

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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VISITING GRANDMA

From Here and There

Stock of the Distilleries Securities Corporation is selling as low as \$14 a share, par being \$100.

The newest automobile device sands slippery roads just as a locomotive puts sand on slippery rails.

Of British invention is a mirror marked with feet and inches, to enable persons to measure their own height by facing it.

Now that the war is on, let us forbid any grain of corn being used in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

At certain places in Korea, great placards are placed at the crossroads, on which is written this request: "If any of the Jesus people come this way, let them stop and tell us the story."

Obregon, the chief military leader of Mexico, is a mixture of Indian and Irish blood. His Irish grandfather, whose name was O'Brien, was a political exile who settled among the Indians of Sonora.

Miss Hansa Browning, who built the John T. Browning Memorial Normal Building at South Lancaster, Massachusetts, the commodious church at Rochester, New York, and furnished funds for a new annex to the New England Sanitarium, Melrose, Massachusetts, passed away on July 24, at the New England Sanitarium, where she had lived for more than a year. Miss Browning had the pleasure of seeing the means she consecrated to God used to build up his work during her lifetime rather than after her death.

In New York City not only are gas and electricity supplied through street mains from a central station, but many of the new office buildings in the financial district now get their steam from underground pipes that relay it from a distant generating plant. The buildings, says the *Scientific American*, have no furnaces or boilers, but the basements have, instead, simple valve mechanisms for turning on steam from the high-pressure street mains, and meters that measure the volume of steam consumed. In that way the occupants of the building can have at any moment all the steam they need for heat and power, and pay only for what they really use. The plan has been so successful that one company has had to add a new power plant to its system in order to meet its rapidly growing business. The plant occupies four floors of a building one hundred and fifty feet high, which has six great smokestacks, twelve feet in diameter, that tower one hundred and seventy-five feet above the roof. It uses nine hundred tons of coal a day. Unless the cost of heating by electricity becomes very much less than it is now, most city residences may eventually get steam for heating from underground pipes, and get it at a great saving in comparison with the present cost of fuel and labor.

Two Birthdays

A GENTLEMAN went to call on a friend. He was entertained for a little time by a young daughter in the home. Presently she brought him a birthday album and asked him to write in it his name and birthday. He did as requested, and handed it back. He had scarcely placed it in the girl's hands when he asked to have it again. He turned its pages, and coming to the proper place, wrote his name and

birthday again. The girl could not understand this, and asked how he could have two birthdays. Then he explained that the first one was the day upon which he was born into the world, while the second was the day upon which he was born into the kingdom of God. Some weeks later a woman called to make a visit. She too was given the album, and asked to enter her name and birthday, which she did, returning the book. The girl saw she had written but one date, and inquired of her why it was that she had only one birthday, while a gentleman who had called before said he had two birthdays. She replied that she had only one birthday, and there the matter closed. But the childish question hit the mark, and was not easily got rid of. In three or four days the woman returned and asked for the album, saying as she took her pen to write, that since her former visit she had had a second birthday, and desired to enter it also in the album.—*Lutheran Young People.*

Mississippi Manacles

THE Mississippi River drains all or part of thirty-one States. It carries to the Gulf the rainfall of forty per cent of the United States, no less than 1,240,000 square miles. The control of the vast Mississippi floods is a problem that only the nation can solve, and the nation has at last entered upon the task.

Since 1882 the States bordering the great river have spent \$91,000,000 on levees to check its raging waters, while the nation has spent only \$30,000,000. Now, however, Congress has appropriated no less than \$30,000,000, on condition that the Mississippi States shall raise \$15,000,000.

It is purposed to erect along the Mississippi, from Rock Island, Illinois, to the Gulf, a great bank consisting of 150,000,000 cubic yards of earth. It will be a barrier surpassing the Chinese wall in magnitude, and will rank as one of the engineering wonders of the world. Five years, it is thought, will see the completion of the task. We hope that the result will be not only the preservation of the 16,000,000 acres of rich land now exposed to desolating floods, but also a return of the Mississippi to its former importance in transportation.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

"Christ Liveth in Me"

A MISSIONARY in Burma went out into the country to see a Christian man. Not knowing exactly where to go, he stopped a little girl and asked where Ko Po Ka lived. She answered, "You mean Jesus Christ Ko Po Ka? He lives over there." She knew him and his house and directed the missionary to it.—*Missionary News.*

THE key to all noble character is masterly self-control.—*J. R. Miller.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

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No. 36

God's Abundant Giving

CARRIE MAY NICHOLS

God knew the wants of human mind,
How hard it is to try to bind
Our growing wants to earth's supplies,
And so he gave us worlds of skies,
And clouds that measures will not hold,
And sunsets trimmed in mines of gold,
The shining gold that heaven has,
And every ray a bright topaz.

And cooling breezes, boundless air,
For everything and everywhere,
And waters scattered o'er the earth,
Too great for men to tell their worth;
The lovely sunshine coming down,
Like sparkling jewels from his crown,
And wrapped in brilliant blessing power,
For man and beast and bird and flower.

Man deals in things so very small,
That measures must be had for all;
But God in wisdom deals supplies
Whose numbers daunt the worldly wise.
And as these gifts we do receive,
All we can do is just believe
He loves to give; his love he's shown,—
There's no good gift kept from his own.

His love is best of all he's given,
It reaches down to man from heaven,
And then expands o'er all the earth,
And points the lost to Jesus' birth.
Though still by man he's often slighted,
Love points the way things can be righted;
For godly, lasting, holy love
Is shown mankind from God above.

Eccentricities of Celebrated Men

J. O. CORLISS

THE ancient saying that distance lends enchantment to the view, has never been more fully demonstrated than in the general consideration bestowed on historical heroes. The glamour attending these famous celebrities often fades materially by a study of their habits in private life. Take for example the far-famed Napoleon Bonaparte, whose remarkable genius not only startled the world in the days of his greatest activities, but has continued to be the marvel of many, even to the present time.

But according to Bonaparte's own analysis of his mental standing, his public successes were due simply to the exercise of abilities which are native to the average man. He merely maintained continuity of purpose. This secret is revealed in a letter to his brother Joseph. Said he: "I am accustomed to think three or four months in advance of what I do, and I make arrangements for the worst."

As a sample of this confessed preoccupation of mind, his brother Joseph relates that on a certain occasion when journeying on horseback with him to meet in convention, where Joseph was to deliver an address, "Napoleon was continually occupied in studying the positions which troops of different nations had occupied on certain battle grounds," without paying the least heed to the singular beauties of scenery abounding on every hand.

From just such persistent studies were gathered the plans by which this renowned man drew success on the battle fields of Europe. In one of his reminiscent moods while a prisoner on the island of St. Helena, he said, as related by General Gourgaud, his personal attendant: "To tell you the truth, the thing that made me gain so many battles was that the evening before a fight, instead of giving orders to extend our lines, as was commonly practiced, I tried to converge all our forces on the point I wanted to attack. I massed them there. Thus I overcame all before me; for of course I aimed at some weak point."

After his defeat at Waterloo, he was free to admit that his personal ability was only of the ordinary kind. Referring to Mohammed's personal successes as an illustration of his own, he said: "I repeat, *a man is*

only a man. His power is nothing if circumstances and public sentiment do not favor him." To confirm this thought he continued: "Do you suppose that it was Luther who brought about the Reformation? No; it was public opinion, which was in opposition to the popes. It was not Henry VIII who broke with Rome. It was the sentiment of the nation which favored and willed it."

But a prominent element of success with Napoleon was, after all, his unrivaled dominating spirit, which was the outgrowth of a confident sentiment, summed up in this expression: "When a general invades a country he must not be afraid of giving battle. He must follow up his enemy until he can attack him. Soldiers should never count their enemies. Moral force, rather than numbers, may decide a victory."

In an attempt by General Gourgaud on one occasion to offer the island prisoner comfort in his mournful situation, he said: "But Your Majesty has made history." Said Napoleon in reply: "What is the use of working hard, and being in difficulties all your life, that you may figure in history after you are dead? Cæsar himself cannot be said to have succeeded. He was assassinated. Look at the great Gustavus! In eighteen months he won one battle, lost another, and was killed in a third! His fame was assuredly gained at a cheap rate. History is no better than a romance."

Notwithstanding the utterance of these and other equally impressive sentiments concerning mind vigor, yet it seems that Napoleon himself exercised little or no mind control in his diet habits, or table manners. He is said to have had the habit of eating very hastily, rarely remaining at table more than ten minutes. This custom induced slovenly habits, one of which was to dispense with the use of knife and fork at his own plate. Moreover, as told in the "Life of Josephine," by John S. Memes, LL. D., he would help himself with his fingers from near-by dishes, and dip his bread in the general sauce dish.

Of course such irrational habits in diet were bound to bring on severe attacks of distressing indigestion, when, as Memes says, the emperor would fling himself at full length on the carpet of his bedroom, and

display the most indiscreet lack of composure. These attacks becoming more frequent in Napoleon's later career, is said to have given rise to the suggestion that he was subject to epileptic fits.

These experiences caused the great sufferer to draw one sensible conclusion concerning them, even though the sentiment expressed was in defense of his theory that there was no guiding divine Providence. Said he: "If a man can think, it is because his nature is more perfect than that of a fish. When my digestion is bad, I think differently from what I do when I feel well."

Would that every one might draw the same conclusion and act accordingly.

A Narrow Escape From Death

SOME time ago we announced the sad death of Miss Prayer Meeting, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Church, of Laodicea, State of Neglect.

Since that time, the dread disease consumption has affected other members of the family, so that not only the other children, Miss Sabbath School and Miss Missionary Society, but Mr. and Mrs. Church themselves suffered the results of the disease, and were in danger of losing their lives.

With the coming of spring's bright days, when the situation had become so grave that the stricken family were in despair, Miss Missionary Society, for whom no hope had been entertained for several weeks, revived. It was feared by the family that this improvement was only temporary, as was the case of Miss Prayer Meeting, who had died but a few weeks previous.

However, the patient took a little nourishment, and was thereby strengthened. But all things seemed against her. Father was nigh unto death, mother was declining rapidly, and her sister, Miss Sabbath School, had apparently lost all interest in life.

Surrounded by those who were dying, lonely, discouraged, and ill, she cried unto God, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But God answered, "My child, I have not forsaken thee, for I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Go, my child, and bid thy loved ones come. Tell them all things are now ready, and I will tell them how they may be healed; for I desire above all things that they may prosper and be in health."

As Miss Missionary Society had a mind to work, she aroused her parents, and called the various members of her family to join her in seeking God's will. Her parents, though weak and emaciated, appeared anxious to help their suffering daughters, before their death should occur. A few of their relatives who had strength to come, also responded to the call.

A stranger who was without God joined the small family meeting. As the various members of the family united in prayer, all felt impressed to pray for this stranger whom the Lord had sent to meet with them.

As Mr. and Mrs. Church were praying for the stranger in their midst, they were led to realize as never before the dying condition of themselves and their children. In their desperate need they cried out to God for salvation from sin and death, pleading his promises: "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. 21: 22. And also: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and

the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James 5: 14-16.

A Remarkable Recovery

The effect was wonderful. That little meeting which opened with earnest prayer for a stranger, resulted not only in his conversion, but in the salvation of the afflicted family. Their prayers were answered, the sick were healed, and new life and power were given to those who, in earnestness and faith, sought salvation. The house of mourning was turned into a house of praise.

We are glad to be able to report that, at this writing, all members of the Church family are fully restored to health and strength.

The family altar that had long been thrown down, has again been erected. In the place of hatred there is love; in the place of sorrow, joy. There is peace where once there was strife, and long-suffering in place of wrath. Gentleness has replaced unkind words. There is goodness instead of wickedness, faith instead of unbelief, meekness instead of pride, and temperance instead of impatience.

My brethren, what is the spiritual condition of your church?

MORAL.—If you wish your church to prosper and be in health, begin working and praying for others.

MORRIS LUKENS.

Questions Many Ask

WHY impoverish our own country by sending wheat to Europe?

"This is because fifty per cent of a Frenchman's food in peace time consisted of white bread. It is not easy to change the diet of a nation, even in normal times; it becomes almost impossible to change it when that nation is engaged in a life-and-death struggle. It certainly is no time then to try experiments with new flours. Hence it is that every woman should, when she can, conserve wheat so that it may feed the hungry across the waters."

Why not send corn instead of wheat?

"The men and women abroad are not used to corn, or maize, meal. They do not understand its preparation; they regard it with distrust. It is, again, not the time, in the midst of the terrific war upon them, to teach these people across the sea American cookery."

How does our food administrator wish the people of the country to coöperate with him in his problem of food conservation?

Mr. Hoover, food administrator for the United States, says:

"Stop, before throwing away any food, and ask, 'Can it be used?'"

"Order meals so as not to have too much.

"Have a proper balance of the most nutritious foods.

"Stop catering to different appetites.

"No second helpings.

"Stop all eating between meals.

"Stop all four-o'clock teas.

"Stop all refreshments at parties, dances, etc.

"Stop all eating after the theater.

"One meatless day a week.

"One wheatless meal a day.

"No young lamb; no veal; no young pigs or ducklings; no young meat of any sort.

"No butter in cooking: use substitutes.

"Personal marketing instead of by telephone."

What are some of the definite ways in which the German people seek to conserve food and money?

Ambassador Gerard says:

"When I left Germany only two ounces of fats or oils per head a week were allowed. Only one egg in two weeks was rationed out.

"No sudden stoppage of expenditure in Germany was made, but gradually the sale of articles of luxury was cut down. It soon became not 'good form' for a woman to appear in public in a new dress or to vie with another in the giving of entertainments.

"Women, too, gave up their motor cars; at first doing it from patriotism, and later because the government allowed no private automobiles to remain in commission. It was necessary that rubber and gasoline be saved.

"Even bicycle riders were allowed to use their machines to and from business or school only where no trolley route was available.

"When the war first broke out, all the theaters were closed and all dancing was stopped. Later the theaters reopened, but when I left Germany they were required to close at ten o'clock.

"All cabarets were sternly forbidden, as was also all dancing in private houses. The Germans felt not only that frivolity was out of place, but that the young soldiers should be protected from the temptations of cabarets and similar dance places."

Conquered

TEMPTATION came to me today,
And oh! I felt that I must stray
Down primrose paths, forgetting all.
The city's fevered, siren call
Spoke to my soul; its whispered cry
Said, "Live, for Youth too soon will die."

So all alone, when work was done,
I sought the park. The setting sun
Had left a bit of warmth for me.
I found a bench beneath the tree,
And sat and thought, "My life is hard;
Sometimes my heart seems battle-scarred
With longings keen and bitter fears,
And want and suffering and tears."

Temptation spoke, and Youth spoke back;
The night seemed cold and dark and black,
And every light was like a star
That cleft the sky, they were so far,
So very far away! and I
Was lonely there beneath the sky.

And softly in the darkness there
I breathed my little childhood prayer.
Do prayers have answers? As I prayed,
A Presence came, and gently laid
A hand upon my arm. I knew
That some One kind and good and true
Was very near. Upon my soul
A peace swept down, and left it whole.
I felt a calm steal over me,
That same that stilled the troubled sea
Where Jesus walked. My fears were laid;
Temptation left me unafraid.
And, as I smiled, there in the park,
A Voice spoke through the fragrant dark.
"Be of good cheer!" the words rang out
Above the city's groan and shout.
And all the lights that I could see
Were stars of home agleam for me.

— Selected.

How One Boy Helped His Own Promotion

A CERTAIN boy was a clerk in a department store, with a small salary and no present prospect of getting anything better. It was a wet, gloomy day, and very few customers in the store. A number of the clerks were bunched together talking over baseball games and teams, and most of them did not notice an elderly woman who came into the store, wanting to be served. But this boy saw her, and although he was one of the youngest in the crowd, he promptly left his companions and went to wait upon the woman who had entered. She wanted to look at a number of articles, and he gave her the most careful and courteous attention. He politely answered all her questions and showed her all the different pieces of goods she wanted to see. The other boys kept on talking baseball and such matters and having a jolly time among themselves, but he was carefully and faithfully attending to business.

Not long afterward the same woman sent a request to the head of this department store, asking that she might have the assistance of this young clerk in making her selection of a very large order of goods.

"We shall be very glad to accommodate you," answered the head of the firm, "but this boy is one of the youngest and least experienced of all our clerks. May we not send you one of the older and more experienced young men? Such a one might be able to serve you more efficiently than the one for whom you have asked."

"This may all be very true," answered the lady, "but I want none other than the one who waited on me the other day."

It turned out that this woman was none other than Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, and she had come to make selection of goods that were to be used in redecorating and fitting the famous Skibo Castle, which is known everywhere as the home of the Carnegies in Scotland.

Mr. Schwab, in relating this story, says that this was the beginning of the promotion of this boy. His employer found out how valuable his thoughtfulness and courtesy were to him, and gave him better chances to use these qualities. Today he stands very high in the line of business in which he is engaged.— *Selected.*

How to Read the Bible

Study It Through. James 1:25

AS early as possible after rising, turn to the Bible, and be the passage ever so short, read it carefully through, feeling that through it God's message may come to you for that day. At some time in the day read more fully.

Pray It In. James 1:5

We should never forget that the truths of His Book are spiritual and must be spiritually discerned, and the heart that is uplifted in prayer will find an incoming of God's light, illuminating the Word.

Write It Down. Ps. 139:17

Make a little entrance on the margin of the Bible, or, better still, have a book called "Precious Thoughts," and in that enter just a sentence or two telling the precious thought that came to you through the scripture for that day.

Live It Out. James 2:17, 18

As we go forth in the spirit of the Master to live out the precepts of his Word in thought and word

and action, we will make our lives radiant with good deeds done in his name and for his sake, and his Word will become a living reality.

Pass It On. Mal. 3:16, 17

"A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" If we have received a helpful, uplifting, or precious thought from the Word, it will be made doubly so by passing it on to another. Clouds are vanished, burdens are lifted, aching hearts are cheered, faltering faith is strengthened, and the peace of God is given by passing on some precious thought of God's Word. — *Salem D. Towne.*

The Conversion of Old Newspapers and Candle Ends into Fuel

IN Italy and France women and children are rolling old newspapers into tight rolls, pasting down the edges with glue or paste, and boiling them in paraffin to make ration heaters (*scalda-rancio*) out of them for the use of the soldiers in the trenches in the high Alps, where coal cannot be sent. They are making them by the million. The Italian National Society furnishes one and a half million a day to the government, and the old newspapers are being used up for this purpose so fast that they are becoming scarce, and paraffin has become very expensive.

In America there are still millions of candle ends and thousands of tons of newspapers scattered over the country, and it would seem to be well worth while for the thousands of willing hands in the homes to convert them into these most useful ration heaters for the boys at the front, or for their use next winter in the training camps, or even for use at home, where they can take the place of the more expensive solid alcohol or replace kindlings in the kitchen stove.

It is the easiest thing imaginable to make ration heaters, or *scalda-rancio*, as they are called in Italy,



Cutting the Newspaper Rolls and Melting the Candle Ends

if one follows the directions of the Italian National Society.

Spread out four newspapers, eight sheets in all, and begin rolling at the long edge. Roll as tightly as possible until the papers are half rolled, then fold back the first three sheets toward the rolled part and continue to wrap around the roll almost to the first fold,



A Soldier Boiling His Ration Over the Homemade Ration Heater

then fold back another three sheets and continue to wrap around the roll again up to the last margin of the paper. On this margin, consisting of two sheets, spread a little glue or paste and continue the rolling, so as to make a compact roll of paper almost like a torch. If six of the sheets are not turned under, there will be too many edges to glue.

While the newspapers may be cut along the line of the columns before rolling and the individual columns rolled separately, as is done in the making of the trench candles in France, it is easier to roll the whole newspaper into a long roll and then cut it into short lengths. A sharp carving knife, a pair of pruning shears, or an old-fashioned hay cutter will cut the rolls easily. These little rolls must then be boiled for four minutes in enough paraffin to cover them, and then taken out and cooled, when they are ready to be put into bags and sent to the front. If there are more newspapers than candle ends, block paraffin can be bought for a few cents at any grocery or drug store.

Little children and grown-ups in Italy and France are rolling, gluing, and paraffining these ration heaters by the million, and their fathers and husbands in the high Alps and other places where wood and coal cannot be sent are cooking their rations over them.— *National Geographic Magazine for June, 1917.*

A MISSIONARY was invited to go into an interior place, by a lone Christian, who said, "Oh, brother, come; we are so hungry!" When the journey was all arranged, a voice asked him, "What if they are not hungry after all? Your journey will be in vain." But a deeper voice answered: "What if they are not hungering for the Bread of life? There is One hungering to give them that Bread. Go and minister to the hunger of the Lord Jesus." He went, and as he encountered dangers and trials deep and sore, the precious thought upheld him, "You are ministering to the hunger of the Lord Jesus."

For the Men Who Wear the Blue

(and the Khaki, too)

BROTHER W. R. BEATTY, one of our Missionary Volunteers at Seattle, Washington, is busily engaged in the book work. But he takes a little time from his regular work each week, and invests it in bettering the social life of some of the boys around Seattle who wear the blue. With the help of our attractive and stirring magazines and small books, he has recently interested several of the marines and navy officers in the message for today. Our Missionary Volunteers will be interested in reading a recent letter from Brother Beatty to the *Signs of the Times* office. It follows:

"I have been thinking recently how fine it would be to get copies of the *Signs of the Times* aboard the monitor 'Cheyenne,' the mother ship of our Pacific submarine flotilla, and this morning I met Mr. Chappelle, one of its young officers to whom I sold a copy of 'The World War.' When I suggested the idea to him of having copies of the *Signs of the Times* sent to his ship, he expressed his readiness to receive bundles of the paper, and said that he would be very happy to distribute them among the two hundred and seventy-five men with whom he was associated. . . . I think this will be a splendid opportunity to place the message in a channel we otherwise would find hard to reach, for Mr. Chappelle will personally look after the distribution of the papers among the men of the entire flotilla.

"Another matter. There are hundreds of marines stationed here, also hundreds of sailors and many fine mechanics and yeomen in the navy yard at Bremerton and aboard the several ships in dry dock. I shall be glad to have copies of the *Signs of the Times* to use here at the yard and aboard various ships. They have advertised up here for the citizens to furnish literature for the boys to read, and all we need do is to carry the papers to the gate and hand to a marine stationed there. By the way, Mr. Chappelle told me he had sold two copies of 'The World War' to some associates, and hopes to sell more."

Acting on the suggestion in the first paragraph of Brother Beatty's letter, the brethren at the Signs office sent some bundles of magazines and papers to the "Cheyenne." A few days ago the following letter from Mr. Chappelle reached the office:

"SOMEWHERE ON THE PACIFIC, U. S. S. CHEYENNE,
"Signs of the Times, June 27, 1917.
Mountain View, California.

"GENTLEMEN: I received the *Signs of the Times* June 22, and distributed them among the crew. They were kept and read by more of the crew than I expected. It is hard, as a general rule, to introduce any reading matter of a religious nature to the men who do not have special regard for the spiritual life, but they all seem to enjoy these magazines, and in many cases I observed discussions between the men, referring to the articles. I thank you and Mr. W. R. Beatty for your help in interesting the men who wear the blue, in spiritual things. I, of course, have them at heart, for I am in the service too, and see and know the everyday life of the enlisted men.
(Signed) CHAPPELLE."

Interesting and encouraging, isn't it? Here is a good field for Missionary Volunteer service. On board ship and in army camps and barracks there is ample time for reading, and there are many minds in such places that are eager for the best literature. Are we doing what we can to supply marines and soldiers with our magazines and papers? Seattle is not the only city calling upon "the citizens to furnish literature for the boys to read." On every coast there are opportunities to furnish reading matter to the marines, and throughout the country army camps welcome it. If, because of your situation, you are not able to carry on literature work among marines or soldiers, perhaps you would like to assist the Signs Coöperation Fund in its work of supplying battleships and army camps and other public efforts with both the *Signs* monthly and *Signs* weekly and other literature that may be requested. Any help you may wish to give this fund should be sent through your conference office.

ERNEST LLOYD.

For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of July 31

Part I

1. The National Geographic Society states that the United States owns just 8,000 islands.

2. When Porto Rico came under the control of our government fifteen years ago, there was only one schoolhouse on the island; today there are 1,200. Good roads have been extended from 40 miles to 1,000 miles. The output of sugar has increased from 65,000 to 365,000 tons a year.

3. Alaska cost the United States \$7,500,000. The canned salmon of a single year, from that territory, now amounts to more than the original purchase price.

4. Rain in Egypt is very rare. One might almost say that it never rains. The country lies in a latitude so far south that frost is rarely known. These two conditions have united to preserve the ruins of many ancient buildings in a state of perfection that is rare in other countries.

Part II

1. Bezaleel, of the tribe of Judah, and Aholiab, of the tribe of Dan, are the first professional embroiderers mentioned in the Bible. Their work was in connection with the building of the tabernacle in the wilderness. Exodus 38.

2. The Lord was the first engraver. He wrote his law on tables of stone for Moses. Exodus 31.

3. The first woman merchant was Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira. Acts 16:14.

4. Benjamin was the first motherless babe, or orphan. Gen. 35:16-20.

5. Rehoboam is credited with having "twenty and eight sons, and threescore daughters." 2 Chron. 11:21.

6. Jehoshaphat, in the third year of his reign, sent his princes to cities of Judah to teach the book of the law of the Lord. 2 Chron. 17:7-9.

7. The result of this instruction was that the "fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands that were round about Judah, so that they made no war against Jehoshaphat." Verse 10.

8. The Athenians are mentioned in Acts 17:21 as confirmed gossips.

Dewey's Delight

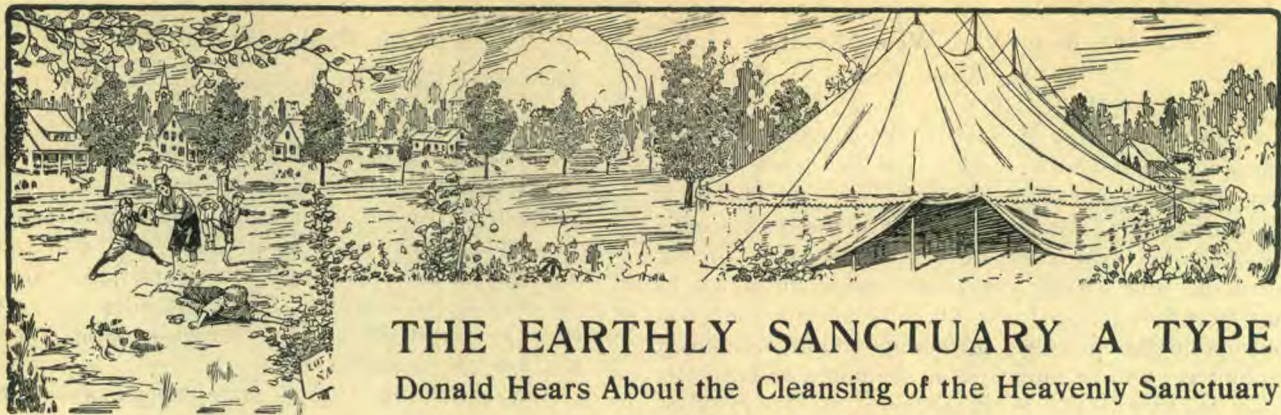
AT the close of his autobiography, Admiral Dewey wrote a characteristic paragraph: "A gratifying feature of the rank of Admiral of the Navy, which Congress had given me, was that I was to remain in active service for life. While I lived, there would be work to do."

This gallant desire of the admiral's was fulfilled. He was kept at work—worthy and honorable work, work suited to his tastes and to his great abilities. An idle life would have killed him.

How many there are who, far from sharing Dewey's delight in "active service for life," look forward to nothing else so eagerly as to a life of inaction! When duty is all done, their pleasure will be begun.

Of course we know that it is not so. The primal curse is not the curse of labor, but of drudgery. Labor, of proper kind and in due measure, is one of man's greatest blessings. Dewey was right.—Selected.

"A ROUGH diamond is of more value than many smooth counterfeits."



THE EARTHLY SANCTUARY A TYPE

Donald Hears About the Cleansing of the Heavenly Sanctuary

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

DONALD HUNTER reached the big tent on the baseball lot early on Tuesday night, and waited eagerly for the beginning of the meeting. He was much interested in the subject that night, for he wanted to learn what great event it was which God had predicted would take place in the year 1844.

When the electric lights flashed on, he saw hanging over the platform a chart more than twenty feet long on which was painted in beautiful colors a picture of the sanctuary the children of Israel built in their wilderness wanderings. All the furniture of the sanctuary was painted a golden color, and the chart made a very attractive background for the platform. Donald studied it with interest during the song service, and then, as Brother Harris began to speak, he settled into his seat prepared to listen carefully to every word.

"This ancient sanctuary," said the speaker, pointing to the chart, "was the dwelling place of God in the camp of the Israelites. During the time Moses spent forty days with God on Mt. Sinai, he received instructions to build the sanctuary. While he was there communing with God, the Lord said to him, 'Let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them.' Ex. 25:8.

"Then the Lord said: 'According to all that I show thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it.' Verse 9. From this it is plain that Moses not only received instruction to build this sanctuary, but he was shown a pattern of the sanctuary as a whole, as well as a pattern of every article of furniture to be placed in the sanctuary. This is evident from Ex. 25:40, in which the Lord, having described all the articles of furniture, said: 'Look that thou make them after their pattern, which was showed thee in the mount.'

"In obedience to this instruction, Moses had the children of Israel build the sanctuary. It was constructed in every detail just as the Lord commanded, and according to the pattern which Moses saw. This sanctuary is described fully in Exodus, chapters twenty-five to forty.

"The sanctuary was always pitched in the center of the encampment in the wilderness, three tribes of the children of Israel pitching to the north, three to

the south, three to the east, and three to the west. In the court of the sanctuary, as you see here on the chart, there were but two articles of furniture, the brazen altar on which all the sacrifices were offered, and the brazen laver in which the priests washed before entering upon any of the services.

"The sanctuary itself was composed of two rooms, the holy place and the most holy place. In the first, the holy place, were three articles of furniture, the table of showbread, the seven-branched candlestick, and the altar of incense. All of these were made of gold or overlaid with gold. A veil, with the figures of angels embroidered with gold thread, separated the

holy place from the most holy place. There was but one article of furniture in the second apartment, the ark of the covenant. This was a chest of acacia wood, covered both inside and outside with gold, in which were the two tables of the ten-commandment law. The cover of this ark was solid gold, and was called the mercy-seat. On each end of this



The Tabernacle in the Wilderness

mercy-seat was the figure of an angel with outstretched wings. Between these angels there was always a bright light which had no human source, and this was the Shekinah, or the manifest presence of God among his people.

"The services which were carried on in this sanctuary are fully described in Leviticus, and are as follows: When any person committed sin, he broke the law which was in the ark in the most holy place, for 'sin is the transgression of the law.' 1 John 3:4.

"When this law was broken, it condemned the sinner to die. It demanded his life. It sentenced him to death, for 'the wages of sin is death.' Rom. 6:23. And 'without shedding of blood is no remission.' Heb. 9:22.

"The broken law, therefore, demanded blood before the sin could be remitted. Hence the man who had sinned brought to the gate of the court an animal such as had been appointed for the sin offering. The sinner then confessed his transgression on the head of the animal, and, in type, his sin thus passed from himself to the lamb. It was now the lamb which the law condemned; it was now the blood of the lamb which it demanded. Then with his own hand the man killed the lamb, its blood was caught in a basin,

and taken in by the priest and sprinkled before the broken law. This was done to show that the demands of the law had been met, and that blood had been shed for the remission of man's sin.

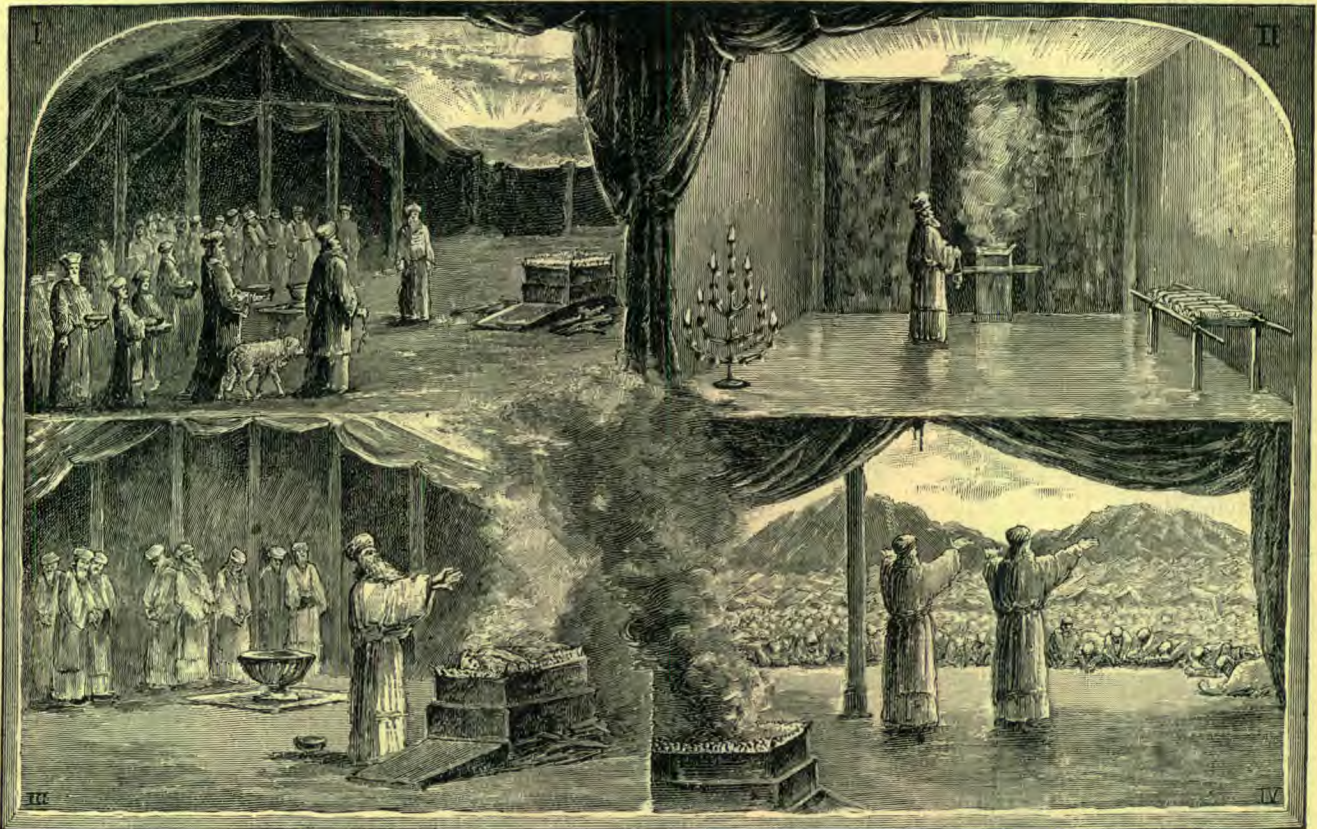
"Thus the man went free and the lamb suffered in his place. All this, of course, was typical of the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ. And it was all meant to impart faith in the coming of 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'"

Donald's interest in this subject was greatly increased as it was explained. That part of the Old Testament which dealt with sacrifices and offerings had been very dry reading to him, and he could not understand why beasts had to be offered to God; but now he was beginning to see that they were only typical of the great sacrifice of Christ. Many things

an atonement for them, the high priest came out of the sanctuary, and laid these sins upon the scapegoat. The scapegoat was then led by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness and left there, where he died, and thus the sins of the encampment were separated forever from the people of God. Leviticus 16.

"This service was called the cleansing of the sanctuary. It was observed once a year, and was typical of the work Christ is now doing for us.

"In heaven there is a heavenly sanctuary. Heb. 8:1, 2. It has in it the same furniture which the earthly had. Heb. 9:1-5. The earthly sanctuary, which is shown on this chart, was but a type of that heavenly sanctuary where Christ ministers for us. This is the figure of the true. Heb. 9:8-12. When Christ ascended to heaven nineteen centuries ago he



I. COURT OF THE SANCTUARY
III. OFFERING THE SACRIFICE

II. THE HOLY PLACE
IV. BLESSING THE PEOPLE

were made plain to him which before had perplexed him. Elder Harris continued:

"In this way the sins of the entire encampment accumulated day by day in the sanctuary, being brought in by the blood of the animals which died for their remission. And now it became necessary to cleanse away these sins from the sanctuary.

"This was done every year, on what was known as the day of atonement, which came on the tenth day of the seventh month. On this day the high priest himself had charge of the services. In the morning, two goats were brought to the gate of the court, and lots were cast on them, one being chosen as the Lord's goat, the other becoming the scapegoat. Upon the Lord's goat the high priest laid all the sins which had been accumulating in the sanctuary during the entire year. His blood was then taken and brought in directly before the law in the most holy place by the high priest, and there sprinkled for the remission of all the sins which had been confessed and brought into the sanctuary. Then, bearing the sins of all the people in his own body, having made

entered in the holy place of the heavenly sanctuary to offer his blood there for us. Heb. 9:12. Whenever we commit sin, and confess it to Christ, he offers his blood before the broken law for the remission of our sins, just as the blood of the Lamb was offered in the old earthly sanctuary for the remission of the sins of the people.

"Thus the sins of God's people for nineteen centuries have been accumulating in the heavenly sanctuary. And the time must come when these sins will be forever blotted out by the final service of Christ's ministry, the cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary. The time for the beginning of this service is very clearly pointed out in the prophecy we have been studying, 'Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed.' Dan. 8:14.

"We have already seen that the 2300 years end in 1844. In 1844, then, Christ transferred his service in heaven from the holy place to the most holy place of the sanctuary above. In that year he began the
(Concluded on page sixteen)

The Value of Minutes

FREDERICK GRIGGS

TIME is money; it is character. Usually, fortunes are made, and lost, by small amounts. So it is with the building of character, and the using of time to make character. De Quincey draws a picture of a beautiful woman sailing across a lake. While she was looking into the water in a dreamy manner, a necklace of pearls which she wore had been broken, and the pearls were dropping one by one, one by one, into the water. Thus the valuable necklace was lost.

This is a good illustration of the way in which our minutes, more valuable than pearls, are often lost. It is a sad thing that so many, dreaming away life's golden time, fail to bind up this necklace of moments, and, as a consequence, one by one these pearls of time are lost, as fully, as completely, as were those pearls dropping from the necklace.

I believe that no one will ever achieve success, or will ever be thoroughly useful in life, who does not recognize the worth of sixty seconds. There is a great deal that can be accomplished in sixty seconds. A character may be made or lost in sixty seconds. We are likely to think that one minute is of little consequence, and yet I repeat, that each one of them is freighted with weighty responsibility.

Joseph Cook, one of the greatest preachers of modern times, was a poor boy, and while at school had to work his way. While waiting for his meals, instead of standing around talking and joking with the boys, he started straight for the dictionary in the corner of the room; and there was more truth than poetry in the saying that he had eaten the dictionary. He looked up synonyms, he looked up the meaning of words, and acquired in this way much of his great ability to use the English language.

We look upon William Gladstone as a genius. We think him a wonderful man, and he was; but to the day of his death he always carried a book in his pocket, that he might read when he had a moment to spare. That is how he became a genius. There is no genius except that of hard work. If William Gladstone, with all his great powers of mind, recognized the importance of carrying a book in his pocket, that he might employ the spare moments, I wonder if you and I, with our weak powers of mind, ought not to learn a lesson from it. And if we would improve the minutes which come to us, and which we let go carelessly when we have actual work at hand, we should find that progress in our work would in every sense be doubled.

Did you ever stop to think how much you can accomplish in one hour's time? If you decide to spend one hour a day in reading, notwithstanding this time may be in snatches of five or ten minutes each, how much you can read in a year! You can read twenty pages an hour of ordinary reading. In one week you will read one hundred and forty pages; in one month, five hundred and sixty pages. That is more than one book of usual size, it is even two books. Then it is safe to say that you can read more than a good solid book a month by gleaning an hour a day. As your power to read and to think increases, there is a possibility of increasing this number to fifteen or twenty books a year. Think of it!

If you have been following the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses each year since the beginning of the Courses, you will have acquired a library of

information and inspiration consisting of more than fifty volumes, and stored away in your mind during spare moments an invaluable fund of knowledge. If you did not start with the first Courses, *begin now*. Send at once to your tract society secretary for the 1917-18 Missionary Volunteer Reading Course books:

Senior Course

"Luther: The Leader".....	\$.50
"Good Form and Social Ethics".....	.75
"Life Sketches of Ellen G. White".....	1.00
"Ventures Among the Arabs".....	1.00
Club price, postpaid.....	\$2.75

Junior Course

"Martin of Mansfeld".....	\$.60
"Fifty Missionary Heroes".....	1.00
"Topsy-Turvy Land".....	.65
"Elo the Eagle".....	1.00
Club price, postpaid.....	\$2.35

Primary Course

"Uncle Ben's Cloverfield," postpaid.....	\$.75
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Privileges and Responsibilities of Our Young People

GOD gave the world a Cæsar, and the great Roman Empire was established. A Napoleon is born, and the front of Europe is changed. A Bacon comes upon the stage of life, and men's thoughts are turned in another direction. A Newton is brought into the world to interpret the thoughts of God, and the prophecies are better understood. A Franklin is born, and the temple of nature is unlocked.

What would Egypt have been without its Joseph? or Israel without a Moses? What would Babylon have been without a Nebuchadnezzar or a Daniel? What would the world kingdom of Medo-Persia have been without a Cyrus? or Greece without an Alexander? What would England have been without her Wycliffe, Pitt, and Gladstone? What would the United States of America have been without her Washington and Lincoln? What would New York have been without its Peter Cooper and Horace Greeley? What would the gospel have accomplished without such men as Peter, John, and Paul? What would the Reformation have accomplished without its Luther and Melancthon, and many other noted Reformers? Where would the Adventist message have had its beginning without its Miller? What would the third angel's message have accomplished without the consecration, the self-sacrifice, and the earnest labors of Joseph Bates, James White, and Mrs. E. G. White? What would be the outlook for the success of this message were it not for the many thousands of young people that are now among us?

The Entente Allies cannot greet the entrance of the United States into this world war with more enthusiasm and satisfaction than have we the young people of our denomination into the spiritual world war now in progress. Already the results are clearly seen. By them our many schools and colleges are patronized; our sanitariums throughout the world manned; our many publishing houses largely operated; and through their help the increasingly large amount of literature is being sold and distributed. Through the energy, consecration, and devotion of our young people to the Adventist cause, the dark places of the earth are being entered and the message is nearing its completion.

For their further coöperation God is calling, and a world of perishing souls now awaits, with the older members of the denomination, the last, supreme effort of the strength and vigor of this movement in the finishing of the gospel while there is still opportunity to persuade men to listen to and obey the word of God. There is room for all to spend their lives for the realization of the noblest purpose that man can have, that of living to be a blessing and a help to others, by turning men's thoughts heavenward.

I read that "in the time of confusion and trouble before us, a time of trouble such as has not been since there was a nation, the uplifted Saviour will be presented to the people of all lands, that all who look to him in faith may live." This statement was published in 1904. Evidently this is being fulfilled now in the distress that is being experienced, and which will be experienced to a yet greater degree before the trouble is over. But there is something for us to do in order to get the other part of this prediction fulfilled, and we should be awakened. God is calling our young people to the battle, not with carnal weapons, for this is a spiritual warfare, and the forces contesting are the forces of good and evil. He wants young men and women who can endure hardness and stand as iron pillars, true to the principles of truth as the needle to the pole. He wants young men who have experienced conversion of heart, and who know what it means to crucify self in order to manifest the life of Christ reigning in mortal flesh. He wants young men who have a disposition to coöperate in every way with the general body, in order that there may be union and harmony of operation in the church. He wants young persons who do not despise little things, but who are ready for any work no matter how menial, if only it needs to be done.

A few people in the world are fortunate enough to get some great things done that are far-reaching in their influence, and which bring to the doers much popularity. But the most of us have to do with little things, and our attitude toward them affects our destiny for weal or woe. By listening to the still, small voice, whisperings of the Spirit where life's ways part, we enter the way of life. On the other hand, a little encouragement of a wrong habit, a little neglect of duty, a little violation of principle, a wrong word here, a wrong act there, and a soul that otherwise might have been useful, is ruined.

God is trying to impress upon our minds the necessity of faithfulness, and a full acceptance of the message develops that characteristic, "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith [faithfulness] of Jesus." Be true to yourself, be true to God and to your friends. Be true in your home, in the church, in society, and in all your business relations. Remember always, "That every act of our lives, every word, every association, is written with an iron pen into the very texture of our being," that "our associates, our loves, our hates, our struggles, our triumphs, our honesty, our dishonesty, all leave their impress on the soul's windows, and are published to the world."

May the "light and life" that the servant of the Lord has said is now coming down from above, have its reflection upon the young people in all our conferences, making them an instrumentality mighty and effective in building up and establishing the third angel's message throughout the whole world.

J. G. WALKER.

The Wolves of Bixby's Hollow

IT was the anniversary of the first settling of their town, and they had just returned from the afternoon's celebration, where Mrs. Bonney had been one of the speakers, in fact the only speaker whose address bore direct testimony concerning the event celebrated. With infinite care she had prepared a paper, admirable in brevity, pungent in wit, teeming with historical data, and then—she had been shunted to the very end of a long program, and a general exodus of hungry, hurried people had taken place before she rose to speak. Elizabeth, her daughter, could not keep back tears as she watched the diminishing audience. Mrs. Bonney, however, delivered her speech with animation to the friendly remaining handful, and received hearty applause.

"I wouldn't have blamed you if you had refused to speak," said Elizabeth, later. "Anyway, I don't feel so bad now over your refusal to tell about the wolves of Bixby's Hollow."

"That was too personal an anecdote, Elizabeth."

"I should think anybody would want to hear about those wolves," Elizabeth insisted. "I am sure that strange man on the front seat would have. He applauded roundly when you finished."

"He did seem interested, didn't he? I wonder who he was," said Mrs. Bonney.

The next morning, while Elizabeth was still nursing her disappointment, the doorbell rang, and when she answered it she saw the enthusiastic stranger of the previous afternoon.

When Mrs. Bonney, who was kneading bread, appeared, he revealed himself as Edward Harris, chairman of the program committee of the widely advertised State semicentennial celebration, to be held in a few weeks at the old State capital.

"The evening program, Mrs. Bonney," said he, "is of especial importance. We were greatly upset to learn, just a few days ago, that our chief speaker is ill with typhoid fever, so ill that there is no possibility of his appearance. That necessitated the search for some one to fill his place, and learning that you were to give an address of like nature, I came here to hear it. I was charmed with your speech. I have telegraphed to the rest of the committee, and their unanimous response is, 'Get her, if you can.'"

Mrs. Bonney was too astonished to reply. Mr. Harris continued:

"The president of the State historical society will make a brief speech—truly brief, Mrs. Bonney, for I know his way. Then you will be the second and chief speaker, and the governor of the State will close with a general résumé. Your expenses, naturally, will be paid, and your daughter's, in case she accompanies you."

Mrs. Bonney accepted joyously, and asked Mr. Harris if he had any suggestions to make.

"I wish your speech might be ten or fifteen minutes longer. Of the subject matter I have no suggestions to offer."

"O mother, do tell about the wolves of Bixby's Hollow!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"What about the wolves of Bixby's Hollow?"

"It's a story that I wanted mother to tell yesterday, but she wouldn't, because it is about herself."

Mr. Harris begged to hear it.

"Just the thing for closing!" he said enthusiastically, when Mrs. Bonney had briefly sketched it. "I sign my name to the petition asking you to give it."

The intervening weeks passed swiftly. Mrs. Bonney rewrote her story, and rehearsed it daily; Elizabeth with nimble fingers evolved a gown for her mother, from an old silk dress which she ripped up and by mysterious processes redyed.

"Mother, I am going to mend the lace fichu that father gave you on your fifteenth wedding anniversary; it will give just the right finishing touch to your costume." So said Elizabeth, and so she did, patiently darning and catching the threads in the dainty lace. Then she took an old-fashioned cameo brooch to the jeweler, and for a trifling outlay had it made as good as new. Next she remodeled a bonnet, and, lastly, bought a pair of cream-colored gloves.

"Elizabeth," said Mrs. Bonney reproachfully, "you shouldn't have been so extravagant for me."

Elizabeth laughed: "Mother, I got more pleasure through the purchase of those gloves than the money could have brought me in any other way."

The great night came, and found Mrs. Bonney once again on a platform, with Elizabeth in the audience. There was not a vacant seat in the house. Elizabeth had a little secret from her mother; she had stolen out from the hotel and ordered a bunch of pink sweet peas and ferns, all her purse allowed, to be sent up to her mother after her speech. Her mother should know that there was at least one appreciative person in the audience.

Elizabeth was uneasy until Mrs. Bonney was introduced as one of the pioneers who had made "our State what it is." Elizabeth's heart beat fast, but not so fast that she forgot to see whether the speaker's skirt hung all right, and whether the hand of the amateur dressmaker and dyer was too apparent. But her mother looked what she was, a gentlewoman of the old school, whom age had made beautiful both by inward and outward grace. The applause, spontaneous tribute to her winsomeness, astonished even Elizabeth's gratified heart. Then Mrs. Bonney began her address with the familiar phrase:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;
Make me a child again just for tonight."

The words were a magic spell; from the moment of their utterance the audience listened, enthralled. As her memory evoked incidents and deeds long forgotten and wove them into an enchanting story, no word, no phrasing, no playful turn, escaped her captivated listeners. When she reached the closing anecdote she said, "Mr. Harris has asked me to relate this tale, and that is my apology for introducing a personal anecdote.

"When I was about nine years old we lived on the Sharon Church road. Our nearest neighbor to the south was half a mile away, and to the north three fourths of a mile, and three fourths of a mile west lived the Bixbys. The Bixbys were looked upon with envy by the rest of us because they had raised a lot of sorghum cane, and had therefore a good supply of sorghum molasses.

"My mother discovered one cold winter afternoon that our supply of sorghum molasses was low, and as she needed some for supper, I volunteered to go over to the Bixbys and get a gallon of the precious sweetening and return in time for supper. I had often made the trip; so, bucket in hand and warmly wrapped, I started forth on my expedition alone, as the dogs were off with our men folk.

"I reached the Bixby home in good time, and Mrs. Bixby promptly and graciously gave her consent to

my request for a gallon of molasses. But it proved to be much easier said than done.

"In those days every well-regulated farmhouse had as a necessary adjunct what we called a smokehouse, and the Bixbys, being extremely well regulated, had a good smokehouse; in this smokehouse they kept the molasses. I don't know why, except that it was an unwritten law that molasses as well as smoke belonged in the smokehouse.

"On this particular afternoon, when Mrs. Bixby tried to open the smokehouse door, it refused to open. Mild persuasion, jerking, pounding, and pushing were of no avail. The door refused to open wider than one inch. After trying all sorts of ruses to take it unawares, and after much gluing of our eyes to the inch-wide crack, it developed that a beam of wood, which had been stored on the rafters above, had fallen down in such a position against the door that much force must be applied to move the heavy barrels which held the beam in place. A good half-hour elapsed before the door was willing to act like a door, and then the molasses, true to its nature, acted exactly like molasses in cold weather.

"So when I was ready for my homeward journey it was considerably later than I had planned, and much nearer supper time. Mrs. Bixby urged me to stay for supper, promising as an inducement that some of the men folk would drive me home in a sleigh. But my promise to mother and the need of molasses for home consumption made me regretfully decline her attractive suggestion.

"'I guess you'll be all right,' Mrs. Bixby called out after me as I left, 'but I do hear that the wolves are bad over the western ridge.'

"I was not the least bit interested in wolves, and sturdily started out, considerably weighed down by my gallon of molasses. As it was so late, I decided to cut through the hollow that ran from the Bixby road to our Sharon road, saving a great deal in distance, but the going was not so good, except at the Sharon road end of the hollow, where the wind had swept away the snow.

"I had not traversed much more than two thirds of the distance through the hollow when some instinct made me look over my shoulder. At the same instant a mournful howl came over the hill. What I saw on looking backward was four gaunt wolves loping with great easy leaps down the hillside several rods away, and even while I glanced, a fifth, larger and more gaunt, came over the brow of the hill. I was not certain that they were pursuing me. I did not wait to make sure. I turned and ran. Terror added wings to my footsteps, for I had heard many gruesome tales of lonesome travelers attacked by famished beasts. But even as I ran I did not lose my head. I was near enough to the Sharon road to hope that I might reach the old hickory tree that grew just beyond the rail fence at the roadside. If I could get there first, I could with a flying leap make the top rail and climb the tree out of reach of voracious jaws.

"I seemed to have looked upon the molasses as a sacred trust, for it never entered my head to drop the bucket. Besides its weight I had the disadvantage of running uphill, and, also, I had only two feet while the wolves had four to carry them along. I was not yet absolutely certain that the wolves were following me, for if they made any noise with their soft padded feet it was absorbed by the sound of my own heavy footfalls on the frozen ground, and I was afraid to

look around again for fear of a misstep or a fall. So, on and on I ran. I touched only the high places as my goal drew nearer. Then, in final effort, I mustered all my strength for the flying leap to the fence top.

"I made the leap and caught the lower limb of the tree. As I leaped, the foremost wolf, with an angry snarl, jumped and caught my skirt in his gleaming teeth, and for a second I hung 'twixt sky and earth, one hand grasping the stout hickory limb and the other the molasses, and the powerful wolf pulling me backward. I looked around, and, quicker than my tongue can say it, I raised my heavy pail and smote him with all my might upon the jaw. With a howl, he turned a somersault in the snow, and I drew myself into the tree barely in time to escape the onrush of the other four. They leaped back and forth from ground to fence rail, and snarled and snapped, but without result. I had escaped them by a second's time.

"It was so late that darkness was upon us almost before I realized it, and I began to think over my situation. I could tell that the wolves were standing guard below, because any movement I made was reflected in their uneasy actions. My predicament seemed very much like that of those misguided mariners who ventured between Scylla and Charybdis. If I descended, the wolves were waiting for me. If I stayed up in the tree, a slow death awaited me unless I could keep in motion, and an old hickory on a dark night does not offer much room for locomotion or *Delsarte*. The Bixbys would think that I had arrived at home safely. My family would think I had decided to stay at Bixbys, and in the meantime —

"Anyway, it fell out just as I supposed. Mrs. Bixby related the tale of the molasses and my departure for home. When I did not arrive at home in time for supper, my absence caused no anxiety, for all concluded that the Bixbys would bring me home later.

"It must have been well on toward eight o'clock when my mother, with secret uneasiness because I had not arrived, opened the door for the twentieth time, and then, turning toward my father who sat reading, said:

"'I hear wolves howling in Bixby's Hollow.'

"'What?' said my father, not fully comprehending.

"'I hear wolves howling in Bixby's Hollow,' repeated my mother.

The result was instantaneous. With one spring my father seized his coat and cap off the nail.

"'Have Phoebe ring the dinner bell loud and long and fast,' he shouted. 'Get out the lanterns and light them. See that the guns are ready as we come past. Send the men to the barn as they come, and tell them not to wait to saddle!'

"As he gave the last order he was running to the barn. Phoebe, strong of limb and stout of heart, seized the rope and rang with all her might a loud, mad peal that sent a thrilling cry for help for miles around. With steady fingers my mother did her part, and handed up the lanterns and the guns as husband, sons, and farm hands rode by after mounting in hot haste; and there was rapid riding forth that night, while my mother stood watching at the window and Phoebe heated water and replenished the deserted fire.

"In the meantime, you will be glad to know that I hung my molasses bucket on a limb, and then was free to slap my hands together and stamp my feet. I found myself getting desperately sleepy, so I recited

all the 'pieces' I knew. Then I tackled Marmion's 'Defiance,' which I had heard the fifth reader scholars reciting, and excited such intense rage in the wolves that they started up a rivalry of sounds, and quite eclipsed me for a while. When they had subsided and I was so sleepy and cold that I was afraid I would fall out of the tree, I tried my tongue on what I could remember of the meeting of King James and Roderick Dhu.

"I had just recited with all the energy that my chilly lips could command the fetching lines,

'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!'

and without the slightest thought of the difference between King James's 'firm base' and my hickory tree, when across the wooded road came the peal of a madly ringing bell. I knew that bell. I have lived sixty-six years since that night, but in all those years I have never heard a sound that has brought me such a joyous thrill as Phoebe's message saying, 'Help is coming! Help is coming!'

"Suddenly, far down the road, I caught a gleam of light, and then another and another. They were faint and distant, but they told me rescue was near at hand. From that moment I have known how a shipwrecked sailor feels when he cries, 'A sail! A sail!' but my cry was, 'A light! A light!'

"I almost lost my balance in my cry of joy, but caught myself in time. Quickly, yet it seemed long to me, I heard the barking of the dogs, and then there was an awful uproar underneath the tree as dogs and wolves met in deathly struggle! At the sound of men and horses and as the lights drew nearer the wolves retreated, except one, and, then, oh joyful sound, my father cried out:

"'Where are you, Sally?' And I replied — what do you think I said? I almost hate to tell it, but I said:

"'I'm up in the old hickory with the molasses.'

"I need not detail my rescue further. The lights showed one dead wolf, held down in a death throttle by our biggest dog. The others had escaped.

"'Call back the dogs,' cried my father, as he held me, stiff with cold, in his arms, 'and one of you ride like mad to tell her mother she is safe.'

"So mother was waiting for me with open arms when we rode up, and I, with the obsession I had had all afternoon, greeted her with the words:

"'O mother, I'm so sorry that I didn't get the molasses home in time for supper!'

"But mother didn't seem to care as she folded me in a warm embrace and murmured, 'Dear little daughter!'

"When we had family prayers later, father read the ninety-first psalm, and in reading the words, 'For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways,' he looked at me in a way that made the message a personal one, and for the first time I felt and understood that there was an all-loving and all-powerful heavenly Father whom I must love and glorify, and that feeling abides to this day."

Mrs. Bonney ended. There was a momentary pause. Then the audience rose as one man in wild and prolonged applause. Elizabeth's eyes were full of tears, as they had been at Mrs. Bonney's last public appearance, but for a very different reason. Then down the aisle came an usher bearing Elizabeth's sweet peas. The audience applauded wildly again. Then came

(Concluded on last page)

The Morning Watch

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department

"The early morning often found Jesus in some secluded place, meditating, searching the Scriptures, or in prayer."

Praise and Thanksgiving

(Texts for September 9-15)

PRAISE ye the Lord;" these are the closing words of the last psalm. That command is for you and me. The psalmist calls upon us to praise God—upon all that hath breath to praise him. But why should we praise God?

- Because he has "dealt bountifully" with us;
- Because he hath given us counsel;
- Because he hath lifted us out of trouble;
- Because his "loving kindness is better than life;"
- Because he "holdeth our soul in life;"
- Because he "suffereth not our feet to be moved;"
- Because his "mercy endureth forever;"
- Because "whoso offereth praise glorifieth" God;
- Because "it is a good thing to praise God."

These are some of the reasons the psalmist gives for calling upon us to praise our heavenly Father. He knew his God; he knew that for his own sake he ought to praise him; and so he made the strong resolutions we find in Ps. 63: 3, 4, and 71: 14, 15. Shall we not make these resolutions our own? It is good for us to praise God. It will strengthen our courage; it will deepen our joys; it will broaden our view of life; it will help us to get better acquainted with him whom to know is life eternal.

Try to count the blessings you are receiving today; then look back; let your memory pick up some of the disguised blessings of the past. What bitter disappointments they were at first; but, somehow, time extracted the bitterness, and made them sweet, precious, and helpful. Today you can look back and say: "Yes, Lord, they were all blessings." Then thank him for them; thank him for the blessings seen and unseen that he is sending you today. Often through the day think of his goodness to you, and occasionally say thank you so loud that your own ears can hear it. Try this, and see if you will not have something to say at the next social meeting. You should never let pass an opportunity to praise God in a social service, and if you live the thank-you life from day to day, I think you will never want to.

Not only in social service, but at all times it is appropriate to speak of our gratitude to our wonderful Friend. It is always time to praise him. Praise and thanksgiving should be the unbroken attitude of our hearts; for, "Perpetual blessings from thy hand demand perpetual songs of praise." Then let us praise God when the sunshine of happiness and prosperity surrounds us.

- "For grief unsuffered, tears unshed;
- For clouds that scattered overhead;
- For pestilence that came not nigh;
- For dangers great that passed us by;
- For sharp suspicion soothed, allayed;
- For doubt dispelled that made afraid;
- For fierce temptation well withstood;
- For evil plot which brought forth good;
- For weakened links in friendship's chain
- That, sorely tested, stood the strain;
- For harmless blows with malice dealt;
- For base ingratitude unfelt;
- For hatred's keen, unuttered word;
- For bitter jest, unknown, unheard;
- For every evil turned away,
- Let's give unmeasured thanks today."

And it is time to praise God when the clouds of sorrow and trouble hang low and seem to shut out every friendly face. When the frost gathers your

corn, and the hail devours your fields of waving grain; when prices go up and profits go down; when bills stare you in the face that you know not how to meet; when dangers threaten on every hand; when health and income ceases; when friends fail and slander silently saps your lifeblood; when your own mistakes and shortcomings depress you; yes, and even when the cruel hand of death lays a loved one low, it is time to praise God. Praise him because for all these things his "grace is sufficient;" thank him because he has always supplied "all your need according to his riches in glory."

Persons whose hearts are ever overflowing with praise and thanksgiving disperse good cheer, comfort, and courage wherever they go. They are to the home what sunshine is to the landscape. They chase away the shadows and make everything look brighter. We enjoy having such persons around, only sometimes a jealous thought suggests that they are shallow, mercurial, and do not sense the serious side of life. But they do; they know life has hard experiences, but they also know their God, who has sustained them in trials, made them victorious in conflicts with the enemy, and brought them safely out of furnaces of affliction. So they trust him; and with hearts full of gratitude, they try to praise him continually, "who hath delivered, who doth deliver, and who will deliver."

Yes, it is good to praise God. It not only cheers and strengthens our own hearts, but the hearts of others as well. Then let not the stream of your life be a murmuring one, with bitter waters standing along the edges of the channel. But let it be a pure, sparkling stream singing songs of praise and thanksgiving all along the way. Then your life itself shall praise your Master, and it shall give others a desire to know him.

M. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending September 15

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

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

- September 9. Ezekiel 39 to 41: Victories and restoration of Israel.
 - September 10. Ezekiel 42 to 44: Divine glory; laws and ordinances.
 - September 11. Ezekiel 45 to 48: Ordinances of justice and worship.
 - September 12. Daniel 1 to 3: The great image; the fiery furnace.
 - September 13. Daniel 4 to 6: Dream of the great tree; Belshazzar's feast.
 - September 14. Daniel 7 to 9: Visions and their interpretation.
 - September 15. Daniel 10 to 12: A vision and its explanation.
- For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for September 6.

Junior Assignment

- September 9. Mark 1: John's ministry; Jesus baptized.
- September 10. Mark 2: Palsied man healed.
- September 11. Mark 3: Jesus heals the people.

September 12. Mark 4: By the seaside.
 September 13. Mark 5: In the country of the Gadarenes.
 September 14. Mark 6: The five loaves and two fishes.
 September 15. Mark 7: The Pharisees reproved; the deaf man healed.

The Youth Who Turned Back

In a home of wealth and refinement there lived long ago a lad named John Mark. His father was dead, and he lived with his mother, who was a sincere Christian woman. They had plenty of money, and servants to help with the work. Their comfortable home with its pleasant surroundings was always open to the workers who came to Jerusalem, just as today we heartily welcome our ministers when they come to our homes. John became acquainted with many of the principal brethren in the early church, and grew familiar with the Christian faith, which he learned to love very much.

One day the sad news came that Peter, one of the leading workers in the church, had been put in prison. Only a short time before this, James, another worker, had been beheaded, and now the church in Jerusalem feared that the same fate awaited Peter.

But these Christians had learned to pray, and oh, how fervently they prayed that night for Peter's deliverance, as they were gathered together at the home of Mary, John's mother! Did God hear them?—Yes! and how wonderfully he answered their prayers; for while they were kneeling a knock came, and when the door was opened, who should be standing there but Peter himself!

This answer to prayer was a great blessing to John, for it strengthened his faith in God. When he became a young man, he was asked to go with Paul and Barnabas on their first missionary journey, to be their assistant. He understood the gospel, and they thought he would be just the one to help instruct the new converts who would be coming into the truth as the apostles preached from place to place. Barnabas was John's uncle, and no doubt they were very fond of each other.

But what a disappointment was in store for Paul and Barnabas! After having gone only a short distance, John refused to stay with them any longer. He gave up, and turned back home. You can imagine how Mary felt when her son returned home. She had brought him up for the work of the Lord, and then to have him turn out this way! But there is a bright side to the story; in this case "all's well that ends well."

Two years later John had learned his lesson, and was again ready to start out in the work of the Lord. His Uncle Barnabas was willing to give him a second trial, and this time he "made good." By his useful life he brought joy to the hearts of his friends and associates. He was a comfort to Paul in his declining years, and a blessing to the work of God.

The intensely interesting gospel story which we are beginning this week, the book of Mark, was written by this same "youth who turned back." John Mark did not know Jesus personally, but doubtless through his long association with the apostle Peter he learned the wonderful things recorded in his gospel.

The book of Mark was written in Greek, and was probably completed about A. D. 70. It is a gospel of *deeds*, and Jesus is represented as a worker whose life was full of strenuous activity. He hastens from one task to another, and that little word "do" seems to characterize his life from beginning to end. "Do" is a good word for boys and girls, too.

ELLA IDEN.

The Sabbath School

XI—Signs in the World and Among the People

(September 15)

MEMORY VERSE: "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man." Luke 21:36.

Questions

1. Where besides in heaven will signs of the coming of Jesus be seen? Luke 21:25, 11. Note 1.
2. What will many people say in the last days? Isa. 2:3, 4.
3. At the same time what will the nations do? Joel 3:9, 10. Note 2.
4. What did Jesus say would appear in the last days? Matt. 24:23, 24. Note 3.
5. What is said of the wealth of the people in the last days? Isa. 2:7.
6. What warning of coming trouble is given to the rich? James 5:1-3. Note 4.
7. What will the rich do with their money when Jesus comes? Isa. 2:20, 21.
8. What would Jesus have each one do who has more than his actual need? Luke 12:33, 34.
9. What other sign of the end of the world is given? Matt. 24:14. Note 5.
10. In the last days what sins will be common even among professed Christians? 2 Tim. 3:1-5. Note 6.
11. What will some who profess to be looking for the Lord say before he comes? Matt. 24:48.
12. What do such begin to do? Verse 49.
13. At what time will Jesus appear to such servants? Verse 50.
14. What admonition comes to us with special force in view of the signs of the times? Memory verse.
15. How is this warning repeated? Matt. 24:42.
16. How is the necessity for continuous watching illustrated? Verses 43, 44.

Notes

1. The signs here predicted consist of violent commotions on earth which cause trouble and distress among nations, and in the hearts of men. "The sea and the waves roaring," may refer to great disturbances in the way of storms and tidal waves. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes bring disaster and ruin. Men are filled with dread, not knowing what calamity will come next.

Satan "will bring disease and disaster, until populous cities are reduced to ruin and desolation. Even now he is at work. In accidents and calamities by sea and by land, in great conflagrations, in fierce tornadoes and terrific hailstorms, in tempests, floods, cyclones, tidal waves, and earthquakes, in every place and in a thousand forms, Satan is exercising his power. He sweeps away the ripening harvest, and famine and distress follow. He imparts to the air a deadly taint, and thousands perish by the pestilence. These visitations are to become more and more frequent and disastrous."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 589, 590.

2. We see both these scriptures fulfilled at this very time. Never was there so much talk about peace, and never such great preparations for war as now. Destructive guns, mammoth warships, every device that can be used to kill men, is being prepared; and the armies of the world are getting ready for the last great conflict. Even the boys in school, in some countries, are forced to practice military drill, that they may be trained as soldiers.

3. Even now we hear of men claiming to be Elijah or some other prophet, and some have claimed to be Christ, and to perform wonders. Many have been led astray by such false teachings. But none other than Jesus can come on the clouds, shining with glory, accompanied by all the angels, and with every eye beholding him.

4. It is the rust of the gold and silver that witnesses against the rich. That which is hoarded away rusts and cankers. That which is in constant use is bright and shining.

5. Already the message that Jesus is soon coming has been preached in nearly every country on the earth. By giving our means, and by our prayers, we may help in this work of carrying the message to all the world, and thus hasten the coming of Jesus.

6. Where are the most people found, at the church services and prayer meetings, or at the various places of amusement? Which is read the most, the Bible and helpful books, or the light, evil literature of the day? By their actions many are now saying unto God: "Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? and what profit should we have, if we pray unto him?" Job 21:14, 15.

The Youth's Instructor

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Polly's Guest

PUSHING the damp hair from her forehead, Mrs. Hosmer stared in astonishment at her caller.

"You look as if you were just starting for a garden party," she cried, "and it's only eleven o'clock in the morning!"

"Don't blame me — it's Polly," her caller returned gayly. "But if you'll lend me an apron, I'll help you pick over those currants."

Mrs. Hosmer went into the house, promptly re-appearing with the apron. "You needn't expect me to refuse an offer like that, with preserving to do and the thermometer at ninety," she declared. "Are your currants all done?"

"I suspect they're overdone, but I haven't investigated," Mrs. Stanford returned.

Mrs. Hosmer looked at her helplessly.

"I wish you'd explain!" she cried.

"I gave you the key. It's Polly. The child overheard the doctor say something foolish about my needing a vacation, and got worried. I explained that I couldn't possibly afford to go anywhere, and besides, I'd be so homesick that it would do me more harm than good.

"I wish I could take a vacation at home!" I said.

"I didn't half mean it, but Polly jumped at it, and the end of it all is that I'm doing it — for two weeks. I am sleeping in the guest room, and wearing fresh dresses, and having little spreads brought out to me on the piazza, and reading books I haven't had time to read for years, and doing fancywork, and calling on my friends at eleven in the morning. And I've no idea what I'm going to have for dinner. Polly is nothing if not adventurous. Anything's likely to happen."

"But the work! And seeing Polly do it! And your preserving!" Mrs. Hosmer gasped.

A shadow crossed Mrs. Stanford's face, followed by laughter.

"For three days I *was* nearly wild, especially when Polly and Maggie did the currants. Maggie is a good maid, but she cannot make jelly. And Polly boiled them too long; I had the clock before me. I nearly spoiled things that morning. I actually started for the kitchen; then something held me back, and I went to my room and had it out with myself. As if ten quarts of jelly compared for one moment with my little daughter's joy! If the currants worried me, what was that in comparison with her worry if I got overtired and spoiled all her dear plans? I put it down in dollars and cents — doctors' bills versus currant jelly; then I put down all the Polly of it that couldn't be reckoned in money terms.

"Well, I kept my hands off, and I've been paid a thousand times over by my little daughter's joy. Polly is working terribly hard over all sorts of things — some because she hasn't learned how to do them, and some sheer, frivolous, 'company' extras. But she is learning, and so am I."

Mrs. Hosmer drew a long breath. "It's very nice that you can take it so," she said.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Earthly Sanctuary a Type

(Concluded from page nine)

work revealed to the prophet, the cleansing of the sanctuary. This is the work to which the ancient day of atonement pointed forward. But it was not done yearly, as was that of the earthly tabernacle. Heb. 9:22-26. The heavenly sanctuary is cleansed but once. And the time for the beginning of this work is fixed in the Bible as the year 1844.

"It is undoubtedly this time to which Peter refers when he says, 'Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.' Acts 3:19.

"The time of the final blotting out of sin, then, has actually been reached. It began in 1844, and has been going on ever since. This is the most solemn period in the history of God's dealings with men. But much more than the cleansing of the sanctuary is involved in this closing work of the gospel. Tomorrow night we shall study the important work that is to be carried forward in heaven at this very time."

Donald Hunter was greatly moved by this talk. It was almost like drawing aside the veil and permitting him to look into heaven, and observe the great movements which are now taking place there at the throne of God. This prophecy of the twenty-three hundred days was certainly the most wonderful of all, and he found it difficult to wait until the following night before continuing its study. He wanted to learn all about it at once. He lay in wakefulness a long time that night, thinking of the great work which was going on at that very time in heaven, and before falling asleep he did not neglect to thank God for the prophecies which throw such a flood of light on the pathway of those who serve the Lord.

The Wolves of Bixby's Hollow

(Concluded from page thirteen)

another usher with some big pink chrysanthemums, and the audience enjoyed those, too. Then a third usher walked down with a big bouquet of pink roses, and the audience thought she deserved those also. Lastly, a fourth and most dignified usher bore down the aisle and presented to Mrs. Bonney an enormous bunch of American Beauty roses which bore the governor's card, and the audience showed that they liked that the best of all. The governor himself was so busy telling Mrs. Bonney how much he enjoyed her speech that he forgot he was to make the closing remarks.

Elizabeth watched everything with breathless interest, and later her mother, while admiring the flowers, said, "I like your sweet peas best of all." Then, after a pause, "But, dear, you must be sick and tired of hearing my paper so often!"

"Sick of it! Tired of it!" gasped Elizabeth, "I was dreadfully scared for fear the wolves would catch you this time, mother!"—*Lucy Shelton Stewart, in American Magazine*.