

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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IT IS WELL TO LEAVE OFF PLAYING WHEN THE GAME IS AT THE BEST.— FRENCH PROVERB.

From Here and There

Misplaced switches have wrecked more trains than they have children.

The wings of a big biplane are so strong that they will support one hundred and twenty persons.

A young Kentuckian has lost a big fortune by being twenty minutes late in keeping a business engagement.

The monarchist troops of China have been overcome, and the republic has been reestablished, with Feng-Kno-Chang as president.

To further the work of the American Bible Society on the Panama Canal a motor launch has been provided to visit the ships using the canal.

Canada has prohibited the use of wheat in the manufacture of beverage alcohol. Alcohol for commercial and war purposes may be manufactured only under license.

Nearly nine hundred students were graduated from the New York University this year without being present, the money thus saved being applied toward an ambulance service in France.

The 7,000 mechanics and other workers at the Philadelphia navy yard who signed the letter to Secretary Daniels pledging their services to the government during the war have set a splendid example to workingmen throughout the nation.

The new Russia will retain the old flag, which has three horizontal stripes — white, blue, and red. A few years ago the imperial emblem, a black eagle on a yellow field, was placed in the upper left-hand corner of the flag, but the provisional government has ordered that it be removed.

With publishers falling daily farther behind in their orders, the war has created the greatest demand in the history of the nation for Bibles. Publishers say that any one who possesses a set of electrotype plates for the New Testament, pocket size, owns something almost as valuable as a steamship. New York publishers report their presses running from fifteen to eighteen hours a day, but are still several weeks behind orders already received.

Mr. Gerald E. Miles has been canvassing during the summer in Vermont. He has already earned two scholarships for use in the South Lancaster Academy, and has \$230 worth of orders toward a third one. Another student of South Lancaster Academy, Miss Deasy, has been canvassing in Connecticut. She pledged the profits of her best week's orders to the academy for needed improvements. So far, her best week's work brought her a profit of \$67.

On August 6, the Connecticut blue laws were set aside, and the first open Sunday known in the State for three hundred years was kept. For three centuries only drug stores have been allowed to be open on Sunday. But now bakeries, ice-cream parlors, milk stations, fruit stands, tobacco stores, news stands, and automobile shops were all open and did a thriving business. The motion-picture theaters were stormed in many places by the big crowds who were out for a good time. One section of the new act allows amateur baseball and other sporting events to take place on Sunday, provided no admission fee is asked. Rifle ranges may also be opened.

Lord Dunsany, the Irish Soldier, dramatist, and poet, served without a scratch in the Gallipoli campaign, but, returning home on leave, he was wounded in the Dublin insurrection at Easter, 1916. Lord Dunsany is the author of these beautiful words, which some of our readers will find worth preserving: "What is it to be a poet? It is to see at a glance the glory of the world, to see beauty in all its forms, to feel ugliness like a pain, to resent the wrongs of others as bitterly as one's own, to know mankind as others know single men, to know nature as botanists know a flower, to be thought a fool, to hear at moments the clear voice of God."

At the American Museum of Natural History in New York City they are making an experiment that may seat King Corn more firmly than ever on his throne. They are cultivating there the Mandan maize, the secret of which has long been known only to the Mandan Indians. The kernels are of different shades of red, black, and blue, but the virtue of the variety lies in its power to adapt itself to cold, dry climates. It can be raised in the Northwest and in the mountain States as easily as common corn is raised in the Middle West.

Twenty-five billions of cigarettes were smoked in the United States during 1916 — seven billions more than in 1915. Putting our population at one hundred millions, and omitting women and children, this total means that every boy and man smoked 62½ boxes each of cigarettes during 1916. And yet how many thousands of us never smoke a cigarette. So the actual total for each cigarette smoker must be nearly one hundred boxes a year!

The Panama Canal, which opened in the month in which the war began, has had only a small part of the business that it would have had if the world had been at peace; nevertheless, it has been more useful to merchant shipping than is generally known. Up to the first of the year, 2,781 vessels had passed through it. Nearly half of them were British; a third were American; the others carried no fewer than nineteen different flags.

Dr. A. B. Olsen, superintendent of the Caterham Sanitarium, recently said that two hundred of our young men in England had been called to the colors, but were giving noncombatant service; and that not one of them, so far as he knew, was working on the Sabbath. Their faithfulness in service where they could conscientiously serve had made the officials lenient with them concerning the Sabbath.

THE man who makes character makes foes.—
Young.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

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No. 38

The Bible in the Army

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

IT was Martin Luther, I think, who said that all he did to start the Reformation was to start the Word of God running in the earth. So in all ages the Word of God has been the saving salt of humanity. It is only recently we have learned of the splendid work of the Pocket Testament League among the English and French soldiers at the front since the war began. In twelve months no fewer than forty-eight thousand soldiers have enrolled as members of the league, and of that number twenty-eight thousand have accepted Christ. There are only two stipulations for membership in this league. One is to carry the League Testament always, and the other is the reading of at least one chapter a day.

So with the assistance of the evangelist, the army chaplain, and the private Christian soldier, this work has spread to tremendous proportions.

Quoting from the booklet "Signing On," by J. Kennedy MacLean, who himself participated in this splendid work, we get some idea of the wonderful results of the distribution of God's Word in the army.

"Some of these little books have been riddled with bullets, and on some occasions have saved life by intercepting the shot or shell on its way to a vital portion of the body. Frequently while shrapnel has been bursting overhead, the Testament has been read aloud by a member of the league to his anxious comrades, and its words of counsel and comfort have brought peace and strength amid the inferno raging on every side. In not a few places the canteens [drinking places] have been deserted through the influence of the Pocket Testament League."

Giving the experience of one man of God in the camp, Mr. MacLean says:

"An officer came in, who was not a Christian man, nor had he very much sympathy with Christian work. He said, 'What are you doing here? Extraordinary things are happening in the lines. Men who used to curse and swear are now reading and praying. What is it you have got?' We showed him the Testament.

"Some of the men who decided have gone straight back to their ungodly companions, and have besought them to turn from their evil ways and come down and get a Testament and start right.

"That the distribution of Testaments has carried with it a far-reaching blessing, and been the means of turning countless lives into new channels, is the glad testimony of all who have come in contact with the work. Everywhere there has been an intense eagerness to listen to the appeal of Christ to the human soul.

"'But for the Testaments,' runs the admission of another worker, 'I should have no legitimate excuse for approaching the men beyond an occasional word. But they are the opening to real heart-to-heart talks and confidences.'"

At one camp, quite a famine broke out for the Word of God among the troops. Quoting further:

"We used to find men reading as they sat about

in the fields, and from all accounts it was quite common to see them reading in the huts. Many told us that before the war such a thing as Bible reading would have seemed impossible with many of them."

Membership Cards and the Messages They Bore

"A packet of membership cards from one of the large military camps in the west of England arrived not long ago. On the backs of these—the cards of men who had professed acceptance of Christ as Lord and Saviour—the worker in charge of the place had briefly sketched biographical notes. Some of these are worth quoting. 'This fellow,' ran one of the descriptions, 'professed to be an infidel, but after I had a long talk with him God opened his eyes to see he was a sinner, and enabled him to accept Christ. His example will result in others' deciding for Christ, I feel sure.'

"Another: 'This man was an agnostic, but through God's Word his doubts were removed, and, after receiving a League Testament, he, with twenty of his comrades, came to my house, and finally decided for the Lord Jesus.'

"A third: 'This man told me there was nothing like gambling to make one happy, but since accepting Christ he says that it's Christ who makes one happy.'

"Again: 'This was a wicked man when he accepted a Testament, but he promised to read it, and was led thereby to Christ. He has since gone to the front.'

A Letter Worth Reading

"All these incidents bear witness to the wonderful work of grace at present in progress among our troops, but it may be doubted whether a more impressive testimony has yet been published than that which is contained in the following letter. The writer has since met his death on the battle field. Written to a friend, the letter reads thus:

"'When you go over to the young men's tent, I want you to remember me to the staff there, and to tell the leader how glad I am that I ever had the opportunity of a quiet talk with him. You know, Jim, what my life had been up to that time. You know how I had wasted my life, and brought degradation to my poor wife and family. But that day changed my world.

"'Oh, the joy of my little wife when I went home and told her I had decided to follow Christ, for whom I had never before had any use! Unless they have told you, or Nell sent you word—my wife's people had persuaded her to apply for divorce from me; but there will be no divorce now, and if God spares me to return to my darlings, neither wife nor youngsters shall ever have cause to feel ashamed of me again. I am glad to be able to write you like this. We are both fairly well educated, and both of us have room for repentance; but best of all, we both made our decision for Christ under the same influence.

"'Jim, if ever men felt after God, they are doing it here. There are about twenty-three of us left here

who signed those Testament cards and marked A. C. [accepted Christ] in the corner, and we are sticking to our pledge. In the lonely hours of the night, when one is skimming his eyes for Turks, it is good to feel one is not alone, and to be conscious of an Unseen Presence brooding over one.

"Last night poor old Dick died, and as he was dying he handed me his Testament and a letter he had received from the jolly old Y. M. C. A. leader, and asked me to send them to his mother, and tell her to keep them for his sake.

"You remember the night he came over to go to bed after he had been with the leader in his tent, and how he knelt down to pray. Yes, and how he continued in prayer although we hurled at him anything we could lay our hands on. We thought it rare fun night after night, didn't we? But we, too, were soon to be under the same influence ourselves, and pass through a like experience. And we are all the better for it.

"I'd give something to see the leader sitting, with his Bible, among us tonight. Poor chap, he used to look worried and wan sometimes, but he always had a smile and a word in season. I may never be able to write him, but you'll show him my letter, won't you? It will cheer him up, and I always think of him in my prayers."

Impressed by Another Soldier Reading the Testament

"Addressing his letter from the trenches, and enclosing a membership card, a private writes:

"It may interest you to know how I came to hear of the Pocket Testament League. We were resting in a wood some weeks ago, a few miles behind the firing line, but well within sound of the guns. One evening I noticed a chap sitting against a tree reading a Testament, and I strolled across to him, and got into conversation. He told me that his sweetheart had sent him the Testament, and he handed it to me, when I saw it was a League Testament.

"Soon after, I left him, but this little incident had set me thinking, and I determined to try to lead a better life. Next day we went into action and had a fairly rough time. The chap with the Testament (Summers was his name) and three others were lying together when a shell burst near and killed all three and only slightly wounded Summers. From then I determined to accept Christ as my Saviour. I am glad of the opportunity given me of enrolling men into the league, and I shall spare no effort to get men to read their Testaments."

Saved from Death by Kneeling in Prayer

"The following interesting story is contained in a letter received from France a little while ago:

"One Sunday evening, I walked to a village six miles off, where a squadron of dragoon guards were resting from the trenches. In this village a large expeditionary force canteen has been placed for their use. These men belong to my division and are mostly all old regulars (the original expeditionary force) and have been through all the fighting from the start, and have not had the same gospel opportunities as the new armies have had. I walked into this canteen, got a cup of coffee, and stood in the center of fifty beer pots, while the owners with much profanity refought their battles. One dear fellow, a leading spirit, was telling how he alone was left out of a party.

"Well, boys," he said, "it was the first time I had said my prayers since I was a kid, and just as I

knelt for the purpose a shell passed right over me and cut off the head of So-and-so at my back. Good thing I knelt down, or I'd have gone under, sure." In the dramatic pause which followed, I broke in with, "And here's what we need, boys, if we wish to pray aright," producing fifteen Testaments; and the man who had told the story, said, "Yes, mate, I believe you're right," and as there was a general murmur of assent, I continued for some ten minutes on the value of daily Scripture reading, and on what the Book contained, and the light it gave on the way of salvation, and lastly the special features of the P. T. L. volume, and they went like wildfire."

Wanted to Find the Testaments

"One man followed me out when I left, and after a short talk, signed a decision card also. I promised to go back, but the opportunity hadn't come, when just three or four days before the year finished, a man came up to me and said, "Say, mate, can you tell me where to find the mechanic of this lot who gives Testaments?" So I discovered this man belonged to another dragoon squadron of the same regiment in another village; they had all joined up together the day before for return to the trenches, and, hearing of the volumes, wanted them, as they were going into trenches the next morning."

Fresh Opportunities for Soul-Winning

"The Testaments are eagerly sought after and much valued. They are invaluable in many ways. To get one many come to us who might not have the courage to come and have a talk about these things that matter, so that the Testaments are the greatest help to us in getting these straight talks that almost always lead to a decision for Christ."

"So the glad story might go on, if only this little volume could be made large enough to hold it all. It is a story of triumph from whichever part of the world it comes, and tells of lives surrendered to the King. For wherever the Word of Life is scattered, it yields results. God himself promised that it should, and he is ever faithful to his promises."

Backsliders and Overcomers

THESE represent two prominent classes of people in the world today. Many persons under certain influences start out on the right course, but later turn aside to the easier way. The experience of King Saul is a notable example of this. Compare 1 Sam. 10:6, 9, and 16:14.

On the other hand, there are individuals who show a determination to disobey and to oppose the law of God, and then later accept its provisions. Note the experience of Saul of Tarsus, known in the Christian world as the apostle Paul, and Demetrius, the silver-smith. Both of these men persecuted the Christians at one time, and then later accepted Christ and became zealous in working for the salvation of others.

Our merciful heavenly Father is not willing that any should perish, but is anxious that all come to repentance. He admonishes us, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" And the promise is, "He that overcometh . . . I will not blot out his name out of the book of life."

S. H. CARNAHAN.

"PLACE your confidence in God, and it will never be misplaced."

Nature and Science

Our Nearest Star

IF you could ride from the earth to Alpha Centauri on a train going at the rate of a mile a minute, you would reach your destination in forty-eight million years. At the rate sound travels, if a song were to be sung on Alpha Centauri, it would be 300,800,000 years before we could hear it. This neighbor of ours is thirty-five trillion miles away. A spider's thread from a cocoon reaching to it would weigh five hundred tons.

Our earth in its revolutions on its own axis and its trip around the sun and outward space makes a journey of 984,000,000 miles a year; but the old clock never varies; there is never a jar or tremor, and we are back again on the hundredth of a second. Do you know it would have cost me \$1,500,000,000 if I had had to pay my way so far at the rate of two cents a mile during my journey of seventy-five years?

To ride from the earth to this star would cost seven hundred billion dollars.—*John Brashear.*

Quinine in Sprays New Anesthetic

THE discovery by Dr. Gordon Edwards, a Leland Stanford scientist, of a new way to administer quinine by spray as an anesthetic, has done wonders to relieve the pain of the wounded. The solution is sprayed on the raw surfaces as the patient is brought to the first-aid stations, and is also used subsequently in dressing operations, with a consequent diminution of shock. The result is quick recovery. This is the first time in the history of science that quinine has been used in local anesthesia by spraying.

Dr. Edwards has just returned to Paris from Verdun and Chemin des Dames, where all the French hospitals have been supplied through the generosity of Americans, among them Miss Anne Morgan. Dr. Edwards gave details of the anesthetic.

"The solution," he said, "is called nikalgin. It is a nontoxicant and induces analgesia in three to five minutes. Its good effect endures three to twenty-four hours. It is good for raw surfaces, small wounds, burns, lacerations, and amputations. One of the chief qualities of the solution consists in allowing painless removal of dressings."—*Washington Post.*

How Fire Sets Horses Free

IF the stable should burn, don't worry about the horses; the heat of the fire will set them free—that is, if the structure is equipped with the device of a Los Angeles inventor, which has been given a thorough test in his own city. In a large stable there, ten horses were placed in stalls furnished with the automatic equine release, and the heat from a single burning match was applied to the control. The fusible link melted in this trifling rise of temperature with the following results: a gate fell behind each horse, so that it could not back into the stable and get caught in the burning structure (supposing it had been a real conflagration); a door in front of each horse flew open by gravity, allowing a way of escape into the courtyard; the manger, which was built upon the door, collapsed, and in so doing released the rope which held the horse.

Thus the animal was released within five seconds of the time the test began, and the noise made by the moving gates and doors was sufficiently startling to

send it scurrying into the open. As ten stalls were thus equipped, and as the opening of each door took place at the same time, there was quite a stampede of horses at this fire-escape test.

The operation of the entire system is by gravity, and the control may be by a single motion of the watchman's hand, or, if he happens to be away or asleep, the heat of the fire will do his work. A cord is extended throughout the structure with links at fre-



"The Horses Were Released Within Five Seconds"

quent intervals. Any of these links will melt rapidly under moderate heat, severing the cord, and when that is parted at any point, the automatic release becomes operative.—*C. L. Edholm, in St. Nicholas.*

Trees

TO the one who loves the out of doors and has learned to harmonize himself with wild and pristine surroundings, nothing is more enjoyable than an early morning stroll in the woods,—the more wild the better,—in paths and bypaths of forest trees. In treading the aisles of these airy cathedrals one has opened to vision the varicolored pages of the book of nature and an open sesame to pleasant surprises and joyous hours.

The trees are the homes of the birds, and morning time is bird time. Then their happiness is at its height, and is expressed in carols and bursting melody that breaks the light of day. Trees stand for grandeur, growth, and time. The boy who plants a chestnut tree may live to enjoy its fruit, but the life of the tree is longer than the life span of that boy. Those ancient olive trees of Greece under which Cicero declaimed are still producing olives, and furnishing us today with olive oil. The giant redwood trees of our western coast may have been shootless and started their course heavenward when the angels proclaimed the birth of Christ.

On a hot August day, how grateful the shade afforded by trees to bird, beast, and man. The fruit they produce is of the highest dietetic and digestive value. While perhaps per pound they do not all contain the amount of nutrition found in other foods, we must except the nuts, for here we have in concentration all elements of nourishment, including salts and vitamins, that are required for man.

To the student of forestry, every tree is a friend, and affords an opportunity for study; but all men should become acquainted with the trees. Can you tell a black from a red oak; a chestnut oak from a chestnut tree; a pin oak from a white oak, or on which



Who Can Identify This Tree by Its Roots?

the acorns grow? Or can you tell a buckeye from a horse chestnut, or the difference between a yellow and an Ohio buckeye? What is commonly thought to be a horse chestnut, a tree frequently found along our avenues, is not a horse chestnut but a yellow buckeye. You may recognize it by their fan-shaped leaves.

For years I walked through parks and wooded tracts, and simply saw trees. From my boyhood experiences I was able to identify the shagbark hickory, walnut tree, and chestnut; for it was from these that I gathered bushels of nuts. I knew also the oak, willow, and cottonwood; but I could not distinguish the various kinds of oak. In our parks there were many stately trees that I admired, yet to me they were merely trees. But to make friends of the trees one must become acquainted with them; individualize them, and learn to call them by name.

In the month of May one will see along park drive-ways a tall tree, spotted with tuliplike, greenish-yellow flowers having a splash of orange near the center, forming a golden ring. This is the tulip tree that often reaches the height of two hundred feet or more. Now, any month of the year, this tree, so stately and so tall, may be recognized by its distinctive bark or by the graceful shape of its leaves, which seem to have had their tips cut clean across. If you once get to know the sycamore tree, with its peeling bark, white trunk, and broad leaves, you will never make the mistake of calling it a birch, and think that it was from these that the poor Indian got his bark to form his canoe. Ask the boy, and he will tell you that it is a monkey-ball tree, and throughout the snows of winter its branches are covered with brown balls.

Another tree, a native of China, that is possessed of both grace and beauty, is the ginkgo tree, or maiden-hair tree, with its big waxen leaf that renders it quite distinguishable from any other. Another rare tree that you will see now and then is the redbud or Judas tree. This dainty tree, with broad, flat head of smooth, thornless, angular branches, with its heart-shaped leaves, flowers in the month of April, before the leaves appear. Its purplish rose-pink blossoms of the pea type cover the whole tree with a wealth of bloom that will take long to efface from memory.

In the parks of many cities, usually found grouped in threes, are sassafras trees. The chestnut, like the sassafras, has a tendency to grow in clumps of three or six or more.

Other trees which have become close friends of mine are the spreading magnolia, the umbrella or catalpa, silver maple, ironwood, poplar, and Japanese cherry. Others interest us and claim our admiration, but the fairest, daintiest, loveliest of them all, like sheen on the new-mown hay, like wisps of mist in the morning; the most feathery, the most entrancing of them all, dressed like a fairy in green, is the tamarix. This African tamarix is a rather low-growing tree. It is composed of material that dreams are made of.

The trees are clothed with living green;
Each one to me is a dear friend,
Each branch a thought, each leaf a word,
They move my heart, inspire my pen.

A. W. HERR, M. D.

Origin of Term

WHEN Oliver Cromwell became protector, after the execution of Charles I, he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the English government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II, having occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of the government paper was brought to him.

On looking at it and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it; and, on being told, he said:

"Take it away; I have nothing to do with a fool's cap!"

The term "foolscap" has since been applied to a certain size of glazed writing paper.—*Selected.*

Light in Dark Places

THERE are many who err, and who feel their shame and their folly. They look upon their mistakes and errors until they are driven almost to desperation. These souls we are not to neglect. When



This little girl not yet four years old can identify eight kinds of oak trees from the leaves. Can you do as well?

one has to swim against the stream, there is all the force of the current driving him back. Let a helping hand then be held out to him as was the Elder Brother's hand to the sinking Peter. Speak to him hopeful words, words that will establish confidence and awaken love."—*"Christ's Object Lessons,"* p. 387.

While reading the foregoing paragraph the other day, I thought of the thousands of unfortunate men in the prison cells throughout the land whose "souls we are not to neglect." Many of them in every penitentiary "feel their shame and their folly" and need the helpful, "hopeful words"—the words that you and I can speak or send to them. They "sit in darkness," many of them, and some in that darkness are groping for the light—the Light of life. Letters written in a friendly spirit, and papers carrying helpful messages, are appreciated by more inmates of penitentiaries than we realize.

From an inmate of a penitentiary in an Eastern State comes this message: "I am very thankful to you for sending me copies of the *Signs of the Times* to distribute among the men in this prison. The paper bears a true gospel message to those who sit in darkness here, and it has been a great benefit to me."

One day a young man went direct to our Pacific Press office from a United States naval prison. Becoming dissatisfied a year before with some features of naval life, he had deserted, was captured, court-martialed, and sentenced to one year in prison. Credits were given him for good behavior, and he was released after serving ten months of his time.

While in prison he made the acquaintance of another young man to whom the *Signs of the Times* was being sent. Together they read the paper and studied the Bible. After reading one paper it was difficult to wait patiently for the next. Although formerly a Catholic, this young marine now understood and followed the message, and determined to walk in the light after obtaining his freedom. And so he is with us in the message today. His former prison companion is looking forward to the day when the doors will swing open to him also, so that he may enjoy his twofold liberty—liberty in Jesus and from prison.

The young marine who was released from prison and visited the Pacific Press is now in the Philippine Islands. In a recent letter from him to a brother in California, he told of his experiences in the islands, and then, referring to some money he inclosed, said: "Please send me a copy of 'Christ's Object Lessons,' and be sure to continue sending the *Signs of the Times* indefinitely, as I need this paper more than anything else."

An encouraging work with our literature was conducted for several years in the San Quentin (California) Penitentiary, by a young man named Mitchell, who, while in the prison, embraced the faith through the influence of the *Signs of the Times* and through correspondence with one of our brethren. This young man recently left San Quentin, but the work with the papers is being carried forward by a man whose number is 28041. This man accepted the message, and has taken up Brother Mitchell's work with real earnestness. He writes under date of June 16:

"It has fallen to me to distribute the *Signs of the Times* and other Adventist literature sent here, and I take great pleasure in doing it. For a long time we had between thirty and forty on our list of readers, but Mr. Mitchell was very industrious in the good

work, and we now have more than one hundred men reading the *Signs of the Times* regularly. I am told by many that it is the best paper that comes here.

"I now believe in the teachings of the Adventist Church, and when I leave the penitentiary I want to be with your people. I now enjoy the peace and rest that faith in the redeeming power of Christ brings to the repentant sinner. . . . I will see that the *Signs of the Times* are properly handled. . . . God will certainly give us results here."

Through the kindness of some brethren and sisters who feel deeply concerned about getting the message to the men behind the bars, a new weekly club of sixty *Signs of the Times* is now going to the men in San Quentin. Information has recently come telling of four or five men in that penitentiary who have definitely joined Brother 28041 in his splendid work of interesting the prisoners in the message carried by the paper.

Somewhere near every church is a jail or a State prison, and there is opportunity for a great work in furnishing the prisoners with our timely literature. Hear a word of caution, please: "Do not think that anything will do," writes a worker who knows, "for the prisoners will soon resent a course of ancient issues of soiled and tattered papers. Give them the best, for they need it." ERNEST LLOYD.

Not Painting or Talking, but Doing

A YOUNG artist named Tucker painted the picture of a forlorn woman and child, out in the storm. This picture took such a hold upon him that he laid by palette and brush, saying: "I must go to the lost, instead of painting them." He prepared for the ministry, and for some time worked in the city's slums. At length, he said: "I must go to that part of the world where men seem to be most hopelessly lost." That young artist was none other than Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, Africa. Painting is not enough. Knowing is not enough. Talking is not enough. We must do something.

Items of Interest

Dinner at ten o'clock in the morning! That sounds strange, doesn't it, and yet that was the dinner hour in early France years ago. As a matter of fact, that is the meaning of the word "dinner;" it is a contraction of *dixième heure*: tenth hour.

From one fallen giant tree in a California forest, lumbermen recently got three thousand fence posts, enough to fence in 8,000 acres of ground; and 700,000 shingles, enough to shingle 70 houses. No wonder the lumberman would, if he could, cut down all the big trees!

Since the war began more than \$200,000,000 of American capital has been invested in the manufacture of dyes. Moreover, the leaders in the new British dyestuff industry say that they will be able not only to supply all British needs after the war, but also to export large quantities of their product.

A young man read that we annually import from Europe 50,000 pounds of dandelions, and a large amount of mullein and catnip to be used in the drug trade. "A hint to the wise is sufficient," so this young man went to digging wild weeds and drying them. He cleared \$72.14 from his adventure during the summer vacation.

Gods of Java

J. S. YATES

WHEN visiting the ancient Hindu temple ruins in central Java a few weeks ago, we saw thousands of gods, telling of a dead past. These ruins represent more than five hundred temples, monasteries, and mausoleums; all in such a small district that by using a motor car one might well visit each group in a single day.

For centuries these chandis, or temples, were buried beneath ashes from some of the nine neighboring volcanoes, and also further hidden by luxuriant tropical vegetation. Of late, considerable excavating has been done and some efforts made at restoration.

Near a group of ruins an inscription was discovered which tells with perfect exactness the age of the Tara Temple. As deciphered by the Dutch scholar, Dr. J. Brandis, and the Indian, Dr. R. G. Bhamdarker, a part seems to read, "The great king built the Tara Temple in honor of the guru [teacher] when seven hundred years of the Sakai era were past." That would make it the seven hundred and seventy-ninth year of our era. It is assumed that all of the ruins belong to the same period.

These structures were "built without the aid of line or mortar, the stones being joined by means of tenons and mortises, and dovetails; which bind them solidly together. The material is volcanic lava, whose grayish tint enhances the imposing and melancholy effect, . . . a melancholy hardly enlivened by the most fantastic virtuosity of the chisel." It is evident that many of the colossal images were placed on their pedestal and the temples built over them.

The largest single structure is Boro Budur, being five hundred and thirty-one feet on either of its four sides. Here are a thousand images of Buddha alone, which if placed in a single line would extend for three miles.

Notwithstanding the Buddhistic character of these ruins as a whole, a group near the villages of Prambanan has not one Buddha figure, but many Brahmanic gods. Of these temples the learned Dr. J. Groneman says: "They are the most interesting in the country. . . . In beauty, exquisite workmanship, and imposing majesty the sculpture works of Prambanan are not surpassed by those on any other monument of an extinct civilization." To this group we will now give our attention.

Leading to the eight large temples were one hundred and fifty-seven smaller ones arranged in terraces. Inscriptions show that at one time a mighty Hindu empire existed in

these parts, so it is thought that the main buildings contained the ashes of the leading rulers, while the lesser ones were mausoleums for monks and minor dignitaries, being built as the need demanded through a long period of time.

In the year 1890 the basements of the greatest temples were laid bare. Some of the wells beneath the images were relieved of their treasures before the archeologists got to them. However, we are told that in one they found a cinerary urn of stone holding imperfectly burned ashes, some flat pieces of gold and silver wrapped in copperplate, disintegrated, yet still showing old Javanese characters; seven oblong gold plates; five figures cut out of gold leaf, symbolizing a dragon, a tortoise, a lotus, a rosette, an altar, and ellipse; thirty-two globular Hindu coins; some garnets, etc. In others they found a gold coin, a gold nail, a tortoise, a cross, a fish from agate, and some rubies. These treasures buried with the ashes represented what loved ones wished the dead might have in a life hereafter.

On these temples epics pertaining to the gods of the Hindu Pantheon have been wrought in bas- and high-relief sculptures; but to the one who has not time to study them they represent merely a lot of rabbits, rams, deer, tigers, parrots, peacocks, geese, trees, bells, melons, and a profusion of demons, dancing musicians, heavenly nymphs, birds with human faces and breasts, etc.

Among the gods that can still be seen here are:

Agni, the god of fire. Here out of a flower arise flames which are pointed and serpentine.

Ravana, which has ten heads and twenty armed hands, riding a winged giant.

Kala, killer, and to the Buddhists this god of death is no enemy, so he is represented with a noble, mild countenance instead of the horrifying tusked-mouthed monster with a collar of skulls seen in other heathen temples.

Siva, god of destruction, has three eyes, wears a crown with a skull over a lunar crescent, a cobra across his shoulder, and a panther skin, the head of which hangs down on his thigh.

Ganesa, god of prudence, is shaped like an elephant, has four hands, also has three eyes and the divine decorations about his head as his father, Siva. One of his hands wields an ax, in another is a rosary, the third holds a little vase from which the trunk takes some food, the fourth lies half open on his knee.

Brahma has four heads



RAKSASA, WATCHMAN AT TEMPLE ENTRANCE

and eight arms; however, another Brahmanistic image has only six arms, and still another of the same deity has but four.

Vishnu, preserver, is a lion-man. It was thought that the demons could not resist the god in whom was both human and brute force.

Nandi is Siva's sacred humped Indian bull. "It is told that among the Javanese and Mongolians, . . . and even among Europeans, there are some who believe that a man who, mounted on the Nandi's back, wishes to become rich, stands a fair chance of having his wish fulfilled some day."

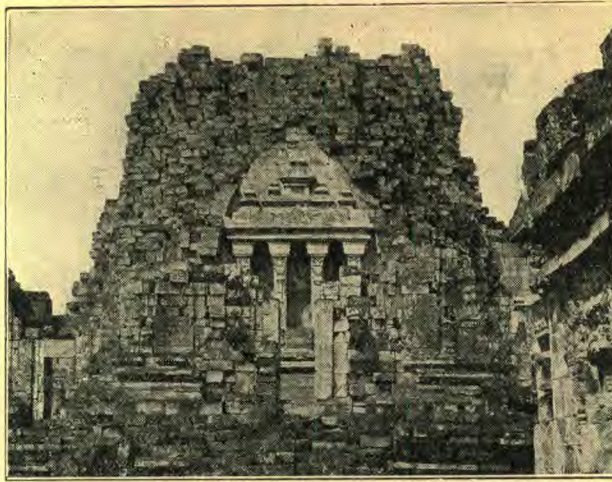
Durga, protectress, consort of Siva, is no doubt the most popular image now. When we entered her chamber we were impressed with the fragrance of the flowers that had been piled in heaps at the foot of this beautiful image. She is standing on a bull she has killed, wielding with some ten hands weapons, among them a bow and arrow. Her lowest hand holds the tail of the bull, and another is fastened in the hair of a demon. From a Dutch work translated by a Mr. A. Dolk, we learn that "from far and near Javanese and Chinese come to offer her incense and flowers and ask favors of her, or fulfil a vow pledged in times of illness or adversity. Even hadjis, pilgrims to Mecca, conform to this heathenish custom. Stranger still, there are Europeans and half-castes who apply to the image for protection, prosperity, a high prize at a lottery, . . . a husband, etc."

Of these ruins Mr. A. Cabaton, in his book, "Java, Sumatra, and Other Islands of the Dutch East Indies," says of these temples: "To judge by their numbers, the powers of conception which they reveal, the boldness of execution, and the perfect art of their decorations, all these monuments prove that here at one time existed a great and flourishing empire; extremely populous, to judge by the swarms of artisans and laborers who must have been employed in the construction of these gigantic buildings . . . whose remains compel the admiration of all after centuries have elapsed."

A Tribute to the Soldiers of the Cross

MILLIONS of men on the battle fields of Europe are obeying the commands of their leaders to go, to charge, to conquer. They are spreading destruction and death, and in the future will reap fearful results individually and nationally. While these soldiers, full of hatred and envy, are busy, the soldiers of the cross, overflowing with love and mercy, are actively ministering to their erring brothers.

All over the world, even in the darkest and most forbidden places, the gospel missionaries are found. They go not only because they have been commanded, but also because the love of Christ impels them. They go, knowing that of those who have gone before them many have returned with broken health, and many have died on the field, unknown and uncared for. They go not in a regiment of a thousand to the sound of bugles and the blare of trumpets, but alone, quietly



One of the Hindu Temples near Prambanan, Java

and unapplauded. They go to spread happiness, blessings, peace, life, and salvation.

Which, then, shall we consider the greater sacrifice, as worthy of the more praise,—the soldier of Europe or the soldier of the cross?

In a Washington (D. C.) newspaper there appeared a notice that under a resolution introduced in Congress the Negro troopers who perished in the fight at Carrizal, Mexico, would have full military honors,

with a detail as an escort to bring their bodies to Washington for burial. We rarely hear of the soldiers of the cross being accorded such honor, brought back from distant country to rest at last in the homeland of their birth. But the large majority of Christ's soldiers lie where they have fallen, in the lonely outposts, on the border of Tibet or Manchuria, among the cannibals of Africa, jungles of India, deserts of Arabia, and the walled cities of China. Concerning their graves, as well as of an English general, a poet might have written:

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

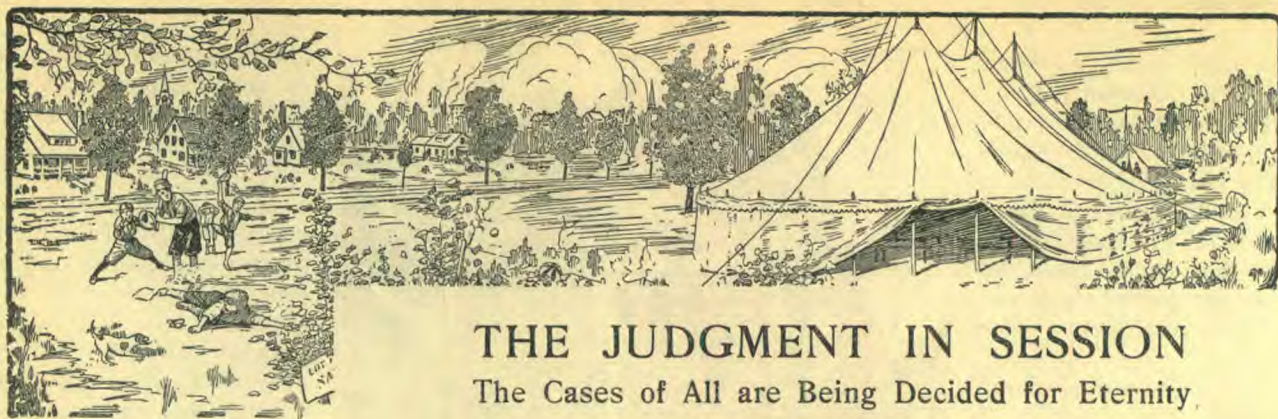
I have stood beside the broad Potomac, on the gentle slopes of well-kept Arlington, the "City of the Dead," and have seen the two and three spans of fine horses draw the remains of a soldier boy, draped in the red, white, and blue, to its resting place; heard the "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," repeated, noticed the uniformed friends bow their heads to their departed comrade, while the sympathetic chaplain eloquently spoke praises of the dead and comfort to the living. The ceremony concluded, the waiting soldiers fired a parting rifle salute, which was answered by the distant cannon's boom, the bugler sounded his friend's last "taps," and the company turned aside to consider the rearing of a monument of marble to show their respect and esteem for their fallen brother.

But what has attended the honorable close of the Christian soldier's life?

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,—
But we left him alone with his glory."

Where, then, are the hundreds of acres and scores of monuments that are held sacred to the memory of the soldier of the cross? Ah, they never asked for such, neither has the nation which calls itself "Christian" ever deemed it a privilege to grant them such, nor have they thought of setting aside one day in the year when the entire country would join in decking their graves with flowers and spreading over them the flag of the true and the brave. But on the mountain peaks of Switzerland, on the ice fields of Greenland, on the sweltering deserts of Africa, and on the islands of the sea there are monuments in the hearts of men that will last as long as man shall live, which will defy the blasts of winter and the storms of summer, and will endure through the fires of the last days.

(Concluded on page sixteen)



THE JUDGMENT IN SESSION

The Cases of All are Being Decided for Eternity

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

FIRST in his seat on Wednesday evening, Donald Hunter was able, before the meeting began in the big tent, to refresh his mind with the study of the preceding night. The chart of the sanctuary was still in place, and as he looked at it, he found his mind traveling over the points that had been brought out about the cleansing of the sanctuary in heaven. Brother Harris began just where he had left off at the last lecture:

"In order finally and completely to blot out the sins of his people, Christ must first enter into a close examination of their characters, a work which we have seen began in 1844,—that he may determine who are worthy to have their sins blotted out. This means that in 1844 Christ began a work of judgment, not of executive judgment, but of investigative judgment, a work which is clearly necessary before he can finally dispose of sin.

"This is the final work of the gospel; for when it is completed, which will be in the near future, the day of salvation will be ended, the work of the gospel in saving men will be finished, and Jesus will come forth from the heavenly sanctuary to receive his people unto himself, and to establish the kingdom of God upon the earth.

"The Bible clearly teaches that there will be a judgment of both the righteous and the wicked. Eccl. 3:17. In Paul's day the time for the beginning of the judgment had already been appointed. Acts 17:31. This, without question, points directly to 1844. God's people, the church, are to be judged first. 1 Peter 4:17. This is necessary because when Christ comes the second time he brings rewards for his people (Rev. 22:12), and as the reward is based upon a man's work, there must be an investigation into the record which each has made, before the reward can be properly decided. And inasmuch as the reward has already been determined upon previous to the coming of Christ, and is actually brought with him, this investigation must take place before his appearing.

"At the second coming of Christ all the righteous dead are raised from their graves. 1 Thess. 4:16. Before this event it must be decided who is worthy to have a part in this first resurrection. There is no time to decide this momentous question after he comes, for the sleeping saints are raised just as soon as he appears in the clouds of heaven. But in order to make such a decision, the entire record of each professed child of God must be examined. Some are to be accounted worthy; some will be accounted not worthy. This is clearly taught in Luke 20:35.

"From this it is plain that there is to be an 'accounting' before Christ comes. This 'accounting' is the work of the investigative judgment which began in 1844. This judgment is to decide the eternal destiny of every soul. And that solemn work is going

forward in heaven today! Such a truth is calculated to impress upon every serious heart a feeling of solemn responsibility, and to act as a great incentive to walk carefully before God."

The words spoken turned Donald's thoughts into a new channel. He was examining his own heart in the light of the great truth he was hearing, and he earnestly longed to be accounted worthy to meet Christ when he should come. Brother Harris continued:

"This investigative judgment will be made from the records in heaven. The names of all candidates for eternal life are written in the book of life. Phil. 4:3. One of the books of heaven which is especially mentioned in the Bible is 'a book of remembrance.' Mal. 3:16. In these books is written the record of every life. The judgment which is now taking place in heaven will cover the whole life of each individual. The hidden things will be brought to light, and they will be open before the Judge of all the earth. Also there will be recorded there whether the evil things have been confessed and forgiven, whether the sinful life has been surrendered to Christ, and his grace accepted to cover it.

"This judgment will begin with the names of the dead. Rev. 11:18. When, in 1844, the book of life was opened, there appeared the name of the first man who ever died, Abel. And then the case of Abel was tried at the bar of God. The record of his life was carefully examined; every act and word and thought was investigated. It was noted, too, whether his sins had all been confessed and forgiven. The record of his acceptance of the Saviour was there. And when this had all been gone over, a decision was made regarding the nature of the reward to be brought to Abel when Christ should return to this earth.

"When this case was decided the page was turned, and there came up before God another case, that of the next man who died. It was weighed and examined and decided. Again the page was turned. And thus through the years since 1844 this work has been going on. Before it closes, the cases of the hundreds of millions of people who have had their names written on the pages of the book of life, will be eternally settled and decided.

"Some will have their names blotted out of the book of life. Rev. 3:5; Ex. 32:33. But those who have fully accepted the gospel of Christ, will have their sins blotted out.

"The time must come in this judgment when the case of the last man who is dead is decided, and the judgment will pass to the living. You, my friend, who are sitting in this tent tonight, do not know when your name will come up before God in that work of judgment. But when your name does appear as the page is turned, what will the record be that is written there? If Felix trembled before Paul when he thought

of 'judgment to come,' ought not we who live in the very time of the judgment, feel upon our hearts constantly the fearful responsibility of this hour? Very soon, perhaps even tonight, your case and mine will come up before God for decision. We may doubt it, dispute it, deny it; but we must face the fact."

Donald caught his breath sharply. He was startled at the tremendous thought that even now in heaven every case is being decided, and that his own case might be in review before God. More than ever was he engaged in self-examination, when the preacher said:

"By the investigative judgment the subjects of the coming kingdom of Christ are to be determined. When this is accomplished, and every case has been decided for life or death, Christ will lay aside his priestly garments, and the decree of Rev. 22:11 will go forth from heaven, fixing eternally the destiny of every human soul. Then the plagues of God's wrath will begin to fall, and Christ will come forth from the heavenly sanctuary to lay the sins of his forgiven and cleansed people upon the antitypical scapegoat. This is Satan, who caused the people of God to commit these sins. He now bears their sins and their punishment himself, while he is led away into 'a land not inhabited' (Lev. 16:22), where he remains for the thousand years of the millennium. The land 'not inhabited' is the desolate earth.

"At the close of the judgment, when the subjects of his kingdom have been determined, Christ receives his kingdom from the Father. Dan. 7:14. And then Christ will come to take them to himself. The righteous dead will be raised (1 Thess. 4:16), and, with the saints who will be living on the earth (Matt. 24:31), will be changed into the likeness of Christ, and given immortal bodies (1 Cor. 15:51-54). They will then be caught up to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thess. 4:17); and taken to heaven to those mansions which Christ is now preparing for them (John 14:1-3), where they will reign with Christ a thousand years (Rev. 20:4).

"Now, my dear friends," the speaker said, with intense earnestness, "I hope every one here will be admonished by these truths. The time in which we live is the most solemn of all times of which we have any record. The cases of all are being decided for eternity. Christ is about to come the second time with rewards. Let us be careful how we live. Our every action and thought and word is being recorded in the books of heaven, there to be examined by God himself. Can we meet this record at the judgment with composure? Shall we, like Felix, drive the thought from us? Let us beware. We must stand before the Judge. Are you ready for that day? Are you in Christ? Are you safe? How is it with you? Have you obeyed the word of God? Have you repented of all your sins, and confessed them to Christ? Have you cast yourself on his mercy, and received his pardon and peace? If not, let me entreat you tonight to seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near. Soon the Master will come with rewards. What reward will he bring to you?

"The story is told of a certain martyr who was called before a Roman council to answer the charges brought against him for heresy. The first questions he answered carelessly, but during a moment of silence he detected the scratching of a pen behind a curtain. At once he realized that his answers were being written down to be used against him at his trial. Very carefully, after that, did he choose his words, and answered each question as for his life.

"Behind the curtain which separates this world from the invisible world, there is a pen which writes down in God's book of remembrance all our acts, our words, and our thoughts. Oh, let this thought ever flash in upon our worldliness, our pleasure, and our sin. For all these things God will bring us into judgment. Let us think of these things; and as we value eternal life and wish to avoid the doom of the ungodly, so let us fear God and keep his commandments; 'for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.' Eccl. 12:14."

As Donald retired that night he did so with a heart which was all on fire with longing for a new and a better Christian experience. He again definitely re-consecrated his life to the Lord, and promised God to follow him in whatever way he led.

"No Place Like Home"

THE people of Pitcairn, of whom we have heard much of late, are not the only island inhabitants that are subjected to discomfort, loneliness, and privation; for the Atlantic has its Pitcairn, an island about midway between Cape Town and Montevideo, that surpasses the real Pitcairn in bleakness and barrenness. The name of this volcanic peak is Tristan da Cunha, "the vortex of fierce storms, the center of almost incessant rains, always enveloped by cloud and shunned by ships, and yet for the last hundred years inhabited by a strange population made up of English, Dutch, Irish, Italians, Americans, cast ashore from time to time in shipwreck, or driven there by weariness of the busy world, and living on fish and the spoils of the wrecks that strew its coast."

Mr. Charles Grant Miller, in the *Christian Herald*, recently gave the following description of the people:

"These people, now about eighty in number, men, women, and children, suffer hardships and deprivations almost inconceivable to residents of more favored lands.

"Having no useful timber, their huts are unmortared piles of rough stones, thatched with grass.

"The isle is so infested with rats from wrecked ships that any grain planted is eaten in the ground; and the only source of flour is passing vessels, which may be intercepted only by rowing many miles to sea.

"There is no government of any sort, no school, no church.

"The island has no future; the people have no prospect but of entombment there.

"One would suppose that these unfortunates, intelligent, industrious, thrifty, and temperate, as they are described to be, would gladly leave their rude huts, their terrible hardships, their barren fields, their pitiable poverty and hopelessness, to rejoin the comfortable world.

"But no!

"The British government has renewed its offers to remove them and their few possessions from the bleak island to any British soil they may choose, and to give them means to start life anew.

"Not one will consent to go.

"There on the bleak island are their homes, and there they will stay.

"Maybe, after all, one lot in life is not much better or worse than another, so far as real happiness goes; but there are some things that seem very necessary to us, and that little corner in God's creation we call home is one of them."

The Disillusionment of Prue

MARIAN HEYWOOD

PRUE had not really chosen to spend a whole, precious year of her life teaching a country school out in big, roomy Montana. The necessity for so doing had been thrust upon her by virtue of the fact that her unfinished education demanded the impetus of a bank account. She had accepted fate with an outward manifestation of serenity and an inward sinking of the heart, because she found her eagerness to complete her course without interruption and enter into "the work" hard to reconcile with this change compelled by circumstances. It seemed almost intolerable to think of substituting the mediocre plan of the average rural community for the intellectual environment of the college. There was so much to be lost in a year, and so little—nothing—to be gained. "But few of the alterations requisite in the conversion of a college freshman to a country pedagogue of the feminine gender, would be desirable as permanent characteristics," Prue laughingly told herself.

Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the situation, she summoned her energies and prepared for the coming examinations. With some reluctance she had accepted a school out across the barren wind-swept hills that stretched away, gaining prominence with distance, until they emerged in the grand preëminence of the Rockies. Concerning the school itself, Prue had little time for reflection, and less experience to aid her in forming an accurate impression. It had been secured by a personal interview with the clerk and chairman of the board of trustees, at which time also she had encountered the curious gaze of two thirds of her entire enrolment, whose shyness had caused them to seek the friendly seclusion of various articles of household furniture. She had had a glimpse, too, of the schoolhouse, where from within she would watch the white, chill days of winter proceed with slow monotony.

With the strain of examinations over, Prue felt relieved, and somehow the brown hills away toward the scene of future effort, began to look green with promise as she contemplated the liberal commendation of the superintendent concerning various points of merit in her papers. For with all her great antipathy for the work she must do, Prue wanted to be successful, wanted to feel sure that she was capable of adapting herself to disagreeable circumstances.

On that first Monday morning in September, Prue, having been previously installed in one of three small rooms in a sod house on the hillside, assumed charge of her school of twenty-two, with exceeding heaviness of heart. Happily, the situation before her demanded all her time. The days slipped by quite unobserved, and the first week had drawn to a close before any mental analysis of her impressions had shaped itself. Alone with her thoughts at the close of the session on Friday afternoon, Prue faced squarely the interrogation, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" In spite of her resolution to be lenient with their faults, she felt that her pupils were below the average on every conceivable point. Their ignorance was amazing, and, hard to believe, there was not a very hearty response on their part to the pouring-in method adopted by the teacher. Taking all into consideration,—the unseemly number of absences, the smoking stove, the wind that fairly shrieked around the corners of the building, and her failure to arouse the latent energies

of her pupils—it was not surprising that Prue in distraction should resign all claim to her circumstantial calling as a teacher of country schools.

Matters were brought to a climax, however, when difficulty arose at her boarding place. Indirectly, the trouble was doubtless due to prejudice caused by conflicting religious views. Prue, while feeling a keen distaste for the "whole affair," was rejoiced to find a new home *pro tempore*, wherein was found a host of welcome blessings.

From this time forward, events wore a very commonplace aspect as far as outward appearances were concerned. Prue arose every morning, went to school, met and solved as best she could the problems of the day, and returned home at its close, to spend the evening in doing some bit of needlework for her next year's wardrobe. But these ordinary days were evolving a reconstruction of standards on the part of the teacher in the little gray schoolhouse, that were by no means lacking in uniqueness. And so it came to pass that each day brought unlooked-for revelations, until the hard little bud of Prue's judgment began to unfold with sympathetic understanding.

Spring had come again to the Land of the Shining Mountains. Renewed life crept into the hedges and thickets; and even the brown hills were responding to the gentle wooing of sunshine and raindrops. Prue stood at the close of another day watching the sun sinking behind the radiant western peaks, but her thoughts were wandering back along the beaten paths of the year's experiences. She recalled vividly the impressions of that first week, how unjust they were. Knowledge had come to her as it comes to a child, not with a great preponderance of argument, but with an overwhelming sense of its being so because it is so. She had measured the understanding of her children with that of her own, and when she found deficiency, she was ready to pronounce ignorance a defect common to the whole school. As a remedy, she had plunged into a vigorous campaign for the purpose of bringing them up to the standard. She had met with defeat, but she had also learned the seasonableness of the old adage, "Rome was not built in a day," when applied to the development of the child mind. Oh, there had been abundance of opportunity right in her own school-room, of learning lessons that would some day make her valuable as a worker.

There had been other experiences, too. Life in these mountains, with its rough, unvarnished exterior, had meant nothing but patient endurance in those first few months, but slowly she had begun to look past the homespun, surface qualities to the stanch underlying principles that were a kind of heritage in the lives of the people. She had watched them at their daily round of monotonous labor, with never an attempt to produce a change, and wondered why they were satisfied. And yet she thought she understood, and it hushed the disquietude of her own heart.

But if there had been victories, there had also been reverses, and Prue thought of the Sunday school she had tried to organize, with the hope of imparting some phase of the truth dear to her, and which had failed to retain interest after the novelty of the affair wore away. But life is like that,—not all sunshine, not all tempest,—so with patient resignation she had left the result with God.

Only the brief interval of a few months remained now, and then she would swing back into another coveted year of training, with a twelve-month qualification to render it the best of all her thirteen years of school life. Had it paid,—this year of involuntary sacrifice?—Ah, yes! Already there were abundant returns in largeness of heart and soul, in human sympathy and kindness, and in the wealth of knowledge the new life had revealed. To Prue had come a relaxation of the stern, uncompromising standards of her girlhood, because as the days multiplied apace, they brought to her fresh evidence of the power of "the enemy of all righteousness," against whom no one can hope to win, unaided. This was her first touch with the world, from which teacher and minister alike had exhorted, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." In some measure, at least, Prue knew that she had been faithful.

"They Chose New Gods; Then Was War in the Gates"

(Judges 5:8)

IT is a small book, this book of Judges, so small that if printed in a volume by itself it could be carried in a watch pocket; yet it covers the history of the Israelites for four hundred and fifty years, a period much longer than that which has elapsed since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. God had given them a goodly land, and they had been in it long enough to be as great in numbers and as wealthy and as happy as we are in the United States; but instead, what a tale of misery we find crowded into this little book!

Joshua, their leader, had been faithful. He had not let the book of the law depart out of his mouth, but had meditated therein day and night, that he might do according to all that was written therein, and be prosperous and have good success. "He left nothing undone of all that the Lord commanded Moses." "There was not a city that made peace with the children of Israel, save the Hivites the inhabitants of Gibeon: all other they took in battle." "Every man they smote with the edge of the sword, until they had destroyed them, neither left they any to breathe." Because the Lord said, "Thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth: but thou shalt utterly destroy them; . . . that they teach you not to do after all their abominations, which they have done unto their gods; so should ye sin against the Lord your God." Joshua 11:15, 19, 14; Deut. 20:16-18. See also Ex. 34:12-17; Deut. 7:1-26; 12:1-4; 11:16-29; 13:1-18.

And Joshua, who had divided by lot the nations that remained to be an inheritance for the tribes, from Jordan, with all the nations that he had cut off, unto the great sea westward, exhorted his people to be "very courageous to keep and to do all that is written in the book of the law of Moses, that ye turn not aside therefrom to the right hand or to the left," assuring them that in that case the Lord would expel the remaining nations and drive them out of their sight, and they should possess their land as the Lord had promised.

And the people said, "God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods. . . . We will serve the Lord." But we shall soon see how it turned out. Joshua was now one hundred and ten years old; and he died, and was buried in the border of his inheritance at Timnath-serah, which is in Mount Ephraim on the north side of the hill Gaash. For

Joshua belonged to the tribe of Ephraim. "Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that overlived Joshua."

The land had rested for a time from war, but with the opening of the book of Judges the battle is on again. Judah and Simeon go into the fight first, and the Lord is with them; but their faith fails when they come to the inhabitants of the valley and the chariots of iron, and they said, "We can't drive them out," forgetting that the Lord was to do the driving. And so it was with Benjamin, Manasseh, Ephraim, Zebulun, Asher, Naphtali, and Dan. Every tribe said, "We can't," and did not utterly drive out the Canaanites, but dwelt among them and made them pay tribute. Was it the money they were after that made them disobey the Lord? Poor pay it would be!

But the Lord was angry. He sent his angel to say to them, "I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land which I swore unto your fathers; and I said, I will never break my covenant with you. And ye shall make no league with the inhabitants of this land; ye shall throw down their altars: but ye have not obeyed my voice: why have ye done this? Wherefore I also said, I will not drive them out from before you; but they shall be as thorns in your sides, and their gods shall be a snare unto you."

And the children of Israel wept. Repentance had come, but had come too late. The bitter fruits of disobedience must be reaped, not only in their own days, but on and on, until the Messiah should appear the second time and take away ungodliness from Jacob.

They had placed their children in peril, and when they were grown up, they "knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which he had done for Israel," and as a matter of course were easily led into idolatry. How could it be otherwise when they were unschooled in the ways of the Lord, and in constant companionship with young people who delighted in the idolatrous festivities of Baal and Ashtaroth?

S. ROXANA WINCE.

"Babe"

CAN you hear the patter, patter,
Of those tiny little feet?
Can you hear the chatter, chatter,
Of that little voice, so sweet?

Little baby, mother's darling,—
Needs a master hand to guide it,
Needs attention,—constant, loving,—
That its path with truth be lighted.

For its days are slowly passing,
Soon the years of childhood dawn,
And the little one is facing
Problems that are all its own.

It must fight each battle bravely,
Must decide 'tween right and wrong,
For the tempter visits daily
Little traveler, marching on.

But the holy angel guarding
Bab's life, its value knows:
And the bud that now is blooming
Soon will be a big white rose.

ETHEL J. WOOD.

Nearly one thousand young men of the Lake Union Conference registered on June 5. Many of these have already been drafted. We hope that each of these will be faithful to the trust imposed in him by the Lord of all the earth.

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."

Praising God

(Texts for September 23-29)

NATURE was ever calling upon the psalmist to praise God. The psalmist loved nature; he was a great naturalist; yet he did not have a powerful telescope for penetrating the heavens; he flaunted no university Ph. D. in the eyes of the world; he had no Grey's Botany to guide him in classifying and analyzing plants, flowers, and trees; he was neither an astronomer nor a forester, yet he was both; he could teach scientific leaders of today who know not God, the true fundamentals of all science.

Young people today may become as great naturalists as the psalmist was. They have many helps of which he never heard, and those who begin the study of God's great works will find this study a never-failing pleasure; they will enter a vestibule with innumerable avenues leading their minds back to God. The birds, the trees, the flowers, the blue canopy of day, and the starry field of night—with these every young person should strive to become acquainted.

Let these pages in God's great nature book tell you their story; and when you have once learned to catch a few words from the bird's carol or from the heaven's silent declarations, you will be fascinated. Nature is so sociable, so comforting, so companionable. You will find in nature all the proof you desire of the power, the wisdom, the majesty, and the tender mercy of our loving heavenly Father; and you will find a desire to praise him.

Usually the works of human hands do not bear too close inspection; as you observe them critically, disappointing flaws loom up. They are imperfect. Not so with God's works. They are "honorable and glorious." Close study is ever revealing new beauties and calling for added praise. Greatness and majesty characterize God's works; still these alone do not call for highest praise; there are great men of rare ability who are a curse to the nation because their hearts are wicked; but God is love, and all his wonderful works are founded on righteousness and will endure forever. For this reason they merit our fullest praise and our constant, studious admiration.

Yes, God's wonderful works should fill our hearts with praise and thanksgiving. Columbus lived to realize but faintly what his discovery meant to the world; many successful inventors have died before their gifts to humanity have been appreciated; and sometimes we sigh for our unfortunate benefactors. But what about God? How few appreciate his gifts! How few think—really think—about the works which God "has made to be remembered"! How often we see and see not! Shall we not begin today to notice God's works about us? What would it mean to us to have God withdraw these blessings?

Somebody holds the stars in place and leads the moon in its course. Somebody bids the sap to rise in those trees and commands the leaves to clothe them. Somebody guards the lives of those birds that fill the air with music. And that Somebody is the loving heavenly Father that cares so tenderly for us. He never forgets his promises; his words cannot fail; his works will endure forever; his power cannot be ex-

hausted. As he showed Israel of old his miraculous power in delivering them from Egyptian bondage, so is he longing to manifest his power to us in a complete deliverance from sin, that he may give us "the heritage of the heathen"—that he may prosper us in our service for him.

And with that deliverance from sin comes a fear of God that is born of love, respect, and reverence. It is a fear that does not bring terror, but delivers from anxiety; that promotes calmness of mind and brings peace to the troubled heart; that leads to wisdom, understanding, and true prosperity. No one can be truly wise who does not fear God and recognize his claims. "The highest wisdom—the most lofty endowment of man—is that he may know and honor God."

The psalmist has heaped reason upon reason for his calling upon us to praise God. Now as he approaches the climax of his theme, he turns his gaze from the great things in nature; he ceases to meditate upon the immutability of God's law; and he directs our attention to the great door of possibility that God has opened to every penitent sinner. God has provided a way whereby poor frail mortals like you and me may come to him, the Source of all wisdom and understanding, and there have all our needs supplied. That is the climax in the psalmist's theme; that is the great reason for calling upon us to praise our Lord and Master. As we meditate upon this wonderful arrangement, our hearts must fairly burst with gratitude and longings to live a life of continuous praise.

MEDITATION.—The psalm we are studying just now is one of the ten beginning with "Praise ye the Lord." This, I notice according to one commentator, indicates that these chapters were written for public worship, but the one hundred and eleventh psalm this week is a call to me to praise God for his wonderful works; and all through the chapter it is presenting reasons for my having implicit confidence in my heavenly Father. Do I trust him implicitly? Do I daily praise him in what I say and do?

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Father, I desire to render to thee whole-hearted praise just as the psalmist did. Reveal to me the dark corners of my own heart that I may know what hindering causes abide there. Teach me, O teach even me, Father, how to commune with thee each day. Then I know the deepest desire of my heart, and the highest ambition of my life, will be to do thy will. And when thy will becomes the all-controlling guide of my life, I shall praise thee in all that I do or say.

M. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending September 29

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 23.	Micah 1 to 4: Divine judgments; Christ's kingdom.
September 24.	Micah 5 to 7: Christ's birth, character, and kingdom.

- September 25. Nahum: God's goodness; judgments against Nineveh.
 September 26. Habakkuk: Judgments.
 September 27. Zephaniah: Judgments and reproof.
 September 28. Haggai: Build the house.
 September 29. Zechariah 1 to 4: The branch; not by might nor by power.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for September 20.

Junior Assignment

- September 23. Mark 15: Jesus crucified.
 September 24. Mark 16: Raised to life; received up into heaven.
 September 25. Luke 1: Birth of John the Baptist.
 September 26. Luke 2: Birth of Jesus; song of the angels.
 September 27. Luke 3: The preaching of John the Baptist.
 September 28. Luke 4: Jesus tempted in the wilderness.
 September 29. Luke 5: By the seaside.

Luke and His Book

I should like to have known Dr. Luke, the author of the third Gospel, for he must have been a wonderfully kind and lovable man. He it is who tells of the babyhood and childhood of Jesus, and he always represents our Saviour as full of tender sympathy for the children. He says more about prayer, too, than any of the other writers.

"The beloved physician" is the name which Paul gives to Luke. The two men were great friends. You see Luke was the medical adviser of the aged apostle, and no doubt saved him from many a serious illness by his wise council. Luke not only accompanied Paul on some of his missionary journeys, but was also his sole companion for a while, during Paul's imprisonment at Rome. Unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others are always beautiful traits of character.

"Luke, the Evangelist," is another name often given to this good man; for he was not only a doctor, but a minister as well. We call such men medical missionaries. He was well educated when a boy, and had traveled a great deal. His home was probably in Philippi, and a very cultured home I imagine it was.

We do not know where the book of Luke was written, or when, but of course it was during the first century. Besides writing this gospel which bears his name, Luke also wrote the book of Acts. In all his writings he never mentions himself, which shows how modest and unassuming he was. "He hides behind the wonderful portrait of Jesus, which he has drawn with undying colors" in his gospel story.

A little girl was once asked to give the meaning of the word "parable." "Why," she replied, "it is an earthly story with a heavenly meaning." And she had it about right. Jesus used parables a great deal in his teaching—little stories from real life, with a lesson in them for us. Luke has beautifully told so many of these parables of Jesus that we sometimes give him still another name than those already mentioned, and that is "Luke, the Parable Writer."

We learned that Matthew wrote his gospel especially to convince the Jews that Jesus was the Christ; Mark wrote for the benefit of the Gentiles; but Luke seems to have thought of the whole great world when he wrote, and he represents Jesus as the world's Saviour. What a blessed thing it is that the gospel is for every one!

ELLA IDEN.

Memory Verses for the Quarter

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1:21.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Matt. 26:41.

"Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments." Ps. 103:20.

"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Ps. 91:11.

"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." James 4:7.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Gen. 1:1.

"The wages of sin is death." Rom. 6:23.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22:14.

"If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself." John 14:3.

"There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars." Luke 21:25.

"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.

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection." Rev. 20:6.

The Sabbath School

XIII—The Review

(September 29)

Questions

Saved from Sin

1. WHY did Jesus come to this earth? Matt. 1:21.
2. How may we have our sins forgiven? 1 John 1:9.
3. If we would grow as Christians, what must we do? John 5:39.
4. What will the study of the Word of God do for us? Ps. 119:11.
5. What else is necessary if we would grow as Christians? Phil. 4:6.

The Angels

1. What is said of the strength and character of the angels? Ps. 103:20, 21.
2. What idea is given of their number? Heb. 12:22.
3. What do we learn of their work? Judges 6:11-21.
4. What other incident illustrates their power? Matt. 28:2-5.
5. What are they commissioned to do for the people of God? Ps. 91:11.
6. What other class of angels is there? Rev. 12:7-9.
7. What work do these evil angels do? 1 Peter 5:8.
8. How only may they be overcome? James 4:7.

The Creation

1. What was Adam and Eve forbidden to do? Gen. 2:16, 17.
2. By what means were they brought to the point of disobedience? Gen. 3:1-6.
3. What was the result? Verses 22-24.
4. What way was provided by which all that was lost to man by Adam's sin, might be restored to him? Luke 19:10.

The Earth Made New

1. What assurance have we that God's original plan for this earth will yet be carried out? 2 Peter 3:7, 13.
2. What was shown to John in vision? Rev. 21:1, 10.
3. Who only will enter the capital city? Rev. 22:14.

The Coming of the Lord

1. What assurance is given that Jesus will come the second time? Acts 1:11.
2. Who will come with him? Matt. 25:31.
3. What signs will show when his coming is drawing near? Matt. 24:29; Luke 21:25, 26.
4. What does no man know concerning the coming of Jesus? Matt. 24:36.

A Wonderful Thousand Years

1. What will take place when Jesus comes? 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.
2. How long will his people remain with him in heaven? Rev. 20:4, last part.
3. During this time where are the wicked? Jer. 25:33.
4. Where is Satan during this period? Rev. 20:1-3.
5. When the thousand years are finished, what takes place? Rev. 21:2, 10.
6. What does Satan and the resurrected wicked attempt to do? With what result? Rev. 20:7-9.
7. When all traces of sin have been destroyed, for what may we look? 2 Peter 3:13.

"HIDE your woes under your mercies, and right soon they will disappear."

The Youth's Instructor

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Thyself Thy Gift to Me

My heart doth rest, not in thy faith, O Lord,
But in thy truth, in thee, thou living Word.
My faith is but the eye that looks to thee,
The hand that takes the gift held out to me;
And oh, amazing grace, so right and free,
Thou art thyself thy priceless gift to me!

—Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

The Anti-Tobacco Annual of the "Youth's Instructor"

THE Anti-Tobacco number of the INSTRUCTOR is just off the press, and we believe it is the strongest issue of the kind that ever came from any press, and the need of such an issue is greater than ever before. Hence, now is the opportune time to have a part in an anti-tobacco campaign, when the need is greatest, and the means of waging the warfare is the most acceptable.

Boys are prone to follow example. This number presents a strong argument to the boys for abstinence in its honor roll of abstainers. There are no names in the list of abstainers from which the editor has not had definite word from the person concerned, or from some of his friends, or word from the president of the Non-Smokers' Protective League of America, that the person is an abstainer.

Hundreds of thousands of boys are taking up the smoking habit each year, while other thousands of its devotees are going to ruin each year. Many girls are doing the same. Some of our own boys, and even some of our girls, are being led into the evil. An effective weapon for combating the habit is within our reach. Shall we not therefore arise as one man and place this number in the hands of a million persons?

This is no time for slackers. Let us all gird on the armor of God anew, and fight the battle against the tobacco evil with an intensity that shall save thousands from the curse of the habit.

There are many of the best-thinking people who will gladly help in the work of supplying schoolboys and schoolgirls with this number. Give them a chance to give of their means for this purpose.

The price of the Anti-Tobacco Annual is the same as for the Temperance issues: Single copies, 10 cents; five to forty copies, one order, one address, each, 5 cents; fifty or more copies, one order, one address, each, 4 cents.

Order of your tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

How Artists Help

THE *Camouflage* is an organization of French artists who fool the enemy with their brushes. The members have done much to make supply depots, wagons, motor trucks, and trains invisible. It is now almost impossible for aeroplanes to discover French batteries. In a recent article in the *Evening Sun*, Mr. Ernest Peixotto says that the theory of protective coloration was long ago employed by the Indian, who painted himself so that he would be lost to sight in the desert when hiding from animals or pursuers. The French are now employing the trick to conceal outposts and observers who are stationed at dangerous points. "Fake" roads of painted muslin have been made, to draw the enemy's fire while important movements of troops and supplies were going on elsewhere. On one occasion it was necessary to send soldiers from one part of the front to another, past the end of a village street that was in plain sight of German glasses and within easy range of their guns. The artists painted a street, prolonging it by perspective, and hung the long painted screen so that to the enemy everything appeared as usual. But behind the muslin screen soldiers passed all day without detection and undisturbed by the guns of the enemy. All sorts of clever devices are used to conceal the hiding places of observers. At one place a dead horse lay for several days on a slight rise between the lines. One night French soldiers removed the animal and substituted a horse of *papier-mâché* with a man inside. That observer occupied his dangerous post for several days. Every night he returned to give the results of his observations, which were of the utmost value to his officers.—*Youth's Companion*.

Seven Minds

MIND your tongue! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind, or wicked words. Mind!

Mind your eyes. Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures, or objects. Mind!

Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs, or words. Mind!

Mind your lips! Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them. Mind!

Mind your hands! Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words. Mind!

Mind your feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked. Mind!

Mind your heart! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his throne. Mind!—*Selected*.

A Tribute to the Soldiers of the Cross

(Concluded from page nine)

The hardships of the earthly warfare inspire men, true men, to do their utmost. They wait impatiently for the time to push forward, and eagerly look for their marching orders, and willingly fill the gaps made in the battle line by the fierce fire of the enemy's guns.

The Leader of missions left Christianity's marching orders nineteen hundred years ago, and still the "Go" may be seen plainly written on the leaves of your dusty Bible. The ranks of the soldiers of the cross are thin. They need recruits,—recruits who, like Europe's soldiers, are willing to endure all, are ready for anything, and from the hardships are able to gather inspiration for the task. The world is calling, the need is great. This is the time, this is the opportunity—where is the man? M. G. CONGER.