

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXV

November 20, 1917

No. 47



IN THE DAYS OF PEACE



# From Here and There

Lieutenant Resnati, of the Italian army, on October 22, flew from Hampton, Virginia, to Mineola, New York, a distance of 325 miles, in four hours and eleven minutes.

Mrs. L. Helen Fowler, who lives near Washington, D. C., has the largest water-lily garden in America, three thousand buds before breakfast in the morning being a common day's crop. The lilies pay a handsome profit: and, just as a side line, Mrs. Fowler eked out an extra \$3,000 last year from the sale of fish-aquarium moss.

Dr. R. A. Stehley, a dentist of Clarksburg, West Virginia, has announced his intention of establishing a regular airplane passenger service between Clarksburg, West Virginia, and Cincinnati, Ohio, with regular stops en route. He has purchased a passenger-carrying plane, which the manufacturers promise to deliver as soon as war orders will permit.

Mrs. Myrtle Shepherd Francis, of Ventura, California, is the foremost woman plant breeder of this country. Her remarkable achievement in creating the double petunia has brought her recognition from three great universities—Cambridge (England), Columbia, and Berkeley. She is the only woman ever appointed to serve on an International Jury of Horticulture.

Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson, wife of one of the attachés of the liberty loan publicity bureau, is an energetic volunteer worker in Washington, D. C., for the liberty loan, being a member of both the national and local women's committees. Her husband is a kinsman of the famous philosopher whose name he bears, and Mrs. Emerson is a descendant of Stephen Hopkins, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

For six thousand years, up to twenty-five years ago, the world did not know anything swifter on the dirt road than a fast horse. In a recent automobile race, the winner made an average speed of 110.44 miles an hour. At the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 there was only a hint of an automobile. Now we have the perfected automobile, besides the airship which has made a long-distance speed record of more than two miles a minute.

The New York City Department of Health will condemn about twenty-four million pounds of food-stuffs arriving in the city during 1917, if the record of the first four months is kept up. This comes from being too long in transit, poor packing, rough handling, and from being packed when wet. Nearly ten per cent of all perishable products marketed either are a total loss in retail stores, or deteriorate so that they have to be sold at a sacrifice.

The city of Tientsin, China, is threatened with destruction by flood. The Chinese city and portions of all the foreign concessions are under water, which is rising rapidly. It covers the great plain to the south-east of Peking. It is estimated that 1,000,000 Chinese are homeless. The railway embankment between Tientsin and Nanking has been cut to permit the water to escape. The Hoangho overflow has broken the Grand Canal at many places. The mud walls protecting Tientsin are being strengthened, but all the streams in Chili Province are feeding the flood in their rush for the sea, making the situation exceedingly serious.

## Courage, Boys

THERE'S no use sending Tommy to school," said Edison's teacher to his mother. "He can't learn anything. He hasn't got the apparatus."

So, because he never was able to pass his examinations, Edison quit school. Even after he grew up, he never could pass an examination. If lawyers tried to cross-question him in court, every idea went out of his head.

Booker T. Washington said he was never able to pass his examinations. Charles W. Eliot, when president of Harvard, said he could not pass the college entrance examinations. Herbert Spencer said he never could, either; but, as he considered them vicious institutions, he did not seem to care. Henry Ward Beecher stood sixty-fourth in a grammar examination. And the boy who got the best mark grew up to be a barber! —*Selected.*

## Home Missionary Work

A CHURCH worker had left a New Testament in the home of a foreigner. One day the worker called and asked, "Have you read the book?" The woman replied, "Yes, I read it every night after the children go to bed and it is quiet. I love to read it; it is so fine, *fine*." Do we realize that thousands upon thousands of those foreigners that come to our cities have never even seen a copy of the Bible? Certainly they have never possessed one. Often when they come here they give up their old church and live among us without God and without hope. There is a home-mission work for us to do right at our door. We can do it by visiting and giving away copies of the Gospels. —*Christian Endeavor World.*

## To Church School Teachers

ARE you making the opening exercises of your school a means of real strength in character building to your pupils? Whether so or not, you will find "Character Lessons" invaluable to you in this work. The book may be obtained of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D. C., for seventy-five cents.

## Thought for the Primary Teacher

A HEATHEN mother took her five-year-old child from the missionary's school, and when asked why, replied, "If she were older I would let her stay, and she would forget your teachings, but at her age she will never forget."

## Thankful

I'm glad I'm not fast in my furs  
The way that kitty is in hers.  
I can't imagine, if I try,  
How hot I'd be about July!

—Alice Crowell Hoffman, in *St. Nicholas*.

## Principal Contents

| CONTRIBUTIONS                        | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| Obedience the Test of Love .....     | 3    |
| Back to the Sources .....            | 4    |
| Home Influence .....                 | 5    |
| Word from a Far Country .....        | 6    |
| No Bar to Our Literature .....       | 7    |
| A Bird's-eye View of Palestine ..... | 8    |
| Genevieve's Sacrifice .....          | 12   |
| God Knows Us .....                   | 14   |
| Do You Do These Things? .....        | 16   |
| SELECTIONS                           |      |
| The Lost Bible .....                 | 4    |
| Three Calls in the Night .....       | 7    |
| An Oak a Landowner .....             | 9    |



# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 20, 1917

No. 47

## The Thankful Spirit

ONE morning in November,  
When skies were drear and gray,  
A happy little stranger  
Threw sunshine on my way.  
He waved his hand in greeting  
As he came down the road,  
And smiled a smile so winning  
That I forgot my load.

"I am the Thankful Spirit,"  
He said, and smiled again;  
"I travel far in autumn,  
And sing amid the grain.  
When harvest time is over,  
I fill the world with cheer,  
Till all men join in praising  
The bounties of the year."

Then to the Thankful Spirit  
I spake what filled my heart:  
"When harvest praise is given,  
Why do you then depart?  
Why not sit down and tarry  
While seasons come and go,  
And make each day Thanksgiving?  
It would be better so."

And straightway came the answer:

"I fain would tarry here;  
I would not be a stranger  
Who comes but once a year.  
If you will make me welcome  
Beside you at your hearth,  
Our daily feast, I promise,  
Shall be the best on earth."

—John Clair Minot, in *Youth's Companion*.

## Obedience the Test of Love

JESUS said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." By keeping his Father's commandments, our Saviour gave proof of his love. On different occasions the Lord declared, "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." From the manger to Joseph's new tomb, Christ was obedient to his divine commission. Though rejected and spurned by those whom he had come to redeem, Jesus continued to reveal his love by unhesitating obedience. Daily did he decide each issue by affirming, "Not my will, but thine, be done." His instructions read, "Gethsemane, the high priest's palace, Pilate's judgment hall, Calvary." On the ascension mount, he could unqualifiedly state, "I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Back came the answer, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Another beautiful example of obedience is recorded of Mary, the mother of Jesus, at the marriage feast of Cana. She said to the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, *do it*." From a soul-thrilling experience Mary had learned confidence and obedience. When a young girl in her Nazareth home, the angel Gabriel called, and said, "Hail, thou that art graciously accepted, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." Mary was not reading novels when Gabriel came, neither was she making fashionable clothes, nor preparing to go to a picture show. Had she been, he would never have visited her. The young woman was perplexed at the angel's greeting. But he reassured her with the words, "Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favor with God." What a commendation on her whole life! It had been exemplary. But now she faced the supreme test. Would she yield herself unconditionally to God that his plan might be carried out through her life? People would not understand. Her reputation faced ruin. Joseph, her betrothed, would very probably break off his engagement. Could she trust God, and obey him, cost what it might? Carefully she pondered the statement, then courageously replied, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." The victory was won.

Going back to Old Testament times, inspiration records of Job that he "was perfect and upright." But he learned obedience through suffering. He had seven sons and three daughters, thousands of sheep, camels,

oxen, and asses. Of all the great men of the East, he was the greatest. His friends were many. But in one day his entire wealth was swept from him. Immediately following this great misfortune, came the news that his ten children had just been killed in a storm. Job's only comment was, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Though this test was severe, Job was then afflicted "with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown." His wife was so overcome at this series of calamities that she advised him to "curse God, and die,"—end it all. Even his friends turned against him, and accused him of being a great sinner and a hypocrite. Job's confident reply was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him: but I *will* maintain mine own ways before him."

The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews records many striking examples of love revealed by obedience, but none more appealing than that of Abraham. The Scripture states that "by faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac." Four thousand years ago, in Palestine, was given this unique illustration of a man who showed his love for his Creator by preparing to sacrifice his only son. Sleeping beneath the transparent Syrian sky, lies the gray-haired patriarch, more than one hundred years old. Near by is his son, the most cherished member of the family. An angel awakens Abraham, and commands, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." Abraham is dazed. A thousand times easier would have been the command, "Plunge thy knife into thine own heart." But there is no parley. For with Abraham to know his duty is to do it. Quietly arising, he awakens the boy and his tried servants.

Leaving Sarah and the camp wrapped in slumber, they silently stole away, before there was hand to stay or voice to say, "What doest thou?" To Isaac, a boy of the plains, how inviting the prospects of a trip to the mountains! With a light heart the boy bounded along. But great the contrast. Abraham's heart was heavy; he was bent toward the open tomb of his child. The father's heart bled. At noonday Isaac ate heartily, but the father partook sparingly.



The shadows of night descended, and soon the boy, tired with his long day's jaunt, was sound asleep; but the aged father could not sleep. The second day's sun arose. Isaac was buoyant and expectant, the father more aged and worn.

On the morning of the third day, Abraham saw in the distance the tragic place. Bidding his servants stay with the camp, "Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together." Isaac said, "Father, . . . Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" How the question tore the old man's heart! But he replied, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering."

The summit was reached. Together father and son selected the stones for the altar. The wood was laid in order, then Isaac was told the divine command. The boy's hands and feet were securely bound, but how the wrinkled, old hands shook in their attempts to tie the cords. Isaac was laid upon the wood. The cold steel flashed in the sunlight, as the devout parent, divinely led, raised his arm to take the life of his precious boy. But his hand was stayed. "The angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, . . . Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me."

Such examples of godly men and women are a challenge today to the young men and women of this denomination, to take up their cross, and to be obedient to the heavenly vision.

C. L. BENSON.

#### Back to the Sources

HOW did school go today, Robert?" asked his mother, as he picked up his books to study after supper.

"We had a very interesting history class. We are studying source books. They are copies and translations of original papers and inscriptions that historians study, from which to write their histories, you know. They must go to the 'source' for their facts. That is the best authority, and our teacher says the men who specialize in history go to great expense and spend much time visiting different countries to study the original sources. Think of reading for yourself just the same things that history is written from. I should like to travel and do research work some day. That is what I call getting first-hand information. No one can doubt or dispute such authority."

"Well, Robert, you have a very valuable source book of your own right at home."

"What is it, mother?" questioned Robert wonderingly.

"Your Bible is the most wonderful source book there is. History is good, but a careful study of the Bible is able to make us 'wise unto salvation.' All books, articles, and sermons dealing with Christian living and the plan of salvation are based upon the Bible, and there are millions of such works. They are secondary sources, and those who depend upon secondary sources and articles written from them, just because they are written in a more interesting way and are easier to read, lose a great deal."

"But some parts of the Bible are so hard to understand."

"Some passages are not so clear as others, it is true," she answered, "but that is where you need care-

ful study and research work, comparing scripture with scripture, just as the men who study history sources compare their sources. Why should we spend so much of our time reading books *about* the Bible, when we can read it and understand it for ourselves? Of course we can make use of other men's study and check up their ideas by the Bible, the same as writers of history use one another's works as guides, and compare them with their own results. But the Lord has promised to help us understand as we study the Bible with honest, prayerful hearts. We would expect that the Author of the book would be best able to help us understand its meaning.

"Besides the value of first-hand information, a study of the Source Book makes the reader think more, and strengthens his intellect. The Bible is a wonderful book. Without it we should be left to tradition and fables for many of the occurrences of past ages, like creation and the beginning of the races. Not only does it open up the past centuries, giving us the history, in brief outline, of Babylon, Medo-Persia, Grecia, and Rome, but it is also a prophecy. It not only gives the history of this world, but a picture of the world to come. It tells of the wonders of the universe, revealing the character of the Creator of the heavens and the earth. It tells us how we may escape eternal death and gain eternal life."

"Why, I have the greatest source book there is, have I not, mother? But why do not people study it more?"

E. L. PARRISH.

#### The Lost Bible

ON Aug. 28-31, 1916, I was delivering at the Old John Street Noonday Prayer Meeting a series of addresses on the second coming of Christ. On Monday and Tuesday I took my Bible down town with me and laid it on my desk until noontime, when I carried it with me to the Old John Street meeting. When I was through with the meeting on Tuesday I took it back to the office and laid it on my desk. It is a wide-margin Bagster Bible, containing comprehensive notes of many past years' experiences, and is therefore very greatly prized on account of its endeared associations. In the evening, when through with the work of the day, I left my office to mail my letters at Park Row. I went to the post office to post my letters. From there I went to the World Building, and from thence to the Brighton Beach elevated train at the Brooklyn Bridge, and got aboard the train with my newspaper, a package, and, as I thought, my Bible. When I got in and sat down, lo and behold, my Bible was gone! I looked around on my seat, on the floor, and among my fellow passengers. But no Bible, no trace of it could be found.

The book was lost. I advertised the loss in the *Herald*, and with intense desire and anxiety waited for its return. We prayed! and we prayed!! and prayed again!!! But no tidings of the Bible. Many persons asked me continually, "Stephens, have you got your Bible yet?" I said, "No, no tidings." I had been in the habit of reading one of the psalms every morning, and marking the date and hour of reading. Every morning when I would get up I missed my Bible to such a degree that I thought my heart would break. I felt keenly the absence of my notes and memoranda, which it seemed to me impossible to get along without. During this period of gloom and disappointment I derived some consolation from the fact that possibly the Lord had seen that I depended



too much on my notes and memoranda and too little upon him. On Sunday, July 8, 1817, nearly one year after the loss, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when I was preparing to go down to Brighton Beach to preach the gospel "out on the highways," the thought of my Bible came up to me because the subject which I expected to speak upon was copiously outlined in my Bible. I got on my knees in my room and prone upon the floor I lay, in devout, earnest, and supplicating prayer to the Lord that he would send me back my Bible. The Lord gave me the answer in faith, and I knew that I should soon have it in hand. I was impressed with Heb. 11:1, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." So I got up with all the hope and assurance that my Bible would surely come back, and went on to my work, with every doubt removed.

Wednesday, July 11, three days after this, a package came through the mail, which when I first saw it, attracted my attention as to its size, and when I opened it, lo and behold, there was my Bible! It was found by a colored man, who threw it under his table, where it lay for nearly a year. On the same Sunday afternoon, and about the same hour, this colored man was impressed that he ought to send it back. His name, street, and number can be given and other incidents connected therewith which I have not room here to mention. In relating this incident at the John Street prayer meeting, before giving the sequel I asked if any one was still praying for the return of my Bible, and one brother answered that he was, and upon inquiry he had been praying the same Sunday afternoon that I had. Thus he and I were praying at the same time, and the Lord impressed the finder at the same hour to send the Bible back, thus affirming the truth of Matt. 18:19: "Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."—*W. E. Stephens.*

#### In His Keeping

"God lead thee, dear!" The sunrise light  
Steals softly through the gray,  
The dreams and darkness of the night  
Are lost in perfect day.  
I smile and whisper tenderly,  
"God lead thee, dear, alway!"

"God help thee, dear!" The noontide hour  
Is golden, glad, and gay;  
The world smiles upward like a flower  
To meet the sun's warm ray.  
I pause and whisper earnestly,  
"God lead thee, dear, alway!"

"God keep thee, dear!" The sunset flush  
Kisses the dreaming day,  
And in the wondrous holy hush  
The whole world seems to pray.  
I kneel and whisper lovingly,  
"God lead thee, dear, alway!"

—*Alice E. Allen, in Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

#### Home Influence

JEWISH family life at the time of Christ was both unique and interesting. A religious atmosphere was ever present. The private prayer, morning and evening, hallowed daily life; and the spirit of family worship pervaded the home. Before every meal they washed and prayed, and after they had eaten they gave thanks.

The Sabbath day was welcomed with songs, as if it were a king or a bridegroom. As the head of the house entered on Sabbath eve from the synagogue to

his home, he found it beautifully adorned, the Sabbath lamp brightly burning, and the table spread with the richest food each household could afford; then the father blessed each child.

The next evening when the Sabbath lights faded out, the father of the house made a solemn separation between the hallowed day and the working week, and so he began his work in the name of the Lord.

The Jewish people were very strict in the training of their children. When the child was three years old, it was taught certain passages of Scripture and certain prayers. At the age of five, it was expected to begin reading the Bible. When children had reached the age of six or seven, their parents were legally bound to attend to their schooling.

At an early age, the child was impressed with the weekly Sabbaths and the festive seasons. These seasons included the feast of Dedication, at which time on the first evening a candle would be lighted for each member of the household, the number being increased each night, till on the eighth night it was eight times that of the first. Then there was the feast of Esther. This was a season of good cheer and boisterous merriment. The feast of Tabernacles required even the youngest of the family to live out of doors in a booth. The most important of all the feasts was the week of the Passover, when the leaven was left out of every kind of food. The food was so different from that ordinarily used that it would teach the child unmistakably that the season was a special one.

The public worship in the synagogue was begun with a kind of belief, or creed, composed of three passages of Scripture: Deut. 6:4-9; 11:13-21; Num. 15:37-41. This was preceded in the morning and evening by two benedictions and succeeded by one.

Worship was a natural part of the Jewish life. Taught from childhood, the Jews performed the ceremonies of worship as simply and sincerely as the Israelites of old. The religious atmosphere it created around them helped to preserve among them for a long time the wonderful knowledge that God has intrusted to the race.

INEZ MAE PAINTER.

"TRUE character never shields itself behind the majority."



RELIC OF "YE OLDEN TIME"



## In Other Lands

### Thanksgiving

I AM singing a song that is good to sing —  
Thanksgiving to my King.  
I am plucking the chords upon vibrant strings  
The while my glad heart sings;  
And the wild birds soon will catch the song,  
And the valleys will bear the joy along  
Till all the mountain rings.

I am singing for joy to the God above,  
For I love the God of love!  
I am singing the joy he gives to me,  
To make my spirit free.  
Both bread and flowers to me were given,  
My clouds of war his love has riven,  
And he is all to me.

B. F. M. SOURS.

### Word from a Far Country

IT seems only a few weeks ago that a little group of workers, in a sunny office almost under the eaves of the Commercial Press, the largest printing establishment of the East, were laying plans for a new publication—a Monthly News Letter—which should be a means of information to, and communication between, the few and widely scattered workers in the Asiatic Division field. It wasn't printed, that bulky letter, in spite of the busy presses near by, but run off "by hand and by faith," by a patient and extremely persevering and painstaking stenographer. No "press day" in any well-equipped office ever exceeded the enthusiasm and effort that saw those first "letters" on their way to the post office! And how glad the family were to receive them! The News Letter seemed to bring them all closer together. Its lack of formality, its newsiness, and its hominess endeared it to all.

Of course changes came. They had to, with the growth of the field and the increasing number of foreign workers. The letter outgrew all bounds, so it was reduced to type, and renamed, and became a "regular paper."

And now it is almost grown up. Brother Clarence Crisler, who worked so many years in Sister White's offices, is now in China, closely associated with the interests of our publishing house, and he desires that every Missionary Volunteer shall become acquainted with the *Asiatic Division Outlook*,—for this is its new name,—and thus learn, first-hand, of the work being done in the Asiatic Division. Brother Crisler says:

"It seems as if the angels, who for so many years held the winds of strife in abeyance in more civilized lands, are now engaged in the same loving service throughout the lands of heathendom. We cannot do otherwise than advance. Nor can we keep silent. We are endeavoring to keep our brethren informed through the *Review*, yet as you well know, there are many things of a more or less local nature passing through our official organ for this Division that would be counted of real value as missionary literature in the homelands, if preserved in their original setting. It is one thing to prepare matter for the *Review*; it is another thing for the workers in this Division to relate to one another their heart experiences, their successes, their aspirations and determinations. Here in the Orient the workers have a family feeling one for another, so to speak, and this family spirit is bound to be reflected, more or less, in our official organ. The editors are hoping to publish that which will reflect the inner

workings of the Division and at the same time reflect somewhat of the spirit of the workers. Nor have they thought to stop at this. They feel as if illuminating articles on various portions of the Division,—articles with a broad sweep and filled with facts and figures,—should appear from time to time."

The subscription price of the *Outlook* is only 75 cents, of which amount 24 cents is required for postage. The *Outlook* is printed twice a month—twenty-four numbers a year. It is planned to make the paper "a reflection of what is doing in the Far East." Next year there will be twelve feature articles, one each month, on some unentered portion of the Asiatic Division field,—Siam, the Celebes, Mindanao, Formosa, Mongolia, Nepal, Tibet, etc.

Order directly from the Signs of the Times Publishing House, Box 523, U. S. Postal Agency, Shanghai, China, sending remittance by post-office money order. Remember that all letters sent to Shanghai, *in care of the U. S. Postal Agency*, go at the same rate as if sent to points in the United States.

We hope that many Missionary Volunteers will supply themselves with this paper, and read it carefully; we are sure that those who do, will find their hearts drawn to the fields beyond.

A. B. E.

### Shall Bohemia Be Free?

AMONG the many races and nations that go to make up Austria, two great peoples stand out—the Hungarians and the Bohemians—about equal in population. The Hungarians have been given absolute self-government; the ministers of war and foreign affairs are jointly responsible to the Austrian and Hungarian parliaments. The Bohemians, on the other hand, have no voice in the government. There is no Bohemian army—there are only regiments in the Austro-Hungarian army. In this war the Bohemians have been placed under German commanders.

Why is Bohemia cut off from any part in the empire and held in subjugation by the Hungarians?

The story is told that, when the compact was made between Austria and Hungary, an Austrian statesman said to his Hungarian colleague: "If you look after your barbarians, we'll look after ours." These were the Czechs and the Slovaks, the Czechs being assigned to Austria, and the Slovaks to Hungary.

But the Bohemians were not barbarians. They had a great university at Prague. In no nation is the number of illiterates so small; it is less among the Bohemians themselves than among the Germans who live in Bohemia. Dvorak, the musician, and Comenius, one of the first and greatest educators, were Bohemians; and so was John Huss, the first man to give the world the idea of religious freedom.

The future of Bohemia is one of the most interesting questions of the war.—*Selected.*

"Just live right every day,  
Just live right all the way;  
God is o'er you,  
Christ is for you,  
Just live right."

THE Seventh-day Adventists issue publications in ninety-one languages.

JAVA has a population of forty million.



### No Bar to Our Literature

IN the island of Java, which is a Dutch possession, Seventh-day Adventists have the privilege of doing missionary work in only two or three of the principal cities of the island, other missionary societies having been given the exclusive right to do missionary work in the island for a definite period of years. But the following experience which Brother Roy Mershon sends shows that notwithstanding any governmental regulations which may be made, the truth will find its way to the hearts of the people. In this case, as in many others, it is through our literature that the people in the seemingly inaccessible regions are reached. Brother Mershon says:

"I wish you could have been in a meeting that we had with the young people a few weeks ago. They were reporting the work that each had done, when a crippled man got up and tried to give his report. He did not know what to say, but finally turned to a man sitting at his side and said in Malay, 'This is my report.' He had been sending this man papers and tracts, and on that day he had sent for him to come to the meeting and there show himself. Elders Detamore and De Vinney were here, and they examined the man and found that he was almost ready for baptism, and that his wife and children were studying more, so that they could all be baptized together. This man lives up in the interior, where we cannot go and teach the truth, but the papers found him out, and he is telling the message to all those who live about him. This gives us courage, and we know that soon the Lord is going to throw open all closed doors and the truth will go rapidly. We do not know how it will be done, and it very likely will be in a way that we little dream of. There are no crises with the Lord, for he has a way through every difficulty. We need only to wait on him, and he will show his salvation."

N. Z. Town.

### Three Calls in the Night

A YOUNG girl sat in Northfield, Massachusetts. In her hand was a message which contained sufficient cause for the troubled expression on her face.

The message summoned her to come to India to see her mother, who was ill on the mission field. Ida Scudder did not want to go to India. She thought almost resentfully of the many members of her family who had given their lives to India.

Her noble grandfather, Dr. John Scudder, might have been the most prominent of New York's physicians if he had not read "The Call of Six Hundred Millions," as he waited to see a patient in New York City. That call from out of the darkness and superstition and suffering laid hold of his heart and drew him out to India to give his life in self-sending ministration. His life and work had blazed the way with a trail of light through India's darkness, and never, since it set the light ashining, had there been a day when there was no Scudder in India to keep this torch burning.

One by one they had come back to America to be educated—his children and his grandchildren. One by one the call of God and of India's awful need had drawn them back. Seven of his children and fifteen of his grandchildren had already gone back to India. Ida Scudder had been born there. Her father and mother were there now, pouring out their lives in service.

"It is enough," said Ida Scudder, as she sat in Northfield with the summons in her hand. She would

go, eagerly, gladly, to be with her mother while she was sick, but, when her mother was well, she would no longer bury herself in India. She would hasten back to America to live her life as other girls were living theirs.

So Ida Scudder took passage for India to see her sick mother—only to see her sick mother. She assured herself and her friends over and over again that there was no danger of her staying in India—the India that had already claimed more than its share of Scudders.

One night she sat in her father's house in India. As the dusk of the twilight was deepening into the darkness of the night a knock sounded at the door. The girl answered its summons. A man stood before her. He was a high-caste Mohammedan, tall, slender, white-robed. He bowed low and spoke.

"My young wife is ill—ill to the death. Our doctors can do nothing for her. Will the gracious lady come to attend her?" Ida Scudder knew naught of medicine.

"My father," she answered eagerly, "is a medical man. He will come to see your wife."

The Mohammedan drew himself up proudly.

"No man has ever looked upon the face of my wife. We are high born. I should rather a thousand times that she should die than that a man should look upon her face."

Silently he turned and went out into the darkness.

Ida Scudder sat down and thought. She was in India now,—in India, with this pitiful, unpitied child-wife, who might be dying even as she sat and thought of her. How long she sat she knew not. She was startled by a second knock that sounded. Possibly the man had been softened by the sight of the agony of his little wife, and had come for her father. Eagerly she opened the door. It was not the same man who stood there. Possibly it was his messenger.

"My wife," began this man, as had the other, "my wife is very sick. She is giving me much trouble. It is a pity that a wife should give her husband so much trouble. After all my pains she may die unless the *mem sahib* comes and heals her."

The girl looked at him hopefully. Surely he could not be so prejudiced as the other one.

"I am not a doctor," she explained. "My father is a medical man. He will—"

The man interrupted her with a proud uplifting of his turbaned head. "I am a high-caste man," he said. "No man dare look upon the face of my wife."

Even as he spoke he turned, and disappeared in the darkness.

Ida Scudder's thought went with him back to the girl. Perhaps she was only a little girl. So many of them were. Perhaps she was dying even now because no man could help her and there was no woman to help. Something clutched at the heart of the American girl over there in India and choked her throat as she sat helpless and unhelping. It was terrible that two calls should come in such rapid succession on the same night. As she shuddered at the thought and the misery of it all, a third knock sounded. A third man came before her. His voice was almost eager.

"My wife," he said. "She is ill, very ill. They told me I could find help for her here. A wonderful foreign doctor who had done remarkable things." At last there was a call for her father!

"Oh, yes, I will send my father," she answered gladly.



The man involuntarily straightened himself. "Not a man! No man shall look upon the face of my wife. You must come."

In vain did the girl plead that her father would come. Sadly and alone the man departed as had the two other men before him. Ida Scudder sat down again. Were all the suffering childwives in India calling to her that night? Was one of those endless processions she had read about in missionary magazines actually going to march by her door with unending, maddening continuance?

The night passed on. The day dawned. Ida Scudder walked out into the street. As she passed a gateway, she heard wailing and loud lamentation. It chilled her heart. She knew that the life of one of the childwives had passed with the passing of the day.

She went on. At another house the beating of the musical instruments, the shrieks and the moans, told her that a second little wife was dead.

She would have turned back, sick at heart, but a relentless hand drew her on until she stood before the rude bier bedecked with flowers, which was to carry away the poor little body of the third wife whom the skilled touch of a physician might have healed.

Unspoken accusations sounded in her ears, though no voice sounded the words that accused her, "If thou hadst been here, these might not have died."

That fall, among the names of those who entered the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, there appeared the name of Ida S. Scudder. She heard the call of the women and children of India; the call of her grandfather's love and of his life; the call of her father's and mother's sacrifice. Above all, she heard a call which came from the lips of a Man who hung upon a cross. The print of thorns was upon his brow. Nail wounds were in his hands and his feet, and his side was pierced. The cross seemed to be transplanted until it stood in India's soil, and the voice of him upon it said not, "Go ye," but, "I have died for India. Come, follow me."

As she has followed the cross into India, Dr. Ida Scudder has brought blessing and health and life to thousands of India's girls and women. She passes on to the girls and women of America those knocks that are summoning aid in the night. The night is dark in India, and we have light. The call comes not from three only, but from the three hundred and fifteen millions of India's people. They appeal with an insistent call for some to go and for all to give and to pray.—*Mrs. E. C. Cronk, in the Missionary Review of the World, February, 1917.*

#### Bereaved

LET me come in where you sit weeping, aye,  
Let me, who have not any child to die,  
Weep with you for the little one whose love  
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed  
Their pressure, round your neck; the hands you used  
To kiss. Such arms—such hands I never knew.  
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say something,  
Between the tears, that would be comforting.  
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,  
Who have no child to die.

—Selected.

"By valiant knights the selfsame deeds are done  
Before the eyes of many—or of none."

"We count the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy."—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

#### A Bird's-eye View of Palestine

AMONG the lands whose names are most often spoken and whose associations are most universally loved, perhaps there is none greater than Palestine. It is a little country, not much larger than the State of Massachusetts, and yet it has influenced the world more than great empires that covered quarters of the globe.

Palestine is not more than fifty miles wide at its farthest extent, and about one hundred and eighty miles long. From the central hills one can see distinctly the blue Mediterranean on the west; and away to the east, the blue hills of Gilead and east Jordan, and even out into the Arabian desert.

Mountain ranges traverse the whole country from north to south, and the only large river, the Jordan,

flows in the same line. These are parallel to the coast line. Three different kinds of territory are the result, three meridional belts, traceable all the way from the eastern boundary to the seashore.

On the east is the parched and arid land of the great desert, remarkable for nothing save the steppe lands, rocks, sand,



MAP OF PALESTINE

and débris which compose it. A few oases relieve the monotony, and furnish water and rest to the travelers. The great caravan routes lay along this edge of Palestine, and the people who dwell in this part are disposed to commercialism, rather than to the shepherd life.

On the west side of the land is the maritime belt, a narrow strip of land at the best, being never over a few miles wide, and often only a fringe, where projecting hills push it out into the sea. There is a strange lack of good harbors. Farther north, in Phenicia, there are plenty of them. Perhaps this was God's plan, that the two nations might live close together without mixing, and the children of Israel thus be uncorrupted with commercial interests.

The third belt lies intermediate between these other two. It possesses various modifications that must have exerted a powerful influence over the character of the people inhabiting the country. The rounded, grassy hill pastures rise step by step from the sea to the heights of these central mountains. On the east, the mountains drop abruptly to the desert plains. Between these two mountain tops is the wall-like valley of the Jordan, which shows scarcely a trace of likeness to either of the sides.

The Jordan may be called the main artery of the land. It is fed by many springs, and quickens life wherever it runs. It gives occupation to the people of the land, and directs them to the most fertile and fruitful fields. It receives its supply of water from the snowy summits of Lebanon and Hermon; these, together with the rains and numerous wayside springs, insure a constant flow of water in the Jordan; and when other streams are dry, the sacred river flows on. It supplies many blessings to the dwellers in Palestine,



and well may they praise it and its lofty mountain sources in song and story.

There is a close connection between the local geography of Palestine and the mental characteristics of the people. The peculiar simplicity and closeness to nature in which the patriarchs lived, their intimate knowledge of the fields, hills, trees, and water, are traceable in all their literature. Often we see the blue skies of Mesopotamia and Assyria, beneath which shepherds wound their way; Ararat and Hermon lift their lofty peaks into the clouds, and the Jordan and the Euphrates flow peacefully along their courses, or rush in madness before us. It would be hard to imagine the history of the children of Israel taking place in any other land than Palestine. The very hills and valleys were a part of them, and influenced everything they did. One writer has thus expressed the influence of the geography of the land on the literature:

"Two voices are there—one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains."

In every picture we see the deep purple shade of the one or the glittering light of the other.

The rugged beauty of the mountains, the lonely caves and sunny hillsides, all contributed to the character of the people whom God chose for himself, and set in this little paradise. The whole simplicity of the land was reflected in the wonderful characters of the great leaders whom God chose to lead his people righteously.

RACHEL SALISBURY.

#### The Best Travelers in the World

THE complete disappearance of birds in the fall and winter used to be considered a mystery. At one time it was thought that some birds flew to the moon, says Frank M. Chapman in "The Travels of Birds." "Others, particularly the swallows and swifts, were believed to fly into the mud, and pass the winter hibernating like frogs; while the European cuckoo was said, in the fall, to turn into a hawk."

It was only gradually that scientists discovered that birds have definite routes of migration, as clearly marked as a telegraph line; that, generation after generation, a bird will follow the same route his ancestors did, even though it takes him half a continent out of his way; and that, in spite of the great distances birds travel, and the dangers they encounter by the way, such as storms, telegraph wires, tall buildings, and lighthouses, they nearly always arrive on time.

"Year after year the bobolink, the Baltimore oriole, the midget humming bird, many warblers, and other birds arrive from journeys thousands of miles in length on exactly or nearly the same day."

Some birds live off the country as they go. "But the plover and other birds that travel overseas cannot stop for meals. Like bears in winter, they must live on themselves—that is, on their fat. When they start, their body is covered with a thick layer of fat; but when they arrive at their journey's end it has disappeared."

Some birds travel only by day; others only by night, and a smaller number travel by both day and night. The day fliers are those that can fly fast enough to escape the bird-killing hawks.

"In March, in the mountains of Vera Cruz, Mexico, I once saw a flock of several thousand white pelicans migrating northward," the author recounts. "These great birds measure eight feet from tip to tip of their outstretched wings. Their flight was not in a direct line, but in a series of intertwining loops. The sun

shone on their snowy plumage, and against the background of blue mountains they were as dazzling white as snowflakes in a squall. So, sweeping gracefully around each other, they were quickly lost to view."—*Every Week*.

#### An Oak a Landowner

THERE is a little college town in north Georgia, Athens by name, the seat of its university, where several generations back lived a man with the heart of a poet, a seer. Would you have expected it in the most eminent jurist of his day? Among the sources of deepest joy in this man's life was a beautiful tree, growing upon his domain, splendid in size, matchless in symmetry, the earliest always in vernal leafing, the most regal in autumnal glories.

The lawyer loved the oak with a love rooted in his childhood, burgeoning with his youthful joys, waxing more potent, more enduring as manhood's prime came on, and the golden aftertime was foreshadowed.

The tree lover scarcely believed that there would ever come a despoiler so ruthless, an age so barren of the reverence due nature, as to hurt or mar or wilfully bring destruction upon this perfect handiwork of Him who made trees and loves his creation.

Yet hundreds of chances were to be provided against. Carelessness and ignorance, oftener than not, do the work of vandalism. Changes of every kind must be expected and provided for. Municipal alterations, yes, and errors, might be counted on, in this rapidly developing college town on the hilltops.

So it chanced that in his declining years Judge Jackson formulated a truly unique plan for the protection of this admirable bit of nature's handicraft. He would make the tree a property owner, he said, and a landed proprietor, indeed, owning eight feet of ground in every direction from its great trunk.

A novel transaction, you will agree; yet, its legal soundness has stood the test of a century. Still upon the record books in Athens you may read, written strong and clear, this record of the deed, which nothing has arisen forceful enough to render invalid:

"I, W. H. Jackson, of the county of Clarke, of the one part, and the oak tree [here defining exact location] of the county of Clarke, of the other part: Witnesseth, that the said W. H. Jackson, of and in consideration of the great affection which he bears said tree, and his great desire to see it protected, has conveyed, and by these presents does convey, unto the said oak tree entire possession of itself and of all lands within eight feet of it on all sides."

So it stood, so it stands. To this day the tree, with its added century of girth, is as flawless as the record. Naught of man's doing or of higher ordaining has come to defeat the fine purpose of the tree lover. In the very heart of the pretty, classic town, this majestic oak is pointed out as one of its treasures.—*Conservation*.

#### The Things of My Heart

I LOVE books and music; life and nature; man and God.

I love books because they develop my mind, teach me the lesson of life, give me joy, often chime with my own mood; and through them I gain acquaintance with strong, true, noble men and women.

I love music because it exalts the spirit above the commonplace, and because, listening to it, I am nearest to reaching out and touching God's hand.



I love life because it is action, and action is pleasure. I love to draw in God's pure air, to breathe the fragrance of flowers, to see their rich colors and touch their velvet petals. I love labor and the peace of rest; and I believe that only in congenial work well done lies happiness.

I love nature because it reveals God and leads me to something higher than man can achieve. I love moonlight in a cloud-flecked sky above the pine trees, and star clusters twinkling as I gaze upward. I love sunny meadows, flecked by the shadows of trees. I love the songs of birds.

I love man. I love those most who need me most, and in serving them lies the greatest happiness. I love babies because they are helpless, because they are pure, because the clutch of their fingers leads us nearer God. I love those who sin as I sin, for they suffer as I suffer. I love those who struggle as I struggle.

I love God because he is love; because he guides our lives though we choose our own paths; because he gives us all pleasures, physical, mental, and spiritual. I love to watch his Spirit working in man's heart, bringing forth sweet fruit.—*Roberta Williams.*

#### For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of October 2

##### PART I

THE red corpuscles are formed in the spongy red marrow of the bones. They are the oxygen carriers of the blood.

2. Every muscle is capable of two actions: expanding and contracting. When the muscle expands, it gets long and thin. When it contracts, it gets short and thick.

3. Tight clothing compresses the nerves, and the blood vessels of the spine and the chest, and may cause intense suffering.

4. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, but it remained for Malpighi actually to see the circulation in the capillaries.

5. The skeleton is divided into three parts: the head, the trunk, and the limbs.

6. There are thirty bones in the human leg.

7. There are twelve pairs of cranial nerves in the human body.

INEZ MORTENSON.

##### PART II

1. "Waves in mid-ocean are caused entirely by the action of the wind. The adhesion between the rapidly moving particles of air which compose the wind, and the surface particles of the water, causes the water's surface to be dragged along with the air. Small ripples are immediately formed. These ripples soon overtake others near them. They unite, and, due to the friction between the water particles, each succeeding ripple piles up on the top of previous ones. Just as soon as oil is spread upon the water, however, the size of the waves is reduced like magic. The reason for this is interesting. Oil, unlike water, has very little internal friction between its particles. The ripples of oil formed by the wind, therefore, cannot pile upon each other to any considerable height. Hence, water waves cannot grow in an area of oil placed about a steamer. They begin to fall down instead. By the time these waves reach the boat they will have lost their formative ripples, and the result is a perfectly calm surface over the portion of the sea through which the boat is making its way."

2. "The cormorant fishers of Japan ply their trade by night from May to October, when the rivers are

full of small migratory fish. The birds can work only on dark nights, for when there is a moon the fish can see both the birds and the men, and the torches that help to attract the fish are then of no avail. The boat, which is very much like the Venetian gondola, carries four fishermen, one of whom stands in the bow with twelve cormorants, and another in the middle with four birds; the remaining two men propel the boat with poles. Generally one cormorant catches seven or eight fish every time it dives. The fishermen take the birds out one by one from their cages and put round the neck of each a small metal ring, which prevents the gullet from expanding to its natural capacity. Consequently none of the fish that the bird swallows, except very small ones, reach its stomach. The fisherman also attaches a long string to the bird, and holds the other end of it in his hand. During the fishing season the birds are never fed in the daytime, and so are always furiously hungry at night. The fisherman must exercise great skill and dexterity to control the cords without getting them hopelessly entangled. He must constantly encourage the birds and watch their movements, for when they have completely filled their gullets they swim idly upon the surface. Under water, in quest of its prey, the cormorant is tremendously active, and in a shallow part of the river rarely misses a fish unless it takes refuge under a stone or in the mud. When the bird has taken all it can carry, it returns to its keeper, who by manipulating its neck forces it to disgorge the fish. He then looses the bird again to renew its thankless task."

3. "The grain of the popcorn is tightly packed with starch grains. The interior of the grain is divided into a large number of cells, each of which may be likened to a tin box, the walls of which are sufficiently strong to withstand considerable pressure from within. Upon the application of heat, the moisture present in each little box is converted into steam, which finally escapes by explosion. The explosion literally turns the grain of the corn inside out, and transforms it into a relatively large mass of snow-white starch."

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of October 9

1. The author of the book of Mark is supposed to have been John Mark, a nephew of Barnabas. He it was who accompanied Paul and Barnabas as far as Perga, on Paul's first missionary journey. While he grew homesick and forsook the older missionaries at a critical time, his later life bore evidence of his having learned to endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The most important and reliable tradition is that he was the close attendant and interpreter of Peter, and that the Gospel of Mark is a recital of the teachings of the great apostle.

2. Isaac is the first child of whom it is recorded that his parents made a feast for him. Gen. 21:8.

3. Vice-Admiral Sims is in command of the American naval forces across the Atlantic.

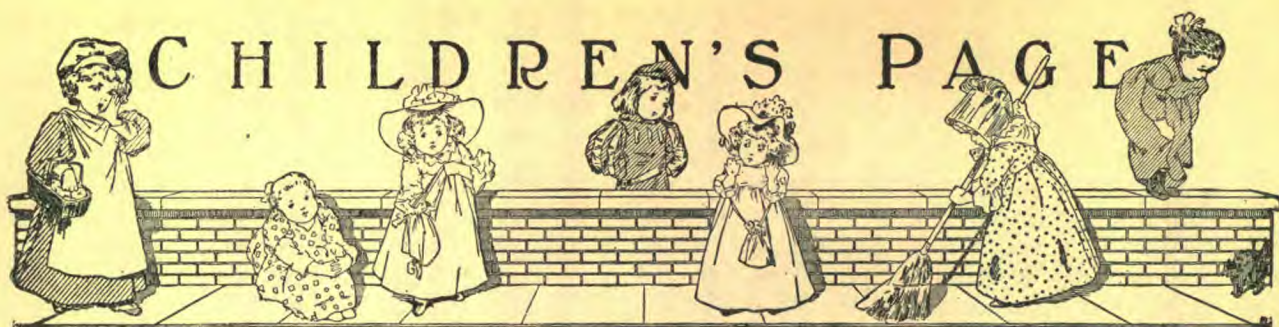
4. James Bridger, a guide and mountaineer, discovered Great Salt Lake, and General Fremont explored the lake in 1843. John Colter accidentally discovered the Yellowstone Park while on a mission to an Indian tribe, but it brought him lasting fame.

5. John W. Garrett, of Baltimore, is our ambassador to Holland.

6. "Boston is thirty miles nearer to Rio de Janeiro than New York is, eighty miles nearer than Philadelphia, ninety-two miles nearer than Baltimore, four hundred and eighty miles nearer than New Orleans,

(Concluded on page thirteen)





## Working with "Ginger"

GINGER was a boy. Of course that was not his real name, but it was what "the fellows" called him.

"Why do you call him 'Ginger'?" I asked one of them.

"Oh," he replied, "because he isn't."

Boys' nicknames are usually significant. This lad's nickname had seemed singularly inappropriate until it was explained that he showed as little "ginger" as a boy could well show and live. When I first ran across him he was about fourteen years old. He was sitting with a group of boys who were listening to a supposedly interesting story,—sitting right on the middle of his spine,—and whether he was paying attention or not, it would have been difficult to tell.

Watching him that afternoon, I learned that his general behavior bore out the first impression given by his attitude. It was obvious that he was an apathetic lad, inert mentally and physically. What, then, were the causes for this inertness and general slouchiness? He was not breathing through his mouth, although his jaw did sag a little sometimes. As far as I could see, the teeth in his upper jaw were regularly and nicely placed and were not the least crowded or crooked. No, Ginger had no adenoids. There might be no physical defect at all, but he was obviously in a miserable condition. His color was poor and his muscular development wretched.

I cultivated his acquaintance and found that he had a first-rate mind, which at times worked with unusual celerity and effectiveness.

The problem was: Did Ginger go with a bad crowd, was he morose, moody, unpopular, and generally inert because he was physically underdeveloped, or was he physically underdeveloped because he went with a bad crowd and was basically inert, and so on?

One day Ginger was hit a staggering blow in a boy's most vulnerable spot when he was goaded into running a hundred-yard race with some twelve-year-old boys. He was fourteen, remember, so he could not well refuse such a challenge, no matter how he hated running. The upshot was that he ran and that they beat him outrageously; for he fell flat with exhaustion before the race was more than half over.

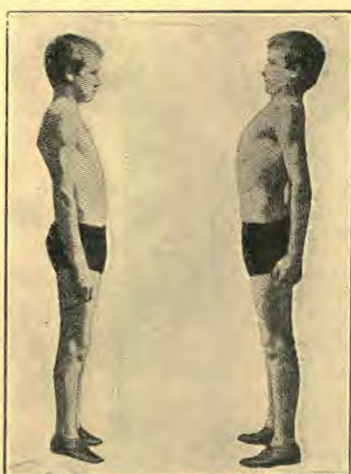
He was angry clear through, and as soon as we were alone he wished to know what was the matter with him. His apathy had vanished, and there was a much more hopeful type of boy on hand—a highly enraged youngster whose vanity had been touched and who was anxious to do something about it right away.

The chance was too good to be lost. "What's your chest expansion?" I asked.

When he found what it meant, he promptly stripped to the waist and had his chest expansion measured.

It was exactly one inch—no more. For his size it should have been three times that at least.

I described a simple but effective breathing exercise, and stipulated that he should walk at a rapid pace such and such a distance each morning. Then I measured his shoulders and arms. Measuring of this kind interests boys hugely. Also I took a photograph of his "profile" as he stood there, stripped to the waist; and then I sent him home.



BEFORE

AFTER

Next afternoon he reported having done his walk and his exercise. I showed him the photograph taken the day before. There before his very eyes were his flat chest, his stooped shoulders, his prominent shoulder blades, and his protruding abdomen. He looked at the photograph with disgust, and this was doubled when he saw another photograph lying on the table, left there for that very purpose. This was also a "profile"—that of a lad of the same age, who carried himself like a soldier and who showed a muscular development of no mean quality.

The stimulus of his defeat, of the physical measuring, and finally of those two photographs kept him going over a week. When his interest began to flag, another photographic exhibition aroused him promptly. For a month he did his breathing exercises faithfully, and then he was measured again. This time his expansion was two inches and a half!

He was given more exercises; something was said about early hours, and he got a lecture on things which might prevent his gaining a first-class development.

He took his extra exercises, and as a result of increased outdoor exercise, self-confidence, and self-respect, there developed a different and better outlook toward life. His mind became filled with new and better thoughts; his school work became really respectable; his moroseness disappeared, and finally came cheerfulness and good humor.

I lost track of Ginger just before he was sixteen years old, and did not hear another word about him till last spring, when I received as beautiful a letter from him as I have ever had written to me. He was then twenty-one and making a good living as a writer in New York.—*Charles K. Taylor.*

ISAAC WALTON said of the Bible:

"... Every hour  
I read you kills a sin,  
Or lets a virtue in  
To fight against it."

"EYES filled with tears become the telescopes of the heart. The Christian can see farther toward God through his tears than through his smiles."



## Genevieve's Sacrifice

RACHEL SALISBURY

A SHY little girl of eight years swung her feet in a listless fashion from out the big armchair that had been placed for her at the end of the class. The other children had little chairs, the dearest little chairs that she had ever seen, except in the shop windows; and she wanted to sit in one *so* badly. She was a visitor at the Sabbath school, and felt alone and strange, perched way up there above the others; but she had an opportunity to look around and see what all the other children were doing.

In the class next to Genevieve, there was a girl about her own age who was sitting very straight in her tiny chair. She had a big, shiny, yellow bow on her hair, that just matched the stripe in her silk dress, and her black slippers were laced with yellow ribbons. Genevieve stared at her, and sighed, thinking, "Wouldn't it be nice to have fine dresses and things like that girl has!" She fancied herself in beautiful clothes, and imagined how she would swell with pride, and sit up real straight in *her* chair. But what good would it all be to her? She would only spoil the fine things in the dirty kitchen where she made her home.

Just then Genevieve's teacher showed a beautiful picture to the class, and she turned to listen to what the lady was saying. It was a picture of a man dressed in white. He was standing on the top of a hill, and there were many queer-looking people sitting around on the ground in front of him. His arm pointed toward the sky, and he seemed to be talking.

The teacher was telling about some things that Genevieve did not understand. She said that the people were Jews, and that the man was Christ, and that he was going to leave them and go up into heaven. Genevieve wondered who this man Christ was, and where he lived, and how he could talk about going up through the sky, for only the birds, which have wings, can go up into the sky.

The lady continued to talk, saying that the Man loved the people very much, and did not want them to grieve because he was going to leave them. He said: "Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." The teacher explained that the man Jesus was going up into heaven, where God lives. He was going up there to build houses for all his children, and when they were finished, and all the beautiful things in the city of gold were completed, that he would come back and get his children who had been faithful to him, and take them up to live with him. While he was gone, he wanted his little boys and girls to be good children, to do kind deeds, and say kind words, and sacrifice their pleasures for the sake of others. They were to do their best to make everybody around them happy.

A bell rang, and the teacher passed colored cards to all the class. On each was a little picture of the man in white, teaching the people; and below it was written the promise he made them on the mountain top. Genevieve took her picture, and very carefully tucked it away in the pocket of her little gingham dress, holding her hand over it all the time, to be sure that it was there. After some singing, which sounded very beautiful to her, the big girl came and took Genevieve home again.

The strange story she had heard lingered in her mind all the next morning. She thought of that wonderful home that the teacher had described to her. And then she thought of the way that every little girl can obtain a place in that beautiful land. The teacher said *every* girl or boy who is kind and loving, and tries to make every one happy, can go there to live. It must be that if *she*, Genevieve Briggs, does those things, she can have a place there too. All these thoughts were interwoven with her duties of the morning.

Mr. Briggs was a baker, in rather meager circumstances, and the only errand boy whom he could afford was his own little girl. In the late forenoon he sent her with a basket of rolls to a big house about a mile distant. She did not mind the long walk on this special morning, for her mind was still busy with the impressions of the day before. She often stopped to set down her basket, and pull from her pocket the cherished picture, which her eyes almost devoured.

At length she reached the servants' door. Entering, she gave the rolls to the portly cook, who was a big-hearted, motherly woman, and on most friendly terms with the little girl.

"Good morning, Genevieve," she said cheerfully; then, noticing the thoughtful little face, she questioned, "Where has your little 'imp' gone this morning? I usually see his red cap and silver slippers dancing around the corners of your eyes by this time of day. Guess you must have forgotten him, eh?"

"You see," replied Genevieve, brightening her face and responding to the cook's jovial air, "he got out yesterday afternoon, and I haven't been able to find him since. Guess he went to the picnic with Master Carl, and maybe he was eaten in a sandwich for a red pepper."

The cook's expression changed immediately at the mention of Master Carl. She said, "O that Master Carl had never heard of that picnic! He was taken ill in the night, and the doctor says he is very sick. They even doubt if he will live. But he is better since he had his nap this morning, and his mother has lots of courage. Wouldn't you like to see him? I think your bright face would cheer him. He always looks forward so much to your weekly visits because he gets so lonely playing by himself. I'm sure he will be glad to see you!"

Genevieve readily assented, and they went up to the



"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS"



sickroom together. The boy looked up with a pleased smile as she entered. They visited together for a few minutes, and then Genevieve started to go, not wishing to tire him. But she thought, "If I only knew what I could do to make him happy, while he has to lie here in bed! If I were sick, I should want some things to play with, some books to look at, some pictures—" Pictures! Her hand went down involuntarily to her pocket. Yes, there was her picture; could she give it up? It meant so much to her, that picture of the great, good Man in white, that was king up in the sky. Could she part with that dearest treasure of her heart? But the Man had said that any one who did the best he could to make others happy should have a home with him, where there would be no more sin and sorrow. It was the only thing she had to give to Carl, the very best she could do to make him happy.

Reluctantly she drew the little card from her pocket, and slipped it over the white spread to the little boy. Her eyes looked long at the face of the Man, as the lad held the card in his hand, and asked her what it was about. She told him, as well as she could remember, the story that the Sabbath school teacher had told her little class the day before. And then she read in a stammering tongue the words of the promise printed underneath. The boy was greatly interested. He could not understand all about it either, but he said he would ask his mother. With two different feelings tugging at her heart, Genevieve went away, grieving to have lost her picture, glad to have made little Carl happy.

A few mornings later, a servant girl from the big mansion came over to the bakery for some extra supplies, and brought to all the sad news that Master Carl was dead. The fever had attacked him with new force, and he was gone. Genevieve listened in silence while the girl related through her tears the story of his death: how in the early evening he had called his mother to him, and asked her many questions about a little picture he had in bed with him, questions which she satisfied with the simple story of the cross,—a story nearly forgotten in her own heart; and how they had both cried as the old grandmother knelt down by the bedside and prayed, as his mother said the wonderful Man in white often did; and how the lad seemed perfectly happy and ready to sleep, when they all went out and left him for the night.

And then came the terrible crisis, which took his young life away. As they smoothed out his dark curls on the pillow, closed his sweet blue eyes, and folded the little hands across his breast, they found crumpled in his fist, the picture of the Man in white, whose hand was pointed toward heaven, and who promised, in loving words, "In my Father's house are many mansions: . . . I go to prepare a place for you."

The warm tears dimmed Genevieve's eyes, and her throat had a choked feeling; but in her heart was joy and peace, for she had done the best she could.

#### "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."

HENRY ALFORD was born in London, Oct. 7, 1810. His father was a clergyman of the Church of England, and he followed in his father's footsteps. When the lad was sixteen years old, he wrote these noble words upon the flyleaf of his Bible: "I do this day, in the presence of God and my own soul, renew my covenant with God, and solemnly determine henceforth to become his, and to do his work as far as in me lies."

He was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge University, and became a popular London preacher. In 1857 he was promoted to the position of dean of Canterbury, and held that important post till his death fourteen years later, Jan. 12, 1871.

Dean Alford's greatest work was a magnificent edition of the Greek Testament. He spent upon it twenty years of hard labor, and produced a work which was the admiration of scholars. He wrote many hymns. Indeed, he prepared a hymn book to which he contributed no fewer than fifty-five hymns of his own. Not many of his hymns, however, have come into common use. Of these, one of the finest is "Ten thousand times ten thousand." Another is "Forward be our watchword." But of all his hymns the most popular is "Come, ye thankful people, come."

This harvest hymn first appeared in 1844, with the title, "After Harvest." It was originally accompanied by the text, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps. 126:6. The hymn originally contained seven stanzas, but only the following four are printed in our hymn books:

"Come, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest Home!  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin:  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied;  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

"All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto his praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear:  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

"For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take his harvest home;  
From his field shall in that day  
All offenses purge away;  
Give his angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In his garner evermore.

"Even so, Lord, quickly come  
To thy final Harvest Home!  
Gather thou thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
There forever purified,  
In thy presence to abide:  
Come, with all thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious Harvest Home!"

—Amos R. Wells.

#### Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of October 9

(Concluded from page ten)

and five hundred and ninety-six miles nearer than Galveston. Virtually all of South America lies to the east of the United States. Draw a line due south from New York City to the Antarctic Ocean and it will pass through the Pacific Ocean, not the Atlantic, and far to the west of Valparaiso. That is why the relations of South America, at least on the eastern side of the continent, have been so much closer with Europe than with us. The distance from South America to Europe is about that from the United States to Europe, yet the coast of Brazil extends to within less than two thousand miles of the nearest point on the coast of Africa. Pernambuco, Brazil, is only three days by fast steamer from Dakar and Cape Verde, and the projected railway from Gibraltar to Dakar will some day make it possible to reach South America from Europe in five days."



7. Sinn Fein is the Gaelic for "ourselves alone," and indicates the object of the party bearing the name. The term is pronounced — Shinn Fain (Standard Dictionary); Sin Fain (Webster's New International Dictionary).

## 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."

### God Knows Us

(Texts for November 25 to December 1)

"LORD, thou hast searched me, and dost know  
Where'er I rest, where'er I go;  
Thou knowest all that I have planned,  
And all my ways are in thy hand.

"My words from thee I cannot hide,  
I feel thy power on every side;  
O wondrous knowledge, awful might,  
Unfathomed depth, unmeasured height!

"Where can I go apart from thee,  
Or whither from thy presence flee?  
In heaven — it is thy dwelling fair;  
In death's abode — lo, thou art there.

"If I the wings of morning take,  
And far away my dwelling make,  
The hand that leadeth me is thine,  
And my support thy power divine.

"Search me, O God, my heart discern;  
Try me my inmost thoughts to learn;  
And lead me, if in sin I stray,  
To choose the everlasting way."

God knows us very well. He is acquainted with all our plans. He even knows what we are going to think about day after tomorrow. He knows us from A to Z; and, strange as it may seem, we really need to know him in order to understand ourselves fully. The fact that he knows us so well makes him a most wonderful Friend to each one of us; for he can teach us how to make our lives most useful to others.

An incident that comes to my mind helps me to understand how much it means to have God control my life. Something had gone wrong with the automobile, and none of the tourists understood the machine well enough to fix it, so they had to be towed in to the nearest town; but even the assistant in the garage met his Waterloo in their trouble. He did everything that he could think of, but the machine would not start. For hours he wasted muscle and gray matter on the obstreperous machine. Why didn't it go as it should? The tourists were stranded. What could they do? Their anxiety to be off made waiting desperately hard. They felt themselves on the ragged edge of despair. But they were helpless; they could not manage their own machine.

Then something happened. A man drove up to the garage. He was attracted to the unknown friends in trouble. Examining the machine quickly, he drew off his coat and worked a few minutes. Then he pressed the button, and immediately the engine started. He was master of that machine; he understood it in every detail; and when it was placed under his control, it became useful as before.

How often we get stranded! We meet problems that we cannot solve; temptations with which we cannot cope; obstacles we cannot overcome. And how often in these dilemmas we flounder about trying every source of help we can think of *except* God. Somehow it seems so hard for us to learn that he is the only unfailing source of help. He is the panacea for all

our failures. He knows us, and knows how to give us success; he knows our hearts and knows how to comfort them. He knows our possibilities, and if we will let him, he will guide our feet in the path that will lead us to his ideal for our lives.

And God has always known us. He knows when we have tried and failed; and he knows when we have failed to try. All along the way his eyes have followed us and his hand has been upon us. He has heard every word we have spoken. He knows the weakest point in our character; he knows the deepest desire of our hearts. Everything, however small, that has made our hearts ache has hurt him, too. We have made many mistakes; we have often forgotten him, neglected him, and even scorned his friendship. He knows all about this; but it does not change his attitude toward us. He loves us just the same; his thoughts "are very precious toward" us. He wants to take us just as we are *today*, restore his image in our lives, that we may be happy and successful ourselves, and become a daily blessing to others.

Then let us this morning pray with the psalmist: "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." As he searches our hearts day by day, he will keep us busy putting things out of them that should not be there, and drawing in graces that we need. But if we really make this prayer of the psalmist the daily petition of our hearts, he will lead us "in the way everlasting."

"He knows and loves and cares —  
Nothing this truth can dim;  
He does the very best for those  
Who leave their choice with him."

M. E.

LIFE holds no pleasure nobler than that of friendship.—*Johnson*.



DR. AND MRS. D. E. DAVENPORT, YEN-CHENG,  
HONAN, CHINA



## Missionary Volunteer Department

|                  |                       |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| M. E. KERN       | Secretary             |
| MATILDA ERICKSON | Assistant Secretaries |
| ELLA IDEN        |                       |
| MRS. I. H. EVANS | Office Secretary      |
| MEADE MAC GUIRE  | Field Secretaries     |
| C. L. BENSON     |                       |
| J. F. SIMON      |                       |

### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending December 1

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

#### The Bible Year

##### Senior Assignment

- November 25. 1 Corinthians 14 to 16: Spiritual gifts; the resurrection.  
 November 26. 2 Corinthians 1 to 4: Forgiveness; living epistles.  
 November 27. 2 Corinthians 5 to 7: Paul's motive in service; godly sorrow.  
 November 28. 2 Corinthians 8 to 10: Liberality.  
 November 29. 2 Corinthians 11 to 13: Suffering for Christ; exhortations; benediction.  
 November 30. Galatians 1 to 3: Law and works.  
 December 1. Galatians 4 to 6: Adoption; fruits of the Spirit.  
 For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for November 22.

##### Junior Assignment

- November 25. Acts 18: Paul as a tentmaker.  
 November 26. Acts 19: Paul at Ephesus.  
 November 27. Acts 20: Paul in Macedonia.  
 November 28. Acts 21: The journey to Jerusalem.  
 November 29. Acts 22: Paul tells how he was converted.  
 November 30. Acts 23: Conspiracy against Paul.  
 December 1. Acts 24: Paul before Felix.

#### Who's Who

Spelling matches! aren't they the most fun? When I used to go to country school, we always looked forward to Friday afternoon, for it was a regular thing to have the whole school line up at the front of the room, with feet toeing a certain large crack in the floor, and there to "spell down." There is something exhilarating about testing the mind in this way. Geography and arithmetic matches are interesting also, for they, too, sharpen one's wits and stimulate thought.

What do you say to having a little drill or "match" on some of the names found in the chapters in Acts, which are assigned for this week's reading? After you have read Acts 18-24 carefully and thoughtfully during the week, have some one question you about the following names, all of which appear in the chapters you will read: Ananias, Antipatris, Agabus, Cæsarea, Cyprus, Damascus, Drusilla, Eutychus, Ephesus, Felix, Gamaliel, Mnason, Patara, Philip, Tyre, Troas, Timotheus, Trophimus, Tertullus, Tarsus.

Which are names of places? Which is the name of a famous teacher? of a prophet? of a high priest? Can you find a governor's name in the list?

It would be a good drill for several of you Juniors who are taking the Bible Year, to line up in a row, and "spell down" on these names, not really spelling them (though that would be interesting too), but telling who or what each one was. It is a fine thing to be well posted on the names of people and places referred to in the Bible. I wonder who will be able to stand up longest, should you try this plan.

There is one man mentioned in our reading this week to whom we should surely like to express our gratitude if we could, and that is Claudius Lysias, the

chief captain at Jerusalem, who twice saved Paul from being killed by the angry multitude. Lysias was a military leader of one thousand men, in command of the garrison stationed in the castle overlooking the temple at Jerusalem. When he learned of the riot which the Jews had stirred up at the temple, he hastened down with his soldiers, and rescued Paul from the hands of the infuriated mob. Later, in a meeting of the Sanhedrin, he it was who with great difficulty again bore God's faithful servant away from those who would no doubt have torn him in pieces. Paul's work was not yet completed, and God used Lysias as his instrument to save the life of the great apostle to the Gentiles, until he had "finished his course."

ELLA IDEN.

"WHENEVER God permits hard drill, it promises promotion for his soldiers."

## The Sabbath School

### IX — Temperance

(December 1)

MEMORY VERSE: "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." 1 Cor. 9:25.

#### Questions

1. What lesson is drawn from the self-denial practiced by men who prepare for games that require great strength and endurance? 1 Cor. 9:25-27.
2. Why are kings and rulers admonished to be temperate? Prov. 31:4, 5.
3. In olden times what warning was given to Aaron concerning the priests? Lev. 10:8-10.
4. How did Daniel and his companions stand the test that was brought upon them? Dan. 1:8-15.
5. At the end of the three years' course in the school of Babylon, how did the wisdom of these young people compare with that of others? Verses 17-20.
6. What is said in the Scriptures concerning wine? Prov. 20:1. Note 1.
7. What six things are mentioned as accompaniments of intemperance? Prov. 23:29, 30.
8. What is one of the evil results of intemperance? Verses 20, 21.
9. What is the final effect upon the one who uses strong drink? Verses 31, 32.
10. What warning is given against leading others into intemperance? Hab. 2:15.
11. What admonition is given concerning association with those who use strong drink? 1 Cor. 5:11.
12. With whom are drunkards classed by the apostle Paul? 1 Cor. 6:9, 10. See Rev. 21:27.
13. What testimony do we have as to the defiling and injurious effect of tobacco? Note 2.

#### Notes

1. "All intoxicating drinks are deceptive. They seem to give strength, but in reality cause weakness; they seem to create heat, but in fact lower the general temperature; they seem to impart vitality, but really destroy life; they seem to promote happiness, but cause the greatest unhappiness and misery. To intemperance may be attributed much of the world's sorrow."—*Bible Readings*, p. 745.

2. "Tobacco is the most subtle poison known to chemists, except the deadly prussic acid."—*M. Orfila, president Medical Academy, Paris*.

"Tobacco is ruinous in our schools and colleges, dwarfing body and mind."—*Dr. Willard Parker*.

"I shall not hesitate to pronounce tobacco in young men to be evil, and only evil, physically, mentally, and morally."—*Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst College*.

"Cigarettes are ruining our children, endangering their lives, dwarfing their intellects, and making them criminals, fast. The boys who use them seem to lose all sense of right, decency, and righteousness."—*Judge Crane, of New York City*.

"Cigarette smoking in the case of boys partly paralyzes the nerve cells at the base of the brain, and this interferes with the breathing and heart action. The end organs of the motor nerves lose their excitability, next the trunks of the nerves, and then the spinal cord. . . . The power of fine coördination is decidedly lost."—*Prof. Sims Woodhead, of Cambridge University; cited in "Bible Readings," p. 747*.



# The Youth's Instructor

Issued Tuesdays by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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

## Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription - - - - - \$1.50  
Six months - - - - - .85

## Club Rates

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

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

## What They Did

ALEXANDER HAMILTON was seventeen when he stood up on a soap box in City Hall Park and urged resistance to England.

Alexander the Great, holder of the world's record in conquest, subdued Greece and destroyed Thebes when he was twenty-one.

Sir Isaac Newton was only twenty-one when he turned traitor to his classmates and invented the binomial theorem; and it was only two years later that gravitation occurred to him.

Lafayette was only nineteen when he printed "Why not?" on a flag, nailed it to the mast, and sailed across the sea to help the American colonies win their freedom. What have you done? — *Selected.*

## Do You Do These Things?

### When He Borrows

A MAN borrows a dime or a quarter or a dollar from a friend. He is perfectly able to pay it back, but he never does. Many of us go through that experience. And unless we are superhuman, the incident, small as it is, leaves a mark, sometimes a hurt. And the failure to pay is put down to a lapse of memory. But that isn't so. It is really a character defect. Our memories may be treacherous, but usually we can train them to do just about what we want them to do. And paying back a borrowed sum of money, no matter how small, is not beyond the capacity of the average memory. We cannot be too careful about money matters: folks are sensitive on that point when they are impervious on all others. Many a good friendship has been damaged by forgetfulness in money matters. No sum of money is so small that we can be too punctilious about paying it back at the earliest possible moment." Failure to do this brands one as a criminal, — a thief.

### When He Promises to Pay

A man owes a bill. He has owed it for months. His creditor tells him he must have the money; so the debtor promises to pay a certain sum each week; but he does not do it; and makes no effort to apologize for his failure to do so. Upon a second visit from his creditor the debtor makes another definite promise to pay. He fails to keep this promise, and does not voluntarily give the creditor his reasons for not doing so. Neither does he seek to forestall any inconvenience his failure to keep his promise may occasion his creditor. No excuse can palliate such a course. This way of dealing is altogether reprehensible. One must keep one's promises, or make it clear why one cannot before the promise falls due. It is not honest or

courteous to wait until after the date of fulfilment. Meeting obligations in this slipshod way is not good business. It is not honest. It is not manly. It is not Christian. Why, then, do you do it?

### Too Uncommunicative

If a person is hard pressed financially and cannot meet the payment due, he should frankly tell the creditor the exact state of his affairs. It is not good business nor courtesy to be uncommunicative at such a time. Perhaps the creditor may offer some suggestion that will satisfy both parties concerned.

If a man has a pressing obligation to meet and he goes to a friend to borrow money to meet the obligation, it is only fair to his friend to tell him the nature of the obligation and what is involved in a failure to meet it. This is only courtesy to the one of whom the loan is desired.

If a person writes you concerning a business matter, a prompt response is due the writer. To ignore such letters, even though the matter does not primarily concern the writer of the letter, is very discourteous and disrespectful. No business communication should be ignored.

## Hints on Conservation

"She wants not because she wastes not."

I N some of the European countries at war, fines up to \$500 are levied on persons who throw away stale bread.

We consume from eighty-five to ninety pounds of sugar per person annually. France now allows only one pound a month per person. She has asked us to send her 100,000 tons, or they must stop the ration altogether. We are advised therefore to make use of sirups instead of sugar where practicable.

If each family saves a pound of flour a week by using more potatoes, rice, or cornmeal, it will mean a total saving of 125,000,000 bushels of wheat a year.

If every one would use one tenth less coal this winter than last winter, sixty million tons would be saved, and thousands of freight cars would be released for other needs.

Save gas and electricity by not using these when unnecessary. This will conserve the coal, for most of the gas and electricity is obtained directly or indirectly from coal.

The government urges the use of no butter in cooking. Vegetable fats make a good substitute. If each one uses one third of an ounce less of fats a day, 395,000 tons of fats will be saved.

## Meditation Thoughts

"BUT for our difficulties we might forget our Deliverer."

A GOOD book is the best of friends — the same today and forever. — *Milton.*

"EVERYBODY makes mistakes. That is why the rubber is on the end of the pencil."

"To admire the virtues and the achievements of others is a mark of greatness."

"He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster." Prov. 18:9.

"CONCEIT is a wet blanket that conceals a man's virtues and extinguishes the glow of his good deeds."

"THE man who waits to see which way the other fellow is going will always be a laggard in life's race."

NEITHER a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

— *Shakespeare.*