

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXV

May 22, 1917

No. 21



CAPTURED AND HELD BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE FOR EIGHT DAYS

This little lady enjoys a distinction that is shared by no other girl in the world. She, with her parents, was captured and held by a German submarine for eight days. When the bark "Thor II," a Norwegian, was sunk by a German submarine, her captain, Isaak Jacobson, his wife, and six-year-old daughter were compelled to board the U-boat and remain there for eight days. The daughter of the Norwegian skipper soon captured the hearts of all on board from the commander down, and enjoyed the freedom of the ship. When she and her parents were transferred to another vessel, she was presented with an armful of presents contributed by the crew. So far as is known, this is the first girl to live on board a fighting submarine while it was on a war cruise.

FROM HERE AND THERE

As a result of extensive experiments it has been proved that cement work containing the largest proportion of cement mixed wet, shows the least wear.

There is said to have been an average of one convert to Christianity in Korea every hour for twenty-five years.

An electric-lighting plant has recently been installed in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, and adds immeasurably to the wonder of the scenery.

The Interstate Commerce Commission from the data in hand for nine months has estimated that the net operating income of American railroads was \$1,098,000,000 for the year 1916.

Hens' eggs vary in size to the extent that seven of one size may make a pound, while nineteen of another are required. Because of this difference in size, it is claimed that eggs should be sold by weight.

Historic St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, just across Lafayette Square from the White House, in which more Presidents and men prominent in Washington official life have worshiped than in any other church in the national capital, celebrated its centennial anniversary this year.

Fifty years ago the first wood-pulp paper in the United States was manufactured, and it would be difficult to estimate the benefit this has conferred upon the world, for it was a step in the dissemination of knowledge, particularly current news, just as was the invention of movable types and the printing press.

When Jenny Lind arrived in New York in 1850, wharves and streets were packed with people. It is said that 30,000 serenaded her at her hotel, headed by a band of 130 and hundreds of red-shirted firemen. At her first concert 5,000 crushed into the hall, one man paying \$600 for a ticket. In less than a year she amassed \$3,000,000.

More than a quarter of the active volcanoes of the world are on United States soil. We have the distinction of possessing about sixty volcanoes in Alaska and in the Aleutian Islands just off the coast. In the western United States, in the Philippines, and in the Hawaiian Islands we have nearly as many more, making over a hundred volcanoes that we possess — not that we place any value upon their possession. There are but four hundred and seventeen throughout the entire globe.

A missionary who suffered from various attacks of fever, her temperature often reaching 106 degrees, gives a glimpse of her experience during one of these illnesses. The physician administered a medicine which broke the fever, and caused the perspiration to flow, thus saving her life. She says, "That night I lay on a low bed feeling perfectly happy, although a whole family of rats danced over me till dawn. A tin traveling box acted as a table beside my bed. On it lay a candle, a water bottle, a match box, and the powder which I had to take at a certain time. The rats ate the candle, knocked over the water bottle, saturating the matches, making it impossible to strike a light or mix my powder. In the morning a baby rat was found drowned in a basin of water near my bed."

A famous French preacher is very absent-minded. He does many funny things, about which he is the first to laugh heartily afterward. On a Sunday morning, preaching before a large congregation, he several times carefully wiped his perspiring forehead with a folded pair of socks he had put in his pocket instead of a handkerchief before going out, and he never noticed his mistake until he was told at home. He had a good laugh over it, but went on putting in his pockets the most assorted articles, which were as puzzling to him as to his visitors or hearers when he proceeded to wipe his ever-perspiring forehead.

A little girl on her deathbed surprised the attending physician by asking him if he loved the Lord and would be saved when Jesus came. The doctor made some hopeful reply, though he was not a professed Christian, whereupon his little patient assured him, "If you are there, I will pick the loveliest bouquet I can find and give it to you." At a previous time, appreciating his service, when he had set a broken arm for her, she said to him, "It seems to me that God and the angels and doctors know everything." The physician remarked that it was the first time he had ever been so honored in his associations.

The Secretary of Agriculture proposes to enlist an army of 2,000,000 city boys to work on farms. We hope our boys, whether in country or city, will do their utmost to add to the nation's resources by gardening and farming. While the nation will gain by their effort, the boys themselves will be enriched more than the nation, for there's health, knowledge, and good cheer in an energetic and wise effort to make the ground bring forth its best gifts.

The one-celled, microscopic, red snow plant of northern regions is said to give the waters of Lake Morat in Switzerland a blood-red color every tenth year. For centuries the Swiss regarded this phenomenon with superstitious dread; but science has discovered that every tenth year the plant begins to propagate, and so quickly does it grow that in a short time the whole lake is crimson.

A prospector of the Yukon region, while on a trail, recently died from exposure and heart failure. His body was not found for at least ten days after his death, yet his two faithful dogs had remained with him, one on each side of the body. The dogs were too weak to stand when found, but they had suffered no wild beast to molest the body of their master.

◆ ◆ ◆

"REPUTATION is what men think we are; character is what God sees we are."

◆ ◆ ◆

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
The Broken Fog (poetry)	3
The Reward Worth While	3
The Boy Who Sang for His Breakfast	7
Poise	9
Janet's Diary	12
An Afternoon on the Beach	13
Fuzz Tails	13
Reasons for Trusting God	14
Growth of Democracy	16
Hold On	16
SELECTIONS	
From Penitentiary to Pulpit	4
Yes, Politeness Pays	6
Things as They Are	6
Courtesy Town	6
How a Boy Started the Hawaiian Pineapple Industry	9

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 22, 1917

No. 21

The Broken Fog

L. MYRTLE SOURS

THE sun broke through the fog,
A round, clear orb so bright;
It lit the mist-dimmed trees
With strangely radiant light;
And the sky, which the mist had hidden,
Looked down, where the sun broke through,
All flecked with shadowy forms of white
Where the clouds were afloat in the blue.

Oh, the tree tops! the tree tops bare,
That lifted their branches high,
And the one old pear tree top
That reached far up through the sky!—
The trees, all bathed in mist,
Foggy, and heavy, and gray,—
What a glory gilded their tops
As the thick fog vanished away!

So the sun will break through your fog,
O Soul, hid in shadows and mist,
And your sky will shine clear, and more blue
Than the purpled amethyst.
Look up through the fog to heaven,
And Jesus, the shining light,
Will break through the dark and the mist
With his love and his glory bright!

The Reward Worth While

L. M. GREGG

TWO men of advanced years and broken health met at a mountain resort. One was wealthy, and had accumulated his fortune with little regard for the golden rule. The other had been a teacher in a Christian college on a meager salary. He was a man of unselfish spirit, and wrought his noble character into the lives of scores of young men.

The rich man, on various occasions, observed that the teacher received a large number of letters, while he had only an occasional message from some member of his family. He noticed also that the teacher manifested considerable emotion as he read his mail, sometimes wiping the tears from his eyes. Finally the wealthy business man said, "I see you sometimes appear greatly moved as you read your mail. You say nothing of any sad news from home, but my interest has been aroused."

The teacher replied: "I believe I have told you that I was a teacher in a Christian college for a good many years. While the compensation was small, the opportunity to impress young life was large. I sought to be faithful as an instructor, but I was equally zealous, both by precept and example, to impress the boys with the importance of righteous character. These young men are now widely scattered over our country. Many of them, I am glad to say, have been successful in business and professional life, and they seem to cherish generous sentiments for their old teacher. They have seen, through our church papers, that I am not well, and that I am here in the hope of improving my health. Most of my letters come from these men. They express their abiding interest in me, and their solicitude for my recovery; most of them are generous enough to write that they owe much of what they have been able to accomplish in the world to the instruction and impressions received in my classroom. Several write that they are aware that a teacher in a Christian college cannot save much money, and they are solicitous that I shall have the comforts of life, so they inclose checks, requesting me to accept them, not as charity, but as an expression of love, and as a partial compensation for services

rendered years ago, and more highly valued as the years pass.

"This is the explanation of my emotion; I could not refrain from shedding tears of joy and gratitude."

The rich man said: "I would give all my fortune if I could feel the emotions that stir your soul. I have money, nothing more. You have all the money you need, and, besides, you have what is more valuable—friends and an approving conscience."

Isa. 41:6 reads: "They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage." Suppose every individual in a certain town should live this text for just one week. What changes would be wrought! what transformations would take place! how many wrongs would be righted; what happiness brought into homes! We should hardly recognize the place. It would be getting back a little nearer to Eden and God's plan for humanity. Would it be worth while?

There is really no higher aim in life than that of being a blessing to others in one's own place. Every noble, spirited young person is ambitious to live well and helpfully, to do something worth while. But not all the really heroic things bring fame in this world. One may be a hero in God's sight, and yet never hear a word of praise from human lips. One boy will leave home to defend his country, rise to honor, and return with high rank. A younger brother stays at home, cares for his widowed mother and the younger children, living as a common farmer, without fame, but, with God, no less a hero.

It is not only what we do, but even more what we are, that makes our lives count in their helpfulness. Paul speaks of certain of his friends as "men that have been a comfort unto me." He was in prison, and in his loneliness these men had cheered him. He speaks of Aristarchus as "my fellow prisoner." Perhaps he voluntarily stayed with the old minister in prison. Some one has defined a friend as "the person who comes in when all the world has gone out." This is what Aristarchus had been to Paul.

In one of his journeys a young man had become discouraged and returned home, but we are glad to

read later on that Mark so lived that he regained the confidence of Paul, and was a "great comfort" to him, not, perhaps, by lessening his sufferings or burdens, but in making him braver and stronger to endure.

It is written of Jesus, "He went about doing good," and "he that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked." All around are those needing help. Some need just a kindly word and helping hand; others a sympathetic ear to listen to their troubles; still others need help which can be given in sickness; and everywhere are those who need the help and comfort which can be given by only those who have received the comfort which comes through suffering. 2 Cor. 1:3-7.

The "cup of cold water" may be used in winning souls to the Master, but greater effort may be necessary to win others. We may not always have the privilege of seeing the results we should like in this world, but we are told:

"The redeemed will meet and recognize those whose attention they have directed to the uplifted Saviour. What blessed converse they have with these souls! 'I was a sinner,' it will be said, 'without God and without hope in the world, and you came to me, and drew my attention to the precious Saviour as my only hope. And I believed in him. I repented of my sins, and was made to sit together with his saints in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.' Others will say: 'I was a heathen in heathen lands. You left your friends and comfortable home, and came to teach me how to find Jesus, and believe in him as the only true God. I demolished my idols, and worshiped God, and now I see him face to face. I am saved, eternally saved, ever to behold him whom I love. I then saw him only with the eye of faith, but now I see him as he is. I can now express my gratitude for his redeeming mercy to him who loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood.'

"Others will express their gratitude to those who fed the hungry and clothed the naked. 'When despair bound my soul in unbelief, the Lord sent you to me,' they say, 'to speak words of hope and comfort. You brought me food for my physical necessities, and you opened to me the Word of God, awakening me to my spiritual needs. You treated me as a brother. You sympathized with me in my sorrows, and restored my bruised and wounded soul, so that I could grasp the hand of Christ that was reached out to save me. In my ignorance you taught me patiently that I had a Father in heaven who cared for me. You read to me the precious promises of God's Word. You inspired in me faith that he would save me. My heart was softened, subdued, broken, as I contemplated the sacrifice which Christ had made for me. I became hungry for the bread of life, and the truth was precious to my soul. I am here, saved, eternally saved, ever to live in his presence, and to praise him who gave his life for me.'

"What rejoicing there will be as these redeemed ones meet and greet those who have had a burden in their behalf! And those who have lived, not to please themselves, but to be a blessing to the unfortunate who have so few blessings,—how their hearts will thrill with satisfaction! They will realize the promise, 'Thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.'—*Testimonies for the Church,* Vol. VI, pp. 311, 312.

Opportunities await us on every hand to lighten the burdens, and our prayer should ever be, "Make me a blessing today." This will bring joy and happiness continually, and the reward is surely worth while.

From Penitentiary to Pulpit

THOUGH most educational institutions are closed during the hot summer months, the Moody Bible Institute had during the summer 656 students working in its regular day department, besides about 100 specials who came from all parts of the country to study the Bible and kindred subjects. When we closed in August for a month's vacation, one of our men, named John Steffens, started on a trip, the account of which

reads like a romance. He came in to tell me his plans the other day, and I give his story as nearly as I can in his own words:—

"I was born in Rumania. My father died when I was eight years old, my mother in 1905. She was a praying woman, a member of the Greek Catholic Church. I ran away from home, and came to this country. I became a professional gambler.

"In December, 1907, I was in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, and fell in with four bad young men. For two weeks we associated together, drinking and gambling constantly. One day we got into a quarrel, and I heard one of them say, 'Let us get that fellow off the face of the earth.' Soon one of them started at me with an open knife. I ran across the street, and he ran after me. As he drew near me, I turned and shot him. He fell, and the other men ran away. The man died, and I was arrested, tried, and sentenced to the Ohio State Penitentiary for life. The prosecuting attorney tried to send me to the electric chair, but the jury gave me life imprisonment.

"One day in May, 1909, while I was in the penitentiary at Columbus, I read in a newspaper an article concerning a man named Herman Billick, who was sentenced to be hanged in Chicago for poisoning his wife. He applied for a second trial, and a second time was condemned to death. He applied for a third trial. Meantime his mother, a godly woman, came frequently to pray with him in prison. She would put her arms about his neck, and say: 'My son, I am sure God will not let you die. The blood of Jesus Christ is sufficient to atone for all your sins.' Finally the mother died of a broken heart, but a day or two before Billick was to be executed his sentence was changed by the governor to life imprisonment. The article went on to say, 'After all, the mother's prayers were answered, though she did not live to see it.'

"As I read that story, I said, 'If God can answer prayer for one murderer, he can for me;' and I fell on my knees in my cell, and began to pray. As I prayed, God forgave my sins, and revealed himself to me so plainly and so personally that from that day to this, I have never doubted that I am one of his redeemed ones. I began to read the Bible in order to learn more about God and his will for me. I found the psalms of David most helpful, for somehow I felt that David could sympathize with me, having been a murderer himself. I read all the religious papers and books and tracts that I could get hold of.

"The warden and all the prisoners saw the change in me, and gradually I was promoted to positions of responsibility. I became a sort of assistant to the chaplain, looking up the new prisoners, and urging them to attend the religious services. I told them what God had done for me and how much help I had obtained by reading the Bible and religious books. Many of them were helped, and some were converted and began to read the Bible.

"In 1912 the warden sent me out to work on the State Hospital Farm at Dayton, Ohio. I was still a life prisoner, but was paroled on my word of honor. I worked on the farm a few months, when the hospital superintendent, Dr. D. E. Baber, took me off the farm to be his private coachman. For over two years I occupied this position, and the people of Dayton saw me driving around the city by day and night, and I came to be pretty well known. During this period Rev. Mr. Smith, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church of Dayton, called on me, and invited me to

attend his church. I did so, and became a worker in all the church activities so far as my time would permit.

"One day when I was driving some of the members of the State official board to the station they asked me when I was going to get out. I said: 'I don't know that I will ever get out. I am in for life, and I haven't a friend in the world.' They encouraged me by saying that I had made a good record, and told me to let them know when I made an application for pardon.

"Dr. Baber also said to me, 'John, when you get ready to apply for a pardon, I will write you a letter of indorsement.' Thus encouraged, I made an application. Dr. Baber wrote me a strong letter. I showed it to Rev. Mr. Smith, who drew up a petition in my behalf, and asked his congregation to sign it; and they did. Thus, in answer to five and one-half years of prayer, and through the help of Christian people, I was pardoned in 1914, after having served a sentence of six and one-half years. I called on Governor Cox, who had signed my pardon, to thank him for what he had done. He was glad to see me, and said: 'Now you are a free man, John. What brought you to the pen?'

"'Booze,' I said; 'but by the grace of God I'll never touch another drop.'

"After I got out of prison I wanted to tell others what God had done for me. I wanted to do something for men in prison, and so I prayed that God would send me to some prison evangelist. After five months, during which time I was working on a farm in Nelson, Wisconsin, God led me to 'Lucky' Baldwin; the prison evangelist of Chicago. For three months I worked with him in his mission. He told me what the Moody Bible Institute had done for him, and advised me to apply for admission.

"I came to the superintendent, Rev. H. W. Pope, in September, 1915. I told him my story, and how anxious I was to enter the school, but that there were three reasons why I could not do it. First, I had no money; second, I had no education; and third, I could speak only very broken English. He encouraged me by saying that as to the money he would get me a loan of fifty dollars, and with that help I could work my way through school. As for the English, he said the school gave first-class instruction in that study; and as for the education, my experience of sin and redeeming grace was in itself a valuable education for one who purposed to work among criminals. Thus in five minutes' time all my mountains of difficulty disappeared, and I entered the school, September, 1915.

"I soon found work, and with some help from friends in Pittsburgh and McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, I have worked my way through the first year of my course. For six months I have had charge of the Sunday services in the Clark Street jail, and God has blessed the work abundantly. Several times I have spoken in the Cook County jail, and three times in the Bridewell to twelve hundred prisoners. On some occasions as many as fifty men have been converted at a service, so far as we could judge. My experience in the penitentiary gives me a great advantage in talking to prisoners, and my desire is to spend my life in working among them. I was once in their condition, but now by the grace of God I am a free man. My sins, which were many, are forgiven, and I can look into God's face with a clear conscience, and earn my bread with clean hands.

"My plan for vacation is to go to Dayton, Ohio, and preach on Sunday in the United Presbyterian

Church, whose pastor and members petitioned the governor for my release. Then I go to Columbus, and speak in the penitentiary where I was confined as a life prisoner; then to Pittsburgh to visit the friends who helped; and all along the line, always and everywhere, to tell everybody I meet what God has done for me, and what he will do for any sinner who will forsake his sins and put his trust in him."

Such stories as this ought to encourage God's people to work on patiently, for God has a thousand ways we know not of to bring the wanderer home.—*Rev. Howard W. Pope, in Christian Endeavor World.*

A Prisoner's Promise

"If I ever felt the unmistakable call to do a particular duty that no one else would do or could do," said William T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, "it was when I assailed the criminal vice of London, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"It brought me into very difficult places; it threatened me with utter ruin and destruction. But I was delivered through all my tribulation, and found that my prison cell was the antechamber to a larger place of usefulness throughout the world than ever I had dreamed of.

"In the whole of that campaign there was nothing from which I recoiled with such dismay as having to stand up in the dock at the police court and defend myself against an odious criminal charge imputing to me the very crime that I had been exposing in order to secure the reform of the law.

"I well remember the shrinking of heart with which I went down to the court. I had never been in a police court before in my life. Everything was strange and depressing.

"But before I went into the dock, I read the first chapter of the book of Joshua, and rose marvelously comforted from the perusal; and why?—Because I took to myself—as I truly think every man that is doing what he believes to be God's work against great odds is justified in taking to himself—the oft-repeated message to the leader of the hosts of Israel on the eve of the crossing of the Jordan. How splendidly the promise rings to this day in the ears of those who prepare themselves for the fray!"

Why Should Missionaries Fight Fire?

At a serious fire which occurred in the city of Kia-ting, Szechuan Province, west China, the people were so much impressed by the efforts put forth by the men members of the missionary community that they proposed doing several things to show their gratitude. After the usual native procrastination, about five months after the fire, each member of the foreign fire brigade received a large white scroll upon which was inscribed a long eulogy, one sentence of which reads as follows: "Although these foreigners owned no goods or houses in the danger zone, nor were in the least concerned, yet they ran to do this public service. They earnestly looked upon the dangers of another people as if they were the urgent pain of their own skins."—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

LIFE writes its history upon the face, so that all those who have had a like experience read and understand. The human face is the masterpiece of God.—*Elbert Hubbard.*



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



Yes, Politeness Pays

DAY after day, in fair weather and foul, through sun and snow, he stood at the corner of Monroe and Division Streets, Grand Rapids, Michigan, waving traffic onward with a white-gloved hand. He greeted every one with a smile, yet his gestures were as authoritative as those of any traffic cop on the thoroughfare. Also when you offended against the laws and ordinances he did not act as if he had caught you robbing a bank or kicking a cripple. Instead of humbling one before a crowd, the cop with the smile explained gently the breach, the law, and the reason for the law, until you felt as contrite and ashamed as if caught cheating by your wife.

One day a bank president drove past the corner—this is a true story, too, but so far it sounds like one of Oliver Optic's books for good boys; the bank president observed the stanch figure and kindly countenance of our hero. Upon inquiry he discovered that the smile was not bestowed upon him alone because he chanced to be a bank president, but went out to the occupants of all vehicles from plutocrats to dump carts. So the bank president summoned the traffic cop and gave him a job showing people around his new bank, at more kopecks per week. Now that Cornelius Wyman has traded the fresh air of his street corner for the inside of a bank, he may lose his rosy cheeks, but the smile has weathered too many gales to wear off indoors. If this story needs a moral let it read, "How to be a gentleman though handling traffic."—*J. C. De Oude.*

Things as They Are

"You know," Clotilda gave warning, "I say dreadful things sometimes."

"I think I can stand the shock," Miss Sheldon replied. "Are you wanting to say some dreadful things just now?"

"That's just it," Clotilda replied, lifting her brows perplexedly. "I never *want* to say dreadful things. They never sound dreadful at all to me—only to other people. I'm just trying to say things the way they are."

"That," Miss Sheldon responded, "is about the most difficult thing in life, Clotilda."

"It is?" Clotilda's voice was full of amazement. "Why, I think it's easy—if only people would let me."

"I'll let you. At least, I won't be shocked. What did you want to tell me, Clotilda?"

"Well," said Clotilda, settling into a confidential attitude, "there's Miss Raeburn. She looks so sweet, but she doesn't do anything except that everlasting crocheting,—balls and dolls and such things,—for church fairs, I suppose. Think of being in mountains like these and seeing nothing except work! She never goes on any trip *anywhere*."

Clotilda paused a second for Miss Sheldon to make some comment, but no comment came, and so she went on to the next thing:

"Then there's Beatrice Pemberton. I heard that she was very artistic—but the clothes she wears! Why, Miss Sheldon, they are awful. They don't match—the colors—and they don't suit her in the least. Some of them are fussy and frilly. No one *could* really be artistic and wear such clothes!"

"Clotilda," Miss Sheldon said, "did you ever think it would be fun to be a detective?"

"Didn't I—just!" Clotilda responded. "How did you guess, Miss Sheldon?"

"It wasn't guessing—it was suggesting. Why don't you do a little detective work for yourself—discover why Miss Raeburn sees nothing except wools and Beatrice Pemberton wears frilly clothes?"

"I wonder what's up?" Clotilda remarked reflectively to the landscape. "But I'll try—it will be fun."

Two days later Clotilda rushed in—Clotilda all penitence and humility.

"Miss Sheldon, wasn't I just horrid! Why do I jump at things so, never waiting to find out? Miss Raeburn, with that spinal trouble and never a word about it! And sending boxes and boxes of Christmas presents to poor little schools and places!"

"Did you find out why Beatrice Pemberton likes 'frilly' clothes when they don't suit her?"

"She doesn't—she hates them. She wears them because a cousin sends them to her, and she's putting a little sister through college. Miss Sheldon, I feel just about one inch high."

Miss Sheldon smiled—it was a smile that was full of understanding, and it comforted Clotilda.—*Youth's Companion.*

Courtesy Town

IN that rich country where the West and East meet is a small city that is more widely known than any other of its size in the Mississippi Valley. One can travel over a dozen States and hear of that town—and never once hear a complaint. It is always praise. The town is prosperous in a quiet, steady way. It is clean; it is beautiful. It has excellent public buildings, in good taste. But the thing that lingers with the visitor, the thing that leaves a distinct, pleasurable feeling, is the courtesy of the town.

A stranger arrives, feeling a little lonesome and blue. It is a thousand miles to his home. He does not know how business is going to be, but he knows how bad it has been. He has had a bad night in the sleeper. He is ready to hit back on the slightest provocation.

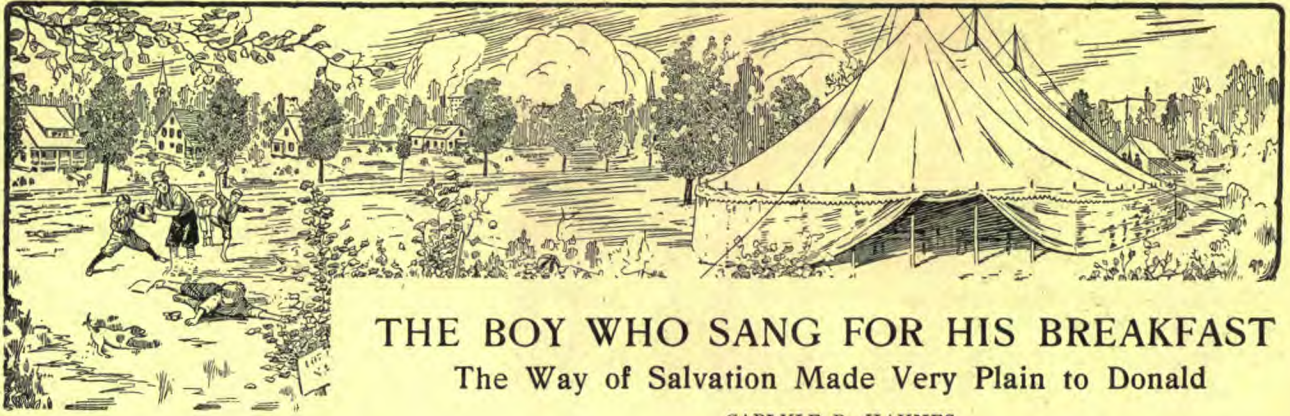
He starts up the street. A well-dressed, busy-looking man passes him.

"Good morning, sir!" He gives his hand a friendly wave.

The stranger half turns and looks after him.

"Must have thought he knew me," says the blue visitor; but half a block farther on he meets another man.

(Concluded on last page)



THE BOY WHO SANG FOR HIS BREAKFAST

The Way of Salvation Made Very Plain to Donald

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

FAR over the sea, in one of the great countries of Europe, just a little more than four hundred years ago, a boy stood on the streets and sang for his breakfast. His father was so poor that he had great difficulty in supplying all the needs of his large family, and the boy chose this way of helping his father."

Thus did Elder Harris begin his sermon on Monday night of the second week of the tent meetings. While those in the audience of seven hundred persons were not all so young as Donald Hunter, who again sat in his place on the front row of seats, yet Brother Harris knew that men and women are only boys and girls grown tall, and they like a story about as well as when they were shorter. So whenever he could put his points in story form, he did so. It certainly made the meeting interesting for those who sat on the front seats, and the older folks seemed to enjoy it just as well, if not a little better. The speaker continued:

"This morning the boy was discouraged, for he had been singing a long time, and no one had thrown him any pennies. There was a tremolo in the sweet notes as they sounded out on the clear air, so that all who heard could tell there was a catch in the throat of the boy who sang so bravely for his breakfast. As he sang, on the opposite side of the street a window opened, and a sweet-faced, motherly woman beckoned the boy across, opened the door for him, took off his cap, and led him to a table spread with all the good things a breakfast should have. When at last he had time to talk, she asked him about himself. His story touched her motherly heart, and she decided to pay his way through school.

"The boy was Martin Luther. For three years he lived with this good woman, and continued his studies. When he was eighteen years of age, his father, having prospered financially, sent him to the University of Urfurt. A few years later he studied for the priesthood, and became a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. Feeling a lack in his Christian experience, he entered a monastery to devote himself to prayer and study. Here he found a great Book chained to the wall, and on opening it discovered he was reading the Bible. In this Book he found many things which were strange to him, things which his church did not teach, and which brought greater peace and comfort to him than anything which his church did teach.

"Before long his order of monks got into dissension with another order. It became necessary to have the decision of the Pope in this trouble, so each order selected a representative to appear before the Pope. Martin Luther was selected to represent his order, and started for Rome. On his way he rejoiced, for he felt that in Rome, which was called the Holy City, all his hunger for righteousness would be satisfied.

"In this he was disappointed. He saw the Pope, but found he was not such a holy man as he had

believed, but a very wicked man. Many of the priests he found to be of the same character, indulging in great immoralities, and giving cause for scandal and reproach. Before returning to Germany, however, one more opportunity offered itself to him to gain the holiness and peace he desired. Passing along a certain street, he came to a flight of stairs. At the bottom was a placard announcing that this was Pilate's staircase, up which Jesus had walked into Pilate's judgment hall. There was also the announcement that all who crawled up this staircase on their knees would have all their sins forgiven, and this offer was made in the name of the Pope, just as if he could forgive sins.

"So Martin Luther dropped on his knees on the first step and began to ascend the staircase, for he wanted all his sins forgiven. When about halfway up the stairs it seemed as if some one spoke to him, saying, 'The just shall live by faith.' Startled, he looked about to see who had spoken, but saw no one. The words brought a great flood of light into his soul, and he saw clearly the great central doctrine of the Bible, justification by faith. He realized that he had been looking to his own efforts and works to secure for him the salvation which comes only through faith in Jesus. He was trying to earn by his own works that which was a free gift, already secured for him by the death of Christ.

"Martin Luther went back to Germany with this new vision of the truth burning in his heart. He began to preach it to the people, and it was not long until a movement was started which very nearly toppled the Pope from his throne. It was this blessed teaching of justification by faith which was the central thought and watchword of the Protestant Reformation. It was this which shook Europe and caused such a mighty awakening of all the forces of civilization, and which brought to light again all the glorious truths of the religion of Christ which had been hidden for centuries under the falsehood of the papal church."

Donald had been very greatly interested in the account of Martin Luther, and now he hoped that the speaker would make plain just what this great doctrine of justification by faith meant, for he wanted very much to understand it. The preacher went on:

"There is a longing in the heart of all people for a better and nobler life. This should lead them to look to Jesus Christ for their salvation, and it often does. But in many instances it leads to human attempts to self-salvation, or salvation by works.

"Instead of trusting in the merits of a Saviour, many are led to trust in their own efforts to obtain for themselves that higher and better experience for which they hunger. This principle of self-salvation lies at the foundation of all the systems of false religion in the world.

"In India the devotees of the gods will inflict upon themselves the most excruciating torture, hoping thus

to obtain favor with their deities. But there is no difference in principle between that and placing dependence for salvation in the doing of penance, the telling of beads, the confessional, the repeating of set prayers, fasting, flogging, and the wearing of coarse shirts. These systems are based upon works, and not upon faith.

"The religion of Christ is unique in its possession of this doctrine of justification by faith alone. Every false religion is based upon its opposite. Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Catholicism, and others are systems which teach that salvation may be secured by the performance of works instead of faith, by penance instead of repentance, by castigation of the body instead of forsaking sin. The basic principle of these religions is just the opposite of that which lies at the foundation of Christianity.

"We must learn to place our dependence in Jesus alone for salvation, and not in present-day theories, for 'there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' Acts 4:12. Only faith in Jesus as our Redeemer will save the human soul. We can do nothing to obtain salvation, we cannot buy it by good works, by penance, or by anything else.

"Christ has already obtained salvation for us. It is free to every human being. The punishment for our sins was laid upon the Saviour on the cross. He died for them. He suffered in our place. In so doing he set us free from the guilt of sin which otherwise would be ours. He died in our place, and thus saved us from death. He became our substitute. The atonement is made. Full salvation for all has been obtained. The way of escape from death has been fully opened. Nothing that we can do will add anything to it, for all that was necessary for the salvation of every soul has been done.

"Now God says, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' 1 John 1:9. God can now forgive us because our sins have already been laid upon Jesus. If we will confess our sins, therefore, and accept as our own sacrifice the sacrifice made for sins by Jesus, God will forgive them. He does not forgive because of any merit of our own, or because of any good thing we have done, but because we accept the good thing which Jesus has done for us, his sacrifice upon the cross. When we acknowledge our sin, being truly sorry and repentant for it, God accepts the sacrifice of Jesus as our sacrifice for sin because we have accepted it, and he forgives us. This is justification by faith.

"Every person in this tent may have this experience tonight. You need not go to a preacher, or a priest. In your room you can go directly to God, confess your sin, ask God for forgiveness, accept the sacrifice of Christ in your behalf, and God will forgive all

your sin tonight. This is not a theory; it is a fact, the truth of God.

"I beg of you to do this now. Christ is coming. The doom of the world is at hand. A final end will soon be made of sin and sinners. Will you not make everything right with God tonight?"

As Donald passed out of the tent after the meeting, an elderly couple walked just ahead of him. He recognized them as Deacon Sewell, of the Methodist Church, and his wife. He heard the deacon say:

"Mother, it does seem good after so many years to hear the old gospel again, doesn't it?"

"Yes, dear," replied his wife, "I'm so glad we came. It seems like the preaching we heard forty years ago."

"That's so," said the deacon, "and I haven't heard our pastor preach a sermon right out of the Word like that, and emphasize the old precious truths, since he has been here. We must come often to the tent.

This minister is indeed preaching the gospel."

When Donald went to his room, he knelt beside his bed, very earnestly confessed his sins, and then very simply believed that God had heard and forgiven, as he had said he would; and when he arose from his knees he believed with all his heart that God had accepted him as his own. And he did not forget to thank

the Lord for the tent that was pitched on the baseball lot.



LUTHER TRANSLATING THE BIBLE

THE agents of the Young Men's Christian Association in Italy write of the remarkable readiness—even eagerness—on the part of the Italian soldiers to read the Gospels. Colporteurs have been invited into the barracks and hospitals and given a free hand. Officers have taken copies to distribute. The eagerness of the Italian soldiers for the Word makes the present occasion strategic. Between three and four million men, representing every class in Italian society, are eager to read the life-giving Word. Similar conditions are described by a representative in Russia of the Scripture Gift Mission, who writes:

"I have just finished another week's work. It has been one of the grandest and most wonderful weeks of my life. With my own hand I have distributed ten thousand Gospels and Scripture portions. In no week of my life have I had so many people thank me for the Scriptures given, and in no week have I had so many come to me and ask me for Scriptures." — *The Missionary Review of the World*.

THRIFT of time will repay you with a usury of profit.— *William E. Gladstone*.

"HOURS, not years, are the unit for you to consider."



He Feeds the Pigeons

EVERY day several hundred hungry pigeons gather outside the window of an office on the fifth floor of Philadelphia's City Hall. They know they have a friend there who feeds them, and they have learned to distinguish that window from the many others in the building. When Judge Orlady arrives at his office, the pigeons are already there to wish him a good morning and beg for their breakfast. The judge has a large box which he keeps filled with cracked grain. He scatters the grain on the window ledge, and replenishes the supply frequently as hundreds of the birds come and go. Sometimes the birds return during the day for a "piece between meals," and if the judge does not happen to notice them, they peck the window pane till he comes.—*Selected.*

Battle Ground Made a Sacred Forest

AT the close of the war the entire line of trenches in France, extending from Alsace to the Belgian border, may be converted into a sort of national sacred forest, as a permanent tribute to the memory of the French soldiers who died in those trenches defending the soil of their country.

A proposition to this effect, prepared by the general council of the Department of the Meuse, will soon be submitted to the French government. The plan is to buy the battle ground from the farmers. Should this plan be finally accepted, future generations would have the opportunity of visiting the line of trenches, just as travelers today visit the field of Gettysburg.

It is said that for years to come no agricultural use can be made of the land through which these trenches run. The ground has been pitted with shell holes for a depth varying from a few feet to fifteen feet, and all the upper strata of soil on which fertility depends have been almost completely wiped out.—*The American Review of Reviews.*

"Shakar"

THE reader probably does not know what *shakar* means. It is a Persian word that some Englishman of the fourteenth century who was ignorant of the language misspelled as "sugar"—and sugar it has remained.

When you read that the United States consumes every year four and a half million tons of sugar, do you realize that sugar was not known at all to the ancients? They had only honey for sweetening. There is no Greek and no Latin word for "sugar," for a very good reason. The Latin word *saccharon*, used by Pliny in the first century of our era, meant only the sweet juice of a certain kind of bamboo. From it we have made our adjective "saccharine," to signify sweet.

The earliest fact known about sugar is that it was extracted in India and afterward in China in the seventh century. Later the Arabs took up the industry, and carried sugar to the Mediterranean countries. So far as is known, the first shipment to Great Britain was in 1319, when a small quantity was landed in London. As late as the year 1700 the entire annual

consumption of sugar in England was only ten thousand tons—less than one day's supply for this country at the present time. So, unknown for thousands of years, then first a luxury of the rich, sugar has become a prime necessity of life even for the poorest, and one of the most important foods of the world.—*Youth's Companion.*

How a Boy Started the Hawaiian Pineapple Industry

BEFORE the United States acquired the Hawaiian Islands they were famous chiefly for their natives and their leper colony. There was no special cultivation of the soil, no trade, and no commercial industries of value. But since the annexation to the United States in 1900, American enthusiasm and American progressiveness have invaded the land. The pineapple industry is one of the best illustrations of the result of this Americanizing. It was started almost by chance, by a comparatively uneducated, inexperienced New England lad, the son of a clergyman. He chose to locate in Hawaii on account of its wonderful climate, and finding that the pineapples were especially luscious and that they grew quickly and abundantly, he persuaded his father to secure a few thousand dollars to start him in the pineapple-raising business. It was a veritable get-rich-quick scheme. It has netted fortunes to each one of those friendly parishioners who advanced money for the venture.

At first the fruit was sent to the United States fresh, and was marketed along the Pacific coast. But now there is a cannery, with a capacity of ten thousand cans an hour, from which the fruit is shipped to all parts of the world.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Poise

It has been truthfully said that "fortune smiles on those who are possessed of poise." With this most valuable asset at our command, we can at all times and on all occasions show forth the best that is in us.

It is a quality which enables us to judge of our own value, and which, in revealing to us the knowledge of the things of which we are capable, gives us at the same time a desire to accomplish them.

There has been much written and said on poise and how to attain it, but it cannot be brought before us too forcefully.

If we are naturally lacking in poise, we can acquire it. It is within the power of every human being to win the victory over himself, and poise is power derived from the mastery of self.

To attain it the first requirement is the development of our will-power. A person without will-power is blown about like a straw, never certain what goal he is working for, if for any at all. Especially must we overcome all appeals of that weakness so predominant in humanity, self-love. Will-power gives us the force necessary to maintain a resolution that will lead us to our hoped-for goal.

We must honestly deliberate as to our own real value, being careful to lay aside all egotism and vanity; then definitely decide, with the assistance of reason and good judgment, that we are pursuing the right path. There cannot be any doubt left in our mind as to the correctness of what we are aiming at and why.

We may sometimes wonder how it was that the apostles had such perfect poise and presence of mind when brought before the highest earthly authorities.

Some of them were not men of high education; their advantages had been meager in comparison with these worldly men who had received every available advantage in training and education. They had gone forth in all confidence, having reasoned within themselves until there was not left a single doubt in regard to the truth of the message they were to present. Nor was there left a doubt in regard to the power which called them forth. This perfectly conceived confidence and faith gave them poise and courage in any conflict. Doubt is an enemy to poise.

We must fortify ourselves against adverse criticism. Only those who occupy enviable positions can become objects of calumny. Persons of resolution do not let such things disturb the mind.

One of the most essential elements of poise is a definite and clearly conceived ambition. We can never reach a goal until we have one clearly outlined in our minds and decide that we will allow no obstacle to hinder us. Then we shall have a motive power for inspiration which will give us the perseverance necessary to follow the line of conduct which we have mapped out in advance.

We cannot be too insistent in asserting how harmful the lack of poise really can be. When once this weakness has reached the stage of timidity, it may produce serious results, not only as far as the daily routine is concerned, but also with reference to our moral and physical equilibrium.

Let us bear in mind as we strive to make the most of the talents and being which God has invested in us, that only those come home with the spoils who have taken part in the battle.

MRS. FOSTER BARNESLEY.

A New Cure

THE wax bath is a new idea in medicine, and is recommended as a curative measure in a number of ailments, such as rheumatism, various disturbances resulting in skin troubles, inflamed and painful joints, and so forth. Incredible as it may seem, it is possible to pour boiling wax on any part of the human body without causing burns. The treatment originated with Dr. Barthe de Sandfort of France, who found the wax bath very successful in a number of stubborn cases. The wax he used is a paraffin composition prepared after his own formula, and possesses curative properties which would not be possessed by the ordinary wax candle.

The patient who is to receive a paraffin wax bath is placed in a wicker basket so built that his head is slightly raised. The basket is lined with a material impervious to wax. When all is ready, the hot wax is poured over the patient so that his entire body is coated with it, or the part which is to be specially treated. When the wax cools, the patient looks as if he were covered with a plaster cast. After the wax has been poured on, the patient is covered carefully with a quilt, and remains in his wax bath just as long as the physician deems it necessary to bring relief.

When a patient is taking an entire wax bath, which means when he is covered with hot wax from his chin to his toes, the wax is not quite so hot as when a patient is taking what might be termed a partial bath. That is to say, if a patient is suffering from, say, rheumatism in his elbow, he can stand the wax at a slightly higher temperature than he could were it poured all over him, for the simple reason that the skin over the elbow joint is not so sensitive as that of other portions of the body.—*Selected.*

For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHY is Bagdad of special interest? By whom was it recently captured?
2. Who were Seneca, Gallio, and Nero? and what relation did they bear to one another?
3. Describe the island of Rhodes.
4. Describe the most noted statue on the island.
5. What European nations have this year taken advance steps in governmental policies?
6. How many nations are now in the great European conflict?
7. Name the States that have enacted State-wide prohibitory laws.
8. Describe the national flags of England, France, and Italy.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of April 10

PART I

The following are the trees referred to in the stanzas given in Part I of the Finding-Out Club: Gopher, almond, oak, sycamore, fig, tree of life.

PART II

1. The president of China is Li Yuang-hung. The first woman Congressman in the United States is Miss Jeannette Rankin. The members of the Cabinet are:

Robert Lansing	Josephus Daniels
William G. McAdoo	Franklin K. Lane
Newton D. Baker	David F. Houston
Thomas W. Gregory	William C. Redfield
Albert S. Burleson	William B. Wilson

 The emperor of Austria-Hungary is Charles I. The nominally neutral country occupied by the Allies in 1916 was Greece.
2. The Taj Mahal is in Agra, India. The Alhambra, Granada, Spain. The Leaning Tower, Pisa, Italy. The Doge's Palace, Venice, Italy.
3. There are three distinct styles of Greek architecture, the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. "They are distinguished from one another chiefly by differences in the proportions and the ornamentation of the column. The Doric column is without a base, and has a perfectly plain capital. The Ionic column is characterized by the spiral volutes of the capital. The Corinthian order is distinguished by its rich capital, formed of acanthus leaves. The general characteristics of the orders are happily suggested by the terms we use when we speak of the 'severe' Doric, the 'graceful' Ionic, and the 'ornate' Corinthian." It is agreed that the chief element of construction of the Gothic architecture was the ogival vaulting which was widely used by the Romanesque builders in the first half of the twelfth century. The principal characteristic of the Byzantine architecture was the development of domical structures. Another characteristic of the Byzantine style, which originated in the love of color peculiar to the Orient, was the glittering mosaic decorations of the interiors, usually with golden backgrounds. The style of the American colonial architecture is the development of the classical forms of the English Renaissance modified by conditions of local materials and circumstances, and in many examples is characterized by much refinement of proportion and detail. The Capitol at Washington, with the exception of the wings and dome, is a typical example of this style of architecture.
4. Special interest is attached to Verdun because

there the longest and one of the most terrible battles in the world's history was fought, in which the Germans were completely defeated by the French.

Shadow Lawn is the summer home of President Wilson, where he received and formally accepted the Democratic nomination on Sept. 2, 1916.

On Dec. 6, 1916, Bucharest, Rumania, was taken by the invading German army under Field Marshal von Mackensen.

In the spring of last year the Sinn Fein uprising occurred in Dublin. For five days the Sinn Feiners held out against the British troops, but the leaders and about one thousand of their followers finally surrendered, and the rebellion ceased.

5. The following definitions may be given to the words named:

Belligerent: Carrying on war.

Contraband: Illegal or prohibited traffic; goods or merchandise the importation or exportation of which is forbidden.

Embargo: Any prohibition imposed by law upon commerce, either in general or in one or more of its branches.

Deportation: The removal, from a country, of an alien considered inimical to the public welfare.

Mediator: One who interposes between parties at variance, to reconcile them.

Veto: A right or power possessed by one department or branch of a government to forbid or prohibit, finally or provisionally, the carrying out of projects attempted by another department.

The "Brotherhoods:" The association of the "Big Four" railway brotherhoods, to which 400,000 trainmen belong.

Poliomyelitis: Infantile paralysis; inflammation of the gray matter of the spinal cord.

Members of the 1917 Finding-Out Club

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Stanley R. Altman | William A. Lair, Jr. |
| Paul H. Arnold ³ | Lona Lamb |
| Lillian Beatty | Ruby E. Lea |
| Helen Dykstra Beguelin | Lolita Leadsworth |
| Edna Blackstock | E. A. Light ² |
| Rose Madeline Brown ³ | Lillian H. Mead ³ |
| C. W. Bruce ⁵ | Ethel Means |
| Grace D. Bruce ⁷ | Mrs. F. M. McIntire ² |
| Richard Burdick | Bernice McLafferty |
| Eva Cardin ⁴ | Annie Horton-McLennan ⁴ |
| F. E. Cary | Mrs. Blanche Melendy |
| Donald J. Chaney | Doris Melendy |
| C. S. Channing | Mildred Melendy |
| Mrs. A. H. Chapman | Clara Miller |
| C. H. Chenault | Mary H. Moore ² |
| Mrs. C. H. Chenault ² | Inez Mortenson ² |
| Ethyl M. Clark | Lula Morehead |
| Dorris Cloninger | Bessie Mount ³ |
| Edith Colburn | Ruth Mount |
| Hattie L. Corby | Walter Mundy ² |
| Ramona Dimond | Ruth Nethery |
| Herbert F. Demorest ⁷ | John Newton ³ |
| Louragene Dozier | Jennie Normansell |
| Othra Eaton | Anna Osborn ² |
| D. E. Figgins | Barbara L. Osborne |
| Vera M. Fleming | Tillie Osnes |
| Lillie Freeborough | Bertha Oss |
| Martha E. Gatlin ² | James Oss |
| Esther Gifford | Mrs. Ole G. Oss |
| Evelyn Gilstrap | Pauline Paulson |
| Kenneth Gilstrap | Viva Phillips |
| Lois Lillian Gilstrap | Louise Quick |
| Pearl L. Goodrich ³ | W. S. Reese ¹⁰ |
| Ivan Hainer | Lester M. Roscoe |
| Herbert Hanson ² | Vesta Rubendall |
| Adah Hoover | Vivian Rubendall |
| Mrs. Grace Hoover ¹¹ | Mrs. T. D. Sanford |
| L. A. Jacobs | T. D. Sanford |
| Mrs. F. O. Jensen | Stanley Sargeant ² |
| Alida Johnson | W. F. Schültz |
| Orie A. Johnson | Bessie E. Smith |
| Lydia B. Jorgensen | Fannie Smith |
| Mae C. Laing ² | Lou Smith |

- Rose M. Smith
 Earl J. Stienvalt
 Fleta Stouter²
 Marguerite Sturges
 Elizabeth Swan
 R. R. Sweany
 E. Abbie Taylor
 Eva B. Taylor
 Loretta W. Taylor²
 Elsa Thompson²
 Ity Ruth Thompson²

- Roy C. Twing
 Susan A. Walde⁵
 Verna Geneva Walker²
 Alice Weaver
 George F. Webb⁶
 Matie E. Weber⁴
 May Willhelm²
 Evelyn S. Wood
 William F. Wood²
 Esther Zopf²

Washington's Advice

ON the fifteenth day of January, 1783, Washington wrote a letter to his nephew, in which he said:

"Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.

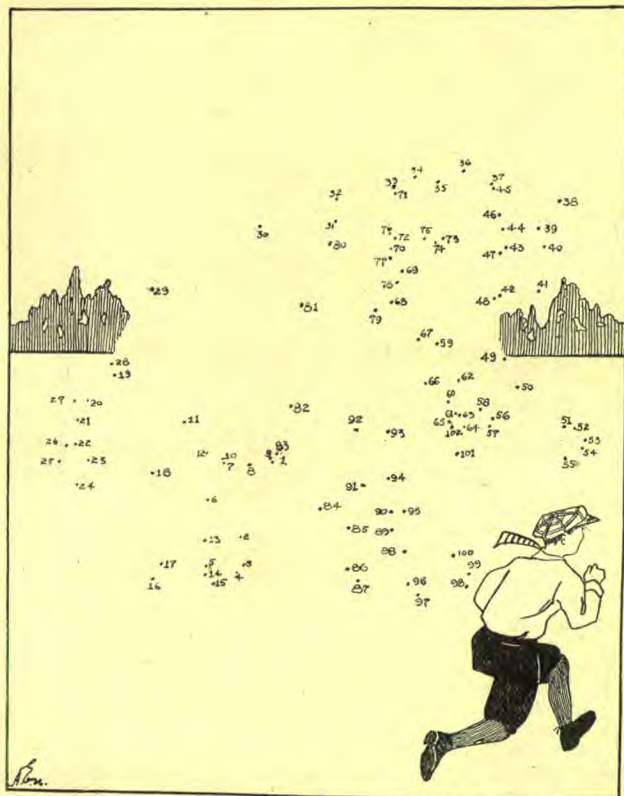
"Let your heart feel for the affections and the distresses of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite; but that it is not every one who asketh that deserveth charity; all, however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

"Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of judicious and sensible-minded persons."

TIME, indeed, is a sacred gift, and each day is a little life.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

"GOOD luck is a lazy man's estimate of a worker's success."

"MAKE few promises; keep those you make."



What is it? With a soft pencil start with dot number 1 and draw a straight line to dot 2, then from 2 to 3, and so on.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

Janet's Diary

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE

JANET BRANDEN sat curled up in a little heap in the large easy-chair in grandma's cozy sitting-room. Her Bible was open on her lap, the mark indicating her Sabbath school lesson. But Janet was not studying. There were two little lines on the usually smooth brow, and a worried look in the brown eyes.

She held in her hand a little blank book, which auntie had given her for a diary. But the longer she read in it, the sadder she became. The day had been unusually trying; and as Janet thought it all over, she felt far from satisfied with herself. Her lessons had been badly recited at school, and her teacher had reproved her before the class for lack of attention. "You are too self-centered, Janet," she had said; and Janet knew very well that to be "self-centered" meant to be selfish.

"Only six little weeks ago," she sighed, "just six weeks ago tomorrow, on my birthday; I shall never forget how happy I was in making up my mind to be a Christian; and now—now I'm so discouraged."

"What is it, dear?" It was grandma's cheery, gentle voice that aroused Janet from her reverie, and brought the quick blush to her cheek. She had formed quite a habit of "thinking out loud," and now dear grandma, for whom Janet had the utmost respect, had heard her words, and she glanced up from her diary almost guiltily. Well, never mind; perhaps grandma could help her.

"What is troubling my Janet?" repeated the dear old lady, kindly.

"Well, grandma, look here; I've kept this little diary Aunt Mary gave me, ever since I became a Christian, —and, well, I felt awfully disheartened tonight, and it doesn't make me feel any better, I can tell you, to read over the record of the past few weeks. And yet, I know I've tried hard to do right."

"Would you mind reading me what you have, Janet?" smiled grandma, "maybe I shall be able to help you in some way."

Janet smiled a little sadly, turned over the leaves, and began reading:

"Sabbath, June 17: Today is my birthday. I am just fourteen. Three weeks ago I made up my mind to become a Christian, and today I was baptized in the pretty little lake close by the meetinghouse. It seems as if I shall never even want to do wrong again, or to be cross and unkind to any one. Jesus has received me and forgiven my sins, just because he is so good, and because I believe him and accept his word. I am very happy.

"Sabbath, June 24: One week ago today I was baptized, and now the church has kindly taken me in. But somehow, I have already found that I *can* be tempted to sin, and that it is still quite easy to yield. I was impatient with Jennie because she spilled a whole bottle of ink on my new book. I am sorry.

"Monday, July 3: Jennie troubled me again today. I wish she would leave me quite alone and not bother me, when she knows I am trying so hard to be a Christian. She asked me today if I would help her with her arithmetic, and I had no time; I told her so, and that I must learn my Sabbath school lesson. Really I was just a little put out when

I read the memory verse: 'Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.'

"Tuesday, July 11: I attended Missionary Volunteer meeting last evening, and the leader spoke on foreign missions. It seemed to me then, and still does, that I *must* become a missionary to heathen lands. I have longed to be one ever since I can remember. But when I spoke to mother about it this morning, she said she was glad of my ambitions, and suggested that I begin in a small way, by practicing missionary work right at home. I am not sure just what she meant. In a minute father sent for me to hurry over to his office to do a little work for him. When I protested that I had my Bible lesson to finish, and had no time to go, I thought mother gave me a peculiar look.

"Wednesday, July 19: I attended a very spiritual prayer meeting last evening. Much was said about the beautiful work of our foreign missionaries,—how they sacrifice and toil early and late for the heathen, and sometimes even give up their very lives. It appealed to me wonderfully. It seems to me that I am quite useless here at home. What can I do for Jesus? I believe I am willing to go far away, even now, young as I am; for I do love my Master.

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of attending the missionary meeting tomorrow afternoon. But mother says she is not certain that I can go. Probably I must take care of baby; he is not well; but it seems to me Sister Martha might stay and mind him,—she is not nearly so much interested in missions as I am, and she does not intend to be a missionary either. But Martha is so busy sewing for that poor, poverty-stricken Bascom family, that I suppose she depends on me to take care of baby. That Bascom family somehow does not appeal to me; they are not only ignorant, but actually dirty,—and yet Martha seems to love their society; there is no accounting for some people's taste; now I—"

Janet paused for a moment to take breath; which allowed grandma to speak without seeming to interrupt her:

"I must speak plainly to you, my dear child," she said; "I cannot wonder that my little girl is dissatisfied with her record, more especially since she so desires to be a missionary."

"Why, grandma!" protested Janet; "I felt so sure you would approve my attending the missionary services,—I'm sure I can't understand—"

"I will try to make my meaning quite plain, my dear. Yes, Janet, you have had a most commendable desire to help others. But,—I am sure you have not intended to make the mistake,—while you have wished to do missionary work for the far-away heathen, you have all the time been chafing under the little duties of home life. The loving Master calls us all to service, but he intends us to do the work which lies nearest us. Then we shall be prepared for greater work. Father and mother and brothers and sisters, yes, and the poor and needy among our neighbors,—like the Bascom family,—deserve a large share of our missionary effort. Your sister Martha has seemed to appreciate this fact, and, I am glad to know, has been making herself generally useful."

Before grandma finished talking, there were bright tears in Janet's expressive eyes, and in her heart was formed a noble resolution to be more unselfish, more loving, more gentle and true, and to remember that he who is "faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

That evening Janet wrote in her diary,—and somehow the record seemed very different from what she had written before:

"I am trying to live up to the New Year's resolution in my Morning Watch, and especially 'to make some personal effort at least once a week to encourage or draw some one nearer to Christ.' I will also try to remember that I am right where Jesus has placed me, and that I must learn to do life's simplest duties without murmuring, before the Master can intrust me with greater duties."

An Afternoon on the Beach

WHEN I was about seven years old, I lived just a few blocks from the bay shore. Nothing, it seems, had a greater attraction for my older sister and me than that shore and bay, but our parents strictly forbade us ever to go there alone or in company with other children. The only time we might go was when our parents or some other grown-up person could go to take care of us, but this was not nearly often enough to suit us.

The neighbor children did not seem to be under such restrictions, and went nearly every day when the weather was warm. And oh, how we envied them! Every time they went they had some new fun to tell about. One day it was building houses on the beach, another it was sailing boats in the water, and so on, such a diversity of amusements that I cannot now name them all. Eagerly my sister and I would listen to the wonderful experiences, and then talk them over in bed till the sandman wafted us off in sleep to participate in them in our dreams.

One day these children said, "Oh, you should have been with us today. We had so much fun! We went 'way down the beach, farther than we ever went before, and the water was just full of crabs."

"Crabs? What are crabs?" asked my sister. Neither she nor I had ever heard of a crab, and our curiosity was thoroughly aroused.

"Oh, they're things that swim in the water and have two pinchers that open and shut like a mouth," answered May, one of the older girls. "Haven't you ever seen one?"

We shook our heads, a little ashamed of our ignorance, but anxious to know more.

"You haven't? Come on with us tomorrow and we'll show them to you," tempted May. "We're going to that same place."

"We'd like to go, but father and mother won't let us."

"I don't see why," ventured Bess. "They let you go and play on the sand hill, and there is nothing but sand on the beach. You needn't go in the water nor stay long if you just come to see. There wouldn't be any harm in that."

"Really don't you think so?" asked my sister hopefully.

"Of course not," assured May. "Come on over tomorrow and we'll all go together."

That night, in bed, we talked so much over the fun we would have that we forgot all about the right or wrong of going.

Time to go finally came, and we started off. If either of us secretly harbored any scruples about going, we forgot them when we reached the shore. Such a long stretch of clean, sandy beach and so fascinating and far-reaching an expanse of blue, blue water! No wonder it all seemed like a beautiful dream.

Before we hardly realized it, sister and I had slipped off all our clothes except our dress aprons, which

served as bathing suits, and we were in bathing. Later on we found a few crabs; then we dug wells in the sand, sailed boats, and did numberless other things.

A shrill mill whistle not far away brought us rudely back to reality. It was six o'clock. And what were we to do with our telltale aprons!

"I almost wish we hadn't come," thought my sister aloud.

Carrying our aprons rolled in tight little rolls we hurried rather silently and dreadingly home. I, at least, was so absorbed in my thoughts that I was hardly conscious of the other children.

Arrived at the back yard of our house, my sister reached for my apron, saying, "Give it to me. I'll hide our aprons under the woodpile in the shed. Maybe mother won't miss them."

"Why, girls, where have you been so long?" called mother from the pantry as we entered.

"Playing," was the evasive answer.

Soon she came into the room, and instantly followed the next dreaded question, "Where are your aprons?"

Then the whole truth came to light. Mother sent us for our aprons and immediately put us to bed.

All she said was, "I'm sorry my little girls have deliberately done something wrong and then tried to hide it." But the two of us sobbed as if our hearts would break. Never before had I seen mother cry when we did things we should not do, and it was really the keenest punishment she could have inflicted. It was also effective. Great as the temptation was, we never went to the shore again without permission.

LOUISE DEDEKER.

Fuzz Tails

IN many parts of the West, and especially in the State of Nevada, wild horses are to be found roaming the hills and plains. They are small, wiry, and sturdy, for they must get their own living, and are found in places where it does not seem possible that an animal could live. Their coats are thick, and their manes and tails are shaggy, and no doubt that is the reason they are called "fuzz tails."

Many men hunt for them, and, surrounding the herd, drive them into corrals. When they are broken to ride and drive, they are sold. If the colts are well fed and cared for, they will grow to be large horses. A horse of even three or four years, that is caught from the hills, will grow surprisingly after he is well fed.

A friend of mine living on a large cattle ranch in northern Nevada, was riding on horseback across the plains one day, when she found a tiny colt a few days old which had not been able to keep up with the flying herd. She had no difficulty in catching him, and thought she could carry him in her arms to the ranch house, but after many attempts found that she could not mount her horse with a little squirming colt under one arm. She did not want to leave him there for the coyotes to kill and eat, so making a soft rope of her scarf, she managed to lead the wobbly little fellow home with her.

The men of the ranch laughed at her, and asked if she expected to go into the business of catching "fuzz tails" for a living. It was no small task to raise the colt on a bottle, but he soon learned where and how he was to expect his meals. She named him "Silver" in honor of his State, and he grew into a large, beautiful horse.

When they moved to town several years later, Silver

was sold at a good price. My friend had told me of him, and as we were riding through the town one day she called my attention to a fine horse ridden by a young lady. My friend called the horse's name softly, and immediately she was answered by a toss of the head and a glad neigh. He had not forgotten the voice of the one who had fed and cared for him.

I have been told that on the Pyramid Indian Reservation there is a peculiar spotted pony which the Indians prize greatly. These ponies are caught and used for driving and riding. When they get old, they are turned out to go back to their home in the hills, and young ones are caught for future use. They say that Indians do not catch the wild horse for commercial purposes, but only for their own use.

Last winter, when it was extremely cold, and the herds of wild horses were gathered in sheltered places in the mountains, a man spent all his time killing and skinning the horses and selling their hides. That seems too bad when so many boys and girls would like a pony for their very own.

MAY L. HANLEY.



Reasons for Trusting God

(Texts for May 27-31)

If trusting God means anything to you and me now, it means everything, every day, in every experience. It is not like a garment that can be put on at will. If we have genuine trust, it becomes a part of our lives and transforms them.

Only those who trust God can know how very good he is. With the psalmist they have learned that "blessed is the man that trusteth" God. Such a man is blessed, for there is no want with those who trust him, and there is no harrowing fear, for those who trust him "shall not be afraid of evil tidings." Men who put their confidence in men may come to grief, but not so with those who trust God.

God holds the stars in place; he keeps the sun and moon moving in their appointed orbits; he gives life to each spire of grass at your feet and to the bird that sings in the tree. He keeps your heart and mine beating from day to day. Nothing is too hard for our heavenly Father, and nothing is too insignificant to receive his loving attention. He knows all about our heartaches, and he sympathizes with us.

"He knows the bitter, weary way,
The endless striving day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray,
He knows.

"He knows how hard the day has been,
The clouds that come our lives between,
The wounds the world has never seen,
He knows."

Then learn to trust God. Today, try to commit your all to him. For today keep your mind "stayed" on heaven, on God, on his promises, on his work, and on the home he is preparing for his children. And when night comes, if you have worried as much as usual, ask God to explain things to you. Perhaps each time you tried to think of God, a pet sin loomed up before you and hindered your thinking about him. Known sin always gets between us and God, and while

it is there, we can neither know God as he is nor trust him as we should.

Trusting God enriches the life; but we must never forget that to trust God we must obey him. Christ abides with those who obey, and fills their hearts with trust and courage. That is the secret of their enriched lives. For every duty he is their strength; for every disappointment he is the antidote; in all the vicissitudes of life he is their peace, their all in all. And he makes their lives a blessing to others. As the olive tree enriches the soil where it grows, so those who trust God fully will enrich the community where they live. They will make it a better community; they will inspire their friends to live better lives; in them people will find help in time of trouble, comfort in the hour of sorrow, and friends in every time of need. All this and much more, for in the lives of those who trust God, Christ is living again to bless others.

There is one other reason for trusting God: We will be amply rewarded in this life. But there is still another reward awaiting those who trust him: When all the sorrows and joys of earth are ended, God will lead his trusting children into their eternal inheritance; "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

MEDITATION.—I am persuaded that if I endeavor to know my Father's will and obey it to the best of my ability, I shall learn to trust him fully.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Father, help me to keep so close to thee "that no matter what comes, I will live on the mountain top, above worries, above repining, discouragement, and resentment."

M. E.



- M. E. KERNSecretary
- MATILDA ERICKSONAssistant Secretary
- MRS. I. H. EVANSOffice Secretary
- MEADE MACGUIRE }Field Secretaries
- C. L. BENSON }
- J. F. SIMON }

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending June 2

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

The Bible Year Senior Assignment

- May 27: Nehemiah 9 to 11. A solemn fast.
- May 28: Nehemiah 12, 13. Abuses rectified; the Sabbath honored.
- May 29: Esther 1 to 4. Conspiracy against the Jews.
- May 30: Esther 5 to 7. Esther's plea; downfall of Haman.
- May 31: Esther 8 to 10. Decree in favor of the Jews; victory.
- June 1: Job 1, 2. Testing of Job.
- June 2: Job 3 to 5. Opening of discussion; first speech of Eliphaz.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for May 24.

Junior Assignment

- May 27: Esther 1, 2. Esther made queen.
- May 28: Esther 3, 4. Haman plans to destroy the Jews.
- May 29: Esther 5, 6. Mordecai honored.
- May 30: Esther 7, 8. Downfall of Haman.
- May 31: Esther 9, 10. Victory of the Jews.
- June 1: Job 1, 2. The sorrows of Job.
- June 2: Job 42. Job submits to God.

A Courageous Missionary Volunteer of Long Ago

Some one has said that "the great secret of success is to be ready when your opportunity comes." The boy Abraham Lincoln used to say when he was studying by the light of the fireplace, "I'll study and get ready, and maybe a chance will come." His chance did come, and because he was ready he became the leader of a great nation at a very critical time.

The heroine of our story this week must have been an earnest, faithful girl, improving every opportunity to prepare herself for whatever might come to her. Little did she ever dream that she would be a queen and that she would be the one to deliver her people from death. Doubtless she had been faithful in the little things, living by principle, and sacrificing her own pleasures in order that she might help others; for when the great test of service came, and she realized her duty, she went forward to it, even in the face of death, saying, "If I perish, I perish."

Do you think it was easy for Esther to do what she did? No, indeed. As brought out in the story, it meant death for any one, even the queen, to go into the presence of the king unbidden, unless he happened to be pleased and held out his scepter. The great danger to herself in trying to intercede for her people she presented to her cousin, Mordecai; but he sent back these encouraging words, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" It was a decisive hour in Esther's life. Could it be that God wanted her to go before the king? It was really taking her life in her hands to do so, for no one could tell what he would do. Esther weighs in the balance her own life and the lives of her people. She must have made many unselfish decisions before, or she could not have made this one under such circumstances. But like all true decisions, it was made in the fear of God and in confidence that he would help in this critical hour.

What solemn days of fasting and prayer those three days must have been, for Esther and her maidens in the palace, and for Mordecai and all the Jews in Shushan! They knew that their own lives and the lives of the thousands of Jews living in that country were hanging in the balance.

When the day came that Esther was to go unbidden to the king, do you think she faltered? As her maids prepared her for the visit to the great king Ahasuerus, they realized that they might never see her again, and their hearts were sad. But she faltered not. The victory over self had been won. She was a conqueror now.

Now she stands in the inner court of the king's house. The golden scepter is lifted. In confidence she approaches the king and receives the promise of a favorable answer to any request, even to half the kingdom. But with womanly tactfulness she does not make her real request that day. How wonderfully everything works out; the king's sleepless night, the honor of Mordecai, the humiliation of Haman, and finally the royal decree which saved all the Jews. These things did not just happen, for heavenly beings were taking the direction of human affairs, in answer to believing prayer.

Do you wonder that the Jews still have a great holiday and festival in honor of this event? It is the feast of Purim, celebrated on the fourteenth and fifteenth of Adar, or our month of March. M. E. K.



IX — Paul Begins His Journey to Rome

(June 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 27: 1-20.

MEMORY VERSE: "All things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. 8: 28.

Questions

1. How did Paul travel to Italy? In whose care was he placed? Acts 27: 1. Note 1.
2. Who went with Paul to Rome? Verse 2. Note 2.
3. How was Paul treated on the journey? Name the ports at which he stopped. Verses 3-5.
4. In what ship did he next sail? Trace his course to Lasea. Verses 6-8.
5. What is said of sailing at that time of the year? How did Paul admonish the centurion? Whose counsel did Julius receive? Why did the ship's officers not wish to stay in Lasea? Verses 9-12.
6. What caused them to renew the voyage? What overtook them soon after they started? Verses 13, 14. Note 3.
7. How did the ship behave in the storm? Verse 15. Note 4.
8. By what island did they pass? What caused them much trouble? Verse 16. Note 5.
9. What was done to make the ship safe? Verses 17, 18.
10. What was finally done during the storm? Verse 19. Note 6.
11. What hindered the boat from making headway? What is said of the feelings of those on the ship? Verse 20. Note 7.

For Diligent Students

Make a map showing the course of Paul's vessel from Adramyttium till the close of this lesson.

Notes

1. There was no fast-sailing steamship in which Paul could make his journey to Rome. He traveled on a small sailing vessel. The second ship was loaded with grain from Alexandria, Egypt. It was a large vessel for that time, as it carried, besides its cargo, two hundred and seventy-six persons. Josephus tells of traveling in a boat which carried six hundred persons.
2. Luke, who wrote the book of Acts, and Aristarchus, a Christian from Thessalonica, who traveled with Paul, were his companions on this voyage. They were willing to suffer because of their love for the apostle.
3. *Euroclydon* is from two Greek words which mean "east wind" and "wave." It meant a strong northeast wind, which is now called the *Levanter*.
4. "*The ship was caught.*" The hurricane was so great that the ship could not be managed.
5. "Running under the lee of a small island called Clauda, we only just managed to secure the ship's boat, and after hoisting it on board, the men used cables to brace the ship." — *Twentieth Century New Testament*.
6. So great was the danger, the passengers did anything they could for the safety of the ship. They helped in throwing out some of the ship's tackling, but it was not till later that the wheat was thrown overboard.
7. "In the first century of the Christian era, traveling by sea was attended with peculiar hardship and peril. Mariners directed their course largely by the position of the sun and stars; and when these did not appear, and there were indications of storm, the owners of vessels were fearful of venturing into the open sea. During a portion of the year, safe navigation was almost impossible." — *The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 439.

OBSERVE good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. — *George Washington*.

“QUIT you like men, be strong.”

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 Months85

Club Rates

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

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

Who seeks success must falter not, nor shirk;
The only road that leads to it is work.

—Edgar A. Guest.

The Chief's Decision

MR. DAN CRAWFORD, the man who has spent nearly a quarter of a century in mission work in Africa, relates an interesting incident of a visit made by one of the native pastors to a native community where a group of eight young men had been going on "steadily and soberly for God." But these had been attacked by a secret society because they had the courage to expose some of the dark doings of the cult. They were seized, "tied up in bark ropes, and dragged off to the chief for royal permission to drown them. But they had come to the wrong man at the wrong time. 'No,' yelled the chief, 'you lie, for too well I know what these Christians believe. Did they not teach me when I was a lad? You ask me to beat them, do you? Yes, I will beat those Christians on the very day when you can come and tell me truly that they have left Christ and returned to their evil ways. Then will I beat them for such a crime.'"

Growth of Democracy

IN 1806 Switzerland was the only republic on the map of Europe, though in 1776 when the United States signed the Declaration of Independence, there was a democratic form of government in Venice, Genoa, Switzerland, and the Netherlands. Today the area covered by "republics" on the map of the world is considerably more than one half the habitable surface of the globe. "If we add the area of the British Empire, the spirit of whose government is now entirely democratic, and whose 'autonomous colonies,' as the Dominions are now called, are virtually republics, the area of free government reaches the enormous total of about four fifths of the inhabited earth."

Dr. David Jayn Hill, formerly ambassador to Germany, claims that more than one half of the world's population are living under nominal republics; and if the population of the British Empire, which may be called a commonwealth of republics, was added, this proportion would be raised to more than three fourths of the human race, or 1,250,000,000 persons.

If all those living under constitutional governments, excluding only the absolute monarchies, were included,

the map would be found to be almost white; for there are only a few countries in all Asia and Europe to appear as dark spots on the map fast being whitened by republican principles.

Hold On

"WERE man but constant," says the poet, "he were perfect." Inconstancy is the bane of the present age, inconstancy of effort, of affection, and of service.

In this time one is moved about by a very little thing; but one should fix the eye upon the goal and hold on until success comes. All great victories, whether of peace or war, have been gained by those who held on, who did not relinquish hope or effort through seeming defeats, adversity, or calamity.

"At the close of the first day of the battle of Shiloh, a day of severe Union reverses, General Grant was met by his much discouraged chief of staff, McPherson, who said: 'Things look bad, General. We have lost half our artillery and a third of the infantry. Our line is broken, and we are pushed back nearly to the river.'

"General Grant made no reply, and Mr. McPherson asked impatiently what he intended to do.

"'Do? Why, reform the lines and attack at day-break. Won't they be surprised!'"

And they were surprised and routed before nine o'clock in the morning. Thus to turn defeat into victory is the lesson to be learned in one's individual striving for character-strength. "There is no real defeat for the one who holds on in a right cause. The only permanent and hopeless failure comes through soul-surrender."

Courtesy Town

(Concluded from page six)

"Fine morning!" The citizen nods and smiles.

Directly the visitor begins to feel a change in his spirits. This is a friendly town; and that is a nice park over there—the squirrels are at play in the trees and the grass is very green.

Now it is no concerted action on the part of the inhabitants of this town. It is a spirit of friendliness, started somewhere, sometime, which has bred a general courtesy and consideration for each other, and for the stranger within their square.

Visitors, entire strangers without any special claim to consideration, will be pleasantly greeted half a dozen times in walking round the square. And much oftener than not, if one starts to board a street car the man in front steps to one side and waves the stranger in first.

A man may fight fiercely to hold his own in business; but he does not need, at least in a small town, to fight to get ahead of some one in the elevator, or up the car steps, or at the post-office window. And no matter how strong the competition in a town is, business and personal courtesy make it easier and pleasanter for everybody.

The stranger feels it and remembers it; and now and then it causes one to buy a corner lot and build, and another to come back half across a continent and locate in this town of pleasant memories.—*Selected.*

"YESTERDAY," said the sage, "is dead; forget it. Tomorrow does not exist; don't worry. Today is here; use it."