity to right and truth. Mr. Ridgeway, a prominent Sunday school worker and writer of today, says that when a young man he was saturated with disbelief in Christianity, but that he never failed to admire the manliness, gentleness, courage, energy, and grit of that "little Jew Paul." Finally he thought, "Here is Paul at odds with his family, cut dead by his lifelong friends, sacrificing his living, enduring poverty, suffering all hardships, assuming trying responsibilities,—yes, beloved, that is what knocked old Mr. Unbelief on the head for me as I came out of college a chesty young B. S. Knowitall."

Tactfulness and Readiness

Paul in his ministry was tactful. A missionary set a large iron dog in his garden. The heathen natives stopped to look at it. Some spoke to it, or went near and touched it, but the dog did not move. They asked what it was for. The missionary said it was his watchdog. Then they laughed, for they knew that an iron dog could not see, hear, nor bark at any one. The missionary said, "My iron dog can watch me just as well as your stone gods can watch you, for they cannot see, hear, nor help you." Then the heathen learned how foolish it was to fear an idol, or to pray to a god of stone, silver, or gold.

So Paul as tactfully revealed the true God to the Athenians by his reference to the altar bearing the inscription, "To the unknown God." This evidence of the blindness of the people of Athens greatly stirred

the apostle's soul; and to him, to be stirred meant to speak. Were this true of all, truth would sooner get a foothold in the hearts of men.

It is one thing to be stirred, and another to act. All of us have felt the Spirit of God inciting us to action, but many of us have failed to do the thing for which the Spirit of God sought to arouse us. This is one of the almost innumerable lessons that Paul's life should send home to us with great force,—the lesson of acting at the opportune moment.

"Standing by the railroad," says one, "I watched the postmaster as he hung out the bag to be caught by the mail express soon to pass. A few minutes after and the train came thundering round the curve. The mail agent looked out of his car, and then, thrusting out an iron arm attached to the side of it, snatched the bag, and the train sped on its way. So God is hanging out opportunities along the pathway of our lives. If we are alert and watchful, we may appropriate them for the glory of God and the advancing of his kingdom. If we are careless and indifferent, we pass them by, and they are lost to us forever, as we make but one trip on this line."

Expression of Appreciation

Even hard, embittered human hearts have oftentimes been subdued by some simple expression of appreciation of the manhood still afire in the depraved one. Appreciation of another's worth is among the rarest gems of character. We should not be just were we to fail to accord this spirit to the apostle Paul. No other Bible writer gives evidence of its possession in so marked a degree as does Paul. Hear him say: "Greet Priscilla and Aquila my helpers in Christ Jesus: who have for my life laid down their own necks;" "Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us;" together with many other expressions of a similar character. The apostle revealed no small jealousies in his work.

What more shall we say? Only this, that Paul regarded himself first and always as a servant of Jesus Christ. As professed servants, then, of the same Master, let us earnestly endeavor to exemplify in our own lives his magnificent character and work.

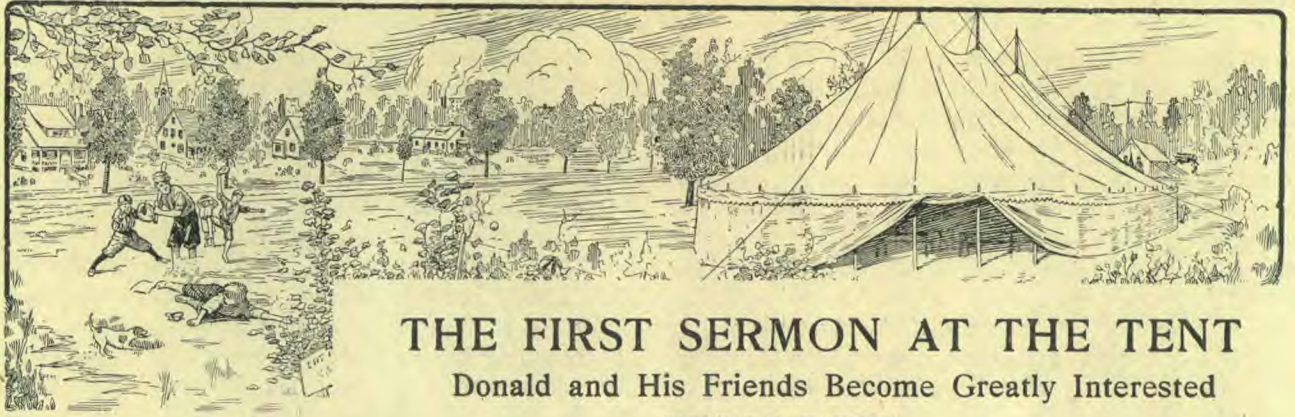
Alpha Centauri, Our Nearest Star

If you could ride from the earth to Alpha Centauri on a train going at the rate of a mile a minute, you would reach your destination in forty-eight million years. At the rate sound travels, if a song were to be sung on Alpha Centauri, it would be three million eight hundred thousand years before we could hear it. This neighbor of ours is thirty-five trillion miles away. A spider's thread from a cocoon reaching to it would weigh five hundred tons.

Our earth in its revolutions on its own axis and its trip around the sun and outward into space makes a journey of nine hundred and eighty-four million miles a year; but the old clock never varies; there is never a jar or tremor, and we are back again on the hundredth of a second. Do you know it would have cost me one billion five hundred million dollars if I had had to pay my way so far at the rate of two cents a mile during my journey of seventy-five years?

To ride from the earth to Alpha Centauri would cost seven hundred billion dollars.—*American Magazine*.

"CONSCIENCE" means "knowing with" God.



THE FIRST SERMON AT THE TENT

Donald and His Friends Become Greatly Interested

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

WHEN the tent master turned on the lights in the big tent on Sunday night, he found a row of boys on the front seats. They did not propose to miss the pictures which had been promised. The most interested one among them was Donald Hunter.

By half past seven there were about seven hundred persons in the big tent, and among them were Donald's father, mother, and sister. They were seated in the middle of the tent. New songbooks were passed out, and the people joined heartily in singing old-time favorites. This song service was conducted by Brother Harris, who was a singer as well as a preacher.

After fifteen minutes' singing, Brother Harris opened the meeting with a short prayer. He then announced the subjects for the following evenings of that week, saying that meetings would be held every night except Saturday night. He expressed a hope that many would find it possible to attend the services, that they might all together study the teachings of the Bible. He announced also that at the close of each address there would be a question-and-answer service, requesting the people to bring in such questions as had been a source of perplexity to them.

In beginning his sermon that evening, Brother Harris read a part of the second chapter of Daniel. He then told the story of the captivity of Daniel and his three companions. He described the city of Babylon where King Nebuchadnezzar lived, and told of the wonderful hanging gardens which the king had built, gardens which rose, terrace after terrace, to the height of the great walls that surrounded the city.

"One day," he said, "the king was out walking on these terraces, and he could see over the length and breadth of the great city which he had built. A feeling of pride came into his heart as he looked over his possessions. And then he began to wonder what would become of this great kingdom of his after he died, who would be king, and whether any other kingdom would ever be able to overthrow Babylon. As he went to his palace and retired that night these were the thoughts which were on his mind.

"That night God gave him a dream which answered the questions that he had been turning over in his mind. But when he awoke the next morning he could not remember the dream, though he was deeply impressed that there was something in it which was very important. He called in the wise men of the kingdom, the astrologers, the soothsayers, the magicians, the Chaldeans, and the sorcerers. These people were the

same as those today whom we call fortune tellers, palm readers, and Spiritualistic mediums. The king told them his trouble, and asked them to tell him the dream and what it meant; but they could not do it. The king was very angry, because they had professed to be able to do so much, and were now found to do so little.

"So the king commanded to kill them all. As Daniel and his three companions were accounted among the wise men, the officers sought them to slay them. Daniel had known nothing of these facts until the soldiers came to kill him, and when he was made acquainted with the circumstances he asked for time, promising that he would tell the king both what his dream was and what it meant.

"The next morning he was brought in before the king, and told him his dream. We will now see on the screen what the king saw in his dream."

Suddenly the great crowd was plunged into darkness. Then the hiss of the stereopticon light was heard, and a picture was thrown on the screen.

"This is what the king saw," said Brother Harris, as he pointed

to the picture. "He saw this great image. It had a head of gold, its breast and arms were of silver, its waist and thighs of brass, its legs were of iron, and its feet and toes were part of iron and part of clay. Then Daniel told the king that this image represented the course of the history of the world from his day down to the very end of time. Babylon, Daniel said, was shown on the image by the head of gold. This, however, was to be followed by another kingdom, shown by the breast and arms of silver, which would overthrow Babylon and take its place. Then another kingdom, a third, would come, which would be succeeded by a fourth kingdom, represented





DANIEL INTERPRETS THE DREAM

on the image by the legs of iron. This fourth kingdom would be divided into ten kingdoms, shown by the ten toes on the image, some of which kingdoms were to be strong and some weak, represented by the mixture of iron and clay.

"Then the king saw a great stone cut out of a near-by mountain, which struck the image on its feet, as you see in this next picture. The stone ground all the image to pieces, while the wind caught up the dust into which the image was ground and blew it all away, so that not so much as a particle remained. Then the stone grew and became a great mountain, until it took the place of all other kingdoms and filled the whole earth."

The lights were then turned on, and Brother Harris began to explain the fulfilment of this wonderful prophecy. He said:—

"The head of gold meant Babylon. After Nebuchadnezzar's death this was overthrown by Medo-Persia, which is represented by the arms of silver. Medo-Persia, in turn, was overthrown by Greece, under Alexander the Great. Greece is symbolized by the waist of brass. Then Rome overthrew Greece, and is represented by the legs of iron. After this, Rome was divided into just ten kingdoms, as shown by the ten toes. These ten kingdoms were the Alamanni, the Franks, the Suevi, the Burgundians, the Vandals, the Anglo-Saxons, the Heruli, the Ostrogoths, the Visigoths, and the Lombards. Do you boys on the front seat think you can remember that?"

Brother Harris looked down at the boys with a smile. Donald Hunter was sure he could not remember such strange names, but he made up his mind he would get that list of kingdoms from Brother Harris and study it. Then the speaker continued:—

"I will tell you what some of these kingdoms are now called, and that will help you remember. The Alamanni, Germany; the Franks, France; Suevi, Portugal; Burgundians, Switzerland; Anglo-Saxons, England; Visigoths, Spain; and the Lombards, Italy. Three of these kingdoms have been destroyed, the Vandals, the Heruli, and the Ostrogoths.

"So you see that God has brought us in this prophecy down through all the history of the past to the present kingdoms of Europe. And now God, through Daniel, makes a wonderful prediction regarding these kingdoms of Europe. He says, 'They shall not cleave one to another.'

"And, true to this prediction, these kingdoms have never again been welded into a great empire as they once were under Rome. Nor will they ever be again, for God's word is against it. Men have arisen in different nations and at different times who have tried to do what God said should never be done, but they have all failed. Charlemagne tried to unite the nations into one again, but he did not succeed. Charles V of Spain tried it, and he failed. Louis XIV of France tried, and he failed. All the wisdom and shrewdness of Napoleon Bonaparte, all his ingenuity and knowledge of military tactics, and all the strength of his mighty army were not sufficient to break the power of these few words of Scripture, and Napoleon's great dream of world empire came to an end at Waterloo. God says, 'The Scripture cannot be broken.' Seven short words spoken by God twenty-five hundred years ago have proved stronger than all the legions of the world's mightiest generals. Surely, these words are the words of God, who knows the end from the beginning, and not, as infidels tell us, the words of uninspired men.

"And then this wonderful prophecy closes by saying, 'In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed.' This means that before very long the long-looked-for kingdom of God is to be established in this world. 'In the days of these kings,' this is to take place, and 'these kings' refers to the modern nations of Europe. In our days, before these boys here live out the natural span of their lives, Christ will come, and his kingdom will come to take the place of all the kingdoms of the earth. This will not be done by the conversion of these kingdoms, but by their destruction; for the great stone, which represented the kingdom of God, broke the image, with all its parts, to pieces and ground

it to powder. Thus we must look for the destruction of the nations.

"And, now that we know these things, our supreme duty as Christian people is to make ready for these great events which are coming on the earth, and especially prepare ourselves to meet Christ in peace, for many here in this tent tonight will live to see him come."

As Brother Harris closed his sermon with this earnest statement, Donald Hunter felt a strange thrill of fear, mingled with very deep interest, run through him. Jesus coming again! Coming before he died! He had never been told that before. Why had they not told him? It certainly must be true, for Brother Harris had made the Bible very clear about it. He went home that night a very thoughtful boy, and he decided that he must attend every meeting at the tent, so that he might know what to do to get ready for Jesus' coming. He felt sure Brother Harris would say more about it.

White Slavery Dangers *

TOO much cannot be said or written, in warning our girls, and even married women, against the wiles, the treachery, and the artifices of the white-slave traffic; for this devilish fiend is no respecter of persons. He daily walks the streets of our towns and cities, and travels by train and boat, a wolf in sheep's clothing. He is a manly appearing, unassuming personage, but he knows the "tricks of his trade" well, and is aware just when to strike his prey. The innocent, the unsuspecting, the girl or woman who is off her guard, is the one at whom he aims, and he is usually successful (in what he regards success), but occasionally he is thwarted. Let not our girls think they are exempt from his wiles. I shall tell of the recent narrow escape of a sweet, intelligent, well-educated young woman. She is quiet and unassuming; in fact, a model young woman.

She entered the train one morning to take a trip of only thirty miles. And what girl is there who would imagine there could be danger on so short a trip! The train was full, excepting one seat near the front of the car. This was occupied by a sober, quiet, dignified young man, who, seeing the situation, offered to share his seat. She gratefully accepted, dreaming of no danger as she seated herself by the window.

No attention did he pay to her for some time, but continued reading the morning paper and eating candy. By and by he offered her the paper with the statement that he had finished with it. This was a natural thing to do, and she accepted the paper. His manner was so very reserved that this alone gave her mental security and confidence, so that she did not fear to converse with him whenever he had a word to say,—which was not frequent,—and when at last he apologized, as if "very thoughtless," for eating candy without offering her a share, she was so completely off her guard that she accepted a few pieces.

After eating the first piece, a peculiar feeling came over her; yet that did not cause her to think evil was designed upon her. He seemed reserved, distant, entirely uninterested in her, and apparently absorbed with "thoughts of his own," which of course he was.

*Orison Swett Marden says that "thirty thousand men in New York City alone, not to speak of Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, and other big centers, make it a profession to lure innocent young girls into sin, and that many of them become rich in this awful traffic in human lives."

Caution never once whispered to her until she had partly eaten the second piece. Then her feelings were so very strange that suddenly the truth dawned upon her. Just one thing saved her: she recalled that some one had said that under such circumstances one should make a rush for the fresh air. Although her limbs were becoming stiff and there was present a feeling of prostration and languor, with other symptoms beyond description, she realized that immediate action was the only alternative; so summoning every bit of will power, which was already pleading loudly with her to lie back in the seat until she felt better, she arose to step past the inhuman wretch, and get to the door.

He placed his foot in the way, while his innocent (?) face wore an extra-large-sized interrogation point as to what might be the matter and whether he could render assistance, hoping, of course, to detain her until she was beyond her own effort, and then—he would manage affairs.

But she was not to be daunted. Her future life was at stake. She had been injected with the devil's hypodermic. Ignominy, misery, and worse than death were glaring into her face with their hellish stare. The thought that she had ridden thus far by the side of the evil one himself, filled her soul with repugnance, and with such a sense of chagrin that she was determined to free herself; so with an earnest, silent cry to God, and casting away all fear of infringing upon propriety by the manner in which she should treat this "manly man," she shouted, "You let me out of this seat!" This attracted attention, and he dared not further obstruct her way. A woman in the seat across the aisle assisted her to the door, and, happily, the conductor appeared just then, who held her upon the platform while she gradually revived.

She will never forget this experience, nor the shock to her nervous system, nor the frightful dreams which for some time thereafter disturbed her night's repose.

This young woman is one of our best workers. Were I to give her name, many would exclaim, "Why, I've often seen her name in our Union paper! Can it be possible that such a thing happened to her?" Let us ever remember that Satan cares not whose life he ruins.

Now, my dear young married woman, a word to you. If you imagine yourself beyond danger because married, let me tell you of another narrow escape. I must be true to my sisters by warning them, lest they place too high value upon appearances, and thus become ensnared. For the devil, knowing that his time is short, has in these last days donned his cloak of religion and joined the church, that he may better deceive his dupes, and thus carry on his nefarious raffling for souls.

Mrs. B. is a personal friend of mine. She had once lived in Detroit, and thought she knew the place well. Many fond friendships had she formed there, as also many pleasant formal acquaintances. She always felt at home in the city, and never entertained fear. She is a true woman, and "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

She was well acquainted with a number of estimable persons belonging to one of the fashionable churches. While mingling with these people one day, she was introduced to a "very fine young man," whom they highly respected and who belonged to their circle. He seemed to have attained to a high order of manhood and spirituality. She enjoyed conversing with him upon serious topics.

A few weeks later she returned to Detroit on business, and happened to meet this man on the street. He paused, passed a few words, and went on. She entered a restaurant. Soon he appeared, and ate at a different table. As she was leaving, he happened along in a very natural way, and passed on outside with her, inquiring about her family, if she were to be in the city long, and so on. He found that she had several hours to wait for her train, with nothing to do, as her shopping was completed. He had an "aunt" whom he believed she would like, who had a way of making every one "feel at home," and if she would go he would take her over there, as it was not so very far, and he had just about time to do so before having to report at his work. This, he said, would be much pleasanter than waiting in the railway station.

The homes of her acquaintances were too far from the depot to warrant her calling on them, so she consented to the proposal. They walked and walked, and finally she told him that she had not supposed the distance so long, and suggested retracing her way; but he assured her that they were "nearly there now," and that they had been walking so slowly that the distance seemed longer than it was. So on she went. She had never before seen such queer places in Detroit as were some of the places in the streets they were passing through. Yet she did not suspect evil, for he had a plausible reply for every critical remark from her.

At last they reached his "aunt's" house. Strange indeed seemed all outward appearances: curtains were drawn and there was no life apparent; stillness reigned. Yet Mrs. B. did not dream of danger, as, before reaching the house, he had prepared her mind for all this by explaining in a very satisfactory way why things were as she found them. "Aunt" met them in the hall, and very cordially accepted the introduction, and with a very sweet "Come this way," escorted her victim into a bedroom where she was shown a seat. Then the "aunt" and the "nephew" left the room for a time.

This gave Mrs. B. time for reflection; painful indeed were those reflections, for now she understood. When the man returned, she arose, stating that she must go in order to make her train. Then he gave her to understand that she was not going. She is a woman of will, and is not afraid to talk when the case requires it. She now informed him that she understood his design and that he must let her go. A fierce battle of words ensued. He was determined to keep her, but she was determined he should not. Lifting her heart to God for help, she preached such a sermon to him in a few moments, the like of which he had never before heard, using all the earnestness and will of her being, strengthened by God's power, that he cowered beneath the gaze of her insulted confidence, and at last unwillingly told her to "be gone."

O how she prized her hold upon God! How thankful she was for the faith which won this victory! But she declared that never again would she trust to appearances.

It pains me to add that I know also the story of one who did not escape. A traveling man had been coming to her town regularly, soliciting for his wares. Many felt acquainted with him. His manner was friendly and congenial, and he seemed honest and upright, and had been coming long enough to win the respect and confidence of those he had met.

Finally he sought a boarding place, and made the town his home. He attended church and all innocent

places of amusement, and was well liked. Sadie N. accepted of his company when it was offered, and felt pleased that he preferred her society to that of the other girls. The townspeople thought her a fortunate girl. Later on when her engagement was announced, she received many pleasing compliments. Many envied her, especially those who had a strong desire for the excitement of a large city; for she had informed them that New York was to be her future abode. No one thought to ask her street and number. Sadie herself did not know what it was to be. With such cunning strategy had affairs been managed that no one's curiosity or suspicion had been aroused. Why! hadn't they known him a long time? Had not he lived in the town for a year or two? Did not every one know that he was all right? Never a wave of suspicion crossed the breast of even the most incredulous person.

Her last happy day came, which the now Mrs. D. supposed was but the beginning of bliss. As she waved her happy adieu, she told her loved ones, "We'll write just as soon as we get there." But she seemed a long time getting there, for days, weeks, and months passed before anything in regard to her was made known. After three weeks of silence and suspense the whole town became astir. Men with indomitable determination to find her bought tickets for this place and that place.

One sad morning a familiar voice telephoned from New York, "Sadie is in a white-slave house here. Come and you can get her out." The slaveholders were through with her now, and she was released. But oh, the poor, dear little supposed bride of only a few months ago fell into her parents' arms a total physical wreck, and a broken-hearted, outraged victim of despair! She may live for years, but never again will she be well except a miracle is wrought. Most of the time she is under the care of a nurse and a physician. Eking out a miserable existence, gradually dying from a loathsome disease, her wails of disappointment, outrage, and despair are enough to wear a cavity in the heart of a stone.

LETTA STERLING LEWIS.

Pay the Debt of Appreciation

A FRIEND of mine who is a very tactful school-teacher, had among a class of boys one who was an unusual lad, but a fair student. His given name was Leslie, but among the people of the community he was known as "one of the Martins." The boy was very sensitive, and fully appreciated what was implied by the term. He was poor, a half orphan, and not entirely free from the evil in his family that won him so unpleasant an epithet. There was, however, one good trait in his character; he would work, in fact he knew very little about play.

My tactful friend saw that there was that in the boy which, if trained, would develop into more than ordinary usefulness. She encouraged him in his studies, and he became a better student. Little by little she became acquainted with his sensitiveness, and avoided speaking to him of his faults, for she realized that every word of reproof was like a poisoned dart in his flesh. Leslie had been friendless, but he found a friend in his teacher, and fell in love with her. Then a change came, he began to live for her whom he loved. Because the evil in his life would displease her, he put it away. The little urchin had come to know that somebody appreciated something about him, and that bit of expressed appreciation he determined should have a just reward.

With a new character to present to the world, the lad soon found that others appreciated an enthusiastic worker. Possessed with a growing determination to please, he began to work for the world. It was about this time that Leslie got his vision; he came to know that he could be something, but he did not fully understand how. Inspired by the vision, he framed this motto: "Leslie Martin—Strive to please—Success;" and please he did. Fortunately a word of appreciation always paid him for his efforts, for he knew that he pleased, and that was his goal.

As time went by and the boy of my story became broadened by experience, he learned that in order for him to realize the fulfilment of his vision he must secure a good education. Now that he understood more of the plan that would lead to his success, he determined to carry it out. Every year that he was financially able he attended school, and when he was unable to do so his name was found on the ledger of some correspondence school. Among other things, he purposed to make a practical man of himself; consequently he became acquainted with a number of branches of mechanics, making himself quite handy with tools. During these years of progress, friends were made which helped to keep up the spirit of determination. Especially was the friendship of his chum's mother appreciated; she not only gave him a place in her heart, but also in her home.

The last year that Leslie was financially unable to attend school, he hired himself to a Mr. Kelly to act as general man about his establishment. In his work young Martin expressed the same vim and determination in accomplishing the tasks he was set to do as when he worked for his school-teacher, and looked for a little of the praise that he was accustomed to receive. Day after day went by, weeks came and went, without a word of commendation. For the first time Leslie was dissatisfied with his work. Time and again he declared he did not like it, and as many times blamed himself for feeling so about it.

One day Mr. Kelly said to him, "Leslie, do you think that with Jack's help you can build a garage for me?" Leslie eagerly assented to the proposition. "Yes; I'll draw the plans tonight after I get home, if you will tell me what you want," was his ready reply. The plans were drawn, and presented to Mr. Kelly, who coolly remarked, "They are all right." It was a blow that took some of the determination out of the boy's spirits; nevertheless he bravely set to work at the building. The day the structure was completed, Mr. Kelly was hurriedly called away. On his return, the work was inspected, but although it was well done, Leslie received another blow to his sensitive feelings: the building was "all right," no more, no less.

In a comparatively short time, Mr. Kelly decided to make some improvements in one of the departments of his business. To do so changes had to be made in the shoproom, and there was new equipment to be designed and constructed. He again consulted Leslie, informed him of his plans, and gave him an idea of what he wanted, at the same time asking him if he would be willing to take charge of the work. The young man responded favorably to his employer's request.

Three evenings, for which young Martin never expected any cash remuneration, he spent in drafting plans and in making designs for the new equipment to be installed. Nevertheless the youth enjoyed the work. After the drawings were completed, the con-

struction work was begun. The plans and designs were unemphatically "all right." Piece by piece, as the equipment was completed, Mr. Kelly inspected it and pronounced it "all right," in his usual way.

Finally the last piece was finished. Leslie had entirely changed the original idea of Mr. Kelly for this piece, and the design he produced apparently pleased his employer. It was the most difficult of all to construct, but he was successful in making it. He was pleased with this product of his hands, and expected a word of commendation. In constructing this piece of equipment alone he had saved his employer more than two hundred dollars, and he had a right to expect something special, if only a few words. The sting was a cruel one to Leslie Martin when Mr. Kelly did not even express his usual "all right" on inspecting this last piece.

When evening came, a heavy-hearted, haggard-looking young man left Mr. Kelly's shop. The employer noticed his downcast face, but said nothing. Slowly Leslie found his way home, his heart all gone. Mother Rogers, for this was his chum's mother, inquired why he was so downcast. This is the reply he made:—

"I wish that Mr. Kelly had a grain of appreciation stored away in his character that he could express occasionally. All you get when you work for him is your cash wages, and that is slim pay regardless of what it is in dollars and cents; your efforts are dead units, dead as bricks in a wall or boards in a floor."

Leslie almost lost himself that evening; everything looked dark, but his past had bright stars that shone upon his heavy heart. The kind encouragements of his Christian school-teacher and lover again came to mind. It was unjust of his employer to fail in expressing his appreciation for service rendered, but it would be wrong for him to give up because some one else failed in his part. Leslie Martin took the matter to the Supreme Court of Heaven, and won his case so far as he was concerned. He had learned a lesson from the cold world. Let it not be said that Christians teach such cruel lessons.

"A single expression of appreciation and encouragement will at times turn a human life toward an upward path."

ROGER WARREN.

Macedonian Calls Today

SCARCE a dozen years have passed since the Philippine Islands were listed by the Foreign Mission Board of Seventh-day Adventists as "unentered territory." When, early in 1905, Elder Geo. A. Irwin came from the Australasian Union Conference as a delegate to the General Conference held that year, he took occasion to call at Manila en route, in order to ascertain whether the field was ready for a worker; and during the conference session he expressed the hope that these islands might be entered soon. Thus the call for gospel labor was first sounded to Seventh-day Adventists in behalf of the Philippines.

"The world's Macedonian cry sounds in our ears," wrote Elder W. A. Spicer in his review of mission fields during the fall of that same year, "and God's providences urge us on to answer it. As stated in 'Christ's Object Lessons: 'From India, from Africa, from China, from the islands of the sea, from the downtrodden millions of so-called Christian lands, the cry of human woe is ascending to God. That cry will not long be unanswered.'"—*Week of Prayer Readings for 1905.*

One of the Macedonian calls answered that very

year, was the one coming from the Philippine Islands. It was late in the summer of 1905 that Brother R. F. Caldwell, a faithful canvasser from Australia, pioneered the way by the sale of literature. In December of the same year, while Sabbath-keeping Adventists in the homeland were praying the Lord of the harvest to raise up workers to enter the places as yet untouched, Elder E. H. Gates was in the Philippines, spying out the land. A few months later, Elder J. L. McElhany and his wife were sent by the Australasian Union Conference from Sydney to Manila, where they spent two years of faithful seed-sowing before returning to the States.

When Elder L. V. Finster reached Manila, Dec. 19, 1908, the Macedonian call was sounding loudly in his ears; and as he met for the first time the people still in terrible darkness and superstition, he was constrained to write in his earliest report from the islands to the *Review*:—

"The cries of their great need touched our hearts, and made us feel welcome far more than if we had been met by many of our people who needed only our pastoral care. The thought that right around him are eight million souls who have never heard of the third angel's message, lays a heavy burden upon any man who believes that Jesus is soon coming."—*Review and Herald, July 1, 1909.*

The prospect was not at all flattering; yet as he thought of God's power to reach these hearts so long bound by sin, he was emboldened to add, "The Lord has gone before us, and only calls us to follow on."

And what is the result?—Today the Philippine Islands are one of the most promising portions of mission territory. Already, through the untiring efforts of those who have pioneered the way, and of others, including some consecrated native evangelists who have followed, many hundreds of the honest in heart among the Filipinos have been led to a knowledge of precious truth, and have become intelligent, active believers. The membership of Seventh-day Adventist churches in the Philippines totals nearly a thousand, with one or two hundred more who are members of companies as yet unorganized. A well-equipped printing plant is in operation, an excellent training school has been founded for the education of native workers, and soon treatment-rooms and a medical dispensary are to be opened.

The Macedonian calls are still sounding in this island group. From many portions of Luzon, from the Visayas, from Mindanao, and from many other parts of the archipelago, most urgent calls are coming for evangelists, teachers, and colporteurs. Some denominations are finding special blessing through medical missionary endeavor. How grateful we should be that a few years ago God stirred men to heed the calls from this field, and that he has given to them so many willing helpers from among the native believers who have been raised up!

The Seventh-day Adventist Church in the Philippines will continue to prosper in proportion to the earnest, self-sacrificing efforts of its membership, and especially of those who are just entering upon the responsibilities of manhood and womanhood. As I meet the bright young men and women who form a very considerable portion of the constituency of our churches in this field, I am profoundly impressed with the thought that those who dedicate their lives wholly to the service of the Master, will be used mightily of God for the finishing of his work in the earth.

The Macedonian calls are still sounding. The youth

who respond will find their lives filled with usefulness, and their hearts will be made glad through the vision of many precious souls. Great will be their reward, even in this life, as they labor on and on, as did Paul and Silas and Luke and Timothy of old.

C. C. CRISLER.

For the Finding-Out Club

Part I

1. WHERE was Washington inaugurated?
2. What is the Magna Charta, and what led to its adoption?
3. To whom do we owe our numbers?
4. How old is the German Empire?
5. Who were the Acadians?
6. Who founded Pittsburgh?
7. Who made a ruin of the Parthenon?

Part II

From the New Testament alone,
Resolve these questions truly;
The answers two acrostics make,
When ranged in order duly.

1. The *brook* that Jesus had to cross
The traitor's band to meet?
2. The *symbol* of the prayers of saints,
Acceptable and sweet?
3. When Mary saw the Master risen,
Her *cry* of recognition?
4. The *fourth* of seven—the daily care
Of widows was their mission?
5. *He* who, in recklessness profane,
His birthright blessing sold?
6. And *he* who vexed his righteous soul
With Sodom's crimes of old?
7. The *band* wherein a Roman served,
With right devout behavior?
8. And *he*, at Rome, whom Paul saluted,
"Our helper" in the Saviour?
9. And lastly, *he*, progenitor
Of Christ's reputed father,
Whose name the sixth in upward rank
From Joseph's line we gather?

The *initials* and the *finals* take
From every term selected,
Except "the symbol of the prayers,"
And this must be bisected.

See the *first Gentile Christian's name*
Framed from the signs initial;
And in the *finals* upward read,
Behold *his rank official*.

May we, like him by Peter taught,
Renounce our Gentile pride,
And by the Spirit from above
Our hearts be purified!

—Rev. J. H. Vincent.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of February 13

1. Uzziah, the king of Judah (2 Chron. 26:21); Miriam, the prophetess (Ex. 15:20; Num. 12:10); Naaman, the captain of the Syrian army (2 Kings 5:1); Gehazi, the servant of Elisha (2 Kings 5:27).
2. Hananiah (Jer. 28:15-17).
3. Elisha (2 Kings 6:5-7).
4. Isaiah (Isa. 6:6, 7).
5. Elisha, when he asked for a double portion of Elijah's power (2 Kings 2:9-12).
6. The voice of the seraph whom Isaiah saw in the temple (Isa. 6:1-4).
7. The ants for sluggards (Prov. 6:6).
8. When the sons of the prophets sought for Elijah after his translation (2 Kings 2:16-18).
9. The drunkard, the glutton, and the sluggard (Prov. 23:21).
10. Elisha healed the fatal spring at the accursed city of Jericho (Joshua 6:26; 2 Kings 2:19-22).



Elsie Rowe, Missionary

I WISH I could be a missionary," Elsie Rowe announced in a dreamy voice from the cushioned window seat where she was curled up, ostensibly studying her Cæsar, but with her thoughts really far from that Latin writer's wars. "It must be lovely to be one."

This remark, coming as it did from a pleasure-loving, curly-haired girl of fifteen, did not cast the boomerang into the family circle which might have been expected, for her grandmother and her aunt knew Elsie.

The day before, a returned missionary from China had given a most interesting talk at the Sunday school, and Elsie had heard her. After the manner of missionaries, especially when addressing young people, the speaker had dwelt chiefly upon the pleasant, attractive features of her work, and had passed over very lightly the less pleasant things.

"I wish you might be a missionary, dear," said grandma, so earnestly that Elsie began to feel a trifle uneasy.

"There is no reason why you should not begin preparing right now, if you wish to be one," remarked Aunt Martha practically, looking up from the stocking she was darning. "The sooner one makes such a decision, the better. Of course it would mean greater interest and thoroughness in one's studies, for a missionary is a teacher, too, you know. A college education is necessary; and then, there is Bible study. If one is to help others to a knowledge of Christ, one must be very familiar with the Scriptures. A practical knowledge of housekeeping would not come amiss either."

Poor Elsie's face grew longer and longer as her aunt proceeded. Aunt Marthas do have such a habit of speaking unpleasantly practical truths to the dreamy little Elsie's of this world! Elsie hated her school work, and tried only to pass dreaded examinations; her Bible study was confined to a hasty perusal of her lesson during the opening exercises; and housework was the last straw.

When Aunt Martha reached that point, Elsie could stand it no longer, and broke in hastily, all her dreaminess gone for once.

"I meant I wanted to be a missionary right now—this minute. I don't want to wait until I am grown up. And I don't want to study and work and prepare for it, either."

"Why, so you can be a missionary right now if you wish," said grandma soothingly. "I did not quite understand."

Elsie's blue eyes opened wide in surprise; she did not quite understand either.

"You might go over and read the Bible every week to old Mrs. Cameron who lives across the way,"

grandma continued. "She is nearly blind, and so cannot read for herself, and she does so love the Good Book, as she calls it. Then there is that frail little Mrs. Renoir, just out of the hospital. A little visit and a glass of jelly or a few flowers would do her a world of good just now. She can't be more than two years older than you, and she gets very lonely, for the other women in the tenement are older than she, and besides, they are away at work all day.

"Then there are the Vettori children. Their mother is a widow, and has to leave them alone all day while she earns food and clothes for them. They are like dirty little animals, and are on the street all the time. You could gather them into your grandpa's old shop the day you are not in school, wash them, and give them a happy hour. Perhaps Teresa, who is eight and ought to be a little mother to the others, would learn to look after them better."

"But that wouldn't be being a missionary!" expostulated Elsie in dismay and disgust. "Why—why, I might catch something from those dreadful Italian children. Besides I don't believe they know a word of English. And the very idea of my bathing them!"

"A missionary's duties are not always pleasant ones," Aunt Martha remarked tersely. "They have to do just such things for much more unpleasant people than the little Vettori children."

Elsie went upstairs to her pretty room. She wanted to be alone and think things over. Grandma's suggestions had pressed home to her heart a needed lesson.

The coming of these foreigners to their quiet, old-fashioned neighborhood had been a great trial to Elsie. Instead of seeing in them a wonderful opportunity for service, she had been inclined to turn up her pretty nose, feeling that her home was spoiled by their presence and wishing heartily that her grandmother, with whom she lived,—her parents having died while she was a baby,—would sell out and go to live in the newer and more fashionable part of the town. Grandma, who had come as a young bride to the old house, had spent all her long married life in it, and had no thought of leaving it now.

While Elsie was still soberly thinking things over, Bertha said, as she sank into a comfortable little rocker corner, came.

"Your grandma told me to come right upstairs," Bertha said, as she sank into a comfortable little rocker by the window.

To Bertha, Elsie confided grandma's little suggestion.

"I think that's a splendid idea about doing something for those foreign children," Bertha declared with enthusiasm. "Your grandma is lovely to let you use that old shop. Let's go right out and see how

we can fix it so it will look neat and pleasant inside."

Bertha was one who believed in doing. She never dreamed and talked and did nothing.

By the end of the week the little one-roomed building had been thoroughly cleaned, for under the spur of Bertha's leadership, Elsie's enthusiasm was kindled, and she forgot that she was really engaged in doing despised housework. The windows fairly twinkled after Bertha's vigorous polishing, and the floor and the woodwork smelled of the soap Elsie had used all too freely.

Snowy, muslin curtains, made from old ones, hung at the small windows. Three little rocking-chairs had been unearthed in attics of generous-hearted neighbors, all of whom favored the plan. Three large chairs, a long settee, and a table completed the furnishing of the room, which was made attractive to childish eyes by a number of prints and colored pictures of birds, beasts, and flowers. All looked very cozy, but Elsie was inclined to mourn the bareness of the room.

"It will be all the easier to keep clean," practical Bertha informed her. "And seeing it always clean and tidy will be a fine object lesson for those children, for I don't suppose things are very often in order in their homes. I really don't think it looks so bare since we put up the pictures."

It was one thing to get the room ready and quite another thing to coax in the shy children, as the two girls, like many older workers, soon found. But they persevered, and soon the children were coming of their own accord to the little building, where Bertha and Elsie told them stories, and showed them how they could do things for themselves and their younger brothers and sisters, which their busy, tired mothers had no time to do for them.

Teresa Vettori soon looked as every bright little girl should, and oh, how neat she kept the hands, faces, and hair of her small brothers! She learned how to sweep a room and wash dishes, and she practiced her new accomplishments in her own home to such good purpose that the Vettori's neighbors commented upon the neatness of the Vettori flat, and put their own rooms in order.

Taddeo Marelo, a little lame boy, was discovered living with an uncle, who was a fruit peddler, and was coaxed into this Sunday school. Nor were the sick or old forgotten by the two girls. They visited and helped them, and where it was possible or necessary, interested older people in them. Other girls were invited to help. A food sale of good things made entirely by the girls was held, and the money obtained was used to send little Taddeo to a hospital for an operation to cure his lameness.

When, two years later, just as she was about to be graduated from high school, Elsie came to grandma, who was alone in her own room, and whispered her purpose to devote her life to Christ's work and become a real foreign missionary, as soon as she finished her college course, it did not come as a surprise to the good woman.

Soon Elsie began joyfully and enthusiastically her task of real preparation for the life work she had chosen, for during her two years of girlish efforts at helping others, her heart had been given over entirely to the Master's service.—*Young People's Paper.*

It is always easier to discuss the duties of others, than to do our own.—*H. F. Cope.*



God's Care for All

(Texts for March 18-24)

"BUT why did it happen?" asked my friend, in deep distress. "If the Lord really cares for me, why did he let me fall and hurt my knee, after I had told him that I had all to bear that I could possibly stand—told him that I could not endure another thing?"

"Perhaps," said I, "God saw that this was an opportune way of answering some of your prayers. There must be some good reason for his permitting it, even if we do not see it."

God's care for each one of us does not mean that we shall have no trials to endure, no difficulties to overcome, no suffering to bear; but it does mean that none of these hard experiences need crush or overwhelm us. God does care for each one of us; and we may be sure that not one thing overtakes us without his permission, and without his having planned just how to make it a blessing to us.

When the great fact of God's love and care for us individually becomes an ever-present realization, life will look so different; then our trustful gaze will be fixed, not on the perils about us, not on difficulties before us, not on the sorrow that overtakes us, but on our wonderful Friend, our unfailing Protector, our divine Ally; and we shall be able to meet all with tranquil courage, endure all with calm patience, and face the future with cheerful, triumphant faith.

It was a very trying situation in which David and his men found themselves, when night overtook them without a fortress. David must have suspected that Absalom and his army would attempt a night attack; but under just such trying circumstances, David testifies, "I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me." Only a heart fortified by absolute faith in God could be quiet under such circumstances. He must have taken his eyes off the enemy and riveted them on his divine Ally, before whom the number and the might of the enemy are nothing. And this is the great truth on which every true life must be based. "Strange and tragic that men should forget it and love vanity which mocks them, and, though won, still leaves them looking around the horizon for any glimmer of good! The glad heart possessing Jehovah, can, on the other hand, lay itself down in peace and sleep though foes stand around."

God's love and care guards every avenue of life and is not meted out according to our deserts. Jacob through his own misdeed was forced to leave home, but God's loving eye followed the wanderer, and his strong arm protected him. Joseph was unjustly thrust into prison, but God cared for him, and in his own time and in his own way brought him forth more than conqueror. Suddenly the brave, dauntless, invincible Elijah turned coward and fled before Jezebel, but God followed his fleeing servant and ministered to his needs in the wilderness. When God commanded Moses to build the tabernacle, he enabled him to do it, for said he: "In the hearts of all that are wise-hearted I have put wisdom, that they may

make all that I have commanded thee." While in Africa, Livingstone had ample opportunity to test God's love and care for him, and when he returned he asked the students in Oxford: "Shall I tell you what sustained me all along the way in Africa? It was this, 'Lo, I am with you always.'" And you, too, may be sure that all along life's pathway God's love and care will shield you; and whether the call be to suffer or to do, remember that his grace is sufficient, and he will supply all your needs.

"He knows, he loves, he cares,
Nothing this truth can dim;
He always does that best for those
Who leave their choice with him."

MEDITATION.—It is a wonderful thought to me that God cares for me—even for me. Nothing, absolutely nothing, can separate me from his love and care. If I relate myself properly to him, he will work out all things that come to me for my own good. Though I know not what the future holds, I need not fear.

"I know not where his isles may lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

PRAYER.—Father, help me to fix my gaze on thee, and not on the things about me that tempt me to worry and forget thee. I desire to be strong, and I cannot be if worry consume my vitality; so help me to stay my mind on thee, that thou mayest keep me in perfect peace. Bless me in the study of thy Word, that I may have the "great peace" that comes to those who love thy law. Teach me how to trust thee fully, that my life may tell others of thy love and care.

M. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending March 24

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

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

- March 18: Judges 11, 12. Jephthah; Iban; Elon; Abdon.
 - March 19: Judges 13 to 16. Samson.
 - March 20: Judges 17 to 19. Micah.
 - March 21: Judges 20, 21. The desolation of Benjamin.
 - March 22: Ruth.
 - March 23: 1 Samuel 1 to 3. The child in the temple.
 - March 24: 1 Samuel 4 to 6. The ark—captured and returned.
- For notes on this assignment, see the *Review* for March 15.

Junior Assignment

- March 18: Judges 6. Gideon called to deliver Israel.
- March 19: Judges 7; 8:22, 23. A little army and a great victory.
- March 20: Judges 13, 14. A strong man who was weak.
- March 21: Judges 16:4-31. Samson's latter days and death.
- March 22: Ruth 1, 2. A loving daughter.
- March 23: Ruth 3, 4. The marriage of Ruth.
- March 24: 1 Samuel 1. "Lent . . . to the Lord."

The Conqueror Who Would Not be King

There are three stories in this week's reading which are very interesting to every boy and girl. Suppose

you read these stories and try to tell them to some one. A few notes will be given to help you.

Try to picture the serious condition of the Israelites. These Midianites from the desert were not making a regular conquest, it would seem, but were making life and property unsafe by continuous raids upon the land, similar to what was often done to white settlers by the Indians, in the early days of the United States and Canada. The people might sow their seed, but were never sure of the harvest. Where do we first see Gideon? Why was he there?

How did the Lord test this young farmer, to show whether he was a worthy leader? Judges 6:25-32. That was almost a harder job than fighting the Midianites, for it meant making his own family and friends his enemies. But people who are willing to risk their lives in doing what needs to be done are about the only people that God can really use. Missionary Volunteers need to remember this.

Why didn't the Lord want too many to go into the fight? Judges 7:2. How were the cowards sifted out? How was the number further reduced? Can you tell why the men who lapped the water from one hand were more dependable than those who got down on their knees to drink?

What a strange attack! It was made at night when the enemies were sound asleep. Imagine the fright of the Midianites when suddenly those torches flared up and those three hundred trumpets began to sound. "When the war cry woke the echoes in the still night air, the Midianites awoke to find themselves apparently in the presence of a mighty army. For every brandished torch their terror-stricken imagination pictured a whole company of soldiers. One look was enough. As one man they turned and fled."

And now comes the hardest thing of all—the refusal to be king. How many of us would refuse to accept some high office? It seems that Gideon's question was not, "What would I like to have or do?" but, "What is God's will?" And after all isn't that the difference between a Christian and one who is not?

Strong but Wrong

"Just feel my muscle," says John, as he boasts of his strength. I think it is all right for a boy to be proud of his physical strength, and to think so much of it that he won't injure it by cigarettes or any other body-destroying habit. I think the Lord is pleased with the strong muscles and healthy vigor of young people, for he says, "The glory of young men is their strength." Prov. 20:29.

While the story of Samson is very interesting, it is really a very sad story. The Lord's people were oppressed by the Philistines, and it was his purpose to begin to deliver the Israelites from their oppression, by the hands of Samson. But, in spite of the Lord's blessing upon him, he did not have a very high idea of proper conduct. He cared more, it would seem, for his own selfish pleasure, and used his great strength selfishly. How different from Gideon!

Samson was a Nazarite; that is, one especially consecrated to God. (This word has no connection at all with Nazareth.) The law of the Nazarites is found in Num. 6:1-21. They were, (1) to abstain from wine, (2) not to cut their hair, and (3) to avoid all ceremonial uncleanness.

But Samson was not true to his vows, and his great physical weakness after his hair was cut is a good illustration of our moral and spiritual weakness when we disobey the Lord.

A Young Woman Who Was Unselfish

The beautiful story of Ruth has charmed the hearts of old and young ever since it was written. Be sure to look up Moab on the map, and see where it was that Elimelech moved to with his family. They were really in a foreign country, for the Moabites were not Israelites; nor did they worship the true God. But these young women that the sons of Elimelech and Naomi married must have learned to worship the true God. They may have accepted the truth before they were married; and Ruth, anyway, held out faithfully, didn't she?

What sorrow must have been Naomi's. Her husband and her sons had died; and now she decided to return to the land of her people. She seemed to think that her daughters-in-law would prefer to stay with their own people. But no; Ruth was determined to go with her and to worship only the true God, even though it meant leaving her kinsfolk behind. How touching are her words of determination and consecration: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

How she was so true and faithful to her husband's mother and how the Lord greatly blessed her is brought out in the story. They were poor, for Ruth went gleanng after the reapers. There she was recognized by Boaz as an exceptional woman. Neither misfortune nor poverty can hide real beauty of character.

Boaz loved Ruth and wanted to make her his wife, but in that country it was a custom that the nearest relative to a man should buy his land and marry his widow, and there was another of nearer kin than Boaz. This man said he could not perform the part of a kinsman, so Ruth became the wife of Boaz, and a good home and comfort came to Ruth and Naomi.

Do you know that this faithful Moabite girl became an ancestress of Jesus? The son of Boaz and Ruth was Obed, the grandfather of King David.

All this happened at Bethlehem, the city of David, where Jesus was born. And isn't it wonderful to think that Jesus, when a boy, read and appreciated this beautiful story? And when he left to go back to heaven, he told his people to take the gospel to all the people everywhere who do not know the true God, for many more he knew would, like Ruth, become true worshipers. That is why we are Christians, for our forefathers were heathen at one time. And that is why we give our money and ourselves to send the gospel to the heathen.

M. E. K.



XII — Paul's Further Ministry

(March 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 21:1-17.
 MEMORY VERSE: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. 6:14.

Questions

1. At what three places did Paul stop after leaving Miletus? Acts 21:1. Note 1.

2. What transfer did they make at Patara? Verse 2.
3. What large island did they see on the left? In what country did they land? At what seaport? Why did they stop in this city? Verse 3. Note 2.
4. Whom did they find in Tyre? How long did Paul and his companions stay there? What did these disciples say to Paul? What authority did they have for such advice? Verse 4.
5. Who went with the missionaries to the ship when they left? What was done before they parted? Verse 5. Note 3.
6. To what places did each company go after they separated? Verse 6.
7. At what city did Paul next land? How long did he stay? Verse 7. Note 4.
8. To what port did Paul's company then come? In whose house were they entertained? Who was this Philip? Verse 8. Note 5.
9. How many daughters had Philip? What gift of the Holy Spirit was given them? Verse 9.
10. How long did the missionaries remain in Cæsarea? Who visited them from Judea? Verse 10.
11. What did Agabus do and say? Verse 11.
12. What did all beseech Paul not to do? Verse 12. Note 6.
13. What question did Paul ask them? For what did he say he was ready? Verse 13.
14. What memorable words did Paul write which showed the spirit in which he worked? Gal. 6:14.
15. Why did the brethren stop entreating him? What did they say? Acts 21:14. Note 7.
16. From Cæsarea where did Paul's company go? Who went with them? How was a home provided for them in Jerusalem? Verses 15, 16. Note 8.
17. How were they received by the brethren there? Verse 17.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. Trace on the map Paul's journey from Miletus to Cæsarea.
2. What characteristics of Paul do you find in this lesson?
3. What other women than Philip's four daughters do we find in the Bible to have had the gift of prophecy?

Notes

1. Coos was about forty miles south of Miletus. It is a small island about twenty-three miles long. It had a city by the same name.
- Rhodes was fifty miles from Coos. As Paul entered the harbor of the city of Rhodes, he could see the ruins of the Colossus of Rhodes. This was the figure of a man made of brass, one hundred feet high. The vessels of that time could sail between the legs. It had been destroyed long before Paul's day. It is said the climate of Rhodes was such that the sun shone every day.
- Patara was a city in Lycia near the mouth of the river Xanthus.
2. Tyre was a large commercial city in northern Palestine. It was about three hundred and fifty miles from Patara.
3. Though Paul was such a great man, yet the children loved him. They went with their parents to the ship, where all bade him farewell.
4. Ptolemais is now called Acre. It is between thirty and forty miles from Ptolemais to Cæsarea.
5. This Philip was one of the seven deacons, not one of the twelve apostles. It was he who preached in Samaria, and who met and baptized the eunuch. He had four unmarried daughters who had the gift of prophecy.
6. The Christians in Tyre begged Paul not to throw away his life. The apostle had to decide whether he was ready to face the persecution before him. But he did not count his life dear, and his only object in living was to finish his work faithfully.
7. No doubt it was a very sad party that set forth for Jerusalem. Paul knew that his friends were few, his enemies many, in that city. There he would meet those who hated the Son of God, those who had slain him, and who would put to death those who loved him. But Paul remembered the time when he felt as they, and he pitied them in their blindness.
8. The word "carriages" as used in verse 15, means baggage, according to our present way of speaking. See Revised Version.

"It was the custom of the Phenicians, when executing prisoners of rank who had committed crimes against the state, to fasten the culprit with golden chains to a stake. Then one of the royal elephants, trained for the work of execution, was led out. The enormous beast would place a foot upon the malefactor and slowly crush him to death.

"The love of money is a golden chain that is holding hundreds of persons to the things of this world. Unless they break away, nothing can save them from being crushed by it."

The Youth's Instructor

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"Take My Hand"

"TAKE my hand," says little grandchild,
As she presses to my side;
And I clasp quite close her fingers,
That no ill may her betide.

Then her voice, late full of tremor,
Takes on firmer, stronger sound,
As she, guided by her grandpa,
Safely treads uneven ground.

Is there not in this a lesson
That each child of God may know,
As he safely walks with Jesus,
While his faith and love e'er grow?

Take my hand, O blessed Master,
Hold it ever firm and fast,
That my steps may never falter
Till I find my home at last.

C. P. BOLLMAN.

Wild Oats

UNCULTIVATED and untrained, the wild oat, springing up in the midst of a mass of thorns and poisonous weeds to fight its way nearer the sun, is not infrequently overwhelmed by the superior array of the enemy. Their healthy branches crowd in around the tender-leaved plant, and the precious rays of the sun, needed for growth, are kept back. Gradually the presumptuous little oat begins to wither and pale. Its death needs no prediction.

"Oh, let him alone," exclaims a father; "he is just sowing his wild oats!"

"Just sowing!" He speaks as if this sowing *must* come in the life of every person. If one sows and comes back to the right path, all right; if not,—well, "it just couldn't be helped."

A man once made his son drive a nail in a post every time he committed a certain wrong act. The post fairly bristled with nails for a few weeks. Soon, however, as he began to overcome, the boy started to pull them out. Finally all the nails were out.

"Very good, my son," praised his happy father, looking at the post from which all the nails had been removed.

"Yes," admitted the boy, "but the holes are still there."

Professor James, a psychologist of world-wide fame, writes in one of his books:—

"Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well, he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. *Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out.*"

The boy was right; the holes could not be taken out of the post. As this is true, just so is the fact a thousand times more true that impressions left by these "wild-oat" periods can never be erased. More accurate than any man-made machine is this God-made machine which registers and stores up for future use every act, deed, and emotion, whether good or bad.

No parent will speak indifferently of this subject if the essence of what Professor James wrote is understood. Instead, he will become more vigilant in behalf of the child.

Serious consideration should be given to the eliminating of the "wild-oat" period, for figuratively speaking, it is placing a sailboat on the sea without a sailor on board to direct it. Thousands never survive this wild streak, for the allurements drag them on and on until it is too late to turn back.

Playing with fire is dangerous, and some philosopher has said, "*Never!*"

LOUIS GLANVILLE STEVENS.

Pet Flying Squirrels

A FRIEND of mine found four young flying squirrels in a flicker's nest. He put them into a box full of cotton, and fed them warm milk with a medicine dropper.

The second night he heard a curious noise in the room where they were. Turning on the light, he found the mother squirrel by the box. She had come in through the half-open window. He stood perfectly still, and watched her. She gave a little whimpering noise, and immediately from out of the box popped one of the baby squirrels. When he saw his mother, he lay flat down on his back and reached up his little paws; and, as she stood over him, he clasped them around her, and immediately my friend saw one of his pet squirrels disappearing up the wall toward the open space in the window. He ran out to stop them; but, as he reached the door, he saw the mother squirrel, with her baby clasped tightly around her, scurry up the nearest tree and from the very top skim through the air in a long diagonal flight, which brought her to the foot of the next tree. Before he could reach her she was up that one and flying to another. In a minute she was out of sight.

He went back, thinking that anyway he had three other squirrels left. When he looked into the box, however, he found it empty. The mother squirrel had already rescued the first three of her family before he came, and the one he saw going off with her was the last of the litter.—*Christian Endeavor World.*