

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 46



WINFRED SPAULDING, OF REEVES, GEORGIA, WITH THE PRODUCTS OF HIS CANNING SKILL AND EFFORT
Winfred is the first member of the "Instructor" Canning Club to win a premium.

From Here and There

Denver, Colorado, it is reported, for the purpose of doing its "bit" in aiding the national food supply, has decided to turn its parks into sheep pastures, with shepherdesses in charge of the flocks.

In Sweden, according to the "Christian Herald," a tax is levied upon fat people, in order that they may not enjoy superior blessings without some compensation to the less fortunate of the community.

One ounce of sugar less a day would not be much of a sacrifice, but it would mean a great saving. One ounce less a day would save 1,185,000 tons a year, and that would keep sugar plentiful and cheap.

The Episcopal churches of the country are to raise a fund of \$500,000 to provide chaplains for the army. All denominations are asked to aid in supplying chaplains, as there is now a serious lack of ministerial service in the national army.

In September, French aviators destroyed 67 German airplanes and 2 observation balloons, forced 80 machines to land badly damaged, and made 1,099 bombing raids, in which more than 165 tons of explosives were dropped within enemy lines.

American housewives are charged with wasting \$700,000,000 worth of food each year, the great proportion being caused by careless handling and improper cooking. It is estimated that the careless paring of potatoes and fruits often wastes as much as twenty per cent of their food material.

President Wilson has assigned to Col. E. M. House and Justice Brandeis the work of preparing for America's part in the peace conference. It is said that Justice Brandeis is studying all the multiplied and involved problems of Eastern Europe, while Colonel House is preparing himself to meet any question which may arise regarding the west.

Excessive demands are now made upon the rubber industry. One of the humane uses of rubber is its hospital service. The government is now asking for something like thirty thousand doctors to go to France, and each of these must have an extensive rubber equipment, including tools that are largely made of rubber. We have already six base hospitals in France, and these have in the neighborhood of ten thousand beds. The patients in them need hot-water bags, ice bags, and rubber pillows and mattresses. The nurses use rubber gloves and the attendants have rubber-tired wheelbarrows for carrying the patients. All of these supplies will be enormously increased when our great army has gone to the field.

At Camp Devens, Ayer, Massachusetts, the 105th company of the 8th battalion, known as "Springfield's Own," has adopted a mascot. Members of the organization found a Dedham, Massachusetts, lad, John Grady, practicing bugle calls in the woods near the cantonment, and as he presented a rather forlorn appearance, notwithstanding his grave trumpeting, they questioned him. It developed that his only living relative, an uncle, was in the camp hospital with appendicitis, and the boy firmly announced his intention to "stand by." His appearance appealed to the soldiers and, with the consent of their officers, they officially adopted him. His name is on the company rolls. He will be sent to school, and in his leisure time will be allowed to practice on the bugle to his heart's content. — *Washington Post*.

What Shall Be the Character of Our Associates?

WHEN I was learning to do room work, I was taught never to make a bed with a soiled apron in evidence. Why? — Because by contact with it the bedding would become soiled. As two pieces of clean clothing cannot soil each other, so two persons of irreproachable character may associate without contamination. Two who are not of virtuous character will by companionship be more than likely to become worse in their life habits, while the converse is just as true of those first mentioned. By my choice of associates is determined not only my reputation, but my character as well.

There is a vast difference between choosing a person as an associate, and the same one as a missionary subject. The world and all heavenly agencies recognize the difference in the attitude sustained toward those with whom we associate.

Some young women and a few men have married with the object in view of reforming the chosen partner. While all credit is due their intentions, yet it must be conceded there is lack of wisdom in the procedure, and the more so since the word "failure" is written over so many of them.

Mrs. D. A. FITCH.

Are You Disappointed?

DID you hope to be in school this fall? And has the time for opening come and gone, turning your hope to disappointment? Never mind, the Correspondence School is still open to you, and Theodore Roosevelt has said, "I look upon instruction by mail as one of the most wonderful and phenomenal of the developments of this age."

Students are finding out that they can make up work and keep it up in this way when they are deprived of the privileges of our other schools. Our student work has more than trebled the past three years, and our students are doing well. Elder Daniells said, "I believe your school is conferring an unspeakable benefit upon our people." Write me before you sleep, and let me tell you more about this matter.

Sincerely, your friend and brother,

C. C. LEWIS,

Principal Fireside Correspondence School,
Takoma Park, D. C.

REACH your hand to me, my friend,
With its heartiest caress;
Sometime there will come an end
To its present faithfulness —
Sometime I may ask in vain
For the touch of it again,
When between us land or sea
Holds it ever back from me.

— James Whitcomb Riley.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

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No. 46

What Successful Men Say Gives Success — No. 6

A WRITER in one of the popular magazines gives his own experience as to what kept him from attaining the highest success, and then what made possible the realization of his hopes. He says:

"How I Conquered My Diffidence

"The thing that held me back for years and caused me to fill a lower position than I was really fitted for was my inability to approach men of business in a self-reliant manner. I was far too self-conscious. I often found myself in the position of the stage-struck amateur who knows his lines perfectly, but is unable to recall them until he is out of sight of the audience.

"I had never realized how seriously this condition was interfering with my success until I was brought face to face with the whole truth in the following manner:

"One of my friends advised me that the firm by whom he was employed was receiving applications from experienced men to fill a responsible executive position. As I was especially fitted to accept a position of this nature, he advised me to write a letter of application to the president of the firm. The salary was supposed to be more than twice what I was receiving, and the chances for advancement were good.

"I wrote a long letter setting forth my qualifications for this position, and a few days later received an answer from the president, in which he stated that he would be pleased to have me call at his office for an interview at my earliest convenience. Immediately upon receipt of the letter I went to his office. Our conversation lasted for one hour, in which time he told me the duties of the position, details about the firm's business and its future, and ended by saying:

"You can write a good business letter, and had almost convinced me that you were the man for the position. You are well educated and have enough experience in business. But you lack one of the most important things — confidence in yourself.

"I am going to give you some advice. Cultivate your personality so that you can meet men on an equal basis. Be firm, yet courteous. Make the most of your knowledge and experience. Fear no man, no matter what position he occupies; and if you are certain of your convictions, defend them. Think success, and you will be successful."

"I lost the position, but I found myself that day. 'Think success, and you will be successful,' appealed to me, and I decided to put it into practice. From that time I made every effort to develop my will-power. One of the methods by which I achieved good results was to write a success essay every day. These essays were usually short, only two or three hundred words, but they contained the best thoughts on success and efficiency that occurred to me during the day.

"I also read some of the best success literature, among which were the biographies of famous men. I not only read and wrote these success thoughts, but whenever I approached business men I put these ideas into practice, as far as possible.

"I tried to meet as many men as possible, something I had studiously avoided before. And all the time, every day, I tried to remember:

"Think success, and you will be successful.'"

"Today I do not fear to meet any man, no matter what position he occupies in the world. I am no longer conscious of the fact that I occupy an inferior position, nor do I lose control of my thinking processes. In these few short years I have made rapid strides toward my goal, and I am confident that in a few more years I shall arrive. This process of educating myself as to my possibilities has not been an easy task, but it has been worth while, and I have often expressed my appreciation to the man who first told me the truth about myself."

One Idea Made a Fortune

The world's highest office building stands as a monument to one man's success who forty-three years ago was a country youth working for nothing but experience in a general merchandise store. In nearly a thousand cities and towns there are monuments to his later success. This man is Frank W. Woolworth, who in his early years admitted the truthfulness of his employer's indictment that he was no salesman. Notwithstanding this admission, Mr. Woolworth last year sold to more than 700,000,000 persons — a daily average of more than 2,500,000 persons — \$87,000,000 worth of goods. Besides owning nearly a thousand stores in this country and in Canada, Mr. Woolworth has seventy-five in England, and not only hopes to inoculate all of Europe with his five-and-ten-cent idea, but has for his slogan, "A store in every civilized town throughout the world." He is the sole owner of New York's highest building, fifty-seven stories in height, and which was erected at a cost of \$14,000,000.

Mr. Woolworth bases his phenomenal business success upon the following facts: "I always look ahead from ten to fifty years, and plan accordingly." "I give the people such value that they will save money by trading with me, and treat my employees so well that they will give satisfactory service to customers."

Mr. Woolworth attributes the beginning of his real success to an attack of typhoid fever which removed him for eight weeks from his business. Up to that time he had thought that he must attend to everything himself; but he learned by this experience to place responsibility upon others, contenting himself with the general supervision of the conduct of the business. This enabled him to expand the business as he otherwise never could have done.

But Mr. Woolworth's gigantic business did not grow up in a night. After the five-cent idea came to him, his experience was as follows:

"He opened a five-and-ten-cent store in a side street in Utica, New York. The business indicated success at first. But when the novelty had worn off, the people of Utica lost interest in it." He said of that beginning: 'I sold a part of my stock for \$170, and shipped the rest, about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth, to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. I knew that the city was in the midst of a farming community. I knew of the so-called plain people who wore Quakers' garb or the black of the Shakers. I knew that they lived simply, made close bargains, and slowly grew rich. They knew the value of a nickel.

"The first day the quaint little store on North Queen Street was empty so far as customers were concerned. But by early lamplight one ventured in and made a purchase. He went out and boasted of his bargain. Others followed. The store was a success. Out of its profits grew a business building that became the pride and wonder of Lancaster."

"Mr. Woolworth's first attempts to establish a chain of stores were unsuccessful experiments. He opened a store in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He placed one tentatively in York, Pennsylvania. Indifference. He invaded Philadelphia. Poor business, and closing. He marched upon Newark, New Jersey, with his accoutrement of useful articles at low prices. Nothing doing. Elmira, New York, with some results.

"I was discouraged," said Mr. Woolworth of these earlier years. "But I kept on."

"The following principles are his deductions from forty-three years as a merchant organizer and builder of the world's tallest structure:

1. "Of course you will be discouraged. But keep on.

2. "If you believe in an idea, give it a chance. Some of my first stores failed because I hadn't studied the situation thoroughly. I placed my stores in the wrong part of the town. There's a right place. Find it.

3. "Everybody likes to make a good bargain. Let him. Small profits on an article will become big profits if you sell enough of the articles.

4. "I believe in doing business by and with cash. I had been in business several days before I knew how to make out a check. Large credit is temptation to careless buying.

5. "Supervise details, but don't allow them to absorb you. Don't waste the time of a high-priced organizer on a clerk's job.

6. "I prefer the boy from the farm to the college man. The college man won't begin at the bottom and learn the business.

7. "There are plenty of opportunities for young men today. Many fail because they are not willing to sacrifice. No one ever got far who was in bondage to the body. You can't build a business on thoughts of having a 'good time.'"

These rules may be summed up in the one statement given by Mr. Woolworth: "If you want to get somewhere, go in *one* direction. If you undertake something, do that one thing." "Learn how to think, how to analyze, how to concentrate."

Success Follows upon Proper Valuation of Time

There are said to be twenty men in New York City who have incomes of nearly \$50,000 a day, \$2,000 an hour, because they *improved their time*. Mr. Herbert Kaufman, a virile writer, says: "Make every minute count, and nothing can stop you from being a success." One business man has made the following suggestions:

"Schedule your time.

"Allow so many hours for business, allotting to certain tasks or duties certain periods of time.

"Allow an hour, more or less, for reading something worth while.

"Allow a certain time for social intercourse and for recreation."

Use Your Head

Mr. Kaufman says: "The hardest thing we know is a man's head. With it he can cut diamonds and ram tunnels."

"God gave each of us a head.

"But how many of us use the gift?

"A famous preacher once said to an audience of boys that he did not believe there was a lad in the crowd who could not accomplish anything he undertook if that boy set his heart on it, and used his head.

"He then went on to explain that success was certain to one who had made up his mind to get what he wanted, kept that one purpose constantly in view, and then worked, worked, worked.

"The parson was right, as far as he went, and yet we all know dozens of men who have made up their minds to get what they wanted, and, notwithstanding they kept their one purpose constantly in view and almost worked themselves to death, failed to get much of anywhere.

"It's the same old answer —

"They didn't use their heads.

"A successful manufacturer out West died some years ago, and left a thriving business to an only son.

"The son, realizing his responsibilities, took up the reins where his father had dropped them, and earnestly undertook to fill the old gentleman's shoes.

"But, like nine men out of ten, he tried to do too much himself.

"He felt he must dictate the letters, he must direct the salesmen, he must see to this and attend to that.

"By the end of thirty days he was swamped.

"In six months his health commenced to give way.

"At the end of the second year he failed.

"His business was gone, and his health wrecked.

"He had not used his head!

"A business man seldom meets with large success by his individual efforts.

"The really successful man plans, directs, and delegates the real work and details to others.

"American business men as a class do not stop to think, in the real sense of the word.

"They do not plan, do not analyze, and won't take the time to concentrate.

"Too many (when they do think) think in a small way — they become narrow; they get into ruts and stay there.

"They can't see beyond the day or the week before them.

"Then they complain because they don't make better progress. They just won't use their heads."

An Appeal to Our Young People

AS I look out of my window and behold the land of Sinim in its poverty and degradation, my feelings are stirred to their very depths. Before me lies only one of the thousands of walled cities of China. With my natural eye I view but few of her people, but gazing into the distance, past the line of the horizon, I see four hundred million souls who know not God; each one of more value than the earth with all its riches. Jesus would have given his life to save any one of them, from the despised, forsaken little girl who only escapes drowning because of the work she may do in the future, or the money she may bring when sold, to the loathsome, filthy, ragged beggar who totters out before you and holds out his earthen bowl for the alms which you might give. All are children of Christ. He paid for them on Calvary.

Truly this land is in need of the Christian influence of the world. Gambling is eating the moral heart out of her people, and vice is destroying both body and soul. This morning just outside the compound gate was a young man in the prime of life, drunken, de-

based, naked. In vain did he try to cover himself with a filthy rag. As I watched him for a moment he staggered toward me, passed by and on toward the river. I gazed upon him with an aching heart, for here was a man made in the image of God, sunken lower than the beasts. My sorrow increased as I realized that this was only one of the many examples of Satan's work in this sin-darkened land. Every day thousands of souls more precious than rubies are being laid in the dust, without hope. Eternally lost! Christ's sheep are dying by flocks in ignorance and despair, for want of shepherds to lead them away from the wolves of Satan.

All day as my mind has been on this misery and desolation, it has also been on the homeland. "Where are the reapers? Oh, who will come?" I have thought of the young people in our ranks who do not seem to sense the responsibility God has placed upon them. To you I make this appeal. Hundreds are pleasantly whiling away the golden moments in search of pleasure while their brother, their sister, is dying in poverty and want.

Suppose, young people, that you were gathered in a body just outside the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and a hundred men, women, and children were inside viewing its many wonders. Suddenly there is a grinding sound, the earth falls in at the mouth of the cave, and all avenue of exit is cut off. Would you keep still? Would not your mind and body be stirred to action? Would you go quietly on about your daily business? Would you begin to study the false so-called sciences? No! You would grasp the first shovel you could find and begin to dig. Others would run for more assistance. The news would spread like wildfire until thousands had come prepared for the rescue. What would the world think of you did you not exert yourself to the limit in the life-saving work? The English language does not contain words sufficiently strong with which to answer this question.

Young people, does distance make any difference? Does the fact that souls are not buried in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, but in the cave of ignorance and despair, lessen in the least your responsibility? What does God think of you as day after day goes by and you do not do your best to relieve the situation?

The Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society is doing an excellent work. It is one of God's instruments, and he is using it for the saving of many souls. But are we doing our best? Every member of this society has signed a card on which he has promised to do all in his power for Jesus. With many of us, how little is our *all*! Dear friends, there is a great work to be done. We have before us the greatest conflict in the world today. The present war with its ravages, its dead and dying, is but a small feature compared to the war in which you are called upon to engage. Why do you continue to heed not the call?

A short time ago our country sent out a call for men, and ten million of our young men, the flower of the land, responded. God is calling for you. He needs you in his service. Will you respond? If God could now put into service the needed number of recruits, in a few short years this war would be over, the victory would be won, and we would have peace, everlasting peace, where sorrow, sadness, and death will be no more.

In the war of today, it is mutually acknowledged that money, time, and troops have been lost because of lack of men prepared to go to the front. Thousands of valuable lives have been lost because others were not ready, and perhaps still others were not willing to do

their part. Young people, we are making the same mistake. Time is being lost. Souls are dying. We need more troops. Let us get right with God. We cannot expect to be called upon to enlist while we are in a crippled condition. We must put on the full armor of righteousness that we may be prepared to meet the foe. Enoch walked with God, and God took him; and if we expect God to take us to that same home we too must walk with him. O that we might lead a thoroughly consecrated life! Can we not put all thought of self, all thought of ease and pleasure, all frivolity out of our lives? It is now time that we should live each moment with the Bible in our hearts and a prayer on our lips.

At a critical time in the history of England this oft-repeated signal was given to her men: "England expects every man to do his duty." We are now in the most critical time of the world's history, and God expects every man to do his duty. Are you doing yours? If Christ were to come tomorrow, would you be glad to meet him face to face? Would there be stars in your crown because of the faithful effort you have put forth? Would Jesus say to you, "Well done, good and faithful servant"?

"Face to face with Christ my Saviour,
Face to face, what will it be?"

Some time ago in the Blue Mountains of Oregon a little child was lost. It suddenly disappeared one afternoon, and as darkness began to fall, its parents became frantic. All night a search was made by the people of the camp, but to no avail. In the morning a call was sent out to the surrounding towns for help. It was in the busy part of the fruit season, but no one held back. The towns almost emptied themselves as every able-bodied man fled to the mountains to help find the lost child. Night and day they combed the hills and the ravines until, footsore and weary and almost famished, they were obliged to give up the search. New and more thorough methods were employed. The bloodhounds from the penitentiary and from Spokane were brought to the scene. Every means available was exhausted in the fruitless search.

Young people, all this effort was put forward for the sake of one child's life, and it was none too much. What diligent effort should we put forward for the sake of the millions who are in still more of a lost condition? These, unless found, are eternally lost. Oh, that we might be stirred! "Stir us! Stir us! I care not how, my God, but stir us!"—that we may fully realize the work that is yet to be done. We take an entirely wrong view of the Christian life. We should never have to ask ourselves the question, What can I do for Jesus? If we could only know his wondrous love, if we could but be with him in Gethsemane, if we could see him in Pilate's courtroom, if we could see him fall beneath the weight of the cross, and at last hear him cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" our hearts would be touched. We would feel guilty and worthy of death if we did aught else but work for him.

We have in our ranks many faithful workers. It is true that we have missionaries in nearly every country on the globe. But do not let this truth cause you to be less vigilant or to lull you to sleep. The work is hardly begun. It would be just as reasonable to pour a bottle of ink into a lake and expect all the water to become black as to expect our people without further aid to warn the entire world of a soon-coming Christ in this generation. In the mission fields we must have educational institutions. We must have literature. We

must have men. Above all must we as a people have the Spirit of God in our lives. At Pentecost, after ten days spent in prayer, the Holy Spirit came to the apostles in such power that three thousand were won for Christ in a few moments. Our need is men of prayer.

As Bernard Palissy stood by his painted china and called for more fire his neighbors thought him mad. "More fire! More fire!" he continued to cry. The fire was furnished, and Palissy burned the colors into the china. God is calling for more fire! more fire! He is not mad. Only give him more men with fire, and he will burn his truth into the hearts of China.

Young people, the world is before you today. South America is waiting with forty million souls; Russia has one hundred and sixty million; India is waiting with three hundred million, and China has four hundred million. Australia, Africa, and Europe are holding out their hands pleading for you to come. Jesus says, "Go work today in my vineyard." Will you go?

LEE NAGEL.

Wai Chow, China.

Another Man's Servant

KATHERINE could hardly return her pastor's greeting. She went straight to the thing that filled her heart.

"I can't stay, Dr. Holland. I would give anything to, but I just can't. My conscience won't let me. I can't stay in an organization that bears Christ's name and yet has members like Mr. Carleton and Mrs. Jenniss. It isn't *honest*."

"Have you found any part of the social order that is perfect, Katherine? Business, marriage, society, education? Are you planning to cut yourself off from all of them?"

"Of course not, Dr. Holland. But they're different; they don't pretend to be chiefly concerned with carrying God's message to the world."

"That is true. But there are several points to be considered yet, child. In the first place, is there anything else in the world that does so much of God's work as the church, imperfect as we acknowledge it to be? Have you ever happened to be in an entirely churchless community?"

"No," Katherine acknowledged, "but my brother was once—on one of his engineering trips. He said it was awful!" Katherine added honestly.

"The church is, upon the whole, then, the best influence, the strongest power for good, that the world knows. If all the best people stayed out of it because it is far from perfect yet, what would be the result? Isn't it rather their duty to stay in and try with all their strength to make it more nearly what God wants it to be?"

Katherine was silent, thinking.

"And there is one more point," Dr. Holland went on gently. "Is Mrs. Jenniss, we will say, since you spoke of her, your servant?"

"Why, no, certainly not," Katherine replied, puzzled.

"Then we have a great man's decision on this question: '*Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth.*' Mrs. Jenniss is God's servant, not Katherine Redfield's. Can she not leave her to her Master's judgment? If God can work with her, cannot Katherine Redfield?"

"I think," Katherine said slowly, "I'll have to study it out a little longer."—*Youth's Companion*.

The Old Song Again

IT was the custom in the early days of the Turkish Empire to capture the boy children of Christian parents, carry them to Constantinople, and as soon as they were old enough, enrol them in the ranks of the Janizaries. Thus the awful ranks were made up of some of the finest blood in Europe, and were fierce, invincible fighters.

In an attack on the Italian coast, Emilio del Testa, five years old, was taken from a beautiful garden which sloped down to the sea, and carried to Turkey. He was a brilliant boy, and in a few years became one of the best soldiers of the Janizaries. Everything was done to make him forget the past; yet in dreams he saw his mother's face. A little snatch of a song she had sung lingered in his memory. Sometimes he found himself humming it in moments when he was alone.

When he was twenty years old, the Turks made another fierce attack upon the coast of Italy, and Emilio was among the forces. He had lost the sense of country and home. He did not know he was fighting his own.

In trying to land upon the coast, the Janizaries met with defeat. They took to their boats, while Emilio, wounded, was left upon the shore. The place where he lay was the desolated remains of an old garden. Emilio finally crawled into an old summerhouse, hoping to escape capture.

But some servants at last entered the summerhouse, and seeing him helpless, lifted and carried him to the remains of a castle upon the heights above.

In his pain and delirium, he lay long alone, with no one to dress his wound, no one to show him kindness. Then of a sudden, he heard a strain of music sung under his window. His brain waked up—surely this place looked familiar! But the song—its sweet strains weaved itself through his dazed mind; and soon he, too, began to hum the air. As his delirium increased, he sang louder, mingling the song with words of Italian that he had known in childhood.

The singer outside was his mother. When she heard the tune snatched, so to speak, from her own lips, when she heard the childish words she had taught her boy, she hurried to his bedside. It was not long before the son and mother knew each other again, and to Emilio the part of his life among his country's foes was only a troubled dream.

Often and often the mother and the son sang the old song together. "Sing it again, mother," he would say, as the twilight shadows fell around, "for it is my Song of Deliverance."—*The Youth's Counsellor*.

MR. McCLATCHY, publisher of the *Sacramento Bee*, suggests a plan whereby industrial strife between organized labor and capital may be averted during the war. The object is to prevent strikes or any trouble between employers and employees that would hinder the successful prosecution of the war. The plan calls for a national adjustment board of, say, ten members, five representing organized labor and five representing producing capital. This board is to be the court of final resort in all industrial disputes, and shall have the necessary authority to enforce compliance with its decisions. Its members are to be appointed by the President, but after full consultation with the two interests. They should be men having the confidence of their respective interests, but broad, intelligent, forceful, and fair.

Enduring the Test

T. E. BOWEN

WHEN Daniel and his three associate captives were torn from their childhood environments and taken to Babylon, little did they know of the high destiny to which God had called them. Little did they realize the wonderful work for the church, even until the close of time, that would come as the result of their fidelity to God when surrounded by idolaters in the heathen court of Nebuchadnezzar. Little did they know that they would take part in the affairs of the royal court of him who was king for the first time over all the nations of earth. Yet God foresaw all this when these four young men were carried away at the close of the terrible conquest of the Chaldean army that laid Jerusalem, the beloved city of God, in ashes and ruins.

The circumstances attending the captivity were counted a calamity to Israel. And so they were. God had borne long with Israel's perversity. Warning after warning had been given this people by the faithful messengers from God,—Isaiah, Jeremiah, and others,—but many hearts remained impenitent. At last the terrible stroke was allowed to fall, and the kingdom of Israel, whose prosperity and glory under the reign of David and Solomon had become of world-wide renown, came to an end. The diadem was removed, the crown suspended until he should come whose right it should be to wield the scepter—Jesus Christ the Lord.

The four Hebrew captives, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, on reaching Babylon were among those sought out by the order of King Nebuchadnezzar, in whom was "no blemish, but well favored, and skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace, and whom they might teach the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans." In modern terms we might speak of these young men as having a good all-round education, equal at least to the best of our college courses.

It was at this critical point of their matriculation into the highest university course among the Chaldeans that the supreme test came to these young men. Was this by chance?—No. It was at this point God sought to draw a sharp contrast between those who honored the laws of the King of heaven, and those who worshiped false gods.

"At the very outset of their career there came to them a decisive test of character [beyond their test of intellect]. It was provided that they should eat of the food and drink of the wine that came from the king's

table. In this the king thought to give them an expression of his favor and of his solicitude for their welfare. But a portion having been offered to idols, the food from the king's table was consecrated to idolatry; and one partaking of it would be regarded as offering homage to the gods of Babylon. In such homage, loyalty to Jehovah forbade Daniel and his companions to join. Even a mere pretense of eating the food or drinking the wine would be a denial of their faith. To do this would be to array themselves with heathenism, and to dishonor the principles of the law of God."—*"Prophets and Kings," p. 481.*

In this test, coming at a time when it seemed the most difficult to live up to their cherished principles as Hebrews, who professed to reverence the true God who created heaven and earth, Daniel and his fellows unswervingly took their stand. Even though they had passed their entrance examinations, and had been directly honored by the great monarch of earth in being presented each day with food such as he himself ate, they refused their daily portion from the king's table, knowing that in honor of the Chaldean gods a portion of all the king's food had first been offered in sacrifice to idols. They used tact and

good sense in making their request for other food; but though it should mean death to them, they purposed not to dishonor the God of their fathers by eating of food that had been dedicated to heathen gods, and thus identifying themselves with heathen worship. And the principle of this scripture, "Them that honor me I will honor," was wonderfully wrought out in the immediate and later experiences of these noble youth.

It was through the revelation to Daniel of the king's dream that all the wise men of Babylon were saved from immediate execution, and these Hebrew young

men were promoted above all their university colleagues to the highest posts of honor at the king's court. Later, through the still greater test of loyalty to God, when all people were commanded by royal decree to bow in worship before the golden image, the three Hebrew rulers stood unmoved, and were honored by Christ in that he himself went in with them into the burning fiery furnace. And they were delivered.

By this deliverance from the power of the flames the knowledge of the true God was spread to the ends of the earth.

As we think of the dear young men today being called away from home, from loved ones, into an alto-



THE KING RECOGNIZES THE FORM OF THE FOURTH



DANIEL UNHARMED IN THE LIONS' DEN

gether new environment, surrounded largely by influences similar to those encountered by the four Hebrew youth, the study of their loyalty to God when the question of the worship of the true God was at stake, should prove of great help in determining what to do.

It should be very carefully noticed that it was always over the question whether God should be worshiped and obeyed, or whether, in obedience to the decree of the king, false gods should be worshiped, that Daniel and his fellows took their firm stand. In matters where this principle of honoring God by worshiping him and obeying his law was not involved, no record is given us of a refusal on the part of these young men, or in their later years, to follow the laws or decrees of the kingdom into which they were ushered. In this we believe is contained valuable instruction for us in this critical time upon which we have entered. It was by adhering to the principle and command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," that caused the light of truth to shine far out into the heathen darkness of the world in Nebuchadnezzar's day. Through the providences of God which compelled Israel to leave their native land, thrusting them in among the peoples of the earth, the true God was made known unto the uttermost parts of the earth. In the days of Israel's prosperity, God had urged his people to carry this same light and truth to the heathen nations.

And who knows but that in the untoward experiences coming upon us at this time many shall be brought into contact with those who know the last warning message who might not otherwise hear it? Anyhow, our part is to manifest that loyalty to God and his truth that was seen in the lives of the four captives at Babylon, and Christ will see to it that that which follows shall result in helping to make known his truth to the honest in heart throughout the earth.

An Answer to Prayer

SOME years ago a missionary was traveling on foot in a thinly settled part of one of the Western States.

He was weary in spirit and body, and as he tramped along over the prairie road, he lifted up his heart in prayer to God, that he would in his divine providence bring about such a condition that would permit him to ride part of the journey that yet remained before him. On reaching the summit of a high hill he saw a buggy apparently standing still in the road, and headed the same way that he was going.

The preacher soon came up to it, and found a man sitting on the seat, as if waiting for some one. The man spoke to the missionary, saying, "I did not see you the first two times that you called on me to stop, which I did, and looked all around, but seeing no one, I again drove on; but when you called me the third time, I stopped again, and looking back saw

you on the top of the hill, and have waited for you." "Well," said the preacher, "I did call, but not on you, but on my heavenly Father, to send me an opportunity to ride, for I was weary. I did not speak above a whisper." The man said, "That is very strange, for I heard a voice, clear and distinct, calling for me to 'stop,' and I did so. Three times this voice spoke to me, saying each time 'Stop.' What do you think it meant?" "It means," replied the missionary, "that



"AS AFORETIME"

the Holy Spirit called on you to help answer my prayer." The preacher was invited into the buggy, and rode several miles with the man, in whom he found a friend and helper, in sowing the good seed of the kingdom, in these far Western wilds. How true it is that God still often moves in mysterious

ways his wonders to perform, and helps his wayworn children when they call to him for aid in time of need. — W. R. S., in *Evangelical Visitor*.

A Boy's Thanksgiving

THANKS, dear God, thou art the One
Who hath kept me through the year;
Thanks for the smiling sky and sun,
For the summer's glorious cheer;
Thanks be to thy precious name,
For life and health and all the good;
Thanks for the lovely flowers that came
Blooming where the snowdrift stood.

Thanks for all the luscious fruit,
Apples red and purple grapes;
Thanks for the vine and tree and root,
Melons of all sorts and shapes;
Thank you for the noisy rain,
Making music down the eaves,
Knocking at the windowpane,
Dancing with the happy leaves.

Thank you for the winter days —
Beautiful with ice and snow,
Merry rides in jingling sleighs,
Coasting, skating to and fro;
Thanks for joyous Christmastide,
And the pretty stories told
By the bright and warm fireside,
Safe from harm and wind and cold.

Thank you for the stars and moon,
For the great, wide ocean, too;
Thank you for the birds' sweet tune,
Laughing brooks and sparkling dew.
Oh, so many thanks we need
For your kindness, and I say,
Thank you very much indeed
For the gift — Thanksgiving Day.

— Selected.



DANIEL'S ACCUSERS

HALF a century or more ago Lord Tennyson wrote these lines:

"Then the air was filled with shouting,
And there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies,
Grappling in the central blue."

Now every day over the battle fields of Continental Europe, and almost every night over the city of London, such scenes are being enacted. Some of the heavier-than-air machines now in use are capable of carrying half a ton of explosives and three machine guns with the necessary ammunition besides men to drop the bombs and operate the guns.

Nature and Science

The View from My Window

THE view from my window's surpassingly grand,
As autumn comes on in our own Maryland.
Old Sol is an artist without any peer,
And he uses high colors in the fall of the year.
There're red and bright yellow and beautiful brown,
There're green and rich crimson in country and town;
There are shades and odd mixtures too many to tell,
They adorn all the woodside from hilltop to dell.
Do I hear some one say, "But autumn's so sad"?
Say, how can that be when our hearts are all glad?
The squirrels and blue jays rejoice in a feast,
And pumpkins are ripe all through the old East,
While out on the prairies the cornstalks all brown
Are bringing new wealth to country and town.
Our garners and cellars are full of good cheer —
Sure, autumn's the best of the whole blessed year.
The trees are not dying, they only would rest,
And next spring with new life all things shall be blest.
Yes, autumn's the gladdest of all our glad times,
So its praises I sing in this series of rhymes.

C. P. BOLLMAN.

Typhoid Fever

IT should be borne in mind that typhoid fever is a disease which is received through one route only — that is, through the mouth. Typhoid is a disease peculiar to man. It does not occur in the lower animals. It is caused by a minute vegetable organism known as the typhoid bacillus. This bacillus leaves the bodies of the infected persons in their excretions, and is taken into the bodies of well persons in polluted water and infected food. Sometimes persons who have had the disease continue to excrete the bacilli for a considerable period of time after recovery. Flies, by reason of their filthy habits, are great distributors of the germs of typhoid fever. They act usually by infecting foodstuffs. Typhoid fever is a preventable disease. Massachusetts has a splendid record of achievement in reducing her typhoid death rate.— *North Carolina Health Bulletin*.

X-Ray Therapeutics

TWENTY-TWO years have passed since Professor Roentgen's discovery of the marvelous radiations known to the world as X-rays. These have long since passed from the novelty stage into a beneficial service of mankind. Their study and application has become a separate branch of science, reaching out constantly into new fields of usefulness.

Every important hospital now has its X-ray department, and private physicians have expensive installations to assist them in their work of surgery and healing. Radiographers have reduced the photographing of the bones in the human body to an exact science, and by this means the surgeon can follow the process of the setting of the bones from week to week, or by means of the fluorescent screen can examine the condition of the heart or the lungs on the spot, and today many cases of lung trouble can be diagnosed by this means before other methods are possible.

And who shall estimate the value of the X-ray outfits in our military hospitals and portable outfits at the front, where hundreds of surgeons are busy extracting bullets and shrapnel from the wounded? It is one of the few bright spots in the terrible conflict now going on.

In all these cases, the rays are used as the revealer of hidden things, helping in the diagnosis and allowing the surgeon or physician to apply his knife or his remedies with greater accuracy.

During the earlier stages of X-ray investigation, and while yet more of a novelty, many demonstrators, including the writer of this article, constantly exposed their limbs and faces to the X-rays while explaining the working of the apparatus.

This constant exposure produced a destruction of the skin and tissues, which in many cases had serious effects and even caused death from X-ray dermatitis. Now the operators are well protected against the destructive influence of the rays, as the tube is fixed in an X-ray proof box, and all the appliances have protective arrangements, screening off the rays except where needed; but too much care can never be taken, as carelessness may mean much suffering and even death.

It was, however, this effect of the X-rays on the tissues, known as X-ray dermatitis, which led to what is now known as X-ray therapeutics, and has become a valuable means of skin treatment.

As is well known, an X-ray tube consists of a glass bulb in which a very high vacuum is produced, the remaining air being about one one-millionth of the original, and when a high tension electric discharge is passed from the one electrode to the other, it takes the form of what is called cathode rays, a stream of electrified particles which when hitting the target produces X-rays. These rays are more or less penetrating, according to the excellence of the vacuum in the tube.

For therapeutic work a high vacuum tube should be used. The vacuum should be made higher as the tissue to be treated lies deeper. There are always, however, a certain amount of softer rays present, which cause the dermatitis, but it is very easy to sift out these softer rays by interposing a sheet of aluminum from one to three millimeters thick.

Special methods have been tried to provide a quantitative measure for X-rays. The one most in use in this country is that known as the Sabouraud pastille, — a small piece of cardboard covered with platinocyanide of barium, having an original light-green color, which under the influence of the X-rays turns to a light brown. Such a pastille wrapped in black paper is by means of a convenient holder placed at a distance half that of the patient to be operated upon, usually six inches. Several trials are made to ascertain the length of time in minutes necessary to turn the pastille to the required color, and this is called a dose. With one milliamperage passing through the tube this may average seven to fifteen minutes.

When the operator is sure of his tube, he may begin giving treatments, but he has to work by faith, as it takes from three to four weeks before the result of the treatment becomes visible.

Notwithstanding this drawback, the treatment by means of X-rays in skilful hands has become successful; especially in cases of ringworm and lupus are favorable results quite certain.

There is, however, too much danger attached to the work for any novice to experiment with it, and even a doctor should not make use of it without days of practical work in a large hospital.

The patient is placed in as comfortable a position as possible, and the part exposed is protected with sheet lead except the very spot where the rays have to do their work. In some cases only half a dose is given at one time and the treatment repeated after two or three weeks; in others a whole dose is given at once, and sometimes a double dose, depending on the complaint.

It is unwise in an article of this kind to attempt definite information, as various doctors have their own methods which have been found preferable by experience, and as also the personal element has to be carefully considered. It would also be futile to name all the diseases for which X-ray treatment has proved successful, but it may be said that almost any skin disease or malignant growth can be benefited by this branch of therapeutics.

Eczeema in its various forms, acne vulgaris, and psoriasis are usually lightly treated with two or three doses. Lupus of various kinds, leprosy, and glanders respond to similar treatment, but with slightly softer rays and given in two half doses.

A third group is usually treated with one dose with a higher vacuum tube. To this group belongs ringworm, favus, keloid, warts, rodent ulcer, and Paget's disease.

Carcinoma (cancer) may be successfully treated, especially after an operation has been performed, and should be repeated at intervals of three to six months or so, but it can only be done by a specialist.

In the effect of the X-rays upon the tissues, small doses seem to stimulate the vitality, while larger doses cause a cellular degeneration of the epithelium of the surface and the glands, and still larger doses a destruction of the tissue *en masse*. This is probably caused by the swelling up of the blood vessels which are dilated with migration of leucocytes and red corpuscles; with long X-ray exposures the blood vessels become so blocked up that the pure blood cannot circulate any more, therefore the portion affected becomes dead. This also explains why X-ray dermatitis in its acute stage is so dangerous.

One more application of X-ray therapeutics may be mentioned, namely, that of uterine fibroidia. In this it has proved almost universally successful, and now practically takes the place of operations. Very high vacuum tubes are used to give the penetration required for these deep-lying parts.

In many cases neuralgia is cured in the same way.

Those interested in this subject should read Dr. E. R. Norton's book on Radiology.

JOHN SCHUIL.

Was It Injustice?

MARIAN'S color was high and her eyes were dark with excitement. Clearly something had happened.

"What's up, sis?" Roger asked, looking at her curiously.

"Up? Injustice, prejudice, favoritism, and everything else that's unfair and dishonest is up. I've been in that office three years, and Letitia Banks has been there less than two. I no more doubted I'd get Miss Roberts's place than I doubted I'd come home to dinner—and then if Letitia Banks didn't walk off with it without a word! Oh, I'd like never to put my foot in that office again. What's the use of doing good work when this is what you get for it—a little, pink-cheeked baby walking off with a promotion under your very nose! It's the *injustice* of it that makes me blaze!"

There was a moment of uncomfortable silence. Mother was all sympathy, Virginia was all indignation; only Roger looked at his sister gravely.

"But there must have been some reason—business men don't usually promote against their own interests."

"They promote the one that flatters them—that's

what they do!" Marian retorted bitterly. "That's what Letitia Banks has done from the first. To hear her gush over it you'd think there wasn't a firm in the universe like Pembroke & Easton! Well, if they're her ideal, she's welcome to them. I'm going to look for another place, that's all."

There was no use in saying anything when Marian felt like that. The family went in to dinner, but in spite of Roger's efforts it was not a cheerful meal. Even mother—though she would not have confessed it even to herself—drew a breath of relief when Marian started for her boys' club. That at least roused Marian's enthusiasm.

A square below the club a small figure was lying in wait for her; under the street light he lifted a glowing, freckled face.

"Hello, Miss Marian! Say, did you know I'm in business?"

Marian's tense face relaxed. She never could resist her boys.

"Why, no, Billy," she replied. "What are you doing?"

"Office boy—Parker & Cone's. Say, we're some firm all right! Did you know we got a five-thousand-dollar contract yesterday? And sent out seven new bids, and I bet we'll pull down some of 'em, too! Mr. Parker, he's a hustler, and Mr. Cone—say, Miss Marian, you'd jest orter hear him! I bet there ain't anything about buildings he don't know. I learned the different sizes of fireproofing tile today. Ted Bailey taught me. He was office boy but got promoted. He says I'll get my chance all right because I'm interested. He says they care more for that than most anything. You bet your life I'm interested! Say, what's the matter, Miss Marian?"

Marian had stopped short and was looking down at him as if she were seeing something for the first time in her life. Perhaps she was.—*Selected.*

Fifteen Rules for Right Living for Country People

1. VENTILATE every room you occupy.
2. Wear light, loose clothes.
3. Spend time in the open air in winter as well as in summer.
4. Have much fresh air where you sleep, or sleep out if you can.
5. Breathe deeply.
6. Avoid eating too much.
7. Do not eat heavily of meat and eggs.
8. Eat various kinds of food.
9. Eat slowly.
10. Have your bowels move at least once each day.
11. Stand, sit, and walk erect.
12. Avoid poisonous drugs.
13. Keep clean, and avoid contagious diseases.
14. Work hard, but play, sleep, and rest, too.
15. Be cheerful, and learn not to worry.—*North Carolina Health Bulletin.*

"PHYSICAL shock, religious conviction, an energized will-power—these are three keys able to touch the springs of that hidden strength which we call *second wind*."

"TRUTH is the voice of God, and success is its natural echo. Fallacy is Satan's speech, and failure is its legitimate harvest."



The First Thanksgiving

Up they came by river and bay —
The guests of that November day;
Ninety guests when all were told,
Sturdy and stalwart, cunning and bold.

Up they came with confident tread,
A kingly leader at their head,
A mighty chief of a mighty race,
A ruler of men by nature's grace.

Up they came by river and bay
To meet on that November day
Their welcoming hosts — a little band
Of new-come pilgrims to the land.

Bradford and Brewster, the brave and good,
Winslow and Standish, there they stood.
Smiles of greeting upon each face,
Hands outstretched with a cordial grace.

Hand and smile the seal and token
Of the cordial words so cordially spoken,
When Standish of Standish led the way
To the feast of that November day.

Side by side they stood together,
Side by side in the autumn weather;
They feasted there with heartfelt zest,
The pale-faced host and the dusky guest.

And over the board what prayers were said,
What thanks were given for more than bread,

What friendship and peace began to flower
'Tween host and guest in that wonderful hour!

And O, the plenty where once was dearth,
That bountiful yield of heaven and earth,
That boon and blessing of friend for foe,
In that wonderful hour of long ago.

Nearly three hundred years since then,
Since Massasoit and his ninety men
Over the headlands took their way
On the morn of that November day.

Nearly three hundred years ago,
And still when November winds do blow
We keep the Pilgrim tryst begun
In sixteen hundred and twenty-one.

Not ours, indeed, the ardent zeal,
The high-wrought joy that they did feel,
Who saw the sunlight through their tears
Of glad relief from anxious fears.

But ours the flowering and the fruit
That sprang from out that Pilgrim root,
The deathless root that firm and fast
Still binds us to the Pilgrim's past,

And brings us back year after year
To keep the day that they made dear,
Made dear and sacred with their plan
Of peace on earth, good will to man.

— *The Congregationalist.*

The Secret of True Happiness

THE president of the American Storage Company leaned back in his chair and frowned as he ran his fingers through his heavy iron-gray hair. He was a big man, and his very appearance showed strength and ability.

The room was silent but for the click of the typewriter. Without changing his position he said, "You may go, Miss Brandon."

She quietly closed the typewriter, and taking her wraps turned to go. "Hope you have a pleasant day tomorrow, Mr. Burton, it's Thanksgiving Day."

"Thanksgiving? Humph!" But Miss Brandon was already gone.

The big man remained silent at his desk; the frown deepened and his steel-colored eyes grew sad. The room began to grow dark, but he made no effort to turn on the light. He stepped to the window and looked out over the lighted city, where happiness and sorrow mingled. "Yes," he murmured to himself, "tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day."

The entire city seemed to be preparing for the great day on the morrow. Families would be united. Friends would meet and talk over bygone days. Joy would be increased. The city was alive with joy and happiness; the darkness shut out the sorrow. The lights and gayety seemed to mock him in his loneliness. "Yes, Thanksgiving! I wish there wasn't such a day." He drew from his pocket a handful of money, and

smiled bitterly to himself as he looked at it. "That won't buy me happiness," and he put it back.

He left his office, and as he gained the street, waved aside the driver who was waiting for him in his big car. "No, James, guess I'll walk home tonight. I need the exercise."

He walked up the street and was accosted from time to time by newsboys, "Say, Mister, want a paper?" He turned them all aside and went on. When he passed the brilliantly lighted show window of a downtown department store, the arrangement of the various articles and combination of colors caught his eye, and he stopped a moment. A book entitled, "Be Happy in Making Others Happy," was in the window.

"Queer title for a book," he said, and went on home. He ate dinner in the stately dining-room, and the sentence, "Be Happy in Making Others Happy," kept ringing in his ears. He left for his club, but could not get away from the title on the book, "Be Happy in Making Others Happy."

At an early hour he left his club, and as he was stepping into his car, he noticed two newsboys on the corner, engaged in a heated discussion. He started toward them, but before he reached them, the larger boy grabbed something from the other and ran up the street.

"What's the matter, my boy?" But the boy could not answer. He was a little fellow, not more than

ten or twelve years old. His clothes were ragged and torn and the shoes he had on were several sizes too large for him. Choking back his sobs, he looked at Mr. Burton, with his big blue eyes filling with tears which he wiped away with the sleeve of his ragged coat, and said, "Mister, I've tried awfully hard all week to get money ahead so I could buy stuff and take home to mamma, so she can make baby sister and me a big dinner tomorrow. You know it's Thanksgiving Day. I sold all of Joe's papers for him, and he said he'd give me half the money, but now he took it all and ran away."

"Don't cry, my boy." "Be Happy in Making Others Happy" came to Mr. Burton's mind. "We'll see that your mamma and baby sister get a big dinner tomorrow. Come with me."

Together they went from place to place. He bought so much that the boy's eyes shone with eagerness and delight. He piled all the bundles in the car, and helping the boy in beside him started off for the district in which the boy lived. He helped carry the bundles into the humble house, had a pleasant visit with the boy's mother, and as he left, told the boy to come and see him the day after Thanksgiving, and he would help him get a better job than selling papers.

When he reached home that night, he was happier than he had thought it possible for him to be. He at once called up his stenographer. "I forgot to tell you that I meant to pay your way home and back here again for the extra work you did for me this month. Will you go?" The answer must have been "yes," for he smiled and said, "That's good. Go home and make the old folks happy. Surprise them. Stay a couple of days. I'll not need you until Monday."

The hard look had left his face. He seemed a younger man.

"Tomorrow will be the best Thanksgiving Day that I have had in years." Again he pulled a handful of money out of his pocket and smiled as he looked at it. "I'm thankful I have the money."

As he fell asleep that night his last words were: "I must get that book. Since its title, 'Be Happy in Making Others Happy,' has done so much for me, I must see what's inside. That sentence from henceforth shall be my motto."

When Miss Brandon returned the next Monday, she saw in a gilt frame over the president's desk, the motto, "Be Happy in Making Others Happy."—*Anna Nielson, in Educational Messenger.*

How to Be a Man

NOT long ago a youth of seventeen years called on a merchant doing a large business in New York. The merchant being busily employed at the time, the youth had to wait a little before getting an opportunity for the interview. Occasionally the merchant cast a glance at him as he stood respectfully at a short distance. He was poorly clad and showed the evidences of hard work; but his face indicated honesty and common sense, with a firm and energetic manliness, under a somewhat rude exterior. A practical business man requires but brief examination of a boy to declare as to his weight and worth of character.

When at liberty, the merchant said:

"Well, my young friend, what can I do for you?"

"I called, sir," he replied, "to ask you for a situation as an engineer. I was told you were having a new engine built, and I want you to give me the place. I'd like to run it for you."

"Are you an engineer?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sir; but I can be," he answered, setting his lips firmly together, standing squarely before the gentleman, and looking him full in the face. "I don't understand the business well; I know something of it though. But I can be an engineer, and I wish you would give me a chance."

His modest, but determined manner pleased the merchant. He was having a new engine built for a certain department of his business, and could have as many experienced operators as he desired. It was no object for him to take up an inexperienced boy and attempt to train him,—no object except to help the boy. Such deeds he was noted for; a fact which had no doubt encouraged the boy to make this application.

"What are you doing now?" he inquired.

"Working in a machine shop in Brooklyn. I have been fireman, and I often worked the engine. I think I could get along with one pretty well now, if anybody would have a little patience with me."

"What wages do you get?"

"Five dollars a week, sir."

"What do you do with your money?"

"Give it to mother, sir."

"Give it to your mother! humph! humph! What does your mother do with it?"

"Well, you see there are three of us, mother, sister, and me; and mother takes in sewing. But it goes pretty hard you know. They don't give much for sewing; and it's hard work, too. And then with the other work she has to do, you know she cannot get along very fast at that rate. So I do all I can. If I could get an engineer's place I could get more wages, and it would make it easier for mother."

"How do you spend your evenings?" asked the gentleman.

"I attend the free school at Cooper Institute, studying mechanics," he replied. "I spend all the time I can get studying. I know I can be an engineer."

"Do you ever drink liquor?"

He looked up with an expression of astonishment on his countenance that such a question should be asked, but answered firmly: "No, sir."

"Do you chew, or smoke, or go to the theater?"

"Never—can't afford it. Mother needs the money. And if she didn't, I could make better use of it. I'd like to have some books if I could only spare the money to get them."

"Do you go to church or Sunday school?"

He held down his head, pretending to brush the dust of the floor with his boot, and replied: "No, sir."

"Why not?" asked the merchant a little sharply.

"I haven't any clothes fit to wear," he replied. "It takes all the money I can get for us to live; and I can't have any clothes." He looked down at his coarse and well-worn suit. "It wasn't so when father was living. I was brought up to go to church and to Sunday school. If I can get to be an engineer, I shall go again. I know I can run an engine."

Telling him to call at a certain time, when the merchant expected his engine would be in use, and he would talk further with him, he dismissed the young man. "But, he must have that engine," said the merchant to a friend to whom he related the circumstance. "He will make a man, that boy will. A boy who is determined to do something; who gives his mother all his money to lighten her burdens; who does not use tobacco, and does not go to the theaters; who spends his evenings in study after working all day, such a boy will make a man, and deserves to be helped. I

have not told him so, but I shall take him and put him under one of my engineers until he is fully capable of taking charge, then let him have the engine. He will get twenty dollars a week then instead of five, and be able to lighten a mother's burdens, have clothes to wear to church, and buy books to aid in his business."

A noble boy, though hidden among hard conditions and under unattractive garb, will work out and show his manhood. He may not always find friends to appreciate him; but determined, virtuous, and willing to endure, he will in time conquer.—*The Herald of Light*.

Chipmunks as Pets

SEVERAL years ago I caught two chipmunks in a box trap. In removing them from the trap, I was careful not to let them bite me, and after placing them in a cage I put my hand on them and found that I could pick them up without being bitten. Since then I have caught fifteen or sixteen, some in the trap and some by chasing into a hole with a dog, and taking them from the hole with my hands. Of all these only two bit me. If I gave them a nut, they would sit in my hand and eat it.

One of the two chipmunks first mentioned we named Major, the other Colonel. Major took exercise by running and jumping in the cage, while Colonel would sit still all day in a corner; but as soon as I made a wheel for them, Colonel took possession and would not allow Major to run it. If Major did manage to get in, Colonel would catch hold of him and pull and scold until he ran out. If Colonel wanted to take a nap in the daytime, he would curl up in the opening between the cage and the wheel so that Major could not go in.

In the morning, as it began to get light, Colonel would start to run the wheel and keep it going almost all the time until afternoon, when he would only run it occasionally. In the summer he would get up and take a few turns at night.

We had our pets only a short time before they would run all over us and the dog, jumping from one to the other. They did not like to stay out for any great length of time; they soon would try to return to the cage. If anything frightened them, they went into the cage, as they felt safer there.

A box, with a hole in one side and partly filled with strips of white rags, served for their bed. When winter came I put in more rags, some of which were black. By morning they had pulled out all the black rags!

Every fall the chipmunks would save part of their food to store in their bed. As we took the box out of doors in the day and brought it back at night, they would bury the food in the gravel on the bottom of the cage until night. They ate shelled nuts, sunflower seeds, apples, peaches, and apple seeds. In the spring they liked to eat the maple blossoms and the new leaf buds as they began to burst.

One morning Major tried to go into the wheel while Colonel was running it, and received a blow on his nose that killed him.

We had an old cat, Ted, that liked to have Colonel run over him. If Ted was lying on the couch when we had Colonel out, he would beg us to put Colonel on him, and would then roll over on his side and lift his foot like an old mother cat with kittens, and Colonel would run over him and pull fur for his nest. Ted did not exactly like to lose his fur, as the depilation

was often painful, but he would only mew and turn over.

We had Colonel for five years, when he met with an accident.—*H. F. Van Hise, in Guide to Nature*.

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 Hills of Strength

(Texts for November 18 to 24)

WE were spending a few hours at one of our sanitariums; and while my friends strolled about the ground, I sat on the front veranda gazing at the beautiful mountains around us. Presently two young women—evidently patients—came out, and taking seats near me began to talk earnestly.

Unconsciously I let a few words drift in upon my meditations. The strong, courageous voice of the speaker attracted my attention. It showed clearly that this young woman had become strangely familiar with the thought of dying, and was facing the enemy of us all regretfully but fearlessly. "My trouble," said she, "is very serious; the doctor does not give me much hope, and I really do not care to live if I cannot get well."

This was practically all I heard. My ears were too full for more, and my eyes too dim to see the beautiful mountains nestling so close to the veranda where we sat; so lifting my heart in silent gratitude, I closed my eyes and gazed at the hills "whence cometh our strength" to meet all the vicissitudes of life.

"To the hills I lift mine eyes;
Whence shall help for me arise?
From the Lord shall come my aid,
Who the earth and heaven has made.
He will guide through dangers all,
Will not suffer thee to fall;
He who his people saves and keeps,
Slumbers not and never sleeps.

"Thy protector is the Lord,
Shade for thee he will afford;
Neither sun nor moon shall smite;
God shall guard by day and night.
He will ever keep thy soul—
What would harm if he control?
In the home and by the way,
He will keep thee day by day."

Our never-sleeping Guardian is stronger than any earthly foe. His eyes are ever upon us for our good. He never sleeps. He is always nearer than disease, danger, or trouble of any kind can come. We can trust him at all times. Yes, we really, truly can. But we must know this for ourselves. We must prove him to be all that the psalmist declares that he is. This we must do in order to be prepared to meet life's crises courageously and successfully.

There is nothing that a young person needs more than to look continuously "to the hills whence cometh" our strength. Some look to their money for deliverance from trouble; some trust in their education to bring them success; some look to friends to administer to their needs; some expect their positions, their influence, or other sources of help to carry them through the world on flowery beds of ease. But alas! They will not always stand the test. There is only one source of Help that never fails.

Young friend, are you acquainted with your never-sleeping Guardian? Do not let the day pass without getting in touch with him. Does your heart ache?

Tell *him* about it. Is your courage ebbing away? Tell *him* it is. Is the road before you hidden so that you know not where to step? Tell him. Tell him everything, and then when night comes see if you cannot find at least one point where he helped you. Of course you cannot know all the dangers from which he shields you. You do not even dream how often he turns your feet into the path of deliverance, of joy, of happiness. He is ever doing "impossible" things to protect you, to make you happy, to give you success.

Then shall we not earnestly try to let him guide and guard us day by day? There are many things which our Almighty Guardian cannot do for us unless we surrender ourselves fully and unreservedly to him. This surrender sweeps away impossibilities; it enables one to know him and understand his guidance, and makes life a continuous demonstration of his power to live and serve in human flesh today. Then shall we not say to our hearts this morning: "My most important business is to get acquainted with my Guardian; and I am resolved to know him better today than I did yesterday, that when he comes, *I shall be like him*, for *I shall see him as he is*."

MEDITATION.—It does not seem possible that God can care for *each* one of us; but I am grateful indeed that with him impossibilities vanish. All that comes to me today must pass under his strict censorship. Since he loves me with an everlasting love, I know he will let nothing come that will not be good for me to meet; so I go forward trusting him to teach me how to receive all that comes to his glory.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—O Father, teach me how to keep my eyes on the hills whence cometh my strength, until thy skilful hand shall have cleansed my heart from all sin, and until my feet have passed the last bypath that leads to sin, until I have gone where my hand can no more reach out to save another. Until then, Father, keep me looking unto thee.

M. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending November 24

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 18.	Romans 8 to 10: Divine grace; righteousness by faith.
November 19.	Romans 11 to 13: Counsel to believers.
November 20.	Romans 14 to 16: Forbearance; kindness; benediction; postscript.
November 21.	1 Corinthians 1 to 4: Faithfulness of God; Christ the only foundation.
November 22.	1 Corinthians 5 to 7: "Ye are bought with a price."
November 23.	1 Corinthians 8 to 10: Paul's objective in service.
November 24.	1 Corinthians 11 to 13: The Lord's Supper; "love never faileth."

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for November 15.

Junior Assignment

November 18.	Acts 10: Cornelius and his household baptized.
November 19.	Acts 11: Peter at Jerusalem.
November 20.	Acts 12: Peter delivered from prison.

November 21.	Acts 13: The gospel to the Gentiles.
November 22.	Acts 14: Paul stoned and cast out as dead.
November 23.	Acts 16: Singing in prison.
November 24.	Acts 17: Paul at Athens.

A Servant of Jesus

This week, do you not think it would be interesting to say nothing about the name of our hero, but just to tell some special facts about him, and leave it to you to guess who he is?

In the first place, he had two names, one Jewish and one Roman. The Roman name meant "the little one." His parents must have been fine people, for they trained their little son very carefully in the law of God.

It was in a beautiful city of Asia Minor, twelve miles from the Mediterranean Sea, that our hero first saw the light of day. Can you name the city?

When he became a young man, he learned the tent-maker's trade, after having completed his education under the training of one of the most famous rabbis in the land. And how well he could make tents! Whatever he undertook, I imagine he would say to himself, "I must do my very best;" then he would put his whole heart into the work, and of course, the result was that he made a real success of it.

This servant of Jesus had a favorite expression that I hardly dare mention, lest you at once guess his name. It was, "This one thing I do." You may think this a strange motto for a man who was an author, a philosopher, an orator, tentmaker, a scholar, a sage, and a statesman. "If he could do all those things, why did he say, 'This one thing I do'?" you are asking. It was because the chief business of his life was to win people to Jesus Christ, and he made everything else that he did, bend toward that one aim.

During his lifetime this great man wrote at least thirteen letters, which are the most wonderful ever written, for they have been the means of bringing many thousands to the feet of Jesus. Every year eight million copies of these letters are sold. Think of it!

And what a host of remarkable experiences came to our hero. He was a prisoner for five years; at one time he was shipwrecked; on another occasion he was let down over a city wall in a basket, to escape his enemies; he was stoned, he was beaten, yet through it all he worked for God.

He was a man of contradictions, as he was ardently loved by some, and furiously hated by others. He was tender and loving, yet stern; humble as a little child, yet self-confident; weak in body, yet tremendously strong in faith. His very weakness made him depend all the more wholly on Jesus.

At about fifty-five years of age, when weary and worn with a life of service for others, he was beheaded by a cruel emperor, because of his faithful preaching of the Lord Jesus.

You boys and girls who are taking the Bible Year will surely know his name. What was it?

ELLA IDEN.

From Across the Sea

SOME of our Missionary Volunteer Societies in lands over the ocean are doing so well in carrying forward the work and plans for our young people, that if we are not careful they will put to shame many of our societies in the homeland. Listen to the encouraging news which comes to us from the Philippine Islands, in a recent letter from Brother Sevrans:

"We have about forty members in our society. Our meeting is held every Sabbath afternoon in the

academy. Our exercises are in English, and it is a joy to present the program, for every one wishes to have a part. They even come and ask for some part. Usually we take a program from the *Gazette*. We have found very good programs in it. Our members are taking hold of the Morning Watch, too. In dormitory worship we take up the verse for the day. The boys do very well in memorizing the English, which is by no means easy for them. Sabbath I spend fifteen minutes on denominational history. Today we studied the 'second disappointment.' About twenty wish to try for the Standard of Attainment examination next February.

"We have a number of bands. Our ministerial band has about twenty-five members. Brother Panis, our leading evangelist, is leader of this band. He is giving the boys valuable aid. The drill in speaking is done in Tagalog. The majority of our boys are of that tongue. Corrections and suggestions are in English, so that the few boys we have from other provinces, receive some instruction too. Several of our boys will enter field work when this year is over.

"The Christian help band furnishes flowers on Sabbath for the services, meets and looks after visitors, and visits the General Hospital every week, visiting and giving literature. We tried to get permission to visit the great prison, Bilibid, here, but for good reasons we are restricted. We can send literature for distribution, and speak Sunday mornings by arrangement. So we are planning to have one of our evangelists go there soon and speak. Surely these are among our duties,—to visit the sick and those in prison. Then, too, we have a correspondence band, which carries on work pertaining to such a band.

"We have two assistant leaders, who take turns in leading and planning the program, with some help, of course, from the leader. Our aim is to make leaders, if possible, so they may help in the needy churches, for truly the laborers are few."

M. V. D.

A Worthy Example

THE officers of the Southern Oregon Conference found that only forty-three per cent of the families in the conference took the *Review*,—the good old *Review*,—really an essential for every Seventh-day Adventist. A campaign was instituted to put the *Review* in every family. To whom should the church turn when it has big things to do, but to our Missionary Volunteers? They have the energy and enthusiasm which it takes to make a campaign a success. One of the Missionary Volunteers in each church was asked to act as recruiting officer for the campaign, and a house-to-house canvass was taken up. The subscription list began at once to increase. We have not yet learned the final results, but we are sure that our regiment of Volunteers in southern Oregon will not stop until the work is thoroughly done.

Here is an extract from one of the letters written by the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary to a "Volunteer *Review* campaigner:"

"It is of the utmost importance that our people have the *Review* at this time. I know of no better missionary work than you are doing, giving our people an opportunity to subscribe for the *Review*. Every family who belongs to your church should be approached in regard to this matter now. We are depending on you to do it."

Dear Missionary Volunteers, even though your conference may not have organized a campaign, will you

not look into this matter of how many families in your church get the *Review*? And will you not organize a little campaign all your own and send in a good list of subscribers?

As the Southern Oregon Conference secretary said: "Even the *Review* itself can scarcely keep stride with the rapid movements of today, and where will we be in the onward march if we do not have the privilege of reading the *Review*?"

Whether our young people realize it or not, the days in which we now live are tragic in the extreme. All the currents of human life are moving swiftly. Aside from the raging torrents of political commotion and social unrest, new currents of religious activity and interest have set in. The advent message is moving on. Surely our people cannot do without the *Review*. Our young men and women cannot develop into good Seventh-day Adventists without it.

Let conference Missionary Volunteer secretaries, Missionary Volunteer Societies, and isolated Missionary Volunteers everywhere take hold of this work in earnest.

M. E. KERN.

The Sabbath School

VIII—The Tenth Is the Lord's

(November 24)

MEMORY VERSE: "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase." Prov. 3:9.

Questions

1. What part of one's income has the Lord especially claimed as his? Lev. 27:30.
2. For whose support was the tithe given in the days of Israel? Num. 18:31.
3. Upon what basis does our obligation to pay tithe rest? Ps. 24:1.
4. What statement further emphasizes the extent of the ownership of the Lord? Haggai 2:8.
5. What else is mentioned as belonging to the Lord? Ps. 50:10-12.
6. By what means is man enabled to get wealth? Deut. 8:18.
7. What parable is given to illustrate our relation to the things we call "mine"? Matt. 25:14, 15. Note 1.
8. What is said concerning those who will be rich? 1 Tim. 6:9. Note 2.
9. What is the love of money said to be? Verse 10. Note 3.
10. How early in the history of the world do we read of tithe paying? Heb. 7:1, 2; Gen. 14:17-20.
11. What vow did Jacob make at Bethel? Gen. 28:20-22.
12. How did Jesus express his approval of tithe paying in even very small items? Matt. 23:23.
13. Of what is one guilty who withholds the tithe and free-will offerings? Mal. 3:8.
14. Concerning what does the Lord ask us to prove him? Verses 10, 11.

Notes

1. Through the Spirit of prophecy is revealed an important occasion when Satan gave counsel to his angels. Said he: "Go, make the possessors of lands and money drunk with the cares of this life. Present the world before them in its most attractive light, that they may lay up their treasure here, and fix their affections on earthly things. We must do our utmost to prevent those who labor in God's cause from obtaining means to use against us. . . . Make them care more for money than for the building up of Christ's kingdom, and the spread of the truths we hate, and we need not fear their influence; for we know that every selfish, covetous person will fall under our power, and will be separated finally from God's people."—Mrs. E. G. White, in 1911 *Week of Prayer Readings*.

2. Those who are determined to be rich will use dishonest means to obtain wealth. They wrong others to enrich themselves. They rob God of that which is his alone. They covet that which is not their own. They love money more than they love God.

3. One may love money even when one possesses little of it. It is not money itself, but the love of it that is the "root of all evil." Money may be a great blessing when used for others and for God.

The Youth's Instructor

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"MAY every soul that touches mine—
Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mists,
To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage."

Princeton Students' Meeting

SOME of the residents of the famous old university town of Princeton, New Jersey, were surprised on a July evening to notice a company of young men and women, with a few older men, making preparations for a meeting at the main crossroads of the town. One young man was sketching something with white chalk on the asphalt street. Those who remained to watch saw three crosses taking shape, the one in the center larger than the others; over the crosses was printed, "Saved by Grace;" between them, "John 3:16;" and at the bottom, "Jesus Saves." When the design was completed, a cornet spoke out loud and clear and the company began singing gospel hymns. There followed very brief but very direct and pointed messages on salvation through Christ, and on the meaning of John 3:16, which was contained in the little Gospel that was offered as a gift to any one who would promise to read it.

At that street meeting was a group of six or eight young men who belonged to a National Guard company that was in training near by. None of these young men responded to the public invitation to accept Christ. Besides the four short public talks at this street meeting there were dozens of personal talks going on, and more than one aftermeeting was held. In one of these little side groups the National Guard boys were listening intently to a manly young fellow of their own age who was telling how he had found Christ and how God had lifted him out of a life of sin. As one outcome of this after-meeting a group of the Princeton Conference boys—for it was they who were holding this gospel service—were invited to have a meeting in the armory on the next Sunday morning.

At the time set on Sunday morning half a dozen young men from the conference were on hand, with a supply of hymn books and Gospels, and a cornet. Only a dozen or so of the National Guard boys were present, many of them having gone home over Sunday. Three of them were plainly under the influence of drink, some were smoking cigarettes, and altogether it was quite an informal meeting. One of the company was a lad of about sixteen or seventeen, with a clean, handsome face, offering quite a contrast to most of the

others, who were deeper in the experience of evil. This lad had joined the National Guard only eight weeks before, and up to that time he had not known the taste of liquor. Probably a mother's heart anxiously followed that boy into his new experience. He soon learned to drink. He was present at one of the street meetings held by Princeton Conference delegates, and in boy fashion he made fun of the performance. During the meeting in the armory, after one of the talks, he left the room with another lad, who tried to persuade him to stay away. But he returned after they had gotten what they went for, a drink of liquor.

When the invitation to accept Christ was given, this handsome young lad was the first on his feet. Then others rose, but evidently some did not know the full meaning of the step. It was after the meeting was over, when one or two stayed to talk personally with the boys, that the real triumph was won. Four were radiantly clear in their acceptance of salvation in Christ; cigarettes disappeared and their faces lighted up with joy. They took a supply of Gospels to give to their fellows.—*Sunday School Times.*

Daniel's Example

WHAT did Daniel do when he and his companions were tested on the diet question?

"But Daniel *purposed*"—i. e., "decided" (*Fenton*), "determined" (*Sawyer*), "resolved" (*Leeser*), and "laid it upon his heart" (*Rotherham*)—"that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank." Dan. 1:8.

Having made this determination, what did Daniel then do?

"Therefore he *requested*"—i. e., "asked" (*Sawyer*), "sought" (*Rotherham*), and "intreated" (*Sep-tuagint*)—"of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself." Same verse.

What kind of food did Daniel ask for himself and companions?

"Then said Daniel, . . . Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us *pulse*"—i. e., "herbs" (*margin*), "vegetable food" (*Rotherham*), "seeds" (*Sawyer*), and "grain" (*Fenton*)—"to eat, and water to drink." Dan. 1:11, 12.

The Lord regarded with approval the firmness and courtesy with which these four young men determined to stand for the right, and his blessings were with them, as is manifest in the royal examination: "In all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the king inquired of them, he found them *ten times* better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm." See Dan. 1:17-20.

"Them that honor me," saith the Lord, "I will honor." 1 Sam. 2:30.

See also "Captivity and Restoration," by the late Mrs. E. G. White, chapter 39.

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. No one can become the friend of even one good book without being made wiser and better.—*Henry Drummond.*

You will be interested to read the article on page four entitled, "An Appeal to Our Young People." The author is a self-supporting missionary in China.