

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXV

May 1, 1917

No. 18



"BUT WINTER LINGERING CHILLS THE LAP OF MAY"

FROM HERE AND THERE

In 1916 a woman, Miss Margaret Knight, took out eighty-nine patents in this country.

Congress has finally passed the "Smith-Hughes Act," which provides federal aid for vocational education.

Geologists have estimated that one deposit of soda in British East Africa contains more than 200,000,000 tons.

The United States has recognized the provisional government in Russia, and is the first of the neutral nations to do so.

Virgin Islands is to be the name of the Danish West Indies for the present. It is hoped that later the name may be changed to Dewey Islands.

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, was recently awarded in New York the Civic Forum Gold Medal for distinguished public service. Only two others hold this medal, Major-General Goethals and Thomas A. Edison.

What is to be the largest power dam in the country is now under construction in Nevada County, California. Stretching across a narrow gorge called Emigrant Gap, this dam will block up sufficient water to create an artificial lake nearly thirty square miles in area. What was once a miniature, lazy stream will thus be converted into a mighty lake.

The "Independent" credits four good deeds to Nicholas Romanoff when he was czar of Russia. These are, the calling of The Hague Conference, the first calling of the representatives of the people to assemble in a Duma; the banishing of vodka from Russia on the outbreak of the war; and his resignation of the rulership of his country for himself and son.

The woman suffrage advocates in the State of Maine have won a fight of nearly forty years for the submission of the suffrage question to a popular vote. The senate, acting in concurrence with the house, passed unanimously a resolution providing for a special election on September 10, to act on the adoption of a constitutional amendment granting suffrage to women.

That the government may, if necessary, immediately avail itself of the services of the senior students now pursuing technical and scientific courses in the universities and colleges of the United States, the Civil Service Commission, as a part of its campaign for workers, is calling upon the heads of these institutions to permit such students needed by the government as will be graduated at the end of the school year to receive their diplomas at once.

Already the aeroplane is successfully used to detect forest fires and so help to conserve our supply of timber. Further pacific uses are indicated in the annual report of the work of the Coast Guard, which states that aeroplanes could frequently carry a life-line to wrecks occurring too far off the shore to be reached with the line-throwing gun. "There is no doubt that the use of aircraft will, moreover, greatly facilitate the vitally important work of finding derelicts soon after they are first reported, and removing them from the paths of commerce."

Two French chemists, François Lebreil and Raoul Desgeorge, conceived an idea whereby milk may be made to yield a fabric which may be converted into clothing and ornaments. The curds of the milk are subjected to a chemical treatment by means of which the mass is converted into a plastic substance that may be rolled into sheets resembling celluloid, from which buttons and other articles, such as combs, umbrella handles, bric-a-brac, and even imitation leather, may be made, all of which are of attractive appearance and of excellent wearing qualities.

On March 30, the first step in the direction of the democratization of Germany was taken by the adoption in the Reichstag, by a vote of 277 to 38, of a measure providing for the appointment of a constitutional committee of twenty-eight members. This committee is to revise the constitution of the empire. The vote was taken after a protracted debate, the keynote of which was that Germany must not remain behind the great states of the world in the political progress of democracy and freedom.

"The Chinese have a rule that all debts must be settled on or before their New Year's Day, and there is no more honest race in the world than the Chinese. This pay-up day of theirs is one reason for the general integrity of the race. The lack of a pay-up day or week in many lives accounts for much petty dishonesty. The tinker, the tailor, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, all suffer from the men who do not pay their bills promptly."

The new Russian government has granted to Finland complete self-government according to the Finnish constitution of 1812, which the czar abrogated, and for the renewal of which the Finns have been struggling for many years. First steps to free Jews in Russia from disabilities from which they have long suffered have been taken by the removal of educational restrictions in schools and colleges.

On March 28 woman suffrage was defeated in the British House of Commons, though Premier Lloyd-George and former Premier Asquith expressed themselves strongly in favor of it. The French government has supported a bill giving municipal ballots to women over thirty; Holland, at the door of war, has moved toward equal franchise; and Canada has enfranchised the women of five of her nine provinces.

The New Hampshire House of Representatives has passed a bill, 192 to 172, to establish State-wide prohibition May 1, 1918. The bill must be approved by the House committee on appropriations, because of a provision for the appointment of a board to enforce the law, before it goes to the Senate.

The New Mexico Legislature has passed a bill submitting a State-wide prohibition amendment to the voters on Nov. 7, 1917. If the voters favor this, it will become law on Jan. 1, 1918.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Ten Years Ago	4
Patrick the Scot, and Columba of Ireland	5
A History of the "Youth's Instructor"	7
Pond Scum	9
Our Father's House	10
Sowed Pennies; Harvested Dollars for Jesus	13
SELECTIONS	
An African Prince in America	3
Learning to Choose	6
Setting the Clock Forward	8
Seeing and Knowing God	12
What Did the Arab Mean?	12

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 1, 1917

No. 18

An African Prince in America

ONCE upon a time—nearly two hundred years ago—a black boy, the son of a powerful chief, was living in western Africa.

The boy was happy in his wild life; he feasted on the ripe fruits growing about him; he played with his friends; he did not know hunger or cold. When the day grew hot and the sunshine seemed to caress all the land about him, it spoke in its own way to the Negro lad, saying, "Rest; there is no need for work or worry." Then the boy would stretch himself in some shady spot under the trees and sleep till a cool breeze came to wake him. Life was joyous in those care-free days.

When the boy had grown to be a strong young man, his father's warriors went to attack a neighboring tribe. When they came home from battle, they brought some captives to be slaves of their ruler. "You shall have these in your charge," the chief told his son.

As it happened, the youth had heard that a ship was lying off the near-by coast. It had come from a country of white men, and its captain had great stores of gaudy trinkets.

The story had spread that this captain offered some of the trinkets to any one who would bring him some black slaves. He wished to carry a cargo of them back to America, to work on the plantations there.

"I will take my captives to the American captain," decided the chief's son.

Accordingly, the band of slaves was driven to the coast. The captain looked them over and agreed to buy them. How the youth's heart must have leaped for gladness over his new riches! Such beautiful shining jewelry he now had! What were a few slaves compared with the splendor in which he could now array himself?

"Would you not like to examine my ship?" the captain asked. The offer was too good to pass by, and the chief's son went eagerly on board, where he looked with wonder at the rigging of the vessel.

"You must dine with me before going back to shore," said the captain, leading his visitor to a table laden with dainties such as the youth had never dreamed of. Best of all, perhaps, were the strange drinks. They made him feel so delightfully drowsy that he soon gave himself up to sleep.

The next thing he knew was that he was chained to one of the very men whom he had sold, and that the vessel was bearing him away from home, on its way to the United States. He was a prisoner! Never again would he wander among the palm groves of West Africa nor share in the wild, free life of his tribe. Ahead of him, for the rest of his days, was work—the work of a slave for his master.

After he landed in this country, he was purchased by a Virginia planter who admired the tall, straight figure of the young Negro, and felt that he was well worth the sum demanded for him.

The African chief's son had much to learn in his new home. To begin with, there was the strange English language, to which he never became quite accustomed. As long as he lived, he often fell back into the

speech of his own people. Then, too, he was now taught a new religion.

"At any rate," he promised himself, "I will keep the feast days to which I have been used," and he kept the promise faithfully till he died.

As the years passed by, this slave grew to be an old man, with children and grandchildren. They, in their turn, had children and grandchildren. At length, on Aug. 26, 1867, on a big plantation in Virginia, a Negro baby was born who was the direct descendant of the young African prince whose story has just been told.

The baby's parents, who bore the name of Moton, had been set free at the end of the Civil War two years before. Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn, with whom they now lived, were very kind to them, and at the time their little Robert was born his father was a foreman on the plantation, while his mother was cook in the master's fine home.

While she was baking snowy rolls and frying chickens in the big fireplace, she still had time to think of the knowledge possessed by her master and his family. She herself had, in some way, learned to read, and discovered how good it was to *learn!* And so, when bright little Robert was old enough, she began to give him lessons. She did not tell her mistress, however. "Miss Lucy," she said to herself, "would not like it."

One night as she sat in her cabin patiently teaching her son, Mrs. Vaughn suddenly appeared in the doorway. The colored woman started to hide the book, but her husband would not let her do so.

"We are free," he said. "If Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn are not willing to have Robert learn to read, we will get work somewhere else."

To the Motons' surprise, however, "Miss Lucy" was greatly pleased. "I will see that you have help," she told Robert's mother. "After this my daughter Molly shall teach your son regularly."

The promise was kept, and for one precious hour each day the boy was taught by the young girl.

Robert was brought up so well by his parents that the Vaughns soon made him a "house boy," and now he, too, had a chance to study the ways of "de quality." When he was older, he said that what he learned in that household was of great service to him ever afterward.

When Robert had grown into a tall, sturdy young man, he showed himself so wise and straightforward that other colored workmen around him began to go to him for advice. They respected him all the more because he had gained quite a little "book knowledge," while they were, for the most part, ignorant.

He seemed to have so much understanding that some of his friends urged him to run for the legislature. Another friend, however, a Negro schoolmaster, said: "Seek something better yet. Get a good education. You can do this by going to Hampton Institute."

But how could he, a poor man, go to Hampton?

"The way is easy," he was told. "If you have no money, you can work your way through that school."

And only think! A man can be trained there in anything he wishes, from blacksmithing to teaching."

"I will go," decided the young man, and he started for Hampton, from which Booker T. Washington had been graduated only a few years before.

Robert was eighteen years old when he appeared at the institute. His bright face and manly appearance made him readily accepted, and he began his studies at once, together with regular work in the sawmill. The long hours of study and work and the simple fare must have seemed hard at first. More than once young Moton must have longed for the dainties his mother had prepared on the plantation. But knowledge was better than rich food and easy hours.

Even in the summer vacations this student was not idle. Then he acted as waiter in a hotel or as janitor of a large building; he was never too proud to do any honest work.

In 1890 he was graduated from the institute, which he had come to love dearly.

Then what? "I should like to study law," he decided. A white lawyer was so interested in him that he gave him what help he could; but Robert Russa Moton was needed for a special work among his own people.

"Come back to Hampton," soon came the call, "and be a teacher here where you have studied."

The call was accepted. At Hampton, Mr. Moton soon became Major Moton, for the young men there are under military discipline, and Robert was placed in charge of a battalion made up of six companies of Negro and Indian students.

Many years passed in which Major Moton worked faithfully, helping the president, Dr. Frissell, with all his heart and strength. He clearly saw the needs of the young Negro men in his charge. They must love work as well as knowledge. They must hate no one, black or white. They must take delight in serving others. In the meantime, Major Moton did not forget that the parents and grandparents of these students had been slaves, and had been looked after by their masters as closely as if they were children. Now that every Negro was free to make of himself what he would, he must learn how to use his freedom.

"I will do my best," thought this wise teacher, "to make my pupils feel this."

You have no doubt heard of the Hampton singers who often leave the institute to give concerts in other places. People are always glad to hear the old plantation songs and hymns sung by their rich voices. Sometimes during the past years Major Moton has traveled with the singers, taking the place of Dr. Frissell in telling of the work done at Hampton. One time a lady came to him at the end of the entertainment and said, "I can't tell you, Dr. Frissell, how much I enjoyed your account of the work at Hampton." Major Moton instantly answered with a happy smile. "I am very glad you are interested madam," he said, "but I am not Dr. Frissell. He is a blond, while, as you see, I am a brunette."

You can judge from this that Major Moton likes a joke, even though it be about his own black skin.

During his life at Hampton he did a great deal of outside work. One of the most important things was the founding of a society for Virginia Negroes, by which they might help each other toward better health and better schools and farms.

So faithful has this teacher been that in May, 1916, he was called to a still larger work. Booker T. Washington, head of Tuskegee Institute, had died. Who,

among his own race, was able to fill his place? Robert Russa Moton was the answer.

When the choice was made, the best friends of the colored people were very glad. Even President Wilson wrote to congratulate Major Moton, saying he was sure the new head of Tuskegee would bring out the best qualities in those under his care.

From the very start, when Major Moton first stood before the teachers and students of Tuskegee and they listened with tear-filled eyes as he begged them to help him keep alive the spirit of Booker T. Washington's work, he has not faltered. With firm faith in God's guidance and in his help for those willing to help themselves, Major Moton is bound to succeed.

"Be brave," he has always taught his people. "Respect yourselves, and others will respect you."—*Mary Hazelton Wade, in Everyland.*

Live in the Work

WE must live in our work to do it well;
We must dwell in its spirit and bow to its spell;
We must love it and know it to make it count;
We must feel it and trust it before we mount;
We must get from it comfort and pleasure and rest:
We must live in our work if we'd do it the best.

And, ah, there is something to gain from it all,
In spite of the shadows and sorrows that fall;
Something of beauty and cheer and content
Out of the struggle, if over it bent,
We live in it largely and draw from its heat
The joy and the gladness, the fervor and sweet.

We must live in our work, we must know what it means
To give our whole souls to it—whether it's jeans
Or velvets or satins in which we must toil,
Whether the shop or the mill or the soil,
Whether the green country lane or the mart,
We do the work best when we give it a heart.

—*Bentztown Bard.*

Ten Years Ago

I HAD spoken on the subject of prayer and faith. Many seemed impressed, and when an opportunity was given for testimonies, an old brother arose and said:

"I know that God does hear and answer prayer. I once had a striking demonstration of his power. Ten years ago our little child was taken very sick. Every remedy was tried, but he grew worse. The doctor finally told us he saw no hope of the child's recovery. With breaking hearts we knelt around the bed, and prayed that the Lord would heal our boy and restore him to us. Almost instantly the answer came, and he was soon well and strong."

The first thought that flashed into my mind was, "Ten years ago!" How long a time to look back for a striking experience of answered prayer! And yet how many of us know such experiences only at the great crises of our lives. Some great emergency, some affliction or bereavement, drives us to God in earnest supplication. And then how we rejoice, in the midst of our surprise, to see that mysterious power working out so easily and quickly what an hour before seemed so hopeless and impossible.

Why wait ten years to give God a chance? Why wait till another great crisis? Why not open the way by earnest prayer for the Lord to manifest his power today, to save and bless and heal?

MEADE MACGUIRE.

"EACH for himself" is the motto of anarchy. It may also serve aristocracy and royalty. "Each for all and all for each" is the motto of American progress.—*Leslie Willis Sprague.*

Patrick the Scot, and Columba of Ireland

W. A. SPICER

From Slave Boy to Missionary Apostle

THE most interesting memorial of the beginning of Christian work in Ireland is Slemish Mountain, looming up amid the Antrim hills. Here it was that Patrick led his flocks in ancient days. Then Ireland was mostly a wild tangle of forest. Now the mountain sides slope down into well-cultivated valleys, beautiful in the bright green of the Emerald Isle.

The name of Patrick has come to stand for all that is intensely Roman Catholic. As a matter of fact, he was never a Roman Catholic at all. It was long after his death that he was made a Catholic, and put in the calendar of "saints."

About the year 411 a band of Irish pirates swept down upon the Scottish coast, south of the Solway, pillaging, slaughtering, and taking captives. Young Patrick, the son of Christian parents, was then carried away into slavery. The lad was set to herding his pagan master's swine and cattle amid the hills of Antrim.

His sad lot was turned to his soul's profit, however. "I was sixteen years old," he wrote, "and I knew not the true God; but in a strange land the Lord brought me to the sense of my unbelief, so that, although late, I minded me of my sins, and turned with my whole heart to the Lord my God." After six years of slavery he escaped, and made his way to his own home. But the herdboys had already begun his missionary training on the slopes of Slemish. He could not forget the darkness and ignorance of the land of his captivity, where he himself had given his heart in loneliness to God. As he meditated upon it, he imagined voices crying to him across the sea, as Paul in vision heard the call from the coast of Macedonia. The cry from the Irish coast rang in his ears, "We beseech thee, child of God, come and again walk among us."

Fearless for the Gospel

Yielding to the missionary call, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, Patrick entered upon his life work in Ireland. He knew the language of the people. He preached the word, and pleaded with souls to receive it. Converts began to gather round him. Druidism was the religion of the land. The chief seat of this nature worship was the royal capital on the hill of Tara, in Meath. There Patrick appeared one day, on the great spring sun festival of Easter, and preached the gospel before the king in his own halls. Arrayed about were the druid priests and ancient bards, who would gladly have put him to death, no doubt, had they not been restrained. There has survived a hymn, said to have been composed by Patrick as he prepared to face this great crisis in his early work. It is a prayer to God. "At Tara today, in this awful hour," he pleads:—

"Christ be beside me
On left hand and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me!
Christ this day be within and without me!
Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ, the all-powerful, be
In the heart of each to whom I speak.
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me!

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With Christ the Omnipotent Word."

The Work of Patrick

He was delivered in that day, and lived to see the power of the druid worship shattered in all Ireland. No doubt Patrick's view of truth was much obscured by tradition; but we are apt to do him injustice because of the fables and inventions by which later Romish writers covered the real Patrick. All the evidence goes to show him a preacher of the Word, holding no allegiance to Romish authority. He reduced the ancient Irish language to writing, and gave the people the Scriptures. He established schools, which became centers of missionary activity. Irish missionaries went out into Scotland and northern Europe, founding churches so free from tradition that Rome found them dangerous rivals, never ceasing until she had overcome and ruined them.

The True Sabbath

The historian of the Celtic church, Skene, traces the Sabbath keeping of the later times in Scotland to this early Irish church, founded by Patrick. He says that the later generations in north Britain "seem to have followed a custom of which we find traces in the early monastic church of Ireland, by which they held Saturday to be the Sabbath, on which they rested from all their labors."

The history of those early times is obscure. It was written by those steeped in Romish tradition. But it is evident from Skene's testimony that as yet the primitive north British church had not lost the knowledge of the Sabbath, and Patrick, as he went over to Ireland from Britain, taught Sabbath rest by the fourth commandment to the people of Ireland as they forsook their native pagan worship. With his teaching, no doubt, were mingled elements of weakness; for the leaven of ecclesiasticism had early worked out into the remotest bounds.

There is now a great statue of Patrick on the hill of Tara, where once the druid altars blazed. It shows him with crook and miter and bishop's cape—a typical saint of Rome's creation. I prefer as his memorial the green hill of Slemish, where a slave boy's troubled heart was touched with a sense of God's mercy and forgiveness. That was the Patrick who preached the word of salvation through all Ireland so long ago. It is the same word that Erin needs today.

The Apostle to the Picts and Scots

Southern Scotland gave Patrick to Ireland to be first a herdboys in slavery, and then the missionary apostle to the Irish people. A generation or two later Ireland gave one of its princely sons to be an apostle to the fierce Picts and Scots of northern Scotland.

Columba was born in 521, about thirty years after Patrick's death. He was of a ruling clan in Ireland, an O'Neill. Getting into the schools that Patrick had founded, his heart was fired with the missionary zeal which he found in them. He started out to plant other schools in the wilderness. At first these schools were evidently but Bible training schools. They were industrial schools also; for when Columba founded his first one in wild Derry, by the northwestern sea, he had to cut down the oaks and build his new school from the ground up.

These schools later grew into severely monastic institutions of the Romish sort. No doubt in the time

of Patrick and Columba there was a tendency setting in strongly toward monasticism; but there is evidence that it was by no means as strong as the Romanist writers have made out. We must remember that the chronicles of those times were written long after by men who had every reason to make these early pioneers appear as Catholic as possible.

Columba's heart always clung to his first school settlement, which has grown into the modern city of Londonderry. "My Derry, my fair oak grove," he sings in one of his poems. He planted other school centers in Ireland,—

"But sweeter and fairer to me,
The salt sea where the sea gulls cry,
When I come to Derry from far."

The missionary fire was in his soul, however, and across the salt sea to the northward he knew that the wild Picts and Scots of north Britain and the western isles were living in darkness and ignorance. So he exiled himself from his native land, and founded an independent missionary center on the island of Iona, just off the Scottish coast. For thirty-four years he and his missionary band wrought among the pagan clansmen, planting churches and schools in all the land to the utmost bounds of Scotland. Scottish missionaries were sent out into western Europe, joining those from Ireland in preaching among the Gothic tribes, from the North Sea to the Alps and the Danube.

"Columba was fond of fine manuscripts, and during his last years spent much time in transcribing. On the day before his death he was at work upon the Psalter, and reached the end of a page with the words, 'They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.' 'Here,' he said, 'I must stop; let Baithene [his cousin and successor as abbot] do the rest.' . . .

"Columba was impulsive, and at times, perhaps, failed to curb an imperious temper. But his faults were those of his race, and were lightly regarded in his time. He was emphatically a man of action, born to lead and also to win. Adamnan describes him as gentle in countenance, 'of polished speech, holy in work, of most excellent disposition, great in counsel. . . . He was dear to all, always showing a cheerful, holy face, and was gladdened in his inmost heart by the joy of the Holy Spirit.'"

Turned Away from the Sabbath

As Rome gathered power, this early work was largely spoiled. There was constant effort to break down the ancient churches in Britain, and with too great success. Farthest of all from Rome's influence in Britain were the churches that had descended from those founded by Columba in northern Scotland. When Margaret came to the Scottish throne in 1069 as wife of King Malcolm, she found the peasant churches quite out of harmony with the Roman practice.

She was a Saxon princess from England, and an ardent Catholic. She was shocked by the simplicity and plainness of the Scottish services. She urged the placing of crucifixes in the churches. Strangest of all to her was the practice among the northern churches of working on Sunday and keeping the Sabbath.

Says Skene, the Scottish historian: "They held that Saturday was, properly, the Sabbath, on which they abstained from work." He traces this respect for God's Sabbath to the teaching of Columba and the practice of the early Irish church.

Queen Margaret argued long about this with the Scottish church leaders. Her royal husband, Malcolm, called them in and translated for her. They spoke only the ancient Gaelic. She declared that the

"blessed Pope Gregory" commanded rest on Sunday. And so he had, for Sabbath keepers had been troubling him in Constantinople and the East. By her royal authority and by studied efforts to Romanize the churches of Scotland, Queen Margaret turned the people away from the Sabbath.

Learning to Choose

It was when I was about fifteen that I learned a valuable lesson. I had been invited to visit our rich aunt in a large city. We lived in town, but I had never even seen the glories of Cleveland, which was sixty miles from us. And now I was to go there for a long, happy month. In the midst of preparation came a letter from Great-aunt Keziah, asking if I couldn't come and spend the summer with her. Aunt Keziah was old and "failing." She lived in a tiny vine-covered house in the country. I had spent many happy summer days there when I was a little child. That was when Aunt Keziah was strong and well. She made much of me, and I was very fond of her. Then she had a bad fall one winter, and had been feeble since. She needed some one to stay with her. If I failed her that summer, the children would insist that she go to stay with one of them.

"Mother, must I go?" I cried, rebelliously.

"Certainly not," said mother. "If you go, it must be your own free choice."

At first I felt a great lightening of spirits because mother had said, "Certainly not." I could go to Cleveland to Aunt Edith's luxurious home, after all. But the satisfaction did not last long. I kept thinking how Aunt Keziah would mourn to be taken from her flowers. When winter came, it would not be so bad for her to come to town to one of her children, but she loved that wonderful, old-fashioned garden so!

"Mother," I said, coming in from an uncomfortable walk, "why don't you say I must go?"

"No, I cannot," said mother. "You must not go unless you would rather go there than to Aunt Edith's."

"Rather! Oh, mother, you know I wouldn't."

"Then, why are you still troubled about it?"

"I know I ought to go to Aunt Keziah's."

"Would you rather do what you know you ought, or not? Child, you are at a place in life where another cannot decide for you. It would be more comfortable for you if I should say you must or must not go. If I sent you, your going would be worth nothing. If you are big enough to choose to go, to *want* to go, to be happier if you go than if you do not, then you are a gainer in ways more than you can understand."

I didn't quite understand. But I got a glimpse of it. I must not depend on people or circumstances to force me along a way. I must choose. At the very time I needed it most, when womanhood was opening before me, I learned to weigh the two alternatives and choose. I went to Aunt Keziah's. When I think of it now, my heart still warms with a glow of thankfulness. I had a beautiful summer. One day in autumn Aunt Keziah could not rise in the morning. The neighbors sent for her children. There, in her own little house, with her trees and flowers about her, she said farewell to earth's scenes. And one of the last things she said was when she patted my hand and whispered: "Haven't we had a lovely summer, child?"

And because of what mother taught me about choice that day, I have made other choices that today fill my heart with quiet gladness, such as I feel at the memory of that summer with Aunt Keziah.—*Jane West, in Christian Advocate.*

A History of the "Youth's Instructor"

SOLICITUDE for our young people early fell upon the hearts and shoulders of the pioneers in our work. This interest was manifested in the publication of a paper for the children and youth, known as the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. Elder James White was the editor, manager, and financial supporter for several years, though the paper made its appearance under the fostering care of the *Review*, whose editor was Elder White, and its publishing committee, Elders Joseph Bates, J. N. Andrews, and Joseph Baker.

The *INSTRUCTOR* is sixty-four years and nine months old, having come into the world in August, 1852, at Rochester, New York. The paper has had three homes, having removed from Rochester to Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1855, and from there to Washington, D. C., in 1903.

The paper has had a varied experience as to size, subscription price, editorial service, and frequency of publication. Its size has varied from $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $10\frac{1}{8}$ to $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $15\frac{1}{4}$, oscillating from small size to large, and from large to small.

The *INSTRUCTOR* was first published as a monthly, then as a semimonthly, then as a monthly again. In 1879 a weekly as well as a monthly edition was issued. In December, 1880, the monthly edition was dropped. Since then the paper has been issued as a weekly. The subscription price has varied as follows: 25 cents, 36 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents, 38 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, 60 cents, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50. In 1858 the price was 36 cents, but when ordered for a friend it could be secured for 25 cents.

The paper in its inception certainly bore no taint of commercialism. This is evident from the first announcement of it in the *Review*, which contained the statement:

"If any have not the means to pay now, they should not wait one day on that account, but send for as many copies as they need, and pay when more convenient. And if any are unable to pay, we will cheerfully send it to them free of charge."

In the last issue of 1864, attention is called to the increased cost of the paper due to the war, but the publishers state:

"The price of the *INSTRUCTOR* for the next year will not be raised, only by those who choose to raise it to fifty cents. Let all who would esteem it a pleasure to do so, send fifty cents each. New subscribers, the poor, and all who choose to pay no more, can have the *INSTRUCTOR* for twenty-five cents a year."

So generously had our people rallied to the support of the *INSTRUCTOR* that when the seventh number came from the press, the publishers issued the statement that the expense of the paper had been met.

As stated in the first issue, the *INSTRUCTOR* was designed not only to be a benefit to small children, but "to give instruction to youth from sixteen to twenty years of age." Its main purpose seems to have been to furnish a means of giving Biblical instruction to the children and youth of the denomination. It offered the great incentive to the organization of Sabbath schools, because it contained the first printed Sabbath school lessons. In an announcement of the second number, the publishers said, "We recommend to all who have not established Sabbath schools to do so at once." This was desirable that all might receive the benefit of the Sabbath school lessons the paper contained.

Not until 1854 did the *INSTRUCTOR* bear the name of an editor of its own, though Elder White had been

serving as editor. In April of that year Miss Anna White, sister of Elder James White, was appointed editor, but after only a few months of service Miss White was compelled by illness to relinquish her work.

Miss Adelia P. Patten, later Mrs. I. D. Van Horn, was editor from July, 1864, to 1868. The list of editors runs as follows:

1852 Elder James White.
1854 Anna White.
1855 Elder James White.
1858 G. W. Amadon.
1864 Adelia P. Patten.
1869 G. H. Bell.
1871 Jennie R. Trembley.
1873 Jennie A. Merriam.
1875 Mrs. M. J. Chapman.
1878 Mrs. M. J. Chapman, Mary A. Davis.
1879 Mrs. W. C. White, Jennie A. Merriam.
1880 Jennie A. Merriam.
1882 Eva Bell.
1883 Eva Bell Giles, Adolph Oyen, Winnie Loughborough.
1884 Mrs. M. J. Chapman, Winnie Loughborough.
1890 Winnie Loughborough.

During the years '89, '92, '93, the name of no one stood as editor of the *INSTRUCTOR*, but instead, during a part of this time at least, the names of M. B. Duffie, P. T. Magan, J. O. Corliss, and Fannie Bolton appear in the prospectus as "editorial contributors," Mr. Duffie really serving as editor.

1894 Norris W. Lawrence.
1895 J. H. Durland, M. E. Kellogg.
1896 J. H. Durland, J. C. Bartholf.
1897 W. H. McKee, J. C. Bartholf.
1899 Adelaide Bee Cooper.
1904 Fannie M. Dickerson.

Mrs. Chapman and the present editor have had the honor of giving the longest term of service.

The *INSTRUCTOR* has always had friends outside the denomination; but the Temperance Annuals have done much to bring the paper to the notice and service of the temperance people of our country. There have been ten temperance numbers, the first issued in 1907. The circulation of these Temperance Annuals has increased from 55,000 to 410,000. The average yearly circulation of all these issues is somewhat over 230,000, while the total circulation has been 2,316,336. Considerably more than a million copies of the *INSTRUCTOR* were circulated in 1916. If the quality of the contents keeps step with the circulation, good must be accomplished by its weekly visits.

In 1907 the *INSTRUCTOR* was made the official organ of the Missionary Volunteer Department. Since that time, and for several years before, studies and programs for the Missionary Volunteer meetings have appeared in its columns. Its history at this time is laid bare because it has had the honor of serving the Department as its official organ.

The paper does not offer remuneration to contributors; but from all over the world come, gratis, contributions to its columns, articles that have required much time, strength, and research to write. The editor has frequently solicited exacting series of articles from persons bearing heavy responsibilities, and rarely have such refused to contribute, and then the refusal was from lack of time and not because there was to be no remuneration. The editor's chief concern is not to secure manuscript, but to find space for all the good articles that come unsolicited. It is marvelous, too, from what far corners of the earth contributions come.

The *INSTRUCTOR* has not had infallible editors or contributors, but on the whole its faults have been less, I think, than its virtues.

If those who have received definite help from the ministrations of the INSTRUCTOR would reveal that fact, the future policy of the paper might be so directed that greater good would be accomplished by its service.



A Hint to Swimmers

IN an address before the leading ear, nose, and throat specialists of the country, Dr. Hill Hastings of Los Angeles recently called attention to the danger of a person's swimming, and particularly diving, when he has a cold in the head. Comparatively few persons realize that it is dangerous, and many even believe that when they have recovered from a cold but are still annoyed by excessive thick secretions in the nose, they can find relief by diving or plunging the head under water. The purulent matter washed out is not only a danger to others, says Dr. Hastings, but the diver himself runs a risk of forcing some of the pus into his middle ear. Most specialists have observed that cases of mastoid abscess are common every summer during the swimming season. At the large ear, nose, and throat hospitals it is recognized that the swimming season invariably brings on "a crop of mastoids." The advice to keep out of the water until a "head cold" is entirely cleared up cannot be too strongly emphasized.—*Youth's Companion*.

Setting the Clock Forward

FOR eight years the subject of setting forward the hands of the clocks in England was agitated, and this last summer the support of the stock exchanges, railroads, public service corporations, and other business interests was obtained and the plan was adopted.

Last summer France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden fell into line, and all enjoy one more hour of daylight each afternoon.

In this country Cleveland and Detroit "set the clock forward," and so also did Halifax, Nova Scotia, and St. John, New Brunswick; but the plan can never become a success until it is universally adopted.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce Committee appointed to investigate the Longer Daylight Day Plan held a public hearing at which the large number present—representing many boards of trade and other business organizations—voted a resolution favoring the plan, and recommended that the question be submitted as a referendum to all the chambers of commerce by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America.

In New York the plan was recommended by the committee of the Merchants' Association for consideration as a national movement.

In Chicago the Association of Commerce has given the plan official indorsement, and many other large cities are expressing themselves in favor of the adoption of this plan.

Three plans are offered, either of which will provide for a longer daylight day for at least part of the year.

One is to set forward all timepieces one hour each year from March 1 to September 1.

The second is to set them forward two hours during that same period.

The third is to set them forward one hour for all time.

There will, of course, be a little confusion incident to such a change, but by the third plan it could occur but once. In many ways this seems the best plan.

Think of the decrease of expense of lighting our homes, places of business, and streets! Think, too, of the conservation of our eyesight.

Home makers will be quick to see the advantage of an extra hour of daylight, for by the time luncheon has been cleared away, the children prepared for the afternoon session of school, the dress changed and hair tidied up and sewing materials collected, it is possibly two o'clock, but more probably nearer three before sewing can be begun, and very shortly it becomes necessary to resort to artificial light. If the home maker is fortunate enough to have caught up with her sewing, she may wish to read, to study, to play the piano, or to paint, but every one of these pursuits requires a close focus of the eyes.

In every school we see numbers of small children who wear glasses, and we are informed that the old-time kerosene light was not so detrimental to the eyes as the present artificial light. If the children used their eyes one hour less by artificial light each day, the result would soon be manifest.

To such invalids as require a large amount of out-of-door aid, and to convalescents, the adoption of this proposed plan would prove a blessing, as it is a well-established fact that sunshine and pure air are the most powerful elements of healing.

Four hundred settlements in this country provide recreation for children in congested districts, and five hundred school centers provide amusement for children who work during the day. Instructors and settlement workers agree that the out-of-door recreation is of far greater value than the indoor.

In congested districts the artificial lighting is often of the poorest quality, and very trying for the woman who must sew or the child who would study or read.

The supply of coal, the basis of all gas and electrical lighting, is limited, and in time will have become exhausted, so it behooves us to consider the welfare of future generations in economizing this valuable product as much as lies in our power.

Proponents of this plan say that we should be more efficient as a nation if the plan were adopted, because so much better work can be done in the cool of the summer morning than in the heat of the afternoon. Also, there would be more daylight in which to enjoy health-giving out-of-door recreation for working people as well as for children.

The proposed plan provides increased opportunities for working mothers to be with their children before darkness and bedtime arrives.

We cannot change the schedule of the sun, but we can utilize its warmth and light more than we do now.—*Lilian Clisby Bridgham*.

FROM the hour of the invention of printing, books, and not kings, were to rule the world. Weapons forged in the mind, keen-edged, and brighter than a sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and battle-ax. Books! lighthouses built on the sea of time! Books! by whose sorcery the whole pageantry of the world's history moves in solemn procession before our eyes.—*E. P. Whipple*.

A Hero

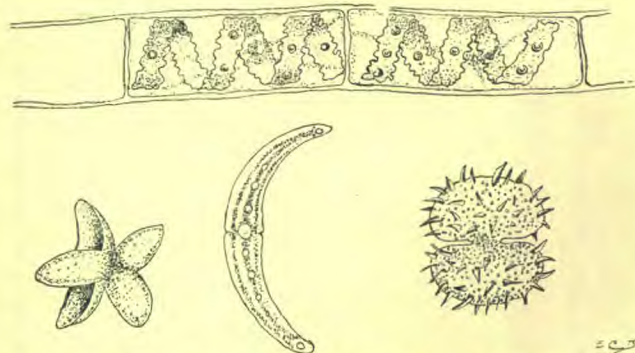
ONE of the most distinguished of the X-ray pioneers was Walter James Dodd, who was photographer at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston when, in 1895, Röntgen gave to the world his discovery of the X-ray and of its probable diagnostic value in connection with the human body. With characteristic zest, Dr. Dodd threw himself into the work of using and experimenting with the new agent. A year later he had to be treated for burns; in another year his wounds had suffered a cancerous change that made necessary an operation. From that time until his recent death he submitted to ether more than fifty times; he lost most of his fingers, suffered terrible pain, and died at the age of forty-seven, long after he and others like him had discovered how to render the rays harmless.

His pluck and complete devotion to his work were beyond praise. In 1915, as soon as he was up from his latest operation, he went abroad and rendered splendid X-ray service in the British field hospital. His cheeriness, humor, and tenderness won him the love of every one who knew him. To the well he was an inspiration; to the sick and unfortunate he was a ministering angel. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.—*Youth's Companion*.

Pond Scum

How often a person has been walking abroad on a hot summer's day, and when thirsty has come, much to his disappointment, to a pool of clear water filled with green scum or slime, and has turned away from the pool with disgust, unaware of the fact that he was turning away from a marvelous and lovely sight, unlovely and common only because of coarse eyes, and because of ignorance of what he was really seeing.

That scum or slime is a network of beautiful plant filaments, which when viewed with an ordinary high-



Spirogyra (at top) and some of its near relatives found in pools.

power microscope, becomes of intense interest. These slime plants belong to an order of plants known as algæ. Algæ colored green are known as green algæ. Our common seaweeds are algæ too, but belong to other kinds known as the red and brown algæ.

Our "pond scum" is quite likely to be a plant individually known among the green algæ as *Spirogyra*. If we lift a portion of it from the water, we see that the mat is made up of a tangle of green silky threads. Inasmuch as each thread is a single plant, the number of plants is very great.

Place a thread or two of *Spirogyra* upon a glass slide and examine it with a microscope; it will be observed that the filaments are made of many cells or cylinders placed end to end, and that in each of these cells is found a beautiful irregularly notched green band.

If we have a lens of high power of magnification, we may see the true beauties of our scum. The spiral bands noted now look like marvelous green fluted ribbons set with beautiful jewels. These bands contain the green coloring matter of the plant, known as chlorophyll. The jewel-like disks set like pearls in the band are called pyrenoids, and are the centers of starch manufacture for the plant.

By careful search, a rather dense granular body is seen with delicate threads of shiny granular substance radiating out in starlike manner to the sides of the cell. The dense body in the center is the nucleus, the most important part of the cell. The shining, radiating bands are composed of a substance called protoplasm, which is found to be the basis of all physical life in this or any other living plant.

So is not "pond scum" interesting after all? If we would only examine many other common so-called "ugly" things, we should find them equally fascinating. The most marvelously interesting beauties are often hidden from the natural eye, under forbidding exteriors.

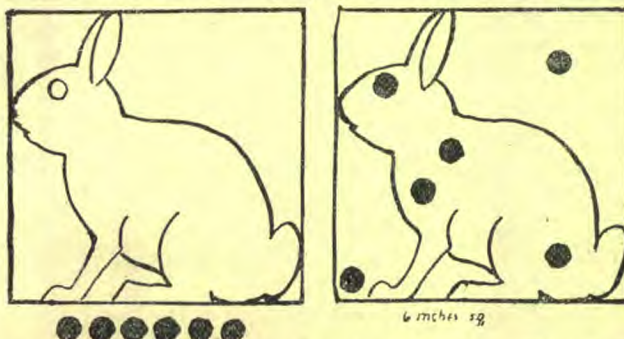
EDMUND C. JAEGER.

Dutch Nut Butter

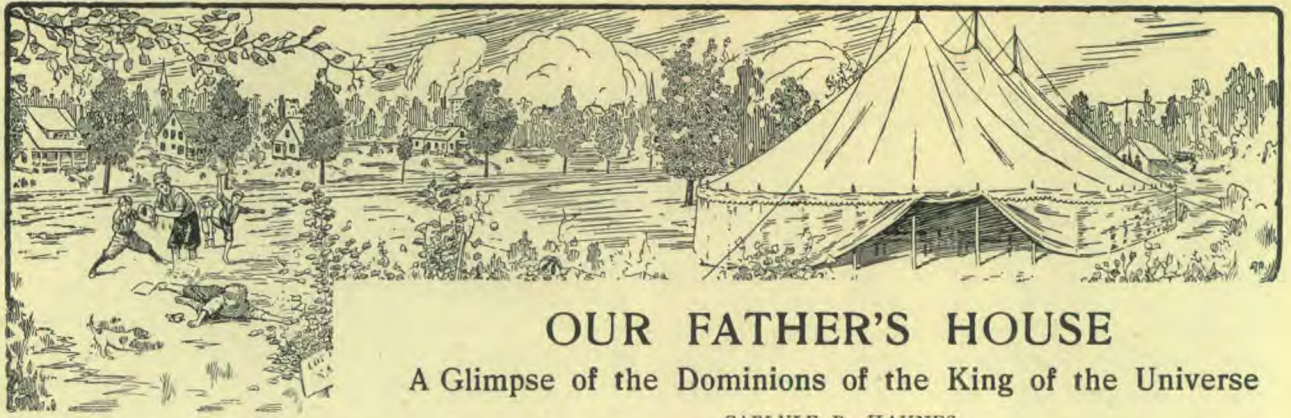
THE base of margarine, or vegetable butter, is vegetable oil—mostly nut oil. Holland has been driving a thriving trade by purchasing nuts from British sources, making margarine, and shipping the product to England for sale. People have got used to the taste of butter and demand the natural flavor in any substitute. By the Dutch method that flavor is obtained without the use of chemicals. The cream represents the animal fat in milk. Skimming and churning are only crude methods of extracting this fat and making it usable. When the Dutch butter is made, the creameries have enormous quantities of skim milk—a by-product for which no very profitable use has been found. They add their vegetable fats to the skim milk, re-treat the mixture, and turn out a product with the exact flavor of cow's butter. The only thing about it that could be called an adulterant is a little vegetable coloring matter. It has two advantages over cow's butter—it never gets rancid and it never carries disease.—*Selected*.

Far-Sight, or Spot-the-Rabbit

TAKE two six-inch squares of stiff white pasteboard or whitened wood. On each of these draw an outline rabbit, one an exact duplicate of the other. Make twenty round black wafers or spots, each half an inch across. Let one player stick a few of these on



one rabbit board and set it up in full light. The other, beginning at 100 feet, draws near till she can see the spots well enough to reproduce the pattern on the other, which she carries. If she can do it at 75 feet, she has wonderful eyes. Down even to 70 (done three times out of five) she counts high honor: from 70 to 60 counts honor. Below that does not count.



OUR FATHER'S HOUSE

A Glimpse of the Dominions of the King of the Universe

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

FRIDAY night of the first week of the tent meetings was the greatest of all to Donald Hunter, who had not missed a service. His heart had been greatly stirred by the wonderful things which he had heard Brother Harris say about the coming of Jesus. He very deeply desired to make himself ready to meet the Lord when he comes to receive his people.

The text on Friday night was the words of Jesus just before his crucifixion, in John 14: 2, 3: "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

"Those who are preparing to meet Jesus when he comes," said the speaker, "will be glad, I know, to learn something of the place he is now making ready for his people. The mansions of which he spoke are in his Father's house, and that house includes all the universe.

"We will take a little journey tonight through as much of this house of the great King as we shall be able to reach with our finite comprehension. We are living in one of the outlying portions of the dominions of God. This earth upon which we dwell, is about 8,000 miles in diameter, and about 25,000 miles in circumference. That means that its surface contains nearly 200,000,000 square miles. Think for a moment of the many different things we can see on it, how beautifully it is furnished—its great divisions of land and water, continents, oceans, islands; mountains which push their mighty heads through the clouds; depths of ocean unfathomed; volcanoes belching flame; lakes, rivers, forests, and swelling hills; animals of every form and size; unnumbered schools of fish; birds of all kinds and without number; and numerous tribes and races of men.

"If you should start out to walk through every square mile of this earth, so that you could see just this part of the Father's dominions, and walked thirty miles every day, it would take 18,264 years for you to finish your journey. If you had started when Adam was created, your journey would be but one third completed."

Donald caught his breath sharply. He had no idea that this world was such a tremendous globe as that. Brother Harris continued:

"And consider the bulk of the earth. As it is 8,000 miles through it, it must contain 263,858,149,120 cubic miles of solid contents. Even with laborious effort the mind fails to take in the thought of such a vast amount of matter. How great the power of Jehovah

must be who spoke it all into existence! How limitless must be his might 'who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance'! Isa. 40: 12.

"But this is only one of the worlds which God has created, and one of the smallest. One of the other planets which circle our sun is 780 times as large as the earth, and is encircled by a ring which reaches out from its surface nearly as far as the moon is from the earth. Another of the planets is 1,400 times larger than the earth, though it appears but as a bright star to the naked eye. All the great orbs which circle round the sun contain a mass of matter 2,500 times greater than that of the earth.

"And the sun itself is 520 times larger than all the planets together, and 1,300,000 times greater than the earth. It throws its light and warmth out from its surface to the outermost planet, which is 2,790,000,000 miles away.

"Should we take our journey to this outermost planet of the solar system, we would find the universe swimming with myriads of other stars and systems. Out at an inconceivable distance beyond our system, we would find the stellar system, the system of the stars. On a clear winter night about two thousand of these stars can be seen with the eye, and as each star is a great sun like our own, undoubtedly surrounded, as is ours, with planets controlled by the central luminary, there lies before us a mass of matter equal to 2,000 solar systems, or to 1,500,000,000 globes the size of the earth. But when we realize that the stars which can be perceived by the naked eye do not compose one one-hundred-thousandth part of those which can be seen through a large telescope, some idea can be faintly grasped of the colossal dimensions of the Father's house.

"And out beyond the uttermost reaches of human vision, aided as it is by powerful glasses, there are undoubtedly myriads of vast orbs rushing through space, unknown to man. With each new telescope that is stronger than those which have preceded it, new vistas are opened up, and new stars found which are far beyond those that have been previously discovered.

"The very nearest of these stars to the earth is Alpha Centauri, and it is 25,000,000,000,000,000 miles away. The North Star, or Polaris, is 276,000,000,000,000,000 miles distant. Traveling with the speed of light, which is 186,000 miles a second, it would take four and one-third years to reach Alpha Centauri, and forty-seven years to reach Polaris.

Relative size of planets. The sun's diameter on the same scale equals length of cut.

"While we have but begun the journey into space, as these are only the outlying borders of God's works, yet here we must pause, for we cannot go farther with our finite wisdom. With reverence and wonder we stop here. Over all these rushing, whirling orbs, God presides. This is his kingdom, and we have seen but a small part of it. Throughout all these objects and among all these intelligences he is ever present. All its complicated movements are guided by his unerring wisdom. By his word, in the beginning it emerged from nothing. 'He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.' Ps. 33:9. 'By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.' Ps. 33:6.

"Surely we can say with David, 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.' Ps. 19:1. It is here, in these vast realms of the universe, the chambers of the Eternal Father, that we behold the might of the Mighty, the strength of the Strong, the wisdom of the Wise, the lore of the Learned, the product of the Maker, the order of the Orderer, the glory of the Glorious; and we see, though our eyes be dim and our minds untaught, the majesty of the Designer who so reflects himself in all his works. It is thus we should look upon the universe in all its awful grandeur,—the earth, sun, stars, moon, planets; and we shall confess that these, without life or power or purpose or thought or will, unable to build up or destroy, to end or begin, hold or advance, to be or not to be, declare there is a God."

Donald was spellbound. He had lost all consciousness of his surroundings. The tent with its great crowd no longer existed for him. He was conscious only of the voice of that man on the platform who was telling him of wonders of which he had never dreamed. And every sentence added to the glory of his vision. No other preacher he had ever heard talked like this one. No other had ever made him *see* with his own eyes. But now he *saw*, and he was overwhelmed with the wonder of it all. He was out among the stars, viewing the greatness of the Father's house; and he found himself hoping Brother Harris would never stop talking, because he did not want to dwell with commonplaces again. Just then Brother Harris started a new thought in his mind, when he said:

"The other planets of the solar system and the millions of worlds of the stellar system are inhabited by intelligent and reasoning creatures. The Bible gives abundant proof of this.

"We are told that the Creator made this earth 'to be inhabited.' 'He created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited.' Isa. 45:18. Here is a plain declaration that for the Lord to have created the earth without the purpose of peopling it would have been a piece of folly. If this earth had not been populated, it would have been created in vain. This world exists for the sake of intelligent and reasoning beings.

"With this thought before us and the additional consideration that the combined surface of the known

planets of the solar system alone is equivalent to 27,000 such worlds as ours, we are forced to the conclusion that it would have been infinitely great folly to create that vast amount of space to be useless and empty. From this verse alone we are led to believe the other planets are inhabited.

"So small and insignificant in number are the inhabitants of the earth in comparison with the entire population of the universe that they are said to be 'as grasshoppers.' 'It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in.' Isa. 40:22. The far outspread heavens, therefore, exist for the specific purpose of being dwelt in, and this is here clearly stated.

"At the casting out of Satan the inhabitants of the worlds are called upon to rejoice. 'The great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan. . . . Therefore rejoice ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.' Rev. 12:9-12. Here a clear distinction is made between the inhabitants of the earth and the inhabitants of the heavens.

"Surely these verses, and the many others bearing on the subject, which there is not now time to read, clearly establish the truth, not only of a plurality, but of myriads of inhabited worlds existing in the universe.

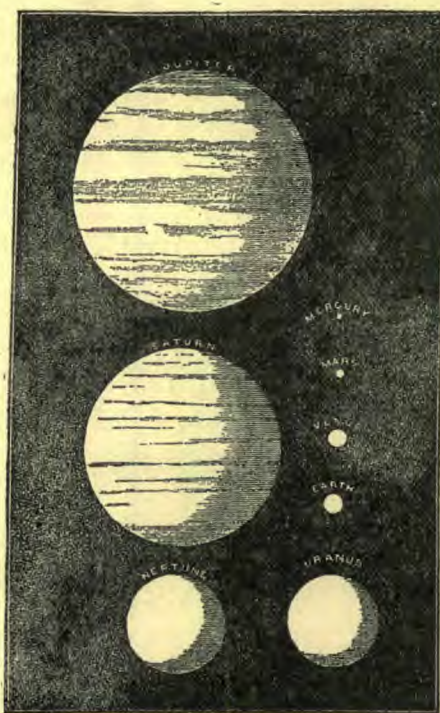
"And these worlds, with the exception of this earth, have never fallen into sin. This we are told in Neh. 9:6: 'Thou, even thou, art Lord alone; thou hast made heaven,

the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth, and all things that are therein, the seas, and all that is therein, and thou preservest them all; and the host of heaven worshipeth thee.'

"Such expressions would mean nothing if the other worlds were not inhabited. It seems clear that they would not have been written by an inspired writer unless they were meant to teach what they strongly imply, that the universe is great and extensive, utterly beyond the limit of human comprehension; that its worlds and systems are peopled with myriads of inhabitants; that these beings are in possession of intellectual natures, and fully capable of appreciating the perfections and attributes of their Creator; and that they unite in adoring and honoring him. 'The host of heaven worshipeth thee.'

"Only one of the worlds has fallen. This earth upon which we dwell is the one lost sheep that wandered away from the Father's fold. How this came about we will study next Sunday night."

When Donald left the tent that night he stepped out into a new world. Everything seemed different. His whole outlook was changed. He looked up to the sky and the stars. They had taken on a new aspect. No longer were they just the sky and a few bright lights. Oh, he was glad that that tent had been pitched on the baseball lot!



COMPARATIVE SIZE OF PLANETS



Seeing and Knowing God

WHAT does God look like? Almost every boy and girl asks that question sometimes. When we pray to him, and read about him in the Bible, we are always wondering and wishing that we could see him. The Bible tells us that no man can see God and live. This used to trouble me very much. I couldn't understand why, if he is a good and loving God, everybody cannot see him.

One day I heard a little story that made it plainer to me. There was a missionary who was visiting a king in India. He had been trying to tell the old heathen ruler about the true God. At last the king said, "Why don't you show me your God? I tell you about my gods, and I show them to you. You tell me about your God, but you never let me see him."

The missionary answered, "But no one can see my God. No one can look on him and live."

The old heathen said, "I don't understand that." Then the missionary went to the window, and told the king to come and look at something. When the king came, he pointed to the sun, and told him to look hard at it for a moment. The king tried, and then turned his head away, saying, "I can't look at the sun. It blinds me."

"Yes," said the missionary, "that sun is just one of God's poor servants, and if you are not able to look at that, do you think you could look at God himself?"

That is the reason we cannot look upon God. He is so great and so wonderful and so bright that the very sight of him is too much for our eyes to see.

Perhaps we cannot see God's face, but we can come very close to him if we know how. In the time of Moses, God came down on Mt. Sinai, and the people all ran away. They were afraid, but we are told that Moses went straight up to the place where God was. He was not afraid.

Some years ago some men went to Washington to see the President. When they came to the door of the White House where he lived, they were told that he was very busy, and it would be a long time before he could see them. So they sat down there to wait. While they were sitting there, a little boy came up the walk, and opening the door of the President's room, went straight in, and sat down by the President. Do you know why he went in while every one else had to wait? It was because he was the son of the President, and he could see him at any time.

That is why Moses was not afraid to go into the presence of God. Moses was God's child, and God loved him, and he loved God. If we love God, and he loves us, then we are his children, and he is always ready and willing to have us come to him.

God wants us to know him. There was once a wise king who desired to know his subjects, and

wanted them to know him. While he lived in the palace, he could never come to know them very well. They were too far away from him. So he dressed himself so that they would not know he was the king, and went and lived among them as a carpenter. They did not know who this poor workman was, but he was so good and gentle that they all came to love him, and then they found out that he was their king.

That is what Jesus did. He came and lived among us as a poor workman. He came to make us love him and to show us how he loves us. And before he went away, he said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

It is this that I want you to remember most of all in connection with this text. If you want to see God, look at Jesus. Take the New Testament and read about him, and in learning to know him, you will come to know God.—*Selected.*

What Did the Arab Mean?

SOMEBODY asked an Arab, as he sat in his tent in the desert, "How do you know God?" He replied, "How do I know whether it was a man or a camel that went by my tent last night?" And as the one who asked the question looked at the sand, he said: "You know by the footprints." Then the Arab said: "That is the way I know God. I know him by his footprints. They are all around me." But what did the Arab mean? Let us see if we can find out.

Do you know Mr. Edison? Did you say you have never seen him? But you have seen an electric lamp, and you have heard the phonograph, haven't you? Then you do know Mr. Edison. You know him by his footprints. They can be seen in almost every home.

I feel sure you have never seen Mr. Alexander Graham Bell. But you have talked over the Bell telephone, haven't you? Then you know him. His footprints are in almost every town.

What did the Arab mean when he spoke about "God's footprints"? Let us look for our answer in this story: Dr. Beattie, a Scotchman, went quietly out into his garden one day, and there in the soft soil he wrote his little boy's name. Into the finger tracks he sowed tiny mustard seeds, and then he made the soil all smooth again. About ten days later, little John Beattie came running into his father's room, his eyes wide open in wonder. "O father!" he cried, "the mustard is spelling my name out in the garden!"

"Nonsense!" his father said; "how does the mustard know your name?" But John saw a smile playing around his father's mouth.

Little John had just started to school. He dropped his head a moment in study, then he said: "Father,

it didn't grow that way by itself. Somebody made it grow that way."

Then his father showed John the face of a pansy, and asked, "Do you think somebody made the pansy grow that way?" Then they looked at a rose blooming outside the window, and Dr. Beattie said, "John, do you suppose somebody made the rose have those velvety petals, and colored them such a rich red?"

While they were watching the rose, they heard two robins at work up in the tree, building their nest. Little John said, "Father, do you think somebody taught the robin how to build its nest?"

John and his father had been looking at and talking about God's footprints. They had found them in the pansy's face, in the rose's complexion, and in the robins' house-building skill. Have you ever seen any of God's footprints? Do you know now what the Arab meant?—*Claud Allen McKay*.

Sowed Pennies; Harvested Dollars for Jesus

"WE want to reach our goal and help support those suffering native workers who carry the gospel to widows in India, but how shall we get the money for it?" This, and similar questions, confront every Junior Missionary Volunteer leader who tries to carry out the plan of reaching a financial goal for the year. Yes, indeed, what can be done by little folks in the country, who cannot go out selling papers or books?

"He can who thinks he can," can earn a harvest of dollars in the fall by sowing pennies in the spring. The missionary-garden idea has been tried out by our little Junior Missionary Volunteer Society, and proved profitable.

For several years we have had a missionary garden and planted it with early vegetables,—radishes, lettuce, and onions,—also string beans and pickling cucumbers. The early vegetables were picked and sent to town several times a week, when fruit and eggs were being delivered, and sold readily. Later in the summer came the beans and cucumbers, which found such a ready sale we could not fill the orders, and calls came over the telephone in the fall after the garden was exhausted. In this way about ten dollars was raised on our small garden for missions. One hotel bought four dollars' worth of early vegetables. Several bushels of cucumbers were sold, the smaller ones bringing one dollar a bushel and the larger ones eighty cents. The beans sold readily at ten cents a quart.

Last year one girl was given a setting of eggs by her mother. From these she succeeded in raising eight chickens, and sold them. Being late chickens, they averaged fifty cents each, bringing four dollars. She had also secured a hive to catch a swarm of bees in, and she sold the honey for \$1.50. Money obtained by bees is practically clear gain, since an improvised hive can be used that will cost nothing, and will serve at least a year. The only outlay is the few cents for the sections.

This spring we have a garden which we spaded up last fall, and are planning on some early vegetables that can be partly disposed of before school closes. We will also plant some that will not need to be disposed of until after school opens in the fall, so the summer work will not be too heavy. We hope to do more, however, by having each individual plan some missionary chickens, geese, or hives of bees, so that not only one or two, but all, will have an investment awaiting a harvest to apply on next year's goal.

Since September our school of seven has raised \$35 for foreign missions. We had two programs to help make that, but hope we can do as much by gardening and other methods this coming year.

Besides reaching the foreign-mission goal, we are trying to raise money to buy a set of wall maps. We made more than three dollars by selling sewing and raffia work, and during Christmas vacation some time was spent in selling the new twenty-five-cent war books. We have nearly five dollars for the maps, and expect to raise the remaining four dollars in the same way.

HULDA BERG.



(Texts for April 29 to May 5)

THE texts for this week complete the study of the thirty-seventh psalm, which is said to resemble a chapter of the book of Proverbs, each verse being complete in itself.

In the week's texts are included the last of the eight great precepts given in the chapter, which are:

- "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers."
- "Trust in the Lord, and do good."
- "Delight thyself also in the Lord."
- "Commit thy way unto the Lord."
- "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."
- "Cease from anger, and forsake wrath."
- "Depart from evil, and do good."
- "Wait on the Lord, and keep his way."

Verse 29. The promises of God to his people cover every phase of their experience. How many of the poor of earth but rich in faith have been cheered and encouraged by the promise that the new earth shall be theirs, that they shall walk the streets of the city of God, knowing that its streets of gold and its gates of pearl, and its mansions prepared by the Saviour, shall one day be theirs to enjoy throughout eternity.

"There is clearly an emphasis in the repetition of the same promise in the same terms which ought to have been uniformly rendered throughout verses 9, 11, 22, 29, 34. And it cannot be doubted that there is a reference to the new heavens and the new earth of Isa. 66:17; 2 Peter 3:13."

Verse 30. The Bible makes it very clear that "the mouth betrays the heart." Good men as a rule speak that which is edifying. Nothing is more unseemly than ill speech in the mouth of one who claims to be a follower of the King of heaven.

"His tongue talketh of judgment." "He advocates justice, gives an honest verdict on things and men, and he foretells that God's judgments will come upon the wicked, as in the former days."

Verse 31. Mr. Spurgeon outlines this verse thus: "(1) The best thing; (2) in the best place; (3) with the best of results." "To keep the even tenor of one's way, in such times as these, is given only to those whose hearts are sound toward God, who can, as in the text, call God their God. Policy slips and trips, it twists and tacks, and, after all, is worsted in the long run, but sincerity plods on its plain pathway and reaches the goal."

Verse 32. The disciples of Jesus need not look for favor where their Master found it not. Many are the

deliverances of God's people from the wrath of the wicked. A striking instance is the experience of an early missionary and his wife in Africa. The Kafirs for some-days had been "sharpening their assagais," which was a sign of a raid.

"The missionary's wife could speak Kafir like a native, and knew of the trouble. Friendly Kafirs warned the missionaries to flee; for they said they could not protect the mission from the raiders. At last, with the warnings more urgent, and an invitation to come to —'s kraal, beyond the river, for refuge, the missionaries started out by ox wagon. As they traveled, the uprising broke upon the country, and they had to push on for their lives with all the speed that could be urged into the slow-moving oxen. They came to the river, and there their way of escape was closed; there had been heavy rains upcountry, the river had 'come down,' and instead of a fording place, they found the waters filling the banks brim to brim, and rushing in a torrent.

"The boys who were driving said it was impossible to think of crossing. The only thing to do was to wait for the water to run out. But behind them the Kafirs were coming. The missionary's wife was ill, and could not be moved from the wagon. There they were, in the rain and the darkness, the Kafirs on the warpath behind, and the torrent closing the way of escape. The native boys were in terror, and the oxen very nearly unmanageable.

"Just then two black men stepped up, and in a calm and forceful voice said, 'Do you want to cross over the river?' 'Yes,' said the missionary; 'we must get to —'s kraal, on the other side of the river. He has invited us to come to him for safety. But the river is so full we cannot cross.'

"'We will take you over,' said the men. They took charge of the team, led it into the river and through the whirling water, and safely up the bank on the farther side. The missionaries, grateful and astonished, wanted to thank their deliverers. But the men had disappeared as suddenly as they had appeared at the critical moment. The native boys, who had come through on the wagon, had never seen the men before, and did not know where they came from, nor did they see them as they withdrew. Safe on the farther shore, the party made its way to the friendly kraal, thanking God for the wonderful deliverance. They could not know of a certainty how the deliverance was wrought, but they saw in it the hand of God."

Verse 34. A twofold admonition and a twofold promise. "Tarry the Lord's leisure. Wait in obedience as a servant, in hope as an heir, in expectation as a believer." This little word "wait" is easy to say, but hard to heed. Only God giveth one the power to wait in patience till "the fulness of the time come."

Verses 35, 36, 37. "Three memorable scenes: (1) The imposing spectacle; (2) the astounding disappearance; (3) the delightful exit." "Like a green bay tree, which produceth all leaves and no fruit," says Matthew Henry. "In winter when all other trees — as the vine tree, fig tree, apple tree, etc., which are more profitable trees — are withered and naked, the bay tree continueth as green in winter as in summer. So fareth it with wicked men; when the children of God in the storms of persecutions, and afflictions, and miseries, seem withered, and, as it were, dead, yet the wicked all that time flourish and do appear green in the eyes of the world."

Verses 39, 40. "The promises of grace summarized, and the grandest evidence of grace declared."

F. D. C.

Our Refuge

(Texts for May 6-12)

"COME, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm," said Luther to his fellow workers. Their courage was ebbing low; it seemed that the enemy would triumph, and that disaster awaited the one cause for which these brave men of the Reformation were giving their lives. But somehow the words of that thrilling song and the strains of the martial music brought their trembling hearts close to the Source of their strength, and they would return to their work to press forward with irresistible power.

We do not know who wrote this wonderful psalm,

nor when the unknown author composed it; it seems probable, however, that it was written at a time of great national calamity; and the most generally accepted supposition among commentators is that it was written of Sennacherib's invasion and the miraculous destruction of his army. But these things are not of vital importance. The author, whoever he was, struck an immortal chord whose undying music is still calling troubled hearts to their only refuge.

The psalm is divided into three parts, each having its own purpose, but all contributing to the one supreme thought that God's presence means absolute safety, however wildly the storm may roar, or whatever troubles may come. The first part (verses 1-3) is an assurance that though storms may threaten to shake the very earth from under us, we may be perfectly safe with God; the second strophe (verses 4-7) turns the reader's eye to other dangers. Nation may rise against nation, and they may attempt to sweep each other off the earth, leaving only bloody desolation behind; but in such a time of universal danger there is safety with God for all who will trust him. In the last division (verses 8-11), the psalmist alludes to an experience which confirms in his mind the truths he has just stated.

(Concluded on page sixteen)

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending May 12

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

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

- May 6: 1 Chronicles 17 to 20. David desires to build God's house.
 May 7: 1 Chronicles 21 to 24. Gathering material for the temple.
 May 8: 1 Chronicles 25 to 27. Various matters of order.
 May 9: 1 Chronicles 28, 29. David's charge to Solomon; prayer; death.
 May 10: 2 Chronicles 1 to 4. Preparation and building.
 May 11: 2 Chronicles 5 to 7. Dedication and acceptance.
 May 12: 2 Chronicles 8, 9. Splendor of Solomon's reign.
 For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for May 3.

Junior Assignment

- May 6: 2 Kings 7. Israel delivered from the Syrians.
 May 7: 2 Kings 18. Hezekiah's good reign.
 May 8: 2 Kings 19. Isaiah sends a message to Hezekiah.
 May 9: 2 Kings 20. Hezekiah's prayer for health granted.
 May 10: 2 Kings 22. Josiah repairs the temple.
 May 11: 2 Kings 23: 36, 37; 24. Jerusalem besieged.
 May 12: 2 Kings 25. Nebuchadnezzar takes Jerusalem.

A Great Victory

"Hezekiah" means "Jehovah strengtheneth," and it seems that he was well named. Though living in an evil time, he was really a reformer, and though he was often very fearful and felt like trusting first

in one earthly power and then another, he finally, encouraged by that prince of the prophets, Isaiah, triumphed over fear, and the Lord gave Israel such a victory as has never been known in history.

"The great Assyrian army, under Sennacherib, has swept across the land of Judah. Sixty cities have been taken, and night after night, from the watchtower of Jerusalem, the watchmen have seen the flames leaping from the ruined towns. The people, watching the reflection of the fire in the sky, have gone to bed each night afraid to sleep lest the army be nearer than they think.

"On they come, but King Hezekiah is ready for them. Day and night the men have been at work. Every weak spot in the city wall has been made strong. New watchtowers have been built, so that close watch may be kept on the army. But the greatest danger in a siege is that the food and water will give out. Just outside the city is the reservoir that supplies the people with water, and the first thing Sennacherib will do, will be to cut off this water supply. Hezekiah knows this, and down deep underground, where they cannot be seen, he has had new channels dug, bringing the water into the city from the bottom of the reservoir.

"The light of the fires comes closer, and closer, each night. The first thing in the morning, every one runs to the housetop to see if the army is in sight. At last the morning comes, when, off to the north of the city, they see what they have been fearing. Their faces turn white, for there, quite close to the walls, are the archers, with their quivers of shining arrows; beyond are the chariots, and rank after rank of shields; while about the gates are the mounted cavalymen.

"All day the people within the city watch that great army. They forget their work; they forget even to eat, and think only of that dull red color which they have seen in the sky so many nights. Will their homes be burned tonight, or will God stay this great army before them?"

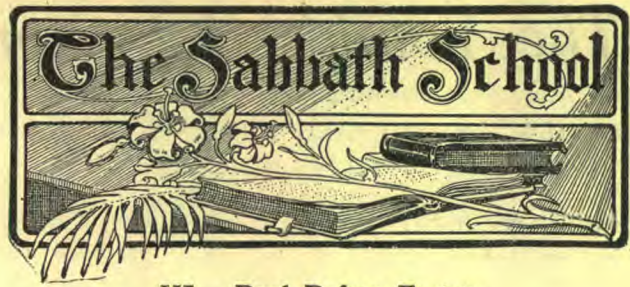
Some time before this Hezekiah had been overcome by fear and paid large tribute to Assyria. He had even taken the gold from the temple. This made Sennacherib all the more sure that he could conquer Jerusalem. So now he sends a message to Hezekiah with this great escort of soldiers, demanding his surrender. Imagine the scene. The king's representatives appear in state to meet Rab-shakeh. How the people on the wall must have trembled at the sight of these merciless soldiers of the East, and at the haughty words of defiance from this heathen warrior!

Hezekiah must have waited in suspense. What were his feelings when he received the message, and what did he do? Do you suppose he would have received that precious assurance from the Lord if he had not thus sought him? Read again that haughty letter which Sennacherib sent a little later, and see what Hezekiah does with it. O, what a lesson to us in this!

The Lord says that when we pray, really pray, he will hear and answer. What was the Lord's answer, and how was it fulfilled? Was there ever such a victory?

"The people in Jerusalem were, oh, so glad that they had been true to their God and their king! for their homes were saved—their city not burned. Jehovah had taken care of his people."

M. E. K.



VI — Paul Before Festus

(May 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 25: 1-27.

MEMORY VERSE: "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye." 1 Peter 4: 14.

Questions

1. After Festus came to the province, what city did he first visit? Who informed him about Paul while there? What favor did they desire of him? Acts 25: 1-3. Note 1.
2. What reply did Festus give to this request? What did he say he would do? What did he tell the priests to do? Verses 4, 5. Note 2.
3. How long did Festus remain in Jerusalem? How long did he wait after his return before hearing Paul's case? Verse 6.
4. With what did the Jews charge Paul? What answer did the apostle make? Verses 7, 8.
5. How did Festus feel toward the Jews on this occasion? What question did he ask Paul? Verse 9. Note 3.
6. What reply did Paul make to Festus? What did he say the governor knew? Verse 10. Note 4.
7. What did the apostle not refuse? To whom did he make appeal? Verse 11. Note 5.
8. Whose advice did Festus ask after Paul made this appeal? What decision did he give? Verse 12.
9. Who visited Festus after certain days? What did Festus declare to them? Relate what he said concerning the apostle. Verses 13-21.
10. What did King Agrippa say to Festus? What was the governor's reply? Who attended Paul's trial the next day? Verses 22, 23.
11. Whom did the governor address at the beginning of the trial? What did he say about Paul? Why was the apostle brought before King Agrippa? What did Festus think it unreasonable to do? Verses 24-27.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. Name the Roman governors mentioned in the Bible who tried to please the Jews.
2. What evidence do you find in this lesson that Festus was a prompt, energetic man?
3. What ought Festus to have done with Paul?
4. Describe the manner of holding a Roman court.
5. What experience similar to Paul's will God's people pass through in the last days?

Notes

1. "In making this request they purposed to waylay Paul along the road to Jerusalem, and murder him. But Festus had a high sense of the responsibility of his position, and courteously declined to send for Paul."—"The Acts of the Apostles," p. 428. Josephus says that Festus was a wise, firm ruler. He was a much better man than Felix.
2. Festus desired to act honorably toward Paul. He wanted him judged in harmony with Roman law. Paul's persecutors had only one purpose in view, which was to secure his death.
3. It was a common fault with Roman governors to try to gain favor with the Jews. They wanted to do right, but they also wanted to be popular. Pilate committed this wrong at the trial of Jesus. Felix and Festus followed his example.
4. Although Paul was hated and hunted by the Jews, yet he never had feelings of hatred toward them. He said, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."
5. "The apostle knew that he could not look for justice from the people who by their crimes were bringing down upon themselves the wrath of God. He knew that, like the prophet Elijah, he would be safer among the heathen than with those who had rejected light from heaven and hardened their hearts against the gospel. Weary of strife, his active spirit could ill endure the repeated delays and wearing suspense of his trial and imprisonment. He therefore decided to exercise his privilege, as a Roman citizen, of appealing to Caesar."—"The Acts of the Apostles," p. 430. Paul's Roman citizenship was worth much to him. It enabled him to do what he could not have done without it. It secured his release from mobs, from scourging, and from immediate death.

The Youth's Instructor

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

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

Subscription Rates

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

Club Rates

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

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

A Correction

IN the INSTRUCTOR of April 17, on page five, in the article entitled "Our Work in Algeria," Brother Jose Abella should have been named with Brother W. E. Hancock as a licentiate; but in the article his name was given as the name of a town.

What the Lord Knows

"I KNOW that thou didst this in the integrity of thy heart." Gen. 20:6.

"I know their works and their thoughts." Isa. 66:18.

"I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them." Eze. 11:5.

"I know your manifold transgressions and your mighty sins." Amos 5:12.

"I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me." Gen. 22:12.

"I know thee by name, and thou hast also found grace in my sight." Ex. 33:12.

"I know thy abode, and thy going out, and thy coming in, and thy rage against me." 2 Kings 19:27.

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." Jer. 29:11.

"I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil: and thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars." Rev. 2:2.

"I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty." Rev. 2:9.

"I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience, and thy works; and the last to be more than the first." Rev. 2:19.

What I Know

"I KNOW of a surety, that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me." Acts 12:11.

"I know that the Lord saveth his anointed." Ps. 20:6.

"I know that the Lord is great, and that our Lord is above all gods." Ps. 135:5.

"I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted, and the right of the poor." Ps. 140:12.

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." 2 Tim. 1:12.

"I know that it shall be well with them that fear God." Eccl. 8:12.

"I know that I shall not be ashamed." Isa. 50:7.

"I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Jer. 10:23.

"I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." John 11:22.

"I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not." Rom. 7:18.

"I know that this shall turn to my salvation through your prayer, and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ." Phil. 1:19.

"I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound." Phil. 4:12.

"I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee." Job 42:2.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." Job 19:25.

"I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him." Eccl. 3:14.

Our Refuge

(Concluded from page fourteen)

Even today, in these critical times, we may say: "*Ein feste Berg ist unser Gott*;" and never was this mighty fortress needed more than now. The world is deluged with trouble, and God is our only Refuge — the only impregnable fortress. But this fortress is within easy access of all; only a sincere desire to be with God lifts us within the high tower which no storm can undermine, and no foe can scale.

And there is more than protection in this fortress. "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." May we not see in this a promise supplying all our needs? The river of God's love and care is still full; the vanguard of his army drank from it long ago, but the rearguard are finding it abundantly sufficient for all their needs. All who will may drink; and all may enter the one sure Fortress.

"God will our strength and refuge prove,
In all distress a present aid;
And though the trembling earth remove,
We will not fear nor be dismayed.

"Our trust in God shall still abide
Though hills be shaken from their seat,
And though the ocean's swelling tide
Against the trembling mountains beat.

"A river flows, whose living streams
Make glad the city of our God,
The holy place where glory beams
Where God Most High has his abode.

"God has in her his dwelling made,
And she shall nevermore be moved;
Her God shall early give her aid,
Her constant helper he has proved.

"Be still, ye nations; bow in fear,
And know that I alone am God.
To us the Lord of hosts is near,
Our father's God is our abode."

MEDITATION: What a wonderful fortress our heavenly Father is! To this fortress we may flee away from storms that surge within our breasts as well as from those that rage without. I realize that I must enter that fortress through the path of self-surrender, and abide in it by daily reconsecrating my all to God. Through prayer and study of his Word he will teach me how to lead others to this only refuge from trouble of all kinds.

SPECIAL PRAYER: I thank Thee for this fortress; somehow, in thine own way, teach me how to abide in it in these days of universal peril.