

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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N°1. VIEW FROM SENCHAL

TH. PAAR DARJEELING



# From Here and There

The nephew of General von Hindenburg has enlisted in our navy, and the nephew of Chancellor Michaelis has enlisted in our regular army.

The First Census in the United States filled a little book of 56 pages. The last census required more than 100 volumes, or more than 40,000 pages.

It has been observed that the height of a man from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, is equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of the two hands when extended in a straight line.—“*Natural History*,” *Pliny the Elder*.

A talented young army surgeon of ability and character met with a singular fatality the other day, when a mosquito bit him on the top of the head. He scratched the bite and in doing so caused blood poisoning, from which he died. All the medical skill employed was unable to save him.

The total mechanical power in the United States is estimated, says *Power*, at 120,000,000 horsepower. This includes 19,400,000 horsepower in manufacturing industries, 7,700,000 in central light and power stations, about 7,000,000 in isolated plants, exclusive of manufacturing, 3,400,000 in electric railways, 50,000,000 in steam locomotives, 4,000,000 in steamships, 22,500,000 in automobiles, and the balance in miscellaneous services.

The most amazing mackerel run ever known on the Pacific Coast drew 10,000 persons to the Redondo Beach Piers, near Los Angeles, recently. On one section of the municipal pier, a few of the thousands of fishermen and women crowded to haul in the greatest catch ever reported. When news of the big mackerel run spread, thousands began to arrive at the fishing place. Cots and sleeping bags dotted the pier. It is claimed that 100,000 of these fish were taken by hook and line in a single day. The mackerel is an ocean fish, and swims in most of the waters of the tropical and temperate zones. They go in large schools, and approach the shore in search of smaller fish as food, and for a better place to deposit their eggs.

## What One Isolated Missionary Volunteer Did

AS in every army much depends on the sharpshooters, just so in our Missionary Volunteer organization much depends on our sharpshooters, the isolated members, who are skirmishing very close to the enemy's ranks and working valiantly for the Captain of their salvation. I want to call attention to the report for one quarter of one such:

Letters written .....	19
Letters received .....	11
Missionary visits .....	37
Bible readings and cottage meetings .....	21
Papers and magazines mailed, lent, or given away .....	233
Books sold .....	144
Books lent or given away .....	13
Tracts mailed, lent, or given away .....	77
Hours of Christian help work .....	40
Offerings for foreign missions .....	\$19.19
Offerings for home missions .....	3.50
Tithe paid .....	6.80

I am sure we all feel like taking off our hats to a Volunteer who will, alone out in the field, away from others of like precious faith, thus valiantly work for the Master.

S. A. OBERG.

## What a Boy Did

THE best investment I ever made was when, at the age of seventeen, I was a private in Company K, 142d New York Infantry, during the Civil War. Being detailed to act as a guard for a wagon train conveying provisions for the army, I noticed that there was a great waste of feed corn, owing to the carelessness of the muleteers after feeding their teams. I mentioned the fact to the quartermaster. He laughingly told me I could have all the corn left by the mules, after feeding, for my own use.

During the march I saved fifty-five sacks of corn. When we reached Raleigh, North Carolina, where we parked for several weeks, I took the corn to a mill and had it ground into meal, giving the miller one quarter of the meal for grinding. I then employed several negro women to bake the meal into what was termed hoecakes, consisting of cornmeal, salt, and water, made an inch thick and six inches in diameter.

The soldiers in camp there, General Terry's command, had plenty of money and were hungry for a change of diet. I sold the corncakes for one dollar each, realizing \$1,142. I sent the money to my mother, who resided in New York City, requesting her to invest the money in real estate. This she did, in a place called Harlem in the city of New York, paying \$900 for three lots twenty-five by one hundred feet each. I kept them until I was twenty-five years of age, when I had a good offer, sold the lots for \$2,850 each—a gain of \$7,650.

After deducting taxes and other expenses from the original \$1,142, I had a total of \$8,073 left, all from saving the corn that was being wasted.—*Every Week*.



STURDY TROPICAL PLANTS

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# The Youth's Instructor

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No. 45

## What Successful Men Say Gives Success — No. 5

### Biggest Lack in American Life

MR. GEORGE CUSHING, in an article in the *Illustrated World Magazine*, calls attention to the lack of real integrity, real honesty of the Abraham Lincoln type seen in the world today; but he shows that the soundest business of today is built upon strict integrity.

Because of the straightforward way in which Mr. Cushing calls attention to perhaps the greatest lack in American home life and business, we quote at length from his article. He says:

"The biggest thing in American life today is that children are not being disciplined. They are not given moral training. Every man notes the result, but only a few the cause.

"The first visible result is lack of respect for the parent, and wholesale disobedience. This comes to seed in impudence to older persons generally and disregard for the rights of others.

"The second expression of the same thing is the absence of any sense of responsibility. This is the root of the lack of application which is almost universal in the younger generation.

"The third expression of the same thing is the feverish demand for excitement and extravagant amusement. In this respect, the younger generation is abnormal. It cuts loose from all forms of restraint.

"The three things combined tell why the younger generation is wholly unfitted for business, and why business men are complaining everywhere that they cannot get dependable helpers. The fact is that the American youth lacks stamina. He cannot and will not stick to anything, merely because he has no moral strength.

"The adage is that 'as the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined.' If the business men complain about the present-day youth, they must think they were trained differently. If they were, it would show in their present conduct.

"To get an idea whether their dissatisfaction is justified, I selected for study fifteen men in several businesses. Of these, two were merchants; three were railroaders; and ten were owners of factories. I put them all to this acid test of business morality. Do the same ethical standards govern when business is bad, is good, and is excellent? That is, in hard times, would they 'cut a competitor's throat'? In excellent times would they disregard contracts and use the stolen merchandise to gouge the public? In a word, had they the stamina to take a severe financial loss and yet keep their word?

"For example, I knew that the hard times of 1914 would bring out the worst or the best in all of them. My record shows that of the two merchants, one stood by his policy. He gave consistent quality and paid his bills. The other announced frequent bargain sales, and sold shoddy goods at big prices over the bargain counters. I bought from his store 'a \$5 Blank hat' for \$2.90. When I got home, it turned out to be an ordinary \$2 hat.

"Of the three railroad men, one maintained his road in excellent condition and paid for the repairs

out of earnings. To do so, he had to cut two per cent off his dividends. The other two robbed their roads and paid big dividends to attract Wall Street.

"Of the ten manufacturers, eight maintained the quality of their product at the old standard and went without profit. Two did not. One put composition soles on his shoes, and sold them for leather. The other made tools of highly polished soft metal, and sold them as steel tools.

"After that, came the boom times of 1916 when nearly anything would 'go.' The one merchant admitted that dyes were hard to get, but guaranteed his colors just the same, and then charged moderate prices. The other sold 'English all-wool clothing' that was made of Carolina cotton and Texas wool, woven into cloth in New England. He even advanced the price sharply, saying:

"'England has advanced the price on cloth because Australian wool is hard to get; labor is scarce in England, and taxes there are very high.'

"During this boom one railroad man served all patrons alike, giving to each shipper his share of the few cars available. The other two moved only those goods which paid the highest rates, and told the other shippers that a shortage of cars kept them from doing any better.

"The record of the ten manufacturers shows that eight filled contracts to the last letter of the last syllable. The other two stole goods from contract customers and sold them on the 'open market' at fancy prices.

"The cash value of this business morality is not buried. It does not have to be exhumed for measurement and identification. For example, the railroad that was, in 1914, maintained in good condition, had the most facilities to hire out to shippers in 1916 when the car shortage struck. It earned money proportionately. The merchant who in 1914 guaranteed the colors in his fabrics had the bulk of the business in 1916. And the manufacturers who have filled all their contracts since July 1, 1916, already have signed contracts which assure them the cream of the business for 1917. It was not, therefore, a case of casting bread on the water promiscuously in hope that it might come back.

"If it is true that 'as the twig is bent so will the tree incline,' we may say that, of fifteen men, five evidently had been bent to the side of unmoral conduct when young. Ten had been trained carefully and patiently to do the right thing. But in such an important matter, I could not assume. I must know. So I put a direct question squarely to one of them, and he said:

"'When I was a boy, my father used to gather us children around him on Sunday afternoon and teach us the Bible. Every morning we had family prayers. At every meal, grace was said. We had such a steady diet of religion and morals, I grew tired of it. At times, it seemed that rebellion and flight were the only things left. Several times I started to run away from home. I am no coward now. I was not then. But I did not run away because I could not. The drill had been too thorough. I could not run away.



"Today, I can't play truant from any business obligation. Often, if I consulted my wishes, I would quit midway in a big campaign. The burden seems too heavy compared with the returns. When I think of it, the duty I owe to my men and the other stockholders demands my attention. So, I do not run away. I suppose it is because I was trained not to quit."

"To get the cash value of this program to this man I went over his business record. Ten years ago his capital was \$15,000. Today, it is \$5,000,000."

"With his statement and record in mind, I questioned and investigated the other fourteen men. My record shows that seven of them had been drilled about the same as had been the first one. Their drill had not been so severe, but still it was thorough. Two more had been drilled by parents or friends in the works of the great philosophers. Thus 100 per cent of those who had stuck by their guns in a business sense said they did so because they had been trained in morality, and could not desert the way they had been 'brought up.'"

"And 100 per cent of them had scored a financial success. They all said their success was due to the fact that they had played the business game cleanly."

"From that, I went into a study of the moral and financial record of the five who had quit—sold out when trouble came. I found that not one of them had any serious moral training. Two said they were members of a church, but they smiled and winked when they said it. The only thing about it which seemed worthy of mention was that the minister was 'liberal.'"

"The other three laughed at the very idea of morality in business. One said a man had to decide between principles and profit. The third said that religion is now obsolete, and that he had no time for dead issues."

"Then I studied the business record of those five men. This showed that they were the ones who had abandoned their own business policy and their regular customers the instant trouble or hope of a large but unmoral profit appeared. Also, of the five, two headed properties which had no standing. One had passed through a fire of suspicious origin and had become a bankrupt, when no one believed he had failed. One was prosperous because he had a clean organization behind him. The fifth was, admittedly, a great success. Of him it was said:

"He is the cleverest man in this line. He has to be clever to keep out of jail."

"In October, 1916, a woman at the head of a big school at Evanston, Illinois, announced to the students one morning that the floor of the chapel had been refinished and waxed that dances might be held there in future. One of the students exclaimed, when he heard the announcement:

"My, wouldn't the old Methodists, who started this school, turn over in their graves if they could hear that?"

"The woman who made that announcement hastened to explain to the reporters:

"Times have changed, you know, since this school was founded. Young people are going to dance; there is no use trying to prevent them, for every one is dancing now. If they must learn, I prefer it should be here under proper influences."

"The astounding thing about this incident is not the fact of departure from the 'blue laws' of stricter days, but the admission by the school's principal that efforts to control students now are hopeless and hence

had been abandoned. The incident, as I said, is but a bit of flotsam, but the principle involved drops like a plumb line into the center of the modern system of child control. It implies that the student shall be allowed to dictate what he wants to learn, regardless of whether or not it is best for him. The whole idea is to please the youth and amuse him, this being in contrast with the old notion of improving him without reference to his personal feelings or desires for amusement."

"My personal opinion is that you can't build a Sandow on skimmed soup and French pastry. And you can't develop an Abraham Lincoln, a John Hay, or a Theodore Roosevelt in a dance hall and a moving picture house, with sex stories and plays filling the gaps."

"While the logic of these circumstances seems irresistible, I know that the Evanston experiment is not exactly new, although it is a most striking example. America has been trying it for almost a generation. It started perhaps—I make no claim to being a historian—with the introduction of the institutional church. This was to religion what homeopathic medicine was to a world drugged by the allopathic method. It put a sugar coating on moral training, and tried to fill its pews and Sunday school classes on Sunday by teaching pool and bowling during the days of the week."

"To find what influence this new idea has, I have studied for a few years five young men in Chicago. They were, when I first knew them, about seventeen or eighteen years old. Now they are past twenty-two. When I first began to observe them, they were typical of the new order of things. The mother of one was a divorcee. That of another kept a Pomeranian poodle. The parents of a third gave him money and left him to his own devices while they went to the picture show."

"Soon I noticed something truly significant. These same boys were always at the picture shows when I went there. I learned they went nearly every day. On those nights when some vulgar farce was to be seen, they were sure to be on hand. And when any glaringly sentimental thing was offered on the bills, the managers could count on them as patrons."

"Also, they were to be seen playing pool in the neighborhood barber shop whenever I went out for an evening walk. In nearly five years, I have never seen one of them read anything but a newspaper. Even then it was some crime, the sporting section, or the page of comics, which attracted—never an article, or even a fiction story that one by any stretch of the imagination, could consider worth while."

"These five boys were getting energy from their food. But instead of using it to any purpose, they were playing it out. Not one, in youth, was going through the drill that would make of him a man who could stand the stress in business. I saw the truth of this when the time arrived that these boys tried to go to work. One of them has had inconsequential jobs intermittently; mostly he has been idle—at his employer's suggestion. A second one went into an office. His employer tells me he lacks application; has in six months about reached the limit of his capacity to grow; and is a clock watcher. The third thinks he is clever because he has learned a way of getting money without working for it. On two occasions he sought a job in a commercial house during its dull season. When he got it, he was assumed to be learning the business and the stock. Having been paid for doing no work for several months, he deserted when the



rush season came and when the work became hard.

"The fourth boy came to me one day to ask a question. It was rather an intelligent question, and I was delighted because it indicated that I had misjudged him. I began to answer. He listened for a few moments and then broke in with—

"I hope you are enjoying yourself. It doesn't even amuse me."

"He then turned on his heel and walked away.

"The fifth of these boys presents a peculiarly striking example of my point. His father met a misfortune in business some time ago, and, for months, was 'terribly hard up.' Although the boy is now of age, he displayed not the slightest indication that he felt any responsibility for helping to keep the family together. Assuming obligations was clearly not in his line. But he did complain bitterly because the home table was not supplied with the delicacies which he enjoyed.

"These five boys have had no such training as will develop any strength of character or build for financial success. I am wondering what they will do when forced to get into business to support themselves. I am wondering how they will stand when subjected to the ordeal where success can be won only by close application and by taking hard knocks. I wonder whether they will stand by those principles which alone can win, as did the ten men, or whether they will turn out as did the other five—unprincipled, unreliable, and without any real success to their credit.

"As I see this great business game, success comes at the end of an enduring contest. To endure, however, one must have strength, but the essence of strength is stamina and the life of stamina is moral training. Because it is the first requisite of business success, I say that moral training is the most valuable of all training. I say further that the youth of the present generation are being taught to be business failures because they are getting no moral education at all. Instead, by precept and example, they are drilled to be mentally dissolute and easy-going—life from the start is satiated with sensuous luxury. And we cannot build character, and hence business success, on that.

"I am no stickler for churchgoing, although I regard it highly. I do say, however, that every penny's worth of strict morality that is added to a young man's capital before he reaches the age of twenty-one is bound to bring him a dollar's worth of business success. The moral prostitute can make only a prostitute's hire; that always is a miserable pittance, and exacts an agony of discontent in later years far greater than its worth. The unmoral may prosper in exceptional cases; they doubtless would prosper immeasurably better if they had a working capital of sterling honesty to fall back upon. Usually—and you and I cannot think of ourselves as exceptions—the straight man, the man with strict moral training, is the big business success."

The guiding, directing principle ever before the Christian worker is the glory and honor of God and the salvation of souls; but success in his work is also built upon strict honesty, hard work, and wise initiative. The colporteur, teacher, and minister who studies closely principles that have won the laurel wreath for the world's business successes, and adapts them to his own work, will likely achieve unusual success in his own work.

"I HAVE no time" is never a reason; it is an excuse."

### "I Will Arise and Go to My Father"

SEVERAL years ago a young student of Nagasaki by the name of Ono, becoming dissatisfied with his uneventful life, attempted to make his way to America. Failing in this, he wandered about from place to place in the great Orient, like the restless waves of the sea. After studying art for a time in Kioto, he joined the revolutionists in China, serving as printer. Returning to Japan, he found employment as artist in engraving shops here and there, earning money easily and spending it as freely in riotous living.

He soon began to realize that sake, the popular intoxicant of his country, and other habits of dissipation were fast dragging him down to ruin. But try as he would he could not free himself from their fetters and from the influence of his gay companions. He thought he would try Christianity, so went to various churches, read the Bible, and listened to many sermons, only to sink deeper in the quagmire of sin.

Last October, Ono San came to Hiroshima and heard the gospel of a soon-coming Saviour. From the beginning he was deeply impressed. But for a time he fought a losing battle between the influence of his former life and his better convictions.

In order that he might be separated from his gay companions we invited him to live in a vacant room above our chapel. Every morning at five thirty we studied the Bible together, and he joined us regularly in family devotions. There was a marked change for the better in his life. His former companions, however, induced him to join them in the bacchanalian revelries of New Year's, which lasted for several days.

One Sunday evening not long afterward, he returned exhausted from a two days' dissipation at Miyajima, a near-by famous resort. That night, as he lay between the thick quilts on the mat floor, his conscience troubled him. "What a hypocrite I am," he brooded. "I have brought dishonor upon the name of Him whom I profess to obey, and have desecrated his holy Sabbath." Hour after hour passed thus without sleep.

At last he was conscious of a black, threatening shape in his room. Its awfulness defied description. At the name of the Lord it fled, but a prayer to Buddha only brought it closer until he felt a terrible clutching at his throat. Again he called upon the Lord and it immediately vanished. He fled precipitately down the steep stairs, entering my room, almost as pale as death.

It was no nightmare, it was reality, he affirms, and his subsequent life has testified to the genuineness of his convictions. He rejoices in a complete victory, believing that the experience of that night was a merciful sign sent to convict him of the awfulness of his sins. He says, "Formerly I thought only of becoming a great artist, but now my one purpose is to serve and obey the Lord."

Recently, during a month's illness, he came to realize that worldly friendships last just about as long as one has money to spend for pleasure and can join them in their gayety. Not one of his former associates visited him, while his newly found Christian friends came often with things needful and heartfelt sympathy.

His family in Nagasaki, attracted by the truth which has made such a wonderful change in Ono San, are studying Christianity with our worker there, saying that they, too, want to become Christians. Happy is the day when the prodigal says, "I will arise and go to my Father."—*Yoshihei Kato, in Tidings of the Message, translated and abridged by A. N. Anderson.*



## A Good Motto

Is life a fret and tangle,  
And everything gone wrong?  
Are friends a bit disloyal,  
And enemies too strong?  
Is there no bright side showing?  
Then—as a sage hath said—  
"Polish up the dark side,  
And look at that instead!"

The darkest plank of oak will show  
Sometimes the finest grain;  
The roughest rock will sometimes yield  
A gleaming golden vein;  
Don't rail at fate, declaring  
That no brightness shows ahead,  
But "polish up the dark side,  
And look at that instead!"

—Priscilla Leonard.

## India's Climate

WHEN we think of India, we think of a land that abides in eternal heat. We can almost feel a sudden flash of heat enshrouding us, and a burning, sickening feeling about our heads.

It is true that parts of India are very hot, but this great land is so arranged that almost every kind of climate exists within its bounds. While the plains are unbearably hot and stifling, with an average temperature of 120° F. in the shade during the hot season, it is always possible to take refuge on the mountain slopes in what is called the hills, and there enjoy comparatively cool breezes. To the hills many thousands go during the hot season, and remain until the rains of the monsoon season break, or until the cool season has come.

Generally speaking, the Indian year is divided into three seasons,—the hot, the rainy, and the cool. The hot season, which lasts from March until May, is rainless and the heat is terrific. On the plains the foreigners, even when wearing pith helmets to cover the head and neck, scarcely venture out of doors in the heat of the day. They sit in their closed rooms with huge fans, or punkas, continually moving, and admit the hot air of noonday into their houses only through screens of wet grass. The parched land is cracked and split, as though waiting open-mouthed for the blessed rain.

By the end of May this intense heat rising from the sun-baked land causes the southwest monsoon, heavily laden with moisture, to come rushing in from the Indian Ocean. This monsoon with its laden treasure of moisture, does not come like the soft, velvety May showers we are so accustomed to, but always with a prelude of thunder and lightning, and heavy winds which often do great damage. Then it bursts, and a deluge falls which continues day after day in an unceasing downpour.

On the timely bursting of this monsoon depend fortunes and the lives of millions here in India. It is during this wet season that the bulk of the crops are grown, and if it fails, then famine and pestilence hover over this great land. Especially the poor suffer, and millions meet an untimely death for want of food and water.

This wet season lasts until October, and with the beginning of November, is ushered in the cool season. Then the remaining refugees who have fled to the hills to avoid the heat return to the plains to enjoy a comparatively cool season, which continues until February.

The coldest day in Calcutta would be to many of our readers a pleasant summer day, and at Bombay the range of the thermometer is even less, and foreign

residents declare that they are baked for half the year and boiled for the other half.

As we go farther north during this cool season, the cold of a Punjab night is something that surprises the visitor, who never thought of associating a hard frost with the plains of India. Still farther north into the Himalayas snow and ice are found, with many heavy blizzards which are often hazardous to the traveler.

Here in this great land the missionary meets with many obstacles, but none so trying as the climate. He must work hard during the rainy and cool season, and then flee to the hills during the hot season to recuperate and avoid the stifling heat.

R. L. KIMBLE.

## The Himalaya Mountains

WHEN the long, dreary rainy season in India is over, and the atmosphere is clear of mist and of the heavy white clouds which come rolling down upon us during this time of year like great clouds of smoke from a burning building, then with a clear sparkling atmosphere all about us, we have a view of nearly two hundred miles over the distant mountain peaks.

From our mission here in Simla, the summer capital of India, can be seen a long range of mighty snow peaks of these great mountains. This dazzling array of snow-capped peaks reminds one of great watch-towers, piercing high into the heavens. There are more than forty of them which rise amid the eternal snows to a height of 24,000 feet. The width of this vast mountain region varies from 180 to 200 miles, and it extends for hundreds of miles across India and Burma. There are single valleys in this region which would contain the whole of the Alps.

This great chain of mountains has made northern India what it is, and has been its bulwark against its foes throughout all ages. It has not only protected India against invasions, but it has been the source of supply for the mighty rivers for which India is noted.

The Brahmaputra, the Ganges, and the Indus are the most important rivers of northern India. They have their origin among the perpetual snows of the Himalayas, and are fed by glacier streams of clear cold water. They dash headlong through many deep gorges, tumble over mammoth rocks, and drop at times hundreds of feet, only to continue their crooked and rugged course downward to sea level, and then travel on for hundreds of miles through level country to the sea.

Let us take an imaginary aeroplane trip over the top of this great mountain region. From our ship our first view will be the beautiful green valleys dotted here and there with small mud huts, and a few domestic buffaloes grazing on the hillside. As we speed on, the valleys become deeper and deeper; the huts and buffaloes almost disappear; the trees on the mountain tops disappear, and in their stead is a border of sparkling snow. It is growing colder, for we are entering the land of perpetual snow; the summer's sun is never able to melt this great land of snow. Here the animals with their snowy white fur live in their cold, icy caves quite as contented as puss behind the kitchen stove on a wintry night at home. We are now nearing a strange land, a country with a closed door above which reads, "No admission." This is the land of Tibet, one of the three countries to which our missionaries have not been admitted.

We are now turning homeward, leaving the snowy peaks behind us, and we again see plant life, the



stunted shrubs peeping above the snow. Then come the first trees, and next the grassy fields appear, until at last we reach our starting place.

India is a beautiful country, a land full of interest, and teeming with millions who have never heard the third angel's message. Pray for the missionaries here that the message we hold so dear may find many hearts who are reaching out for a Saviour.

JESSIE ESTEP KIMBLE.

#### A Song of the Cruise

O THE sun and the rain, and the rain and the sun!  
There'll be sunshine again when the tempest is done;  
And the storm will beat back when the shining is past—  
But in some happy haven we'll anchor at last.

Then murmur no more,

In lull or in roar,

But smile and be brave till the voyage is o'er.

O the rain and the sun, and the sun and the rain!  
When the tempest is done, the sunshine again;  
And in rapture we'll ride through the stormiest gales,  
For God's hand's on the helm and his breath in the sails.

Then murmur no more,

In lull or in roar,

But smile and be brave till the voyage is o'er.

— Selected.

#### Amusements

THE variety of attractions and amusements in the world today are captivating our youth, so that they are losing spiritually, and fail in coming "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," but are spiritually dwarfed and sickly.

The apostle Paul, in looking down the stream of time, saw these things, and very clearly spoke of them in his second letter to Timothy: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, . . . lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away." So many fail to heed the admonition, "*from such turn away*," but instead turn in with them.

"The standard of piety is low among professed Christians generally, and it is hard for the young to resist the worldly influences that are encouraged by many church members. The majority of nominal Christians, while they profess to be living for Christ, are really living for the world. They do not discern the excellence of heavenly things, and therefore cannot truly love them. Many profess to be Christians because Christianity is considered honorable. They do not discern that genuine Christianity means cross-bearing, and their religion has little influence to restrain them from taking part in worldly pleasures.

"Some can enter the ballroom and unite in all the amusements which it affords. Others cannot go to such lengths as this, yet they can attend parties of pleasure, picnics, shows, and other places of worldly amusement; and the most discerning eye would fail to detect any difference between their appearance and that of unbelievers."

Our young people who permit themselves to be allured and decoyed by Satan's agencies into the amusements and attractions of the world, are opposing themselves. Of these Paul said to Timothy: "In meekness instruct those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." Satan has many cunning and craftily devised schemes, snares, and pitfalls set for the young and unwary; and before they are aware of it, they are entangled in them,

and captured by the wily foe, the skilful charmer.

Dear young people, do we realize that we are in the very last of the last days? that the judgment is on? and that soon our cases will come up in review before the great tribunal? that probation's door is about to close never to open again? and that in just a little from this, the fiat will resound from zone to zone: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still"? Satan understands this, he knows that his time is short, and so he is working with all the power at his command, to deceive if possible the very elect.

Over and over again the Lord has told us of the danger that is hidden in worldly amusements. Satan has clothed them with innocence, and often we hear parents speak of them as innocent pleasures, not realizing that they are leading their loved ones away from the straight and narrow way. The things which we behold with the eye, and hear with the ear, are great agencies in character building. The mind is ever exercised by the things we see and hear.

These attractions are not only captivating too large a per cent of our young people, but many of the older ones are allured as well. The popular musical entertainments which are sometimes held in the large churches of the land, and are attended by massive crowds, are far from being spiritual uplifts. Recently in one of the large churches of the town of — several of these entertainments were given, and were pronounced by some of its members as being nothing short of theatrical amusements. Many, however, looked upon them with favor because they were given in a church instead of a theater.

Worldly amusements all have their influence to destroy love for God and his worship. Love for the study of the Bible and other good books is destroyed. Lack of interest in the weekly prayer meeting is cultivated through them. Sweet communion with the heavenly Father in the secret chamber is not sought as it should be.

Many excuse themselves by saying, "I only indulge in these things once in a while, and I don't think they hurt me." The drunkard at first gave the same excuse, declaring that a glass now and then did not hurt him; but the love for the evil thing increases with every indulgence. Oh, how many there are who have become "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God"!

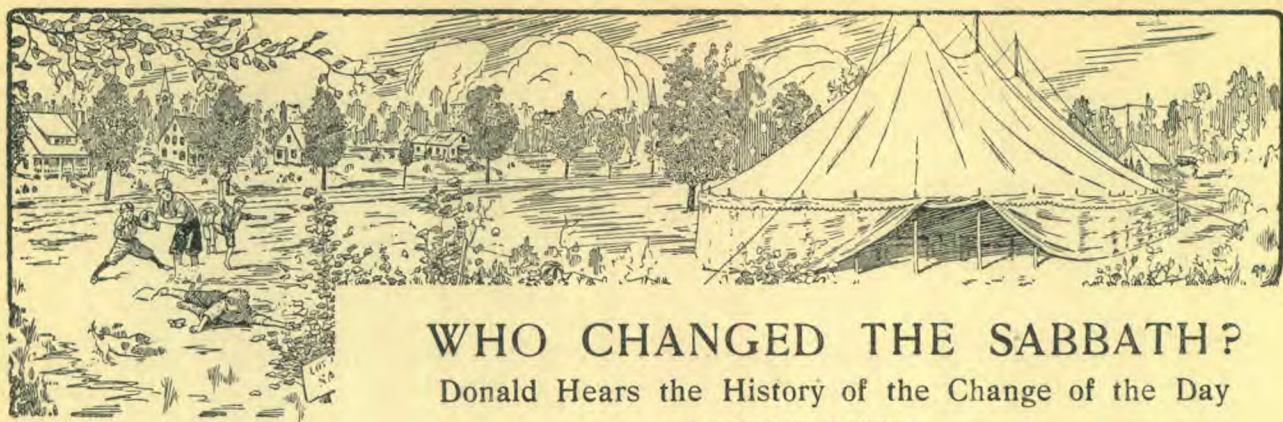
"The true followers of Christ will have sacrifices to make. They will shun places of worldly amusements because they find no Jesus there, no influence which will make them heavenly minded and increase their growth in grace. Obedience to the word of God will lead them to come out from these things, and be separate." "Amusements are doing more to counteract the working of the Holy Spirit than anything else, and the Lord is grieved."

"Young people should remember that they are accountable for all the privileges they have enjoyed, for the improvement of their time, and for the right use of their abilities. They may inquire, Shall we have no amusement or recreation? Shall we work, work, work, without variation?

"Any amusement in which you can engage, asking the blessing of God upon in faith, will not be dangerous. But any amusement which disqualifies you for secret prayer, for devotion at the altar of prayer, or for taking part in the prayer meeting, is not safe, but dangerous."

H. B. MEEKER.





## WHO CHANGED THE SABBATH?

Donald Hears the History of the Change of the Day

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

WHEN Donald Hunter awoke on Saturday morning, the first thing he thought of was that this day was the Sabbath. He had been fully convinced the night before, after hearing the sermon of Brother Harris about the Christian Sabbath, that this was the right day to keep, and he wondered what he ought to do on the Sabbath.

After breakfast some of his young schoolmates on their way to the baseball lot hailed him, and urged him to come with them, as they were to play a regular game that day and wanted him to pitch. Standing on the back porch he told them quietly that he could not play on that day, as he now believed it was the Sabbath. They went out of the yard silently, but he heard a jeering laugh as they joined the other boys on the street, and knew he was the cause of it.

Most of the day he spent with Brother Harris and the tent master, who told him that on the following Sabbath they would begin to hold a Sabbath school in the tent. Donald was very glad for this and said he would attend it.

The largest crowd of the entire series of meetings was in attendance at the Sunday night meeting in the tent. Elder Harris had promised to speak that night on the change of the Sabbath, and tell when this change had been brought about, by whom, and the authority for it. The preacher said:

"We shall hold a criminal trial here tonight, and I am going to ask this great audience to act as the jury. I shall be the prosecuting attorney and bring the evidence before you. We shall try to convict the criminal who brought about the change in the observance of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week.

"Now in a trial it is customary to hear first the charge against the prisoner. The charge in this case which we are to try is made by the Lord, and it is this: God charges the Roman Catholic Church with having tampered with his law in changing the Sabbath.

"This charge will be found in Dan. 7:25. You will remember in our study of the prophecy of this chapter we found that the little horn on the fourth beast represented the Roman Catholic Church. Of this little horn, or of that church, the Lord says in this verse, 'He shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws.'

"Another version makes this last expression read, 'He shall think to change the time in the law.' This law, of course, refers to the law of God, the ten commandments.

"This prophecy in every part has been fulfilled by the Roman Catholic Church. It has spoken great words against God in its claims to forgive the sins of men. It has worn out the saints of the Most High in the terrible persecutions of Christians during the

Dark Ages. But this is not all that it would do. It would actually attempt to lay its impious hands on the very law of God, and tear from its place in the heart of that law the Sabbath commandment, and substitute another day in its place. This is God's charge.

"This expression, 'He shall think to change the time in the law,' can refer to but one thing, for there is but one time mentioned in the law of God. The first, second, third, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth commandments make no reference at all to time. But the fourth commandment mentions time, it mentions a day, the seventh day, and declares that day to be the Sabbath of the Lord.

"It is the Sabbath commandment, therefore, to which the Lord refers when he predicts of this power that it would 'think to change the time in the law.' Here, then, is the definite charge made by the Lord himself that the Roman Catholic Church would attempt to make a change in the Sabbath.

"The very fact that this charge is made by the Lord himself ought to be enough to win a verdict of guilty from every member of this audience who accepts the Bible as the word of God. Some witnesses will not tell the truth, but when the Lord speaks we can always depend on his word, and we know he tells the truth. So when he declares that the Roman Church will attempt to change the Sabbath that ought to be sufficient for every person in this tent tonight.

"But we have additional witnesses to bring before this jury. Permit me to direct your close attention to their testimony."

The speaker then read a large number of extracts and quotations to the audience from various histories, commentaries, and encyclopedias, showing conclusively that the seventh day, Saturday, is the Sabbath according to the Bible. He said that none of this testimony was from a witness who might be prejudiced in favor of his side of the case, for none of it was from witnesses who observed the seventh day as the Sabbath, but all of it was from those who kept the first day as the Sabbath. In each case he gave the name of the book, the name of its author, and the number of the page from which he read. And all the books he read from were of such a character as to be recognized by the audience as authorities on the subjects of which they treated.

"And now," the preacher said, "we shall see if we can secure the confession of the guilty party. From now on I shall read nothing from a Protestant source. I have here a number of Catholic publications—books, catechisms, and magazines. I wish this jury to hear what the Catholic Church has to say about the charge which is made in the Bible about the change of the Sabbath. First I read from 'A New Catechism of Christian Faith and Practice,' written by Rt. Rev. James Belford, D. D., published in 1909, pp. 86, 87:



"*Question.*—What is the third (fourth) commandment?

"*Answer.*—Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day.

"*Ques.*—What day was the Sabbath?

"*Ans.*—The seventh day, our Saturday.

"*Ques.*—Do you keep the Sabbath?

"*Ans.*—No; we keep the Lord's day.

"*Ques.*—Which is that?

"*Ans.*—The first day, Sunday.

"*Ques.*—Who changed it?

"*Ans.*—The Catholic Church."

"My second Catholic witness is Father Walter Drum, S. J., of Woodstock College, Maryland, and I quote from an article by him entitled 'Recent Bible Study,' appearing in the *Ecclesiastical Review* of February, 1914, Vol. 59, No. 2, pp. 230-232:

"The observance of Sunday thus comes to be an ecclesiastical law entirely distinct from the divine law of Sabbath observance, the prescriptions of Gen. 2: 2, 3 in regard to the Sabbath having nothing whatever to do with the law of the church about Sunday, the Lord's day. Catholics should observe the law of the church, not by the Old Testament observances of the Sabbath, nor by the dictates of Protestants or of Jews, but by the prescription of the church herself. The author of the Sunday law is the only one who has a right to interpret that law; and that author is the Catholic Church."

"Again, this writer, on page 236, says: 'They (the Protestants) deem it their duty to keep the Sunday holy. Why?—Because the Catholic Church tells them to do so. They have no other reason.'"

Brother Harris read many other extracts from Catholic sources, all agreeing with the testimony of the two witnesses which have here been quoted. Then the preacher said:

"The case is closed. The testimony is all in. I want now the verdict of this jury. Will all who say that the verdict is guilty please indicate it by holding up the right hand?" There was a stir all through the big audience, and almost instantly scores of hands were raised. Brother Harris had proved his case, and practically the entire audience was convinced that the Catholic Church had changed the Sabbath.

"Now will those whose verdict is 'Not guilty,' hold up their hands?" asked the preacher. Two lone hands were held up in the rear of the big crowd, causing a laugh to run through the audience. But Brother Harris seemed to be expecting something of the kind, for he said:

"Well, that hangs the jury, and makes it impossible for us to pronounce sentence, which is just as well, for sentencing this criminal belongs to God and not to us, and it will not be long until God himself will pronounce judgment upon this anti-Christian system.

"Now, from what has been said, we can all see that God deliberately charges the Roman Catholic Church with the crime of tampering with the divine law in changing the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday. The voice of history deliberately testifies to the truth of the charge. The Roman Catholic Church deliberately confesses itself guilty as charged. And thus the Roman Church stands before the world convicted of laying impious hands upon the Sabbath of the fourth commandment, the Sabbath of the Lord, and tearing from its place in the very heart of the law of God, the fourth commandment, and putting in its place a spurious and counterfeit sabbath, which is no sabbath at all, as it rests solely on the traditions of that church and not in any sense on the Word of God.

"It is evident, therefore, that the Protestant churches in observing Sunday, have left the true ground and basis of Protestantism, the Bible, and are following the Roman Church in accepting doctrines and practices which are not founded on the Bible. On this point Catholics can truthfully accuse Protestant Sunday keepers of inconsistency.

"The duty of every true Protestant is to cast away this unscriptural practice and doctrine of Sunday observance and to follow the Bible, to follow Jesus, to follow the apostles in the observance of the true Sabbath, the seventh day of the week."

After the meeting little crowds and groups of people gathered on the street and discussed the sermon. Donald heard many say, "Well, he certainly made out his case. He certainly proved who changed the Sabbath." Many were silent in thought as they went to their homes. That a deep impression had been made, could be plainly seen. Donald's father and mother were unusually silent as they returned home.

On entering the house, Mr. Hunter opened the big Bible, turned to Daniel, and lingered long in study after the others had retired. If they could have looked in just before he went upstairs, they would have seen him kneel and pray earnestly for light on this great question, while the tears ran slowly down his face.

#### Siam and Her King

THE news that Siam had declared war against Germany was taken as a good deal of a joke. This little kingdom in southeastern Asia has a population of less than 10,000,000 in her entire territory.

But, although the Siamese are the most charming Asiatics in the world, more ready to smile than to smite, account must be taken of the man they call "king" and "lord"—for their ruler is the owner of their bodies and their souls.

Vajiravudh is not yet forty. He is the only Eastern monarch with a Western education. One third of his life was spent in England and Europe, and while there he did everything that any other democratic son of a democratic father could or should do. He played football at Rugby, drilled as a common soldier at Sandhurst, took his chances with the daredevils at Heidelberg, and at Oxford wrested the highest honors away from the brainiest Britishers who dared to enter the lists against him.

That he has a will of his own the following example will demonstrate: Siam is a polygamous people. The gentry of the country may have as many wives as they can reasonably support, while the king is entitled to such numbers as his royal will dictates. Vajiravudh's father, Chulalongkorn, had between seven and eight hundred members in his household.

When Vajiravudh returned from his long sojourn in Europe his father suggested that it was high time for him to settle down, and mentioned the names of suitable ladies with whom he might begin his home. But, to the amazement of his father and the court, the young man swept away all precedent, and declared that he would wed whom he chose—"but one wife, and that one the one whom I shall love and cherish as the one woman in the world." So far, Vajiravudh has remained a bachelor.

In Siam, the dead are not buried, but cremated. The crematory ceremonies of a monarch are full of pomp and majesty. Custom has decreed that he who is to occupy the chair of the departed ruler must light the funeral pyre of his predecessor.

At the cremation of his father, Vajiravudh was noticeably impressed. When the time came for him



to light the sacred fire, he hung back as if doubting his power of carrying out this royal order. Finally, however, he stepped to the altar, closed the heavy curtains, and remained closeted with the dead. Seconds seemed minutes to the waiting crowd—minutes, hours. But suddenly a tiny flame shot up over the top of the catafalque, the curtains were parted, and there appeared between them a new personality.

In that moment of communion with the dead the boy had become the man—the Western collegian had changed to the Eastern ruler.

This is the man who has sent word to the kaiser that his country is at war with Germany. This is the ruler who followed up his war message with the immediate "taking over" of all German shipping lying in the harbor, and the immediate arrest of all Germans and Austrians living within the radius of the sway of his scepter.

Vajiravudh means business. Siam is at war.—*Frederic Dean.*

### For the Finding-Out Club

REQUIREMENT: Identify briefly each of the persons named in the following poem.

#### Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of August 7

##### A TALE IN NOMENCLATURE

Dear reader, write in as you go  
And fill the blanks to rhyme and scan  
With names of writers all should know—  
All English and American.

Wise Will it was who asked, "*Watts* in a name?"  
And we may answer either grave or Gay:  
A *Wordsworth* much within the hall of fame  
For him whose torch *Hazlitt* some pilgrim's way.

'Tis as we make it in this *Motley* world,  
As *Swift* the *Sand* of time is slipping by;  
As autumn leaves by foaming *Brooks* are whirled,  
So we are tossed about—now far, now *Nye*.

*Howe* jocund does he drive his team a *Field*  
Who turns with joy the *Brown* sod to the rain!  
But *Gray* to him is every sky revealed  
Upon whose foot a *Bunyan* gives him *Paine*.

The *Twain* are types, as he who runs may *Reade*,  
And pity 'tis that *More* learn not the truth;  
What *Hughes* and cries, what cross and weary *Bede*!  
What galling loads we *Cary* from our youth!

Ofttimes hard *Knox* may undes *Irving* fall;  
The *Wylie* foe a wicked *Foxe* may be;  
Or train of circumstances may enthrall  
And put a fellow under *Locke* and *Key*.

And thereby hangs a tale, as poets say,  
The story of a wild, unhappy youth;  
"Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay"  
That I shall sing, and every word the truth.

'Tis said a cross old lady '*Addison*  
Who quite refused to eat a bite of *Crabbe*;  
"*Chaucer*," she said, "I know it is well done,"  
The while she watched with ready hand to grab.

Out from the door he shot, with *Howells* of fear,  
The *Sterne* old lady too, with shaking fist;  
And soon a noisy band had gathered near  
With *Austintations* offers to assist.

The *Smith* had left his forge to smolder low;  
The *Miller* quite forgot the waiting grain;  
The *Cooper*, too, let hoops and staves all go;  
With web unbleached, the *Fuller* ran amain.

A canny *Scott* was there his part to take;  
A *Taylor* with his goose as weapon true;  
Their *Holmes* deserted for their neighbor's sake,  
And each advised the wisest thing to do.

The boy sped on; to *North* and *Southey* ran,  
Down to the *Ford* whose *Riley* stream o'erflowed.  
"Hay, come across!"—This to the ferryman,  
Who o'er the stream his little boat soon rowed.

And soon the woman and her helpers six—  
She had to *Ascham* all to *Ade* the search—  
Raced to the stream; but he was up to tricks,  
And nimbly hid and left them in the lurch.

Said he, "The folks *Macauley* cross the stream,  
And this old ferryman might join the *Hunt*;  
To *Ward* them off, to hide would safest seem;  
They'll *Marvell* much," he said with chuckling grunt.

Long time they sought, but found no *Bridges* there—  
Like *London* bridge they were all fallen down;  
And so through forests *Green* they sought with care  
To find some hunter's *Lodge*, or little town.

Down through the meads where long-eared *Burroughs* fed—  
A *Cowper* perhaps—a bleating *Lamb*, *Mabie*;  
Each filled with fear as on their footsteps led,  
Each hoping soon the runaway to see.

A *Cable* stretched across they found at length,  
From it a little boat by pulley tied;  
Though *Smollett* seemed, and slight her skill and strength,  
She hoped 'twould *Landor* safe on yonder side.

They tried to *Warner* of the dangerous stream,  
But she would go, despite the warning shout;  
Far out she swung, then sank with piercing scream;  
She hadn' *Tennyson* to help her out.

A mighty shout arose; an answering *Hale*  
Came o'er the raging waters' roar and *Noyes*;  
The boy appeared, too late to help.—The tale  
Should be a lesson to all wayward boys.

O wilful youth and scolding age, take heed,  
The moral of my story do not spurn,  
But *Foster* all the means that upward lead  
If you the way of happiness would learn.

Though hard may be the course of mortals here,  
Let every *Harte* be brave to do and dare;  
Be true as *Steele*, nor ever sink in fear;  
Success awaits; yield not to gloomy care.

Be *Thoreau* in each task that comes to you;  
*Stowe* in your mind the truth each wise man learns:  
Be not a *Cook* that when a meal is due  
Stands dreaming till the *Browning* *Bacon* *Burns*.

"*Anon*" there comes a day amidst the strife  
When each must, though he *Shakespeare* on the *Page*  
Whereon is written every deed of life,  
What *Everett* was, in childhood, youth, or age.

Then humble names may rise to halls of fame,  
And be the day or short or weary *Long*  
Fellow of man, on high shall ring your name  
Eternal in the notes of living song.

MAX HILL.

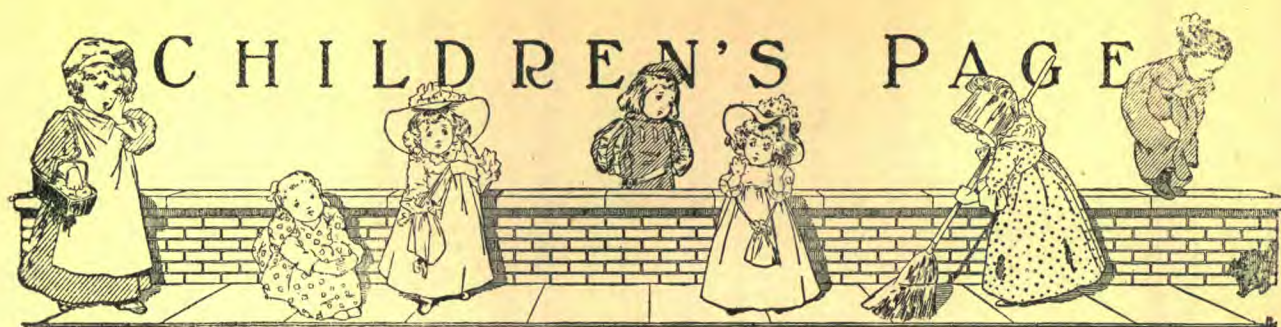
### Note

THE editor regrets not being able to increase materially the Finding-Out Club membership by the lists of answers sent in on the questions found in the INSTRUCTOR of August 14. Miss Mary H. Moore is the only person who sent in a perfect list. Those who answered every question but one correctly were: Mrs. Grace Hunt, Ruth E. Melendy, and Orie A. Johnson. Mrs. Grace Hoover is the only person who submitted a solution to Mr. Hill's poetical assignment of August 7. Mr. Hill's list of literary geniuses referred to in his production are given in the accompanying poem.

"EVERY bit of courage, every bit of truth and honest effort and patient study, brings its own reward in character. It is worth while, regardless of whatever money reward may follow. It would be worth while for us all to push forward along the right lines; it would be our high duty and splendid privilege even if we knew that all life was to be wiped out tomorrow."

"THE ills that we scatter on the morning breezes multiply. Those that we lock in our own hearts frequently pass into oblivion."





# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## The Lure of Civilization

BILLY was born near a large city. His mother was an actress with a motion picture company, and Billy himself was already his mother's understudy. Some day he would be a real player, like his mother, and probably better, for he was a very apt pupil. Although only nine months old, he had learned to ride a tricycle and could get around pretty well on roller skates. There were also several other things that he had been taught to do, so that he might be useful about the studio. He liked to help in these ways, but what he liked most of all was to go automobile riding. Sometimes he was permitted to sit at the steering wheel like a real chauffeur, which seemed to please him very much, for he appeared to be quite vain. But Billy was a bear, and one can't always tell whether bears are proud or not.

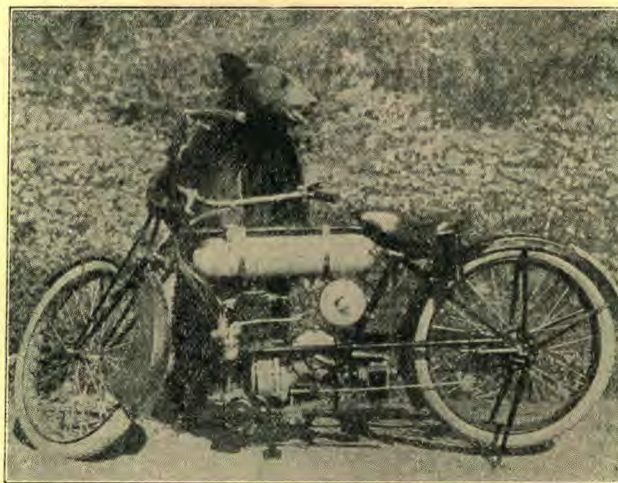
Billy had been reared among men and women, and had made many warm friends. These friends petted him a great deal and gave him candy and other sweets to eat. The fact that he weighed nearly two hundred pounds proved that he had a good home and that he had been well treated. Ordinarily, he seemed perfectly contented and happy, yet at times he showed just a little restlessness. Since he was a bear, wise men pronounced this restlessness "the call of the wild," but if he had been a boy, they would have called it *Wanderlust*. Anyway, like little boys, sometimes he would wander away from home to see what there was in the outer world. Therefore he had to be carefully watched, although he was rarely kept tied or penned up.

One day, giving his master the slip, he strolled far off into the timber and hills, farther than ever before. He was gone for perhaps an hour before his absence was noticed. Then there was great excitement, for he was nowhere to be seen.

When they missed him at the motion picture studio, everybody was very sorry, and all began to hunt for him. They called him, they searched through the brush and in the hollows, looked into the trees, everywhere for miles around, but could find no trace of him. When night came, they had to return without him. The next day, several persons who were not working started out again. They hunted all that day and again the next, but could not find him anywhere. They began to fear that he was really lost, or that he might have been killed by some hunter.

On the fourth day Billy's master started out alone; and as he wanted to look far up the cañon, where he

had not been before, he went on his motor cycle. He rode many miles, but could find no trace of his bear. Finally he became discouraged and was just ready to return home when he happened to remember Billy's fondness for automobile riding. The bear had learned to recognize the sound of the automobile horn as an invitation to take a ride. The master pressed the bulb of his motor cycle horn, and the sound echoed through the forest until it made the trees fairly ring. After a while he tried the horn again; then rode on farther, stopped, and sounded it yet again. He did this probably a dozen times. Finally he heard a rustling sound among the trees. At first he could not tell just where



"ESPYING THE MOTOR CYCLE, HE WALKED SLOWLY UP TO IT"

it came from. Then, through an open place in the brush, he caught a glimpse of a black, hairy object in a tree. He instantly recognized the object as Billy. He was looking in all directions, as if trying to locate the sound. Then he began to twist about, and finally to slide slowly down. His master knew the bear had heard the horn, but he sounded it again. Billy now let himself loose, and dropped to the ground on his hind feet.

The master was both delighted and amused. His

first inclination was to rush to his four-footed friend and give him a real bear hug, but on second thought he decided to hide himself and see what Billy would do. Accordingly, he pushed the motor cycle back until it was just hidden from where the bear stood at the base of the tree, now looking all about to see where the sound had come from. Again the man sounded the horn, loud and long, and then, leaving the motor cycle standing by the roadside, hid himself in the brush, where he could see and yet be unseen. After a few seconds Billy came ambling into view. He looked first one way and then the other. Espying the motor cycle, he walked slowly up to it, sniffed at the handlebars, and then, with what seemed like a pleased look on his face, he stood up on his hind feet, putting his front feet on the frame as he had been taught to do with his tricycle. At first the master thought the bear was going to ride away, but he did not. Instead, he stood and looked for the owner, suspecting, I imagine, who it was.

In a little while Billy scented something good to eat. It was the man's lunch, which he had delayed eating, but which he had spread out in readiness a few minutes before. The bear trotted over to it and proceeded to help himself. The way he devoured it showed plainly that Billy was indeed hungry. Prob-



ably he had been unable to find anything to eat since he left home, nearly four whole days before. Anyhow, the man did not feel like disturbing him, realizing that the bear was perhaps more hungry than he. To see the way he enjoyed it and licked his chops was both funny and pathetic.

When Billy had fully finished, his master came forth from his hiding place, and there was a joyful reunion. Their greetings over, the man mounted his motor cycle and started slowly toward home, Billy trotting along behind. When they reached the motion picture studio, which was their home, there was great rejoicing. Billy was indeed glad to get back and has never again tried to run away, although he has had many opportunities.—*Charles Alma Byers, in St. Nicholas.*

#### When the Deacon Talked in Church

WE were not expecting anything unusual that day, but we got it anyway. It was time for the annual foreign missionary sermon to be preached, and the collection taken. That did not excite us any; for we had slept, I may say, through both sermon and collection many a time before. It was not the sermon either; for that did not seem so different from usual, but somehow it just seemed to come home to the deacon. And still we were not so very comfortable, for most of us had not been giving much of a collection — only just enough to look respectable when the plate was passed.

The preacher took for his text that verse about "Go ye," and he said that everybody had to go. Now I had always thought that there was some special kind of call that comes to one here and another there, and made each one feel that he must be a missionary. But he said that was not in the Bible; that *everybody* was commanded to go unless he had a call to stay at home. And even if folks had a call to stay at home, they were bound to do their best to find a substitute to go for them, and to help everybody to go that could. Then he just asked us how we should feel if we had no Jesus to go to for forgiveness of our sins, for help in our trials, for strength against temptation, comfort in sorrow, for guidance in perplexity; no Jesus to tell us how to live here, and about the love of God. This was what made life so dark for the heathen, and in our gifts we were to remember the Lord's command to us, and the heathen's need for us to go.

Then he prayed a bit, and the choir did not sing any that day, but the organist played a soft voluntary while the collection was being taken. Old Deacon Bright got up to pass the plate on his side. The old deacon was as fine a man as you could meet in a day's journey, as good a neighbor and as honest a man as ever lived. He had a nice two-hundred-acre farm, and a fine family, all members of the church. He had been getting considerably deaf of late years, and he sat alone in the front pew. I guess he got to kind of dreaming over the sermon, for as he rose to get the collection plate he began to talk to himself, and to do it out loud. But, bless you, he could not hear himself, for you have to shout to make him understand anything.

So, as I said, he took the plate and began to talk. As near as I remember, this is what he said: "So that 'Go ye' means *me* and every one of us, and this is the Lord's plate, and what we put in is our substitute and shows how much we love him and how much we'd have been worth to him, seeing we don't go ourselves." Then he got to the back seat and passed the plate.

Now, our back seats are always full of young men; and as they put their money on the plate, the old man went on: "Twenty-five cents from Sam Jones. My boy, you'd have been worth more than that to the Lord. Ten cents from David Brown, five cents from Tom Stone, and nothing from Steve Jackson. Forty cents for four boys, and every one of them could go, too. They're worth six hundred dollars a year to their fathers and only forty cents to the Lord."

In the next pew Mr. Allen and his family sat. Mr. Allen put on a dollar for the family, and the old deacon moved away, saying, "The price of one of your dinners down town."

"Half of that pair of gloves you wear; almost as much as you spent for ice cream last week; a box of candy," were the deacon's comments as the coins fell from the hands of the judge and his family.

Then Father John Robb put in a bill rolled up. Mrs. Robb put in another, Johnny Robb a little envelope bulging with pennies, and Maggie helped the baby to put in another little bag; and the old deacon said: "God bless them!"

You may be sure we were all listening by this time, though we did not dare turn around; and there were many who were very glad that the deacon was not taking up the collection in their aisle.

John McClay's pew came. "Worth a dollar a year to the Lord and two thousand a year to himself," said the deacon. "Seventy-five dollars for a bicycle and twenty-five cents for the Lord don't match, Tommy McClay."

"Ah, Miss Eden, it looks queer for a hand with a fifty-dollar ring to drop five cents in the plate."

"A new house for yourself and an old quarter for your Lord, Alexander Bovee?"

"You take in washing, and can give five dollars to the Lord! God bless you, Mrs. Dean. What? Minnie has some, too, and wee Robbie?"

"A check from Mr. Hay. It will be a good one, too, for he gives a tenth to the Lord."

"Two dollars from you, Harry Atkins, is a small gift to the Lord who healed your dear wife."

"Ah, Miss Kitty Hughes, that fifty cents never cost you a thought; and you, Miss Marion, only a quarter, when both of you could go to a mission land and support yourselves."

"Five cents from the father and a cent from each of the family. I guess John Hull and family don't love the heathen brothers very hard."

"Ah, Mrs. Reed, that means a good deal to you. The Lord keep you until you join the good man that's gone."

"Charlie Baker, and you too, Effie — I doubt if the Lord will take any substitute for you."

"Five cents, Mr. Donald. I doubt if you'd want to put that in the Lord's hand."

Then the old man came to his own pew, and his wife put in an envelope. "Ah, Mary, my dear, I am afraid that we have been robbing the Lord all these years. I doubt we'd have put Jack on the plate, wife. Jim, my boy, you'd be worth far more than that to the Lord."

So it went from pew to pew till the old man came to the front again, and there he stood a moment, the plate in his left hand, and after fumbling in his vest pocket awhile he said: "No, that isn't enough, Lord. You ought to get more than that; you've been very good to me." So he put the plate down, and taking out an old leathern wallet; counted out some bills on the plate, and said, "I'm sorry, Lord, I didn't know



you wanted me to go, and Jim will keep mother and me on the farm, now we're getting old; but I won't keep back Jack any longer; and Mary's been wanting to go too, only I wouldn't let her. Take them both, Lord."

Then while the old man sat down and buried his face in his hands, Deacon Wise jumped up and said: "Dear pastor, we haven't done our duty. Let's take up the collection again next Sabbath." And a chorus of "Amen's" came from all over the church.

But the pastor got up, with tears in his eyes, and said: "My friends, I have not done all I could, either. I want to give more, and I will give my boy, too."

Then we sang the closing hymn —

"Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all,"

but it sounded different from what it ever had before.

I think the old deacon was very sorry when he found that his daydreaming had been done aloud. And one or two felt pretty hard at first, but they knew it was true. So that was what started our missionary church, and we have kept on ever since. There have been fourteen members of our young people's society to go as missionaries in the last five years — six of our best young men, and eight of our brightest girls. Jack Bright? He married the organist, and they are on the border of Tibet, where his medical skill is winning a way for Christ. Mary Bright married the minister's son, and they went to Africa. Two of my own boys are in the work, one in India and the other in China, and another getting ready to go. My name? — John Donald. Yes, I was the one who gave only five cents that day. What the old man said about putting it in the Lord's hand struck me. But I hope to give the Lord a boy or a girl for every one of those five cents. — *Adapted.*

#### Words

O MANY a shaft at random sent  
Finds mark the archer little meant!  
And many a word at random spoken  
May soothe or wound the heart that's broken!

'Tis a strange mystery, the power of words;  
Life is in them, and death;  
A word can send the crimson color hurrying to the  
cheek,  
Or turn the current cold and deadly to the heart.  
Anger and fear are in them; grief and joy  
Are in their sound; yet slight, impalpable,  
A word is but a breath of passing air.

— *Selected.*

ONE of the pioneer missionary workers in Cuba was Don Alberta J. Diaz. The first fruit of his work was his own four-year-old sister, who listened eagerly to his words when other members of his family scorned him, and his mother refused to speak to him for months. When the mother finally yielded and Diaz led her — his mother — to be baptized, his joy so overcame him that he forgot the customary formula, and looking upward said with infinite tenderness, "Lord Jesus, this is my mother!" — *Selected.*

A SOMEWHAT varied experience of men has led me, the longer I live, to set less value on mere cleverness, to attach more and more importance to industry and physical endurance. Indeed, I am more disposed to think that endurance is the most valuable quality of all. — *Huxley.*

"A MAN may be converted in an instant, but he must grow by the year."

## 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."

### The Christian's Joys

(Texts for November 11-17)

ONE of nature's masterpieces hangs before me as I close my eyes to think of Psalm 92:4. The beautiful grass, still green and fresh, the flowers with their spicy perfumes, the trees in their gorgeous autumn colors, are all about us and we almost forget how these blessings help to awaken the song of joy in our hearts. Yet these wonderful works of God really do contribute a great deal to our happiness, and if we only learn to extract joy from one of them, we shall find unexpected pleasure in all.

But back to the masterpiece: It was last Memorial Day that I saw one of nature's masterpieces in the mountains of Colorado. We were up in the Cripple Creek district, when we caught sight of Pike's Peak. A few times I had been disappointed in old Pike as seen from certain places in the vicinity of Colorado Springs. But never again can disappointment spoil the grandeur of that old peak for me. After this when old Pike comes to view, I shall always see, towering sublimely into a sky of deepest blue, a *huge* dome of crystal white dazzling with a million jewels in the bright afternoon sunshine. And I shall see crouching at its base the dull, colorless foothills that once deceived my wondering eyes.

It seems almost unjust to refer to the picture, for these words fall so distressingly short of even outlining it crudely. How often I close my eyes and stand again on that enchanted spot to gaze at a picture too grand for words. Sometimes a tear drops when it reminds me of how very many beautiful things God has put in this world to make us happy, and — and how little some of us appreciate these priceless gifts.

To learn to see God's handiwork in nature about us, will sweeten our joys and make life worth living. It will make nature a connecting link between our minds and God. It will open up before us avenues without number for leading others to think of him in whose "presence is fulness of joy."

Yes, we all need to get close to God in order to know life's deepest joys. You may think you have tasted them, but you have not unless you have been in "his presence." With him is the fountain of true joy. If you and I will get so close to him that sin cannot veil his loving smile from us, we shall always have joy enough to keep our hearts serene no matter how many trials may surround us. And we shall find the joy he supplies so sweet that we, too, would rather be in the dark den of hardships alone with him, than in the sunshine of the world without him, for in the midst of trouble, he "girdeth" our hearts "with gladness."

And there is joy not only in being with God, but in doing his will at all times. I think this is because if obedient to his will we shall do just what we will wish we had done when we reach the end of the way. The selfish life seeks to have its own way; but the unselfish life seeks to do his will. Somehow selfishness seems blind to the fact that while it sows unkind deeds with one hand it must reap grief, regret, and disappointment with the other. The unselfish life is the truly happy one; it is ever gathering from the lives of others the joy it has planted in their hearts.



But the crowning joy of the Christian in this life comes when he gathers the fruit of close, uninterrupted association with his Master and Friend—and that fruit is leading others to Christ. The lighthouse keeper when asked if he did not get dreadfully lonely, replied: "No, not since I saved my man." He became too interested in his work to get lonely. So the soul-winners who live close enough to God to have power to win souls find in this work so deep a joy that they will leave home, friends, and the comforts of civilization, and go into the darkest corners of earth, amid dangers and hardships untold, that they may lead others to Christ.

It hardly seems possible that he who has tasted the joy of soul-winning could ever be tempted to turn aside for what the world offers. But some are. Satan has practiced his deception for a good many centuries; and has acquired great skill. There is danger that he shall deceive the very elect. So we need to make it the first business of our lives to live so close to God that he can make us soul-winners. Each morning we need to reinforce our purpose to make this work our first business by laying all our plans at the Master's feet, and receive from him our program for the day, lest Satan subtly usurp leadership, and rob us of the supreme joy of living—the joy of leading others to Christ.

**MEDITATION.**—Once I thought there were no joys for the Christian, but now I see God only eliminates those pleasures from the Christian's program that take unto themselves wings and depart, but leave shadows—long, long shadows—of bitter regrets.

**SPECIAL PRAYER.**—O Father, I thank thee for the joy thou givest to thy children. Help me to learn to abide in thy presence that somehow in thine own way thou canst use my life for sending samples of thy joy to others.

M. E.

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending November 17

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

#### The Bible Year

##### Senior Assignment

November 11.	Acts 16 to 18: Paul at Athens and Corinth.
November 12.	Acts 19 to 21: Paul at Ephesus; farewell; at Jerusalem.
November 13.	Acts 22, 23: Paul's defense before the Jews; conspiracy.
November 14.	Acts 24 to 26: Paul's defense before Felix, Festus, and Agrippa.
November 15.	Acts 27, 28: The journey to Rome; preaching and teaching.
November 16.	Romans 1 to 4: Justification by faith.
November 17.	Romans 5 to 7: Reconciliation; the wages of sin.

##### Junior Assignment

November 11.	Acts 3: The lame man healed.
November 12.	Acts 4: Peter and John preach Christ.
November 13.	Acts 5: Ananias and Sapphira; many sick healed.
November 14.	Acts 6: Seven deacons chosen.
November 15.	Acts 7: Stephen's defense.
November 16.	Acts 8: Saul the persecutor.
November 17.	Acts 9: Saul persecuted.

#### A Soldier of the Cross

Close beside the sea in a humble fisherman's home, lived two boys. One of the lads was a frank, impulsive, energetic fellow, who always took the lead in work or play. He had faults a plenty, and if you had been one of his playfellows you might have found him provokingly changeable at times; yet in spite of this you would have liked him immensely. Andrew, his brother, was a fine manly lad, and while not so much of a leader, he was the kind of boy that one could count on every time.

As the boys grew up they became fishermen like their father. Although it was a hard life in many ways because it was so uncertain, yet it must have been a healthy, pleasant one, especially in the long summer days.

It was while they were young men that these boys became followers of Jesus; Andrew first gave his heart to the Lord, and then he led his brother to the Master. Have you guessed the name of this brother? It was no other than the rash, though courageous and loving disciple whom Jesus named Peter, meaning "a rock."

Three times the Master called Peter to be his disciple, and at length he joined the band of twelve men who became the closest comrades of Jesus. Then what a remarkable life began for Peter. There are really two parts to it, the first of which is told in the Gospels, while the second is given in the first twelve chapters of the book of Acts, which we are now reading.

You have read of the miracle of the great draught of fishes which led Peter to surrender fully to Jesus; of his experience in trying to walk to Jesus on the waves of the sea; of the grand and glorious privilege which he had of being present when Jesus met Moses and Elijah in the mountain; and then finally of that sad, sad night in the garden, when Peter became so drowsy that he fell asleep just when the dear Saviour needed him most. Jesus came and found him sleeping, and said gently, "Could ye not watch with me *one hour*?" I wonder if we should have fallen asleep if we had been there. It is *watching unto prayer* that young Christians need. Kneeling down to pray each night and morning is like keeping watch with Jesus in the garden. Let us never fail to faithfully keep this watch.

Three times did Peter bitterly deny his Master, forsaking him utterly on that sad night. But what a blessed thing it is that the life of Peter did not end in defeat. Jesus freely forgave him, and later his life showed the most beautiful humility and meekness. And what a power for God he became! Imagine the conversion of three thousand persons at one time when Peter preached Jesus on the day of Pentecost. The Lord used him also to heal the sick and raise the dead. Are you not glad we have these later chapters in his life?

It was upon the cross that this loyal soldier for Jesus met his death. We are told that at seventy-five years of age he was crucified at Rome, a martyr for the cause of Christ.

There are two small books near the back of your Bibles, written by Peter; when you come to them, read them very thoughtfully, and remember the noble man who wrote them.

ELLA IDEN.

EXTRAVAGANCE rots character; train youth away from it. On the other hand, the habit of saving money, while it stiffens the will, also brightens the energies. If you would be sure that you are beginning right, begin to save.—*Theodore Roosevelt*.



# The Sabbath School

## VII—The Ordinances

(November 17)

MEMORY VERSE: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." John 13:17.

### Questions

#### Baptism

1. Just before his ascension what work did Jesus give his disciples? Matt. 28:19.
2. In what ordinance had he already set the example? Matt. 3:13.
3. What remarkable experience attended the baptism of Jesus? Verses 16, 17.
4. What promise is made to those who repent and are baptized? Acts 2:38. Note 1.
5. What is the meaning of the ordinance of baptism? Rom. 6:11. Note 2.
6. What experiences in the life of Christ does baptism commemorate? Verses 4, 5. Note 3.
7. After being buried in baptism, what should we henceforth not serve? Verse 6. Note 4.

#### A Lesson in Humility

8. What ceremony was customary at Oriental feasts? Note 5.
9. How did Jesus teach his proud disciples that they should esteem it a privilege to minister to others? John 13:1-5.
10. How did Peter feel about the Saviour's washing his feet? Verses 6-10. Note 6.
11. What instruction did Jesus give concerning his example? Verses 12-16.

#### The Lord's Supper

12. On what occasion was the ordinance of the Lord's Supper instituted? 1 Cor. 11:23.
13. What three things did Jesus do before giving them the bread to eat? Matt. 26:26.
14. What did he say as he passed it to them? 1 Cor. 11:24.
15. What did Jesus then do? Verses 25, 26.
16. What preparation should be made for this service? Verses 27-29. Note 7.
17. What events are commemorated by the ordinances of the Lord's Supper and baptism? Note 8.

### Notes

1. True repentance and genuine faith in Christ as the Saviour from sin precedes baptism. The gift of the Spirit is promised to those who follow the example of Jesus.
2. "Christ has made baptism the sign of entrance to his spiritual kingdom. . . . Those who are baptized in the three-fold name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, at the very entrance of their Christian life declare publicly that they have forsaken the service of Satan, and have become members of the royal family, children of the heavenly King."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VI, p. 91.
3. "Baptism is a gospel ordinance commemorating the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ. In baptism public testimony is given to the effect that the one baptized has been crucified with Christ, buried with him, and is raised with him to walk in newness of life."—*Bible Readings*, p. 101.  
"Baptism is a most sacred and important ordinance, and there should be a thorough understanding as to its meaning. It means repentance for sin, and the entrance upon a new life in Christ Jesus. There should be no undue haste to receive the ordinance."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VI, p. 93.
4. "The vows which we take upon ourselves in baptism embrace much. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, we are buried in the likeness of Christ's death, and raised in the likeness of his resurrection, and we are to live a new life. Our life is to be bound up with the life of Christ. Henceforth the believer is to bear in mind that he is dedicated to God, to Christ, and to the Holy Spirit. He is to make all worldly considerations secondary to this new relation. Publicly he has declared that he will no longer live in pride and self-indulgence. He is no longer to live a careless, indifferent life. He has made a covenant with God."—*Id.*, Vol. VI, pp. 98, 99.
5. "At a feast it was an Oriental custom for servants or slaves to wash the feet of guests. See 1 Sam. 25:40, 41. It was not the custom, however, of equals to wash the feet of equals, much less for superiors to wash the feet of inferiors. But this is the very thing that Christ did when he washed the disciples' feet, and instituted the ordinance of feet washing. In this lies the lesson of humility and willingness to serve which he designed to teach."—*Bible Readings*, p. 665.
6. "This ordinance is a type of a higher cleansing,—the cleansing of the heart from the stain of sin. It is a rebuke to all selfishness and seeking of place and preferment among Christ's professed followers, and a witness to the fact that, in God's sight, it is true humility and loving service which constitute real greatness."—*Id.*, p. 666.

7. "The last expression shows what is meant by eating and drinking unworthily. It is not the one who has a deep sense of his sinfulness and of his unworthiness of God's mercy and grace, but he who does not discern that Christ died for his sins—who is not penitent—that eats and drinks unworthily."—*Id.*, p. 622.

8. The bread represents the broken body of Jesus, the wine his blood shed for us. As we celebrate this ordinance we commemorate the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus. As one goes forward in this ordinance it signifies the death of sin in the heart of the believer, and his determination by faith to live a new life in Christ Jesus.

### A Novel Brain Test

WHEN a professor of psychology at one of the large universities recently put his freshmen pupils through the brain test here set forth, his purpose was to find out how many of the young men measured up to a certain standard of mental capacity and concentration; but at the same time he unwittingly supplied material for one of the most amusing evening entertainments that a host could offer to a gathering of friends.

He presented the following series of questions, and announced that the questions were to be answered as the reader went over them for the first time. He specified one minute as the time in which a pupil should accomplish the work if he was to attain the mark of one hundred.

Arm yourself with a pencil and answer the questions as you read them for the first time. Place the correct answer in the blank space that follows each question, and make careful record of the time consumed in accomplishing the task.

Here is the test:

With your pencil make a dot over any one of these letters, F, G, H, I, J, and a comma after the longest of these three words: boy—mother—girl—. Then if Christmas comes in March, make a cross right here—; but if it does not, pass along to the next question and tell where the sun rises—. If you believe that Edison discovered America, cross out what you last wrote; but if it was some one else, put in a number to complete this sentence: "A horse has—feet." Write yes, no matter whether China is in Africa or not—; and then give a wrong answer to this question: "How many days are there in a week?"—. Write any letter except G just here—, and then write no if two times five are ten—. Now, if Tuesday comes after Monday, make two crosses here—; but if it does not, make a circle here—, or else a square here—. Be sure to make three crosses between these two boys' names: George—Henry. Notice these two numbers, 3, 5. If iron is heavier than water, write the larger number here—, but if iron is lighter than water, write the smaller number here—. Show by a cross when the nights are longer: In summer?—in winter?—. Give the correct answer to this question: "Does water run uphill?"—; and repeat your answer here—. Do nothing here (5+7=—), unless you skipped the preceding question; but write the first letter of your first name and the last letter of your last name at the ends of this line—.

At a party you can use the test to excellent advantage by making a contest of it. Have double- or triple-spaced typewritten copies and distribute them, folded, among the guests. Start the guests all at the same time, and to the first person who turns in a correct set of answers award a small prize.—*Youth's Companion*.

"CONSISTENCY, thou art a jewel!"



# The Youth's Instructor

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OF Henry the Fourth of France it is said that when the Duke of Alva asked him if he had observed the eclipses that had occurred that year, he replied: "I have had so much business on earth that I have had no leisure to look up to heaven." This is true in a spiritual sense of many who live in this important hour of the world's history; but the apostle Paul's admonition is: "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." A daily study of the Word of God is necessary for the attainment of this happy condition.

THE largest retail store in the world is a Western mail order house which sends out sixty to seventy carloads of goods a day. This store is said to waste nothing. The letters which come in by the wagonload are opened by a machine which clips a very narrow edge off each envelope. This excelsior-like stack of paper from the edges of the envelopes is not thrown away. It, with all other waste paper from the plant, including the mass of letters removed from the correspondence files at regular times, is made into wall paper for the company's paper department. This company does an annual business of nearly \$150,000,000. Its receipts for its largest day's business were more than a million dollars.

## Infant Welfare Unit

SEVEN men and five women comprise the Infant Welfare Unit of the American Red Cross which recently sailed for France to help save the children of that war-stricken country from annihilation. "Wherever the wave of war has rolled across that country, broken babies have been left to drag their maimed, shattered, diseased bodies through the stagnant backwash of the grim red tide. Many of them have died. More have almost unbelievably managed to keep the spark of uncertain life alive through three terrible years, until today the first infant welfare unit of the American Red Cross has reached its destination to save the children of France from annihilation.

"The unit is facing a tremendous human problem. Those who have visited what is left of the little French hamlets that lay in the path of the invader tell tragic tales of the battle-field children. With the gray lines from Germany, when only half-starved women and aged cripples were left to care for them, some were herded like cattle into ramshackle barracks. Others were hidden away in deep moldering cellars above which sag the shot-torn frames of houses. And when the barracks and the cellars were filled to overflowing with the little refugees, those who were left were taken

'to the caves,' the deep recesses which radiate from shell craters."

Dr. William P. Lucas, formerly of Harvard University, heads the unit. Dr. Lucas was associated with Mr. Herbert Hoover in Belgium, and was the originator of the "save a Belgian baby" movement in that country.

## Icebergs and Saints

I DON'T see," said Robert Kittredge to his mother, "how old Deacon Bradbury can be so serene when he has so much to put up with at home. I think he must have been born a saint!"

"If you had known Deacon Bradbury as long as I have, you would know that he was not born a saint," said the mother. "I knew Wilson Bradbury long before he was a deacon. I have known him more than forty years, and I can assure you that he was not born a saint. He was one of the most impulsive and quick-tempered young men I ever knew."

"Then how did he come to be so patient and quiet?" asked Robert.

"I think," said the mother, "that he would tell you that it is because long years ago he saw the folly of his quick temper, and began deliberately to curb it and to acquire the habit of restraint. That is a hard thing for young persons to understand; you look at the ripened saints about you and you think of only the finished product. You do not see that it has been the achievement of years of striving against desperate handicaps, and so you talk of 'born saints.' There is no such thing.

"Some persons are born with a better start than others, but every one has had his own peculiar battle to fight. If he had not, he would be no better than a plaster saint adorning a niche in the wall somewhere. Sainthood, Robert, is *built* up by years of work. Do you remember the iceberg we saw last year on our trip abroad? Do you remember that you asked me what made it go in one direction, while the wind and surface waves were going in the other? The reason was, as I told you, that two thirds of the iceberg was below the surface of the water, and there were currents far down beneath that were carrying the iceberg along with them, regardless of winds and surface currents.

"That is the way with people. Two thirds of us are hidden down out of sight of the world. That is the region of thoughts, ideals, emotions, secret habits, and imagination. When some man high in public esteem suddenly falls into disgrace, it means that the two thirds of him that was out of sight was running counter to what he was professing in public. And when some man like Deacon Bradbury lives a life of serenity in the midst of surface currents that are trying to carry him in the other direction, it means that the two thirds of him you do not see are reaching down into currents of patience and peace, currents that he has been establishing for years.

"I hope you will not be fooled or discouraged by thinking of born saints. Just keep the hidden two thirds of your life—your dreams and ideals and imagination—set in the right direction, and the current some day will set straight and carry you strong into some such haven of peace as Deacon Bradbury enjoys.—*Youth's Companion*.

To know God and to make him known is our business here.—*Bishop Thorburn*.