

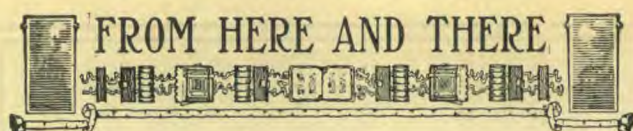
The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXV

June 19, 1917

No. 25





The selective draft bill that has passed both the House and Senate fixes the age limit from 21 to 30.

The highest patriotic duty of a mother, say Uncle Sam's doctors, is a simple one: to keep her children's teeth in good condition.

Representative William B. Walton of New Mexico is wearing for a scarfpin a spotted bean, set in two spirals of gold and well mounted.

The largest coal pier in the world is a part of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad terminal in Baltimore harbor. It handles 12,000,000 tons of coal a year.

John D. Rockefeller has subscribed for \$5,000,000 of the government Liberty Loan bonds. The government presents a "liberty loan" button to every person who subscribes for a bond.

Premier Lloyd-George's correspondence is more than ten times as large as that addressed to the head of any other department of the British government. Sometimes it exceeds 1,000 letters a morning.

The Washington Herald says: "Nation-wide prohibition was never nearer than now. Senators and Representatives alike agree that at almost any time Congress may pass a measure that will make the country 'dry.'"

On May 21, ten thousand persons in Atlanta, Georgia, were left homeless, when thirty-six closely built city blocks were destroyed by fire. Dynamite was finally used to check the conflagration. The property loss is estimated between five and three million dollars.

Bread having fifteen per cent of cottonseed flour mixed with wheat flour, baked at the Bureau of Chemistry, was served to guests of Senator Sheppard of Texas, at luncheon in the Capitol. This was an effort on the part of Senator Sheppard to demonstrate a suitable war bread. By using the cottonseed flour, 115,000,000 bushels of wheat can be saved annually and nutriment of bread doubled.

We can go a long way toward paying the bills of the war, and render real war service at home, our government says, if each of us will do his part to stop the enormous wastage of food, which amounts to \$700,000,000 annually. Our enemies owe their survival in large part to the willingness and ability of all their people to abolish waste of food and make every ounce count. The United States Department of Agriculture, as one part of its work in war, is attempting to mobilize American women for a fight in dead earnest against waste of food.

If all the blind people in the world were brought together, they could form a city as large as Chicago, or, possibly, Paris. No one knows just how many blind people there are, for in many of the countries worst afflicted — China, Arabia, Turkey in Asia, and North Africa — they do not care enough about the blind even to count them. Our Census Bureau, on the basis of ascertained figures covering about half the world's population, estimates the total number as more than 2,400,000. Egypt, Cyprus, Formosa, Uganda, the Philippine Islands, and India, in the order named, suffer most among the countries for which there are reports.

A West Seattle man, now nearly 102 years old, is living with his son, Alonzo, aged seventy. On the occasion of Mr. Wardall's one hundredth birthday, Dr. Edwin Fraser of the University of Washington, made the following interesting summary of the accomplishments of his physical life: "Mr. Wardall has lived 36,500 days; translated into hours, the total is 876,000; into minutes, 52,560,000. He has drawn 26,280,000 normal breaths; his heart has beaten 105,120,000 times. Eating three meals a day, he has taken 109,000 meals, which, figuring sixteen ounces of food per meal, would amount to 547 tons of food, enough to load a good-sized ship. Since the above was compiled, Mr. Wardall has rounded out nearly two more years, with a digestion fully as keen as of yore, and keener than that of any one of his 126 living descendants. What would not some chronic dyspeptics give for a digestion like this centenarian's, who has already consumed and digested over a hundred thousand meals."

President Wilson has appointed Mr. Herbert Hoover, who had charge of the Belgian Relief for two years, to serve this country during the war as its food administrator. Mr. Hoover serves without pay, as do his assistants, except the clerks. The work of this new office is to secure the voluntary mobilization of food producers and distributors for intelligent control of food consumption; to prevent all food hoarding and "corners;" prohibition of food waste; government establishment of prices to guarantee farmers their profits; full inquiry into existing available food stocks, costs and prices of food-producing and food-distributing trades; and requisitioning of food supplies and equipment for handling them when necessary.

If the six million people who live on or near the Lincoln Highway from New York to San Francisco will follow the lead of Dekalb County, Illinois, it will become a veritable "beauty belt" across the American continent. For Dekalb County has started the first "beauty mile" on this 3300-mile highway. Trees, wild flowers, and green grass are being used to set off the natural attractiveness of this mile in a planting scheme worked out by experts.

A contract was closed with a man at Cleburne, Texas, for one hundred carloads of peanut hulls to be used in a combination feed for live stock. The nut itself is now a popular and important article of food instead of a luxury. The people of the South used to throw away the seed of their cotton. Now they extract the oil for table purposes, and make cattle food of the hulls, and are commencing to make paper out of the stalks.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
God's Way, or Mine (poetry)	3
The Strength of Our Elder Brother	3
The Taj Mahal, Tomb of Moomtaz-i-Mahal	6
Lend a Hand (poetry)	7
Famous Christian Workers	8
God Hears Prayer	9
Spirits That Work in the Dark	10
Yielding to Temptation	11
Golden Hours (poetry)	13
The Golden Age (poetry)	13
The Land of the Book	14
What Came from a Good Beginning	16
SELECTIONS	
Food Notes	5
The Wheel of Silence	5
Honesty the Best Policy	12
The Artist's Hand	16

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 19, 1917

No. 25

God's Way, or Mine

CLARK F. BENNETT

WHY do we worry and try to plan
And our wants for tomorrow heed?
Is it always true that the things we want
Are the things that we really need?

Shall we struggle along dissatisfied
When we've lost what we hoped to gain?
Shall we waste our present in discontent,
And dread of the future's pain?

Shall we set our knowledge of what is best
O'er the wisdom of infinite God,
As narrowly, darkly, we see through a glass,
We mortals of common clod?

No, human heart, thou shalt not complain,
Although it is hard to see
That God's plan for me is my treasure chest,
And my faith is the only key.

The Strength of Our Elder Brother

CHARLES A. COLE

ALL power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." These words are as potent today as when uttered by the Saviour on that memorable afternoon on the hillside by the Sea of Galilee, nearly two thousand years ago.

In simple words the story is told that the eleven disciples went away into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. His ministry is ended, the plan of salvation established. Satan is a conquered enemy and man's redemption assured.

"All power is given unto me." The Saviour pronounces these words as a solemn benediction upon the wondering, half-skeptical throng. A few days before at Golgotha, many of these same persons had seen him hanging on the cross between two outlaws. His arrest, trial, and resurrection, and the attending events had been common topics of conversation in city and country, for, since these things had taken place at the time of the yearly Passover, the news had penetrated to the utmost regions of Palestine.

What did they think of him? Who uttered these words? A Jewish peasant; a Jewish carpenter. We have all seen many carpenters. This man was a carpenter. He made doors, windows, sashes, plows, boxes, and chests. He was a poor man, educated in a carpenter shop. When he began preaching he left the ordinary rut and went out among the common people. Some ridiculed and spoke slightly about his methods and his work. He was recognized as a teacher, but because he did not follow the beaten paths, they said he was crazy or possessed of a devil; others said he was a disturber of the peace and a mover of sedition.

There were not many who believed in him—a few fishermen and the like. Although they had been witnesses of his arrest, trial, crucifixion, and burial, yet here he stands in their midst according to his appointment, and they take note of the nail-scarred hands and feet and the thorn-pierced brow as he says, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

Power Fills the World

Did you ever think how much power there is on earth? Who can control the power of the wind? Can mortal man control or master the power of the waves? Is there any estimate of the power that tides are capable of generating? The power of heat liquifies the strongest iron. Of the power that pours floods upon the earth, it is estimated that an inch of water falling upon a square mile of land weighs about sixty thou-

sand tons, and all that power patters down so gently that we scarcely notice it. We call it a shower of rain.

Think of the millions of orbs that flame through the skies. Think of this world rolling on in its mighty orbit. Think of the sun sweeping on in its eternal pathway. Think of the power that moves all these things. And yet, here is a man who had been hung up between two thieves until he was dead, who said, "All power is given unto me." A man asked one who denied the divinity of Christ: "Could you say, 'I am the resurrection and the life'?" "Yes," said he. "Well, could you make any one believe it?"

There were millions of people living on the earth then—how many of them do you know of now? This man had power to make himself remembered. Although he was born and lived and died in a remote corner of the world and in comparative isolation, yet he is known more widely than any man that ever lived since the creation of the world. Millions of men, some of fame and renown, have lived and died since then, and few of them are ever known to have lived.

Nebuchadnezzar was a great king, Alexander a great conqueror, Charlemagne a great warrior, and so was Napoleon a warrior, yet few today are much influenced by what these men said or did. But how vast is the number whose lives today are not only influenced but definitely molded by what Jesus said and did? How is it that he who hung on a Roman cross nineteen hundred years ago is held in such reverence today? There is not a king on earth who wields such sway as he. There is not an emperor who ever lived that has such a host to bow to his commands. He had power to be obeyed and he had power to make friends. Few persons have friends that would put themselves out very much or go very far out of their way to let others know about them; but, although it has been nineteen centuries since Jesus lived, thousands are penetrating into the remotest regions of the earth to tell the story of his love for the human race.

"Ye Are My Friends"

Friends? he never has lacked them during all these ages. Friends of every nation, clime, and color; friends in palaces and huts, in cottages and in caves of the earth. The average man may count his friends on his fingers, but hundreds, thousands, and millions have attested their friendship for this man by a martyr's death.

There is power in his words. Millions of people talk, talk, talk, but few remember what they say.

Books, stories, and poems are written, orations are recorded, but they perish. Jesus said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." No reporter was ever present when he spoke to few or many, yet his words live on. He spoke to a little company on the mount, and the world still listens to what he said. He told Nicodemus one night that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and those words have been ringing through the world for nearly two thousand years, bringing comfort, hope, and cheer to perishing humanity.

While on the Sea of Galilee one stormy night he gently rebuked the storm, and the tempestuous waves subsided and the waters became calm and placid.

He had power over sickness and disease, for when he spoke they were dissipated. He had power over evil spirits, for he cast out devils and healed the raving mind. He had power over death, for he called the dead from the silence of the tomb and bade them rise and live. All these things were but samples of his power.

Jesus raised a ruler's daughter from the grave. He is going to raise your daughter by and by, and my daughter. He raised one widow's son; he is going to raise your son soon. He raised one dead brother; he is going to raise your dead brother. "All that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth," for he says, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." John 5:28, 29; Rev. 1:18.

You may write on a piece of paper, put it in an envelope, seal it, stamp it, and deposit it in a mail box. It is a small affair, but the government is behind that stamp, and it goes over seas and across continents and no one may hinder it. So it is when a man has the seal of God upon him. You may think he can be crushed, but he who has "all power . . . in heaven and in earth" is behind him, and if he says "Go," he goes.

The Gospel to All Nations

Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world." Rome tried to oppose that command. The lions gnawed the bones of Christ's followers, but old Rome went down with her idols, her slavery, and her abominations, and the messengers of God went on with their simple story of a crucified and risen Saviour.

"Go ye into all the world" is the command to which thousands have responded. What do they carry with them? That same simple story about a man who loved humanity, and who died blessing his murderers. To the Jews it was a stumblingblock, and to the Greeks foolishness. Christ said, "You go and tell it," and all through the vast empires where men worshiped heathen gods, today there is not a knee bowed to Jupiter or Mars or Venus or any of those deities. Their oracles are dumb. Their priests have perished in the corruption of ages, but this "foolishness" of preaching that saves them who believe still marches on.

Out of fifteen hundred million people on the face of the earth, nearly seven hundred millions are today under the control of governments and governors who acknowledge that Jesus Christ is Lord of all. More than three fifths of this wide world has come under the influence of this name. Has any one who ever lived in this world been so honored? He had power to make himself remembered. Every bank note in your book has a date upon it, and that date records the birth of that man. Every check you draw has that

man's birth date upon it. The deed by which you own your farm, the bond you hold, the note you give, the contract you make—none are worth the paper they are written on without that date. I saw an infidel book that rejected the prophets and denied the Lord, but on the back of the title page it was copyrighted "in the year of our Lord," and where there is no "year of our Lord" there will be little need of a copyright.

Nineteen hundred years ago a dozen persons sat in an upper room around a table, ate bread, and drank wine from a cup, and the Master said, "Do this in remembrance of me." If you had been looking on, and, knowing that their Leader would be betrayed, denied, and forsaken, had then been asked, "How often will they do this?" very likely you would have said, "They will never meet again." Those nineteen centuries have passed, and doubtless there has never been a year, nor a week, that some one has not obeyed that command; and today, in different lands, in different quarters of the earth, hundreds, thousands, millions of people gather, and with tearful eyes and tender hearts take the cup and break the bread in memory of him who died on Calvary's cross. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

It is said that when three German children were about to start alone for America, a friend took a little book and wrote in it their destination and a sentence in French, German, and English, and said, "Children, if you get into trouble, stand still and open this book and hold it right up." They sailed from Liverpool to New York, went a thousand miles west, and found friends everywhere. When they got lost, or needed help, they opened the little book. People would come and look, and that was enough. What was it? Was it a message from the German emperor? Was it the password of some great secret society? No, it was this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." That took them through Germany. It took them through England and across the ocean. It took them everywhere. Was it the word of a dead Jew? It was the word of a living Christ, that friend of humanity, who had said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

Dear friend, you want to be on the strongest side. Then be on the side of Christ. You want to be with the noble, the godly, and the good. This is the company you wish to join. Opposition to Christ will soon cease. Today men may mock and ridicule and scoff, but a time is coming when he shall be Lord of all; when it shall be said, "Thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned." Today we may testify of his goodness; today we may glorify his name.

One afternoon this man led a small company of followers out as far as Bethany, and said to them, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.'"

The time is near at hand when that declaration is to be fulfilled. Jesus is coming soon. Are you sure you are prepared for that event?



Food Notes

OVER half a billion dollars' worth of vegetables, exclusive of all cereals, are grown in the United States yearly.

The term "vegetable" is applied to a mixed group of foods, and not to one specific part of the plant. For instance, we eat the *leaves* of the cabbage and lettuce, *fruit* of the tomato and cucumber, *seed* of the pea and bean, *bulb* of the onion, *tubers* of the potato, *root* of the carrot, *stalk* of the celery, and *stem* and *leaf* of the spinach.

Such vegetables as cabbage, carrots, and tomatoes, are more digestible raw than cooked.

A strong argument for cooked food is improvement in flavor.

A strong argument against cooked food is loss of nutritive substances.

Spinach contains more iron than any other known vegetable.

If we consider all-round "vegetable efficiency" we can probably do no better than to pin the "blue ribbon" on the potato.

The paring of potatoes in the careless manner so often prevalent causes a loss of about twenty per cent of the food substance of the vegetable.

In war-torn Germany the paring of potatoes is now prohibited.

The sweet potato contains more fat, starch, and mineral matter than does its white rival; but the white potato contains at least twice as much iron as does the sweet.

Baked potato is one of the first solid foods given invalids and children, because the starch in this form is particularly easy to digest. The starch in the uncooked potato is inclosed in cells having a more or less insoluble and indigestible wall. The steam bursts this wall and even some of the starch granules, so that the starch-digesting ferment of the saliva can begin the work of digestion more readily.

Rice and potatoes are both useful foods, but they are not interchangeable. Rice contains three times as much fat, over three times as much protein, and over four times as much starch as does the potato, and a given weight yields four times as many heat units when burned in the body.

Steaming is preferable to boiling in the cooking of vegetables. In the boiling process there is a loss of mineral salts and other food constituents.

Mushrooms are very hard to digest. The best the stomach can do is to reduce the fungus pieces to a form somewhat resembling thin scrap leather with frayed edges.

The soaking of cucumbers in salt water does not make them easier to digest.

Sauerkraut leaves the stomach rather more quickly than plain boiled cabbage.

Cauliflower has been called "the most easily digested of all vegetables."

Many vegetables are principally water. Cabbage, cucumbers, lettuce, celery, and tomatoes are more than ninety per cent water. It would be necessary to eat nearly ten dollars' worth of sliced tomatoes with lettuce and mayonnaise dressing in order to secure the

same number of heat units as are in fifteen cents' worth of bread.

The foregoing notes are some of the food observations made by Dr. Philip B. Hawk in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Dr. Hawk has charge of the laboratory investigations made by a recently developed method of observation in the Psychological Chemistry of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. This method is superior to the X-ray examination or the stomach-pump observations, as it allows the observer to follow the changes in the food as it is actually being digested by the human stomach.

The Wheel of Silence

THE wheel of silence has been invented and given a year's test. It has been demonstrated that a noiseless street car is a possibility, and that a sleeping-car berth need not be a place from whence sleep is banished.

The inventor has already done a good turn to every man who has carried in his vest pocket one of the little stamp books with waxed paper leaves, for the silent wheel was perfected by Edwin C. Madden, who as Third Assistant Postmaster-General devised the nonadhesive stamp booklet, an invention that has made a couple of million dollars profit for Uncle Sam.

For more than a year a street car in Portland, Maine, has been running upon eight experimental wheels of the Madden type, and the inhabitants of that city refer to Number 404 as the "Ghost Car" because it glides by without making a noise like a boiler factory. The new wheel is a nerve saver for the public, and a money saver for the railroad.

The silent wheel installed on the car gives no clue to its construction, but when the cases which protect it from dirt and side strain are unbolted, it is seen to be of unique design. It really consists of a wheel within a wheel, with a cushion of springy rubber between the inner and outer sections. There are three recesses which are devised to prevent any creeping, either backward or forward, while side strain is cared for by the cases that at the same time protect it from injury, dirt, and grease. The effect of the rubber cushion is to lessen the jar and to deaden the sound that is produced by either pounding of the tires or by scraping of the flanges on the rails.—C. L. Edholm.

For the Finding-Out Club

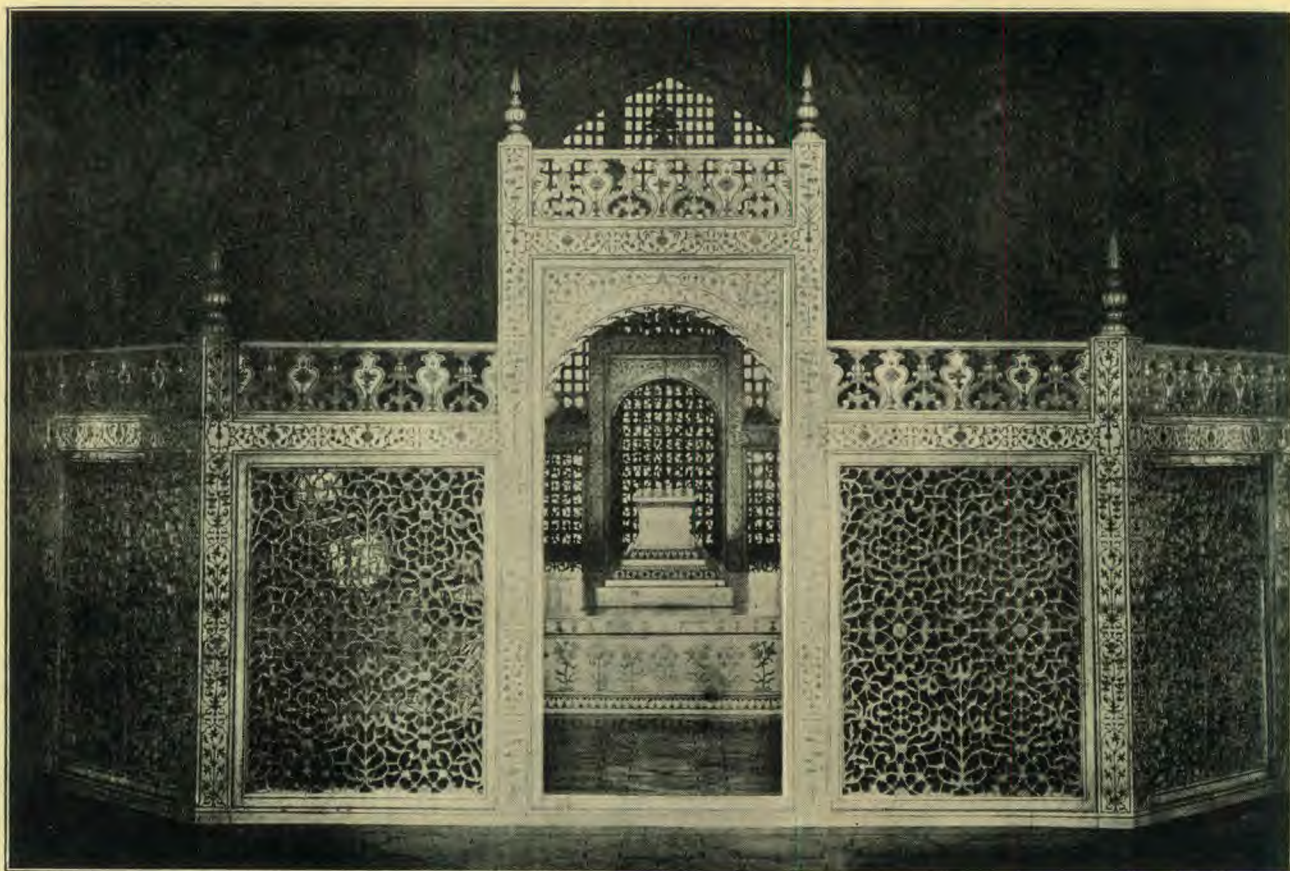
PART I

1. Who invented the submarine?
2. How many national parks have we?
3. To what position has President Wilson appointed Herbert C. Hoover?
4. On what date did the United States declare war against Germany?
5. Name the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.
6. Where is Roberts College, and why has it recently been closed?

PART II

How long—

- Was Moses hidden by his mother?
- Was King Herod building the temple?
- Did the ark of God remain with the Philistines?
- Did the Israelites wander in the wilderness?
- Was Israel governed by judges?
- Was Noah building the ark?
- Did the disciples tarry at Jerusalem waiting for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit?



The Taj Mahal, Tomb of Moomtaz-i-Mahal

LORA CLEMENT

THE beautiful Taj Mahal is said to be "the greatest love story ever written." Completed more than two hundred years ago, it remains today in perfect condition, the most magnificent mausoleum upon which the sun has ever shone.

The idolized wife of Shah Jehan, one of the greatest of the Mogul emperors of India, was Moomtaz-i-Mahal. For fourteen years he devoted his energies to satisfying her every desire, and they were supremely happy. When she died in 1629 the emperor determined to perpetuate her memory and his love for her by building the finest tomb the world had ever seen, in a garden on the banks of the Jumna River, which had been her favorite resort. The best architects of the world were summoned to compete for the contract, and the winner was Eesa Mohamed Effendi, sent by the Turkish sultan. Some time was spent in perfecting the plans, and collecting necessary materials, and the actual work of building required twenty-two years. Various figures estimate the cost as not far from \$15,000,000, and 20,000 workmen were employed.

The Taj stands on the bank of the river, its grounds forming a garden in the midst of an extensive plain, and is visible for miles in its dazzling whiteness from any direction you may chance to approach. The visitor enters the inclosure through a great ornamental gateway. The ascent is by stairway to the second story where from a lofty balcony may be obtained a beautiful panoramic view. "Just below begins the garden, laid off in sixteen sections, stretching far back, and the whole forming a square of 890 feet. Each of the sections is appointed for a distinct class of vegetation—one for roses alone, another for ferns, and another for palms. At the farther end of the garden stands the Taj Mahal, resting on its vast platform, 313 feet square and eighteen feet in height.

On each side of the outer edge of the platform is a mosque, and at each corner rises a minaret 133 feet high. The main dome of the mausoleum is fifty-eight feet in diameter, and eighty feet high. At each corner is a smaller dome which gives completeness to the picture. The mausoleum itself would be a perfect square of 186 feet except that the corners are cut off opposite each of the towers." Each of the broad sides has a grand half-dome entrance rising nearly to the cornice, while on each side are arches, one above the other. Around this magnificent doorway are Arabic inscriptions. Thomas W. Knox says that the whole of the Koran is on the walls of the Taj, written by the inlaying of black marble in the white walls. "Straight through the garden, all the way from the gateway where one stands to the Taj itself, there runs a stream of pure, clear water. This, with its twenty-three fountains and the central platform and fountain, gives a variety and movement to the whole scene, which at once take from the place all appearance of a tomb."

"Everything is of polished white marble. The bed and sides of the broad way down which the water runs; the splendid terrace on which minarets, mosques, and the wonderful central mausoleum stand; every part of the Taj itself from the lowest step in the dark crypt to the topmost stone of the dome,—it is all a wealth of spotless marble."

The tombs of Shah Jehan and his wife are in the vault beneath the central floor, while the monuments for show are erected on the floor itself, surrounded by a marble screen. The body of the beautiful Moomtaz-i-Mahal lies directly beneath the central dome; that of her disconsolate husband at one side.

Within the Taj we find marvels of Oriental workmanship. "Tombs, monuments, screen, walls, and pillars are covered with mosaic work, chiefly of flowers



MOOMTAZ-I-MAHAL



SHAH JEHAN

and scrolls." Here we also find texts from the Koran in black marble, "but the flowers and scrolls are of jasper, carnelian, agate, and other semiprecious stones, with here and there an addition of mother-of-pearl." One writer says: "We saw a single rose containing more than thirty pieces of stone, and yet the whole flower was not more than an inch in diameter." "These stones are thrust into the walls with such profusion that one is bewildered by the display. Yet when you realize the design you could not spare a single rosebud or lily leaf. Look as closely as one may, he can hardly distinguish the lines between the stones, so minute is the workmanship, so deft the hand."

There is a wonderful echo in the dome of the Taj. It repeats every sound of the voice with great distinctness when words are spoken slowly. Very low music is also exquisitely echoed. "An English writer says the chord of the seventh produces a very beautiful effect, and it was this chord that Bayard Taylor heard and described as floating and soaring overhead in a long, delicious undulation, fading away so slowly that you hear it after it is silent, as you see, or seem to see, a lark you have been watching after it has been swallowed up in the blue vault of heaven."

The Taj is wonderful in the sunlight, exquisite in the soft shadows of twilight; but magnificent, gleaming white, in the moonlight. It is one of the world's greatest buildings, man's richest tribute to a woman's love and memory.

Value of Our Missionary Volunteer Emblem

As I was leaving my home early one morning to make preparations for my Sunday-night meeting, a man that seemed to be in haste stepped up and asked for our church. He seemed to have something on his heart. As he looked at me his face brightened, and he exclaimed: "I know the colors!" He then grasped my hand and said: "That's a Missionary Volunteer button?" "I came in on the train," he

continued, "and am on the way to my home in the East. I attended the Battle Creek College and used to be an Adventist, but I went to the world and married outside the church. I am leaving on the next train for home, and I want you to pray with me. I have just given my heart to the Lord, and I am going to live a true Christian life."

As in the cold morning hour we stepped into my office and sent up our petitions to our heavenly Father, for this dear man and his family at home, that the Lord might bring them into the truth, I kept thinking about my Missionary Volunteer button. After supplying my newly made friend with tracts, as he was leaving he asked: "Have you another one of those buttons?" I let him take mine, as I knew it would not be misused. Since this experience I feel that the Missionary Volunteer button has a mission. Let us wear it where it can be seen. Perhaps some soul looking for help may see it and grasp the chance.

LOUIS HALSVICK.

Lend a Hand

As a worker passed along,
Gone was all the busy throng
Which that day upon the street
Hurried with a thousand feet.
There within the gutter lay
Something men had cast away —
Human flesh and human bones
Lying there upon the stones.
To such depths does manhood sink
Through the dreadful curse of drink.

And the wretch, on bed so hard,
Called the passing man his "pard;"
Asked that he would "lend a hand."
So he helped the fellow stand,
Started him along the street
On his drunken, tottering feet.
Let us hope he's standing still,
With a firm and manly will,
In the strength of Christ to go
Battling on against the foe.

Many thousands in our land
Crave a strong and helping hand.
Some are ready now to sink

Underneath the curse of drink.
Some have sunk and cannot rise,
Cannot gain what they would prize.
While we may abhor their sin,
Think that they are vile within,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
Do we not profess his name?

We may not have thought before
That beside our very door
People pass, and pass again,
Looking for our help in vain.
They are of our flesh and blood,
Children of the same dear God.
Shall we ever cast aside
One for whom the Saviour died?
Let us, rather, "lend a hand,"
Help some fainting brother stand.

MINNIE EMBREE PARKER.

Famous Christian Workers

THE first camp meeting ever held in America, it is claimed, was one held at the beginning of the nineteenth century at Caneridge, Kentucky. This revival spread to a neighboring community, and a great camp meeting was held there. At this meeting Peter Cartwright, who later became one of the greatest Methodist pioneer preachers in this country, was converted. Among the many interesting incidents of Mr. Cartwright's work the following aptly illustrates his power to take advantage of any peculiar situation to preach to the lost the news of salvation. He was compelled by force of circumstances to stop overnight at a house where there was to be a dance. Many of the people had never heard a sermon. Mr. Cartwright sat in one corner of the room watching the dance. He made up his mind to stay over the next day (Sunday), and preach to the people.

"I had hardly settled this point in my mind," he says, "when a beautiful young woman walked gracefully up to me, dropped a handsome curtsy, and pleasantly, with winning smiles, invited me to dance with her. I can hardly describe my thoughts or feelings on that occasion. However, in a moment I resolved on a desperate experiment. I rose as gracefully as I could, I will not say with some emotion, but with many emotions. The young woman moved to my side; I grasped her hand, and thus we walked onto the floor. The company seemed pleased at this act of politeness shown to a stranger. The colored man, who was the fiddler, began to put his fiddle in the best order, but I spoke to him to hold a moment; and to those in the room I said that for several years I had not undertaken any matter of importance without first asking the blessing of God upon it, and I desired now to ask the blessing of God upon this young woman and the whole company, that had shown such courtesy to a total stranger.

"Here I grasped the young woman's hand tightly, and said, 'Let us all kneel down and pray,' and then instantly dropped on my knees, and began to pray with all the power of soul and body that I could command. The young woman tried to free herself from my grasp, but I held her tight. Presently she fell to her knees. Some of the company kneeled, some stood, some fled, some sat still, all looked curious.

"While I prayed, some wept aloud, and some cried for mercy. I rose from my knees and commenced an exhortation, after which I sang a hymn. The young woman who invited me to the floor cried for mercy. I exhorted again, I sang and prayed nearly all night. About fifteen of that company were converted, and our meeting lasted over the next day and the next night, and as many more were powerfully converted. I organized a society, took thirty-two into

the church, and sent them a preacher. My landlord was appointed leader, which post he held for many years. This was the beginning of a glorious revival of religion in that region of the country, and several of the young men converted at the Methodist preacher's dance became useful ministers of Jesus Christ."

Christmas Evans, known as "the one-eyed preacher of Anglesea," was among the famous preachers of Wales. After his conversion to Christ some of his former ungodly companions waylaid him at night and unmercifully beat him so that he lost an eye in consequence.

George Whitefield, the prince of open-air preachers, was frail in body and had weak lungs, yet perhaps no preacher was ever gifted with a more powerful voice for open-air work. Benjamin Franklin claimed that he could hear him distinctly at a distance of more than a mile. A hundred thousand persons composed his audience at Cambuslang, Scotland, where ten thousand persons were converted.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was the son of a minister whose father and grandfather were clergymen,—four generations of preachers, notwithstanding the popular rumor that ministers' sons are not likely to follow in the steps of their fathers.

George Fox, the famous founder of the Quaker, or Friends', Society, was born in Leicestershire, England. At the age of eleven he was converted and became an exemplary Christian. The levity of professing Christians so grieved and shocked him that he broke off all companionship with both old and young, and traveled to many strange places to be away from all friends, relatives, and acquaintances and to be alone with God. Many spiritually minded persons who were dissatisfied with the formalism of the times began to rally around him, and soon societies of Friends were formed all over the country, of whom one of the most noted members was William Penn.

Francois Fénelon, archbishop of Cambria, France, was the son of a French nobleman, and lived during the reign of Louis XIV. He preached his first sermon at the age of fifteen. Some one has described him as imposing, "a tall, thin man, well made, pale, with a large nose, eyes whence life and talent streamed like a torrent." His educational writings rank high even at the present day. His political views brought upon him the wrath of the king. He suffered much at the hands of priest, pope, and king.

Girolamo Savonarola is credited with being "one of the greatest of reformers, preachers, prophets, politicians, and philosophers the world has ever known." He was the precursor of the Protestant Reformation. Six years after America was discovered by the Genoese navigator, Savonarola was burned to death in the public square of Florence by order of Alexander VI, one of the most profligate of popes. The martyr's life was too pure, too holy, too fearless, not to brook the displeasure of the Catholic hierarchy. Through his democratic counsel, Florence became a republic. "In appearance," says Savonarola's biographer, "he was of medium height, of dark complexion, and had a high forehead, an aquiline nose, thick lips, and a large mouth. When preaching, a divine light seemed to beam from his eyes, and to illuminate his face. His words flowed like a torrent, and he had a voice like thunder. He was very fond of children."

Madame Guyon was one of the greatest of Christian leaders. A beautiful girl reared in gay Paris, and a Catholic, it is remarkable what a sweet Christian character she became. At the age of twenty

she was converted. Writing of her experience she said, "I love God far more than the most affectionate lover among men loves the object of his earthly attachment." Later she says, "I bade farewell forever to assemblies which I have visited, to plays and diversions, to dancing, to unprofitable walks, and to parties of pleasure. The amusements and pleasures which are so much prized and esteemed by the world now appeared to me dull and insipid—so much so, that I wondered how I ever could have enjoyed them." The apostle spoke truly when he said, "Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake." Madame Guyon's Christian life was a rebuke to the wicked church prelates and political rulers, so she must suffer as have many other saints of God.

"She bore her persecutions patiently, and grew stronger and stronger spiritually. Her time in prison was spent in prayer, praise, and writing, although she was sick part of the time because of the poor air and on account of other inconveniences in her little cell. After eight months in prison, her friends secured her release. Her enemies tried to poison her while she was in prison, and she suffered seven years from the effects of the poison. Her writings were now sold and read all over France, and in many other parts of Europe, and in this way multitudes were brought to Christ and into deeper spiritual experience through her teachings. In 1695 she was again imprisoned by order of the king, and this time was placed in the Castle of Vincennes. The following year she was transferred to a prison at Vaugiard. In 1698 she was placed in a dungeon in the Bastille, the historic and dreaded prison of Paris. For four years she was in this dungeon, but so great was her faith in God, her prison seemed like a palace to her. In 1702 she was banished to Blois, where she spent the remainder of her life in her Master's service. She died in perfect peace, and without a cloud on the fulness of her hopes and joy, in the year 1717, at sixty-nine years of age.

"Madame Guyon left behind her about sixty volumes of her writings. Many of her sweetest poems, and some of her most helpful books, were written during her imprisonment. Some of her poems were translated into English by the poet Cowper. Some of her hymns were very popular, and her writings have been a mighty influence for good in this world of sin and sorrow. Perhaps her own Christian experience is best described in the following words from her own pen:

"To me remains no place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there."



CONDUCTED BY THE MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

God Hears Prayer

(Texts for June 24-30)

DAVID knew that God heard him when he prayed. Daniel would never have gone into the lions' den, for the privilege of prayer, had he not known without the shadow of a doubt that God hears prayer. Our

Saviour when on earth knew that God heard prayer.

David Brainerd did not toss his words idly into the darkness when he prayed all night in the woods. He was talking to God, and he *knew* that God heard him. The Christian men and women in all lands, and in all ages, who have saturated their lives with prayer, have known for themselves that God hears the petitions sent up to him.

A scientist is said to have declared that prayer is the greatest power in the universe, but that Christians do not know it. That is a stigma on our religion. We do not know the power of prayer because we do not know for ourselves that God really does hear prayer. We do not test him; we content ourselves by making prayer a sort of vocal gymnastics.

My dear young friend, God wants prayer to mean more, far more, than that to you. He desires that you shall know for yourself that he hears prayer—that he hears your prayers. He loves you; he sympathizes with you; he feels every heartache you have; he knows that you can never succeed and be truly happy unless you learn *how to pray and receive*. He wishes you to learn how to draw from the bank of heaven enough to supply all your needs liberally. He longs for you to enjoy the privilege of prayer to the fullest extent, that you may be all that you would like to be.

All the glorious answers to prayer recorded in mission literature or even in the Bible; all the persuasive arguments, the learned discourses, and the polished eloquence on prayer cannot do as much for you as a little Ebenezer of your own. Have you such an Ebenezer set up somewhere along the path you have traveled? Do you remember of asking God for something very definite until the answer came? That is a good beginning; do not let Satan cover up this landmark. Look back to it often, and say: There the Lord heard me. Erect other such landmarks as fast as you can.

Do not let Satan deceive you into thinking that God does not hear your prayer. Do not let him lead you to think that prayer does no good, if the answer does not come at once. He will try to do this as soon as he sees that you are on the right road to effectual praying. He will try in every conceivable way to make you doubt the efficacy of prayer—to hinder you from knowing for yourself that God hears and answers prayer; for he knows that as soon as you begin to count prayer as important a part of your daily life as the food you eat and the air you breathe, he and his entire host cannot overcome you.

But you say, you cannot feel that prayer is so important a part in your life. No, possibly you cannot feel so just yet; but have you not tried to live without praying? and did you not invariably fail? Now try to pray as faithfully as you eat and breathe; and soon you will know that God hears prayer, and that *prayer is absolutely indispensable to you*.

MEDITATION.—There are many good thoughts in the texts this week, but they all lead me back to this: I must *know* that God hears my prayers.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Father, help me to realize that when I talk to thee, thou dost hear; and that when I listen reverently, thou wilt speak to me.

M. E.

As for truth, it endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore.—*Esdras*.



SPIRITS THAT WORK IN THE DARK

The Great Confederacy of Evil and Sin

• CARLYLE B. HAYNES

IT was Thursday night. Brother Harris had announced the evening before that he would speak on the subject of "Spiritualism." Donald Hunter did not know what Spiritualism was, but he concluded from the size of the audience that it must be a very important subject, for by the time the sermon began there were fully one thousand persons in the tent.

"Modern Spiritualism," said the preacher, "had its beginning in the State of New York, in the village of Hydesville, in the year 1848. The first communication brought from the world of spirits in modern times came in answer to a direct appeal to Satan himself. In the year mentioned, a farmer by the name of John D. Fox lived in Hydesville. He was the father of six children, two of whom were living at home. These were the youngest of the family, Margaretta, fifteen years of age, and Kate, twelve.

"This family had but lately moved, and they found their new home disturbed by noises, especially at night. They first thought these noises were caused by mice and rats, and then by a loose board in the wall, but they soon discovered the noises to be distinct and intelligent rappings. After going to bed on the night of March 1, 1848, the parents and children sleeping in the same room, these rappings commenced with greater violence than usual.

"Mr. Fox arose and tried the window sashes. Finding them all secure, he was about to return to his rest, when Kate, having noticed that when he shook the sashes the rappings seemed to reply, turned in the direction from which the sound seemed to come, and snapped her fingers, at the same time calling out, 'Here, old Splitfoot, do as I do.'

"Instantly the rappings replied, frightening the girls so that they had no further desire to cultivate the acquaintance of old Splitfoot. But the mother continued the conversation, and by these rappings received a message professing to come from the spirit of Charles B. Rosma, which told her that he had been murdered in that very house some years before. An exact location in the cellar of the house was given as the place where his body had been buried, and on digging there, a considerable portion of a human skeleton was found. It was later discovered that a man answering the description given had visited the house and had not been seen since.

"From this small beginning, Spiritualism has grown to large proportions, until now it covers the earth. It is not necessary to describe the various modes of operation adopted in the manifestations of the various phenomena of Spiritualism, as they are now well known. But that which so far has been the chief deception of this movement is the so-called communication with spirits of the dead."

Donald found himself very much interested in what

had been said regarding the Fox family, and the messages from spirits. He wondered whether these spirits were really the spirits of dead people. He had been taught to believe that when death comes it liberates the spirit, which at once enters into a fuller and more complete life in a new world. He felt sure that if Spiritualism really made it possible to communicate with these spirits of the dead it must be a very wonderful thing. So he listened carefully to find an answer to his unspoken question.

"In order to accept the claims of Spiritualism," Elder Harris continued, "it is necessary to cast aside the teachings of the Bible. There is enough light in the Bible to enable the seeker for truth to discover the snare in the lying claims of this deception. The theory which lies at the foundation of Spiritualism is at war with the plainest teachings of the Scripture.

"There is no consciousness in death. The Bible declares that 'the dead know not anything' (Eccl. 9:5); that their thoughts have perished (Ps. 146:3, 4); that they have 'no more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun' (Eccl. 9:6); that they have 'no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom' (Eccl. 9:10); and that they know nothing of the joys or sorrows of those who are living (Job 14:20, 21).

"Therefore these spirits which appear in Spiritualistic séances, pretending to be the spirits of our loved dead, are not at all what they claim to be. The dead are not conscious. When a man dies, he does not go to heaven or hell. His spirit does not enter into another life. He sleeps in the grave until the time of the resurrection. It is because people today have forsaken the teaching of the Bible on this subject that they are deceived by the lying claims of Spiritualism."

To say that Donald Hunter was much surprised by what the speaker had said is putting it very mildly. He was sure he had been taught in Sunday school that the dead are conscious, that good people go to heaven when they die, and he had supposed that all Christians believed this. And now Brother Harris had said this was not so, and he certainly had proved it, for he had read just the opposite teaching right out of the Bible. So Donald found himself trying to readjust some more of his vaguely formed religious opinions. Then the question leaped into his mind, "If these spirits are not the spirits of the dead, what are they?" And the preacher's next words answered him.

"Some will now inquire, 'What are these spirits?' The Bible gives a full answer to this, and it reveals that there is on earth a vast multitude of invisible beings clothed with supernatural power, called 'demons' by the Scriptures of truth. These demons are wholly evil in character, and are filled with the most intense hatred toward God and man. They are constantly engaged in the most bitter warfare against the

welfare of human beings and the glory of God. This vast confederacy of evil is presided over by a chief who once dwelt in the courts of heaven, but whose present supreme aim is to ensnare the human race to its eternal destruction, and to press into his fiendish service event and circumstance of human life.

"When Satan fell from heaven, as we studied last Sunday night, a great number of his angels were cast out of heaven with him. Rev. 12:7-9; 2 Peter 2:4. The Bible teaches that each child of God has an attending angel from the courts of heaven. Matt. 18:10; Acts 12:12-16. Without doubt each person has also an evil angel attending him constantly. This evil angel, or demon, who is under the direction of Satan, knows every action of our lives, all that we have ever said, all our secrets, and it is this evil angel which appears in the séance and claims to be the spirit of the one whom it has attended. The evil angel of our loved one can tell in the séance all that the dead person himself could tell if he were really there. It can reveal secrets which were known only to the dead person and the person at the séance, and this revelation seems to be of such a supernatural character that the inquirer, not being fortified by the Bible truth regarding the state of the dead, is convinced that he is in actual communication with the spirit of his dead loved one. He is led on to believe 'doctrines of devils' (1 Tim. 4:1), for once convinced that one who loves him is speaking to him, he is ready to believe any message given him. Thus he is drawn away from God into this terrible delusion.

"The spirits which appear at a Spiritualistic séance are not the spirits of the dead, but the spirits of devils. This movement is the latter-day working of the one who was cast out of heaven, and all of the people of God should guard themselves against it with the utmost care.

"The first Spiritualistic medium was the serpent in the garden of Eden. Satan took possession of this reptile and spoke through it to Eve, and deceived her. Therefore it was because of believing the message of a spirit, or demon, through a medium that this world passed under the curse of sin.

"In ancient times God gave to his people many warnings against the working of these evil spirits, and we who today witness the same working of Satan will do well to heed these warnings. In Lev. 19:31 God says, 'Regard not them that have familiar spirits [spirit mediums], neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them.' In Lev. 20:27 he commanded all who meddled with 'familiar spirits' to be stoned to death. And in Deut. 18:10-12 he declares that all who consult with the spirits 'are an abomination unto the Lord.'

"In the book of Isaiah, chapter 8, verses 19 and 20, God gives instruction for the very times in which we now live, regarding this fearful delusion. He says: 'When they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.'

"Rather than the living seeking to the dead for help, they should seek to their God. When Spiritualism urges us to seek to the dead through a medium controlled by a familiar spirit, then we need to seek God. And we are to test the claims of Spiritualism by 'the law' and by 'the testimony,' that is, by the Word of God.

"Examined by this test Spiritualism fails at every point. The doctrine upon which the whole system is based is in contradiction to the plainest statements of the Bible, as we have seen tonight. Spiritualism teaches that the dead are conscious; the Bible declares them to be unconscious.

"Spiritualism is not all trickery. There is a supernatural power behind it, but that power is the power of Satan, not of God. It is wholly satanic. The spirits which appear in the dim light of the séance are not the spirits of our departed friends at all. 'They are the spirits of devils, working miracles,' declares the inspired Word of God. Rev. 16:14.

"As many will be brought into contact with these spirits which impersonate the dead, they will find themselves confronted by a power which they will be utterly unable to withstand or resist. Appeals will be made to their sympathies, and before their eyes miracles will be wrought which will convince them that this terrible delusion is the great power of God. They will be led to disbelieve the Word of God, which opposes the claims of Spiritualism, and will thus be led on until God departs from them, as he did from King Saul, and they are completely entangled in the snares of the devil. Thus millions will lose their souls in this final effort of Satan to deceive the whole world and take it captive. Our only protection against this powerful delusion is to be acquainted with the inspired teaching of the Bible concerning the dead."

Donald was very thankful for this sermon, for he now felt that he was fortified against deception in the matter of Spiritualism at least. He was very thankful, too, for the Bible, for he saw that it makes the way of life plain for every child of God, and is a safeguard from evil and harm. He determined to study it more than ever before.

Yielding to Temptation

My chum, whom I shall call Mable, and I were very fond of horseback riding. We were then about fifteen years of age and ready for adventure. So, one warm afternoon we took our ponies and started for a ride.

Mable's pony was a bay Shetland with enough Indian blood to make him lively, and mine was a gray Indian pony as treacherous as the name indicates. We were accustomed to riding, and so did not realize the danger in which we were placing ourselves when we decided to go to Edgerton, a neighboring town about nine miles away. We told our parents of our plans, and they, being more thoughtful than we, anticipated the danger and refused their consent.

However, we were unwilling to let our pleasure trip be thus spoiled. Our parents said that we could ride out in the country, but must not go so far away as Edgerton. After our preparations for the afternoon's ride were completed, we started out, each promising her parents, that we would not go to Edgerton. When the time came to choose which country road we should take, the one leading along the forbidden path was the most enticing. This road was lonely and narrow, with woods on either side almost all the way. It reminds me of a snake curled up, for there is one bend after another, making it a decidedly desolate, road and an excellent one for "holdups" to frequent.

The sun was still high in the west; so we rode on in perfect ease, enjoying the scenery and the pure, fresh air. We were so engrossed in our enjoyment that we did not realize how far we were going or how fast the sun was lowering.

We met a gentleman in a carriage. "Would you please tell us the time?" asked Mable.

"It is five o'clock, girls," he answered cheerfully.

"About how far is it to Edgerton?" I inquired.

"Only about two miles. You girls have two fine ponies. I see you have been giving them as well as yourselves good exercise," the gentleman replied as he drove on.

Now we had reached the climax of the temptation. Would we disobey and go the other two miles, or would we turn around when so near and spoil our long-awaited pleasure?

We yielded, and rode on for another mile. On reaching the top of the hill, we noticed the sun low in the west. What were we to do all alone eight miles from home with two tired horses? We took a painful glance toward the city, and then, full of fear, wended our way homeward, through the dark road which seemed to be filled with anything but desirable sights. Often our eyes were wet with tears because we imagined some one was either following us or hiding along the roadside.

Usually at the most fearful times the ponies would refuse to go. Every few minutes one of us would say, "Let's stop and start the ponies out together; then we can make better headway." Frequently this was resorted to, but in vain. Soon we were in the same difficulty, for one pony would gallop ahead and the other would stubbornly refuse to do anything but walk.

Still more perplexing trials were ahead, for when we reached the long bridge over which we had to pass, the ponies became frightened and positively refused to go over the bridge. As soon as they heard their steps resound in the water below they would quickly turn around and gallop off. By skilful management we finally succeeded in forcing them onto the bridge. But, being frightened, they galloped across at anything but a reassuring speed.

It was now about eight o'clock, and our parents were waiting in suspense for us to return. They would have come after us, had they known where to go.

To them each moment seemed like an hour, and their anxiety increased until our mothers were almost constantly at the telephone to hear if the other had seen or heard anything of us. These were the messages that the wires delivered, always the same: "Aren't the girls back yet? What should we do? Where can they be? It seems as if I can't stand it if they don't come at once."

Meanwhile, on the lonely road, one would hear, "Girl, what shall we do? We shall never get home alive."

"I know our folks will be terrified. Why did we disobey?"

"I shall never again go in the forbidden path. Shall you? It always leads to sorrow, no matter how beautiful and flowery it appears at first."

Weak, breathless, and sad, with guilt on our faces, we reached my home about nine o'clock, interrupting the message that had been across the wires so many times. Mother cheerfully said, "Oh, here they are! Girls, where have you been?"

As our parents viewed our guilty, penitent faces, they decided our punishment had been severe enough, so we escaped further retribution.

VIOLET SHADEL.

I WILL study and get ready, and maybe my chance will come.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Honesty the Best Policy

ON one of the most beautiful market places in Brunswick, Germany, is a fine residence, very curiously ornamented. On the most conspicuous corner, facing the market place, is a life-sized statue of a ragged beggar boy, placed just above the first story window. The holes in the knees and elbows are so perfectly cut in stone, that you would almost think you were looking at Carolo himself. Over each window of the first and second stories, a beggar's hat is carved in the stone, instead of the ornaments usually placed there.

The gentleman who built the house did this, because he wished never to forget that he had been a poor boy, and to remind all who saw it that "honesty is the best policy."

A great many years before, a German count, living in the same town, took a journey to Italy. One day while driving through the streets of Rome, he found himself pursued by a crowd of half-famished children, begging for money. He took no notice of them, and by degrees they all went away but one, little Carolo, who, perhaps, more hungry than the rest, persevered, until the count, to get rid of his cries, threw out a handful of small coins into the boy's ragged hat. The boy, turning away satisfied, sat down in the shade to rest and count his money.

As he took the coins one by one out of his cap, to his surprise he found a large and valuable gold piece among them. The Italian children are too often thieves as well as beggars, but Carolo was not. His mother had taught him to be honest; so his first thought was to find the gentleman again, and return the gold piece. All day long he ran through the streets, and at last, toward night, he found again the gay carriage of the count standing before a shop, and he soon told the nobleman of his mistake.

The gentleman was so pleased with the honesty of the child that he obtained the mother's consent, and took him with him to Germany. There he educated him, adopted him as his own son, and finally left him all his large fortune.

Carolo has been dead many years, but the old house still remains, keeping ever fresh the story of his early need, and the pure teaching of his humble mother; proving, too, the truth of the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."—*Exchange.*

The Sign That Said Thank You

IN a city of the Middle West, a large sign catches the attention of the automobilist and other drivers approaching a large hospital. It reads, "Hospital Zone. Please avoid all unnecessary noises." And after the vehicle has passed the hospital, going in either direction, the occupants come in sight of the reverse side of the warning, on which in large black letters is the legend, "Thank you."

"I rattled by that hospital once," a burly driver confessed to an acquaintance, "and when I saw the 'Thank you' staring me in the face, I felt pretty small. When I've been by since, I've driven as carefully as if I had a load of loose eggs."

A recent writer in a story depicting the imaginary life of America in the year 2016, represents business communications as shorn of all polite formulas. It is doubtful if that day will come in a hundred years, or a thousand. The necessity of saving time is not great enough today and will not be great enough in the future, to make it worth while to exclude from

our speech or our correspondence, the forms of courtesy. It is not usual for a request such as was printed on the sign in the city referred to above, to be accompanied by a thank you, but the cost of printing the two signs which took for granted that the humane request to drive quietly had been complied with, was richly worth while, because of its effect on the minds of the passers-by. The appeal itself might have been disregarded by the thoughtless. The "Thank you" impressed it in a way that could hardly be forgotten. "Please" and "Thank you" and the other terms of courtesy, are not useless encumbrances to our speech, and the years to come instead of obliterating will multiply them. The sign that said "Thank you" will be less a novelty in twenty-five years than at present.

— *Selected.*

Golden Hours

"GOLDEN hours,"—the child's possession,—
What a happy young procession!
Shetland "Bess," the best of ponies;
Collie "Tyke," the best of cronies;
Happy lads and lassies playing;
Happy homes where such are staying.

Charlie comes, his pony bringing;
Mary rides, her laughter ringing;
Charlotte hovers near the rider;
Clara trips along beside her;
Tyke is for a canter pleading;
Gladys helps her cousin leading.

"Golden hours"—the hours of childhood—
Passed in park or field or wildwood;
Sharing oft their richest treasure,
Happy most when giving pleasure,
Love light deep from pure hearts welling.
"Golden hours,"—God's goodness telling.

J. G. LAMSON.

The Golden Age

WHAT honored names adorn the page
Of history from age to age!
What mighty deeds of valor done!
What battles waged, what victories won!

Since Nimrod's tower reared its head
In Shinar's fruitful plain,
How far ambitious men have led,
What lands their countless hosts o'erspread,
For glory and for gain!

What sages rose, with counsel true:
What valiant leaders, brave to do:
What givers of true laws have told
The way of right in days of old!
Their names we speak, their deeds we praise,
And o'er their dust memorials raise:
And as we read the thrilling page,
We sigh for long-past Golden Age—
For Runnymede and Cloth of Gold,
For Marathon so often told,
For hanging gardens, Bab'lon's pride,
For pyramids so high and wide,
For pilgrimages and crusades,
For famed Round Table, knights and maids,
For princely court,
And manly sport,
For chivalry and pious zeal,
For henchmen true in woe or weal,
For troubadour and harper gay,
For merchantmen from far Cathay,
When knights and steeds
Did valiant deeds
For gold and name,
For love and fame.

O gallant men of old, what cheer?
What greetings come from yesteryear?
Are all the worthy structures wrought?
Are all the worthy battles fought?
Declare, are all the victories won,
And all the deeds of glory done?
Can still be found a glorious way
That leads at last to fame?
May we who live and toil today,
Among the great find name?

Long, long ago a knight in shining mail
Rode bravely forth to seek the Holy Grail;
Rode all alone, to many lands and far,
His guide the blazing sun, or northern star.
O knight of old, long since in death gone down,
Your children's children fondly tell the tale
Of mighty deeds that won for you renown,
And sigh that there is now no Holy Grail.

There was a man who led a host to war
For booty and for conquest and for power,
Who conquered kings, braved hardships past belief,
And to his nation left a splendid dower.
His legions knew not fear of foe,
Nor walls of mountains crowned with snow;
Barbarian hordes nor beasts of prey
Could turn that conquering host away;
And Rome attained a proud and glorious height
When Cæsar led her legions forth to fight.

Down through the ages comes a name
Whose letters blaze with deeds of fame,
Who knew Jehovah face to face,
Who led to liberty a race
Enslaved in Egypt's darkened land,
Oppressed by Ramses' bloody hand.
That man on Sinai's height alone
Received God's law engraved in stone;
By weary way his course he traced
Through angry sea, o'er desert waste,
'Neath burning sun, through drifting sand,
He led them to the Promised Land.

Brave man and true,
Who dared to do
A task no other ever knew!
Ah, that was glory! Heaven and earth
Unite to tell of Moses' worth.

A knight there was in days of old
Whose deeds of prowess still are told
Where camp fires gleam,
Where hearth coals gleam;
Whose mighty sword, Excalibur,
Was wielded oft in mighty war.
Brave Arthur, hero of our youth,
The champion of right and truth,
Thy mighty sword beneath the wave
Long, long ago found honored grave!
Thy deeds were done,
Thy course was run,
Ere ever we had seen the sun.

A king there was with wisdom famed,
Whose judgment all the world proclaimed;
With tribute brought from every land,
With treasure stores on every hand,
With heavenly wisdom richly blessed,
With nations doing his behest,
With spirit wise, with mighty pen—
Proud Solomon was king of men.

A poet, stirred with heavenly fire,
Penned words his fellow men to fire,
And on the battle field the strain
Spurred wavering hosts their own to gain;
And fainting souls revived again,
And cowards quit themselves like men.
What glory thus with pen to lead
Mankind to glorious, honored deed!

Another soul with tuneful gift
With skilful hand touched vibrant string,
With Orphean power the soul to lift,
And to ambition's heights to spring;
A man by music's muse inspired,
With martial strains his brothers fired
To fling away the cruel hand
Of foreign power that ruled their land.

O dreaming sailor lad of long ago,
What praise to you is due!
What dream—the circle of the earth to know;
A dream—but all come true!
Far to the west his little vessel bore,
Far from his home and well-loved native shore;
In unknown seas, with compass turned awry,
'Neath unknown stars set in an unknown sky;
Still westward pressing bravely on
Where never man before had gone,
That Genoese with heart aflame
Gave to humanity a land
Where liberty's fair temples stand,
And men are men in freedom's name.

A brave old man in cruel chains,
Bowed low with weary toil and pains,

From noisome dungeon sent a word
 That martyrs with brave joy have heard:
 I've fought the fight
 For truth and right;
 My course is run,
 The victory won;
 Henceforth for me
 A crown I see
 That fadeth not away,
 At God's right hand
 Where I shall stand
 In his glad crowning day!

There was—but stay, what pen could tell them all?
 What mortal memory could their names recall?
 They lived, they strove, they toiled, they fought,
 they died;
 Posterity their deeds has glorified.
 And words would fail
 To tell the tale,
 And fleeting time
 And feeble rhyme
 Forbid the task
 The dream would ask.

Such mighty wonders did those ancients do!
 So great their deeds, so grand their lives and true!
 We read and sigh
 For days gone by,
 For brave deeds done
 And victories won—
 For these we sigh, and wish again
 The gods made dwelling still with men;
 We dream those days are past and gone,
 That greater days will never dawn.
 Proud Babylon's course is run,
 And gone is Persia's glory;
 Gone too the glories Grecia won,
 And Rome is old in story.

An idle dream?—Not so, it is not so!
 The past can teach us lessons we must know,
 Can make us wise to follow safely here
 The path that duty marks, nor know a fear.
 But, valiant youth, so strong to dare and do,
 And wise beyond the wisdom ancients knew,
 Look not alone upon the glories past,
 Nor stand with fear, a-tremble and aghast;
 The present and the future offer still
 A world-wide field for bravery and skill.

New worlds for brave explorers wait,
 New worlds, of old, old need;
 New enemies press at the gate,
 Bold enemies of greed.
 A host of slaves for liberators cry,
 A host of slaves to sin;
 New fortunes challenge all who dare to try
 With skill and will to win.

How many judges true and wise
 Earth's sin-sick children need!
 What wails of pain and woe arise
 That for physicians plead!
 What songs must come from burning pen
 To cheer the hosts of right!
 What loyal leaders of brave men
 Must plunge into the fight!

The tale is long, and weary grows the ear;
 O croning Age, we cannot wait to hear.
 A glorious vision from the past may shine,
 A picture passing fair, of true design,
 And deeds that stir our youthful hearts with awe
 For all the mighty things our fathers saw.
 But fair and glorious though the picture be,
 Another view besides the past we see,
 More glorious and fair than past has known,
 More freighted with rewards, and all our own,—
 A view that spreads its riches more and more,
 And beckons on to heights that lie before;
 A field of gold, and set with gems of truth,—
 The future,—'tis the Golden Age of Youth!

MAX HILL.

The Land of the Book

CENTURIES ago, the Lord, by his strong arm, led the Israelites up out of Egypt into a land "flowing with milk and honey." Leaving behind them in the wilderness a vast expanse of eternal, shifting sand, where the scorching rays of the summer sun made the existence of varied plant life practically impossible, they entered a country where there were lofty trees, and beautiful flowers to delight the eye and bring rest

to the soul. The psalmist found this scenery a fitting source from which to draw illustrations. For example, "He maketh me to lie down in pastures of tender grass."

When we consider its vegetation, Palestine stands out uniquely from other countries. A noted scientist has said of this beautiful land: "There is not another spot on earth where so much of nature is focused as in this little corner. You have Alpine cold and torrid heat. Here are all the animals, birds, insects, plants, shells, rocks, of all zones." One is not surprised, then, when he learns that in the Bible are mentioned about one hundred and fifteen different kinds of plants, among the most common of which are the apple, wheat, thistle, bean, and onion. But we must not stop here: mention should be made of the stately cedars of Lebanon, highly prized for centuries. Then there is the tropical vegetation of the Jordan valley; oaks abound in upper Galilee, and fir and poplar are found in the vicinity of the Dead Sea. Near by is the beautiful Wady el Werd, valley of roses; and everywhere are the beautiful and well-known buttercups, tulips, geraniums, and anemones. But below, and east of the Jordan valley, the country is volcanic and destitute of trees, and it is necessary to irrigate the orchards of Tiberias by an aqueduct.

The particular science of botany has held the interest of men from ancient times; for we find that away back in the days of David, there was a young man growing up who finally knew so much about plants that it could be recorded of him that "he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."

And now, when the flowers of spring are opening all about us, and the tender blade for the herd is quietly springing from a thousand slopes, it would be well for us to follow the example of the wise man of old, to become better acquainted with, and see new beauties in, the plants which the Lord has given us, and written about in his Word. J. W. SALISBURY.

The Song of the Umbrella

D
 r
 i
 p,
 drip,
 drip! The
 rainy days
 have come, and
 me you'd better
 always take, When-
 ever you leave home.
 For when the sun is
 shining bright, And down
 the street you trip, A
 little shower may come up,
 D
 r
 i
 p,
 d
 r
 i
 p,
 drip!
 —Maggie Wheeler Ross.

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 June 30

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

June 24: Psalms 56 to 61. Trusting in Jehovah.
 June 25: Psalms 62 to 67. Confidence in God.
 June 26: Psalms 68 to 71. Prayer on removing the ark.
 June 27: Psalms 72 to 77. Prayer of David for Solomon.
 June 28: Psalms 78 to 80. God's dealings with Israel.
 June 29: Psalms 81 to 85. An exhortation to praise.
 June 30: Psalms 86 to 89. A prayer of David.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for June 21.

Junior Assignment

June 24: Proverbs 15. Humility and forgiveness.
 June 25: Proverbs 20. Admonitions and warnings.
 June 26: Proverbs 25. Humility and forbearance.
 June 27: Ecclesiastes 1, 3. Submission to God's plans.
 June 28: Ecclesiastes 5. Vanity of riches.
 June 29: Ecclesiastes 7. Benefits of suffering, patience, and wisdom.
 June 30: Ecclesiastes 11, 12. Charity; youth and old age.

Ecclesiastes

Ecclesiastes is composed of thoughts on human life. It tells how vain are the things that men seek after, such as riches. Such things do not make people really happy. The last two chapters give some fine instruction to young people. Every boy or girl ought to commit to memory the first verse of the twelfth chapter. How sad that any one should fail to give his life to God when he is young, and that the evil days should come, when he has no desire to do so. The most terrible fate in the world is to become a hardened sinner.

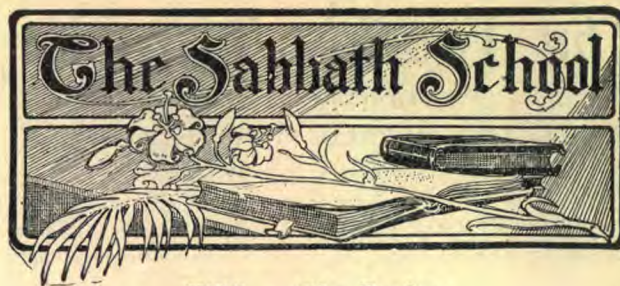
M. E. K.

Question Box

ARE Seventh-day Adventist children who are not members of the church listed as Volunteers or not? Are those who are church members listed as Seniors, and those who are not church members as Juniors?

One qualification for membership in the Senior Volunteer Society is church membership. Only those "who really love Jesus" and have given their lives to his service can truly enter into the real work of the Missionary Volunteer Society, and such persons, of course, should be members of the church. This does not mean that persons who are not church members cannot attend. Indeed, those who are not members of the society may sometimes be called upon to take some part in the meetings. But those who unite together in prayer for others and who work for the salvation of souls truly must themselves be earnest Christians. This qualification for membership is not required of the Junior Society, because the conditions are somewhat different. Then, too, we have children who are Christians who have not yet been baptized and united with the church. But the members of the Junior Society should be those who can sign the Junior pledge, and who wish to take a part in the work of the society.

M. E. K.



XIII — The Review

(June 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Chapters 21: 18 to 28: 31.

MEMORY VERSE: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

Questions

1. Why did Paul go into the temple at Jerusalem with four other men to purify himself? What caused a mob to try to take his life on this occasion? How was he rescued from the Jews? How did he gain permission to speak to them? Acts 21: 18-40.
2. How did Paul address his persecutors? What experience did he relate? How was his address interrupted? What punishment did the chief captain command should be inflicted upon him? How did he escape scourging? Acts 22: 1-30.
3. When Paul appeared before the council what was the first statement he made? What two classes of people composed the council? What did Paul say that caused a division among them? Acts 23: 1-11.
4. What plot was laid to kill Paul? How was he rescued? To whom did Lysias send him? Acts 23: 12-35.
5. Who appeared before Felix to accuse Paul? How did Paul prove that he was innocent? Of what did he reason before Felix? Why was Paul not released? How long did Felix keep him a prisoner? Name the governor who succeeded Felix. Acts 24: 1-27.
6. Give an account of Paul's trial before Festus. To whom did Paul appeal? Acts 25: 1-11.
7. What led to Paul's being brought before King Agrippa? Give the main points of his address before the king. What effect did it have upon him? Acts 25: 12 to 26: 29.
8. What did Felix and Festus both say of him? Why was Paul not set at liberty? Acts 26: 30-32.
9. Give an account of Paul's journey to Italy as far as the city of Lasea. Acts 27: 1-8.
10. What warning did Paul give the officers of the ship as they started on the second part of their voyage? Why was this warning not heeded? Give an account of the storm encountered. How was Paul used of God to save the lives of all on board the ship? Tell how the ship was wrecked. Acts 27: 9-44.
11. On what island did Paul and his fellow travelers find refuge? How were they treated there? Give two experiences of Paul that filled the people with wonder. Acts 28: 1-10.
12. How long did Paul and his companions remain at Melita? Give the principal events connected with their journey from there to Rome. How was Paul permitted to labor in that city? What was the result of his first trial? How was he again brought to Rome? How did his life come to an end while there? Acts 28: 11-31; 2 Tim. 4: 6-8.

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 5: 10.
2. "Thou shalt be his witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard." Acts 22: 15.
3. "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John 16: 33.
4. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Ps. 46: 1.
5. Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." Acts 24: 25.
6. "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye." 1 Peter 4: 14.
7. "Ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake." Matt. 10: 18.
8. "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Acts 26: 28.
9. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. 8: 28.
10. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Ps. 34: 19.
11. "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Mark 16: 18.
12. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." 2 Tim. 4: 7.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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

Subscription Rates

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

Club Rates

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

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

Always Unprofitable

You may worry when you're weary,
You may worry when you're well;
You may worry when life's dreary
Or when buds begin to swell;
You may worry in December
And keep worrying in May,
But in any case remember
That you cannot make it pay.
You may worry when disaster
Hovers o'er you in the night;
You may worry when your master
Has declined to treat you right;
You may worry when they've taken
The last chance you had away,
But the fact remains unshaken
That you cannot make it pay.

—Record-Herald.

What Came from a Good Beginning

As the result of agitation in the Parent-Teachers' Association of Takoma Park, D. C., in the spring of 1916, a group of mothers devised an industrial club for summer instruction for their girls from the fifth to the eighth grade. The girls were formed into groups of four or five, and once a week they met at the homes of volunteer teachers who gave them instruction in cooking, first-aid treatments, tatting, crocheting, and raffia work. This club work was meant to cover but one month's instruction; but so interested did the girls become in some phases of the work that those classes were continued throughout the summer.

The result of the club work surpassed the brightest expectations of those who were responsible for starting it. An experienced dressmaker and professional sewing teacher gave the girls instruction in sewing during the school year, so that those of the eighth grade, by combining their summer knowledge of crocheting, tatting, and embroidery with their sewing instruction, were able to make garments that would have been a credit to far more experienced seamstresses. Those younger in years also produced very creditable work. Altogether the church school craft exhibit of Takoma Park, D. C., was one of exceptional merit.

So satisfactory was the work accomplished for the girls during the summer that this spring it was determined that the boys should have instruction in several phases of handicraft work especially suited to them. They have been organized under the name of Mission Scouts, and while their leader, on account of university work, has not yet been able to get the work fully organized, the boys have made a good beginning in gardening. A detailed report from them will be

given after they get into full working order. Meanwhile are there not other communities that will organize to do really helpful, earnest work for their boys and girls?

The Artist's Hand

A YOUNG woman who had been studying music in one of the leading conservatories of the country, was asked to play at a seaside hotel. Seating herself at the instrument, she struck a few chords, then rose with an air of disgust. "Oh," she exclaimed, contemptuously, "I can't do anything with such a piano."

The guests, who had gathered anticipating a musical treat, attempted to persuade her to go on, but in vain. Moving disdainfully through the disappointed group, she took a book and began reading. And then a gray-haired man, coming from an adjoining room, seated himself at the piano, and ran his hands over the keys. The guests, who were on the point of dispersing, turned back. The girl musician looked up from her book with a start.

The piano was not of the best make, it is true. A trained ear would have recognized that it was not in perfect tune. But the music that came from it that evening held the listeners spellbound. Even the noisy fringe on the outskirts of the group, who, as a rule, seemed of the opinion that music was the best accompaniment to conversation, sat motionless and silent. The eyes of some listeners were full of tears.

Among them all, none listened more raptly than the girl who had declared that she could not play on such a piano. And when the musician at last ceased playing, she rose and went to him.

"You have taught me a lesson tonight," she said, lifting grave eyes. "I am only a beginner, and I did not think that any one could play on so poor a piano. But now I see that the master hand can bring music from any instrument."

Life is continually demonstrating the lesson the girl learned that night. Some people bring nothing but discord from their surroundings. They are all the time making themselves unhappy by trivial misunderstandings. They quarrel with their associates. They are embittered by every disappointment. And others in the same environment make friends and keep sunny, and somehow, out of trying circumstances, make the sweetest music. Less depends on the instrument than on the hand of the musician. And there are no imaginable circumstances from which the artist in life is unable to evolve harmony.—*The Way*.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is by official regulation the national air, and the only national air. When it is played ceremoniously, all persons within hearing should rise immediately, and should stand, uncovered, during its rendition. The playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" as part of an entertainment program or in a medley is not generally regarded as a ceremonious playing of the national air, and consequently there is no offense to the flag if no honors are accorded it by the people present at such a rendition.

One week's mail brought to Mrs. Helen Gould Shepard 1,303 pieces of mail, most of which were requests for charity. The amount desired was not always named, but there were definite requests totaling the modest sum of \$1,548,502.