

The ^{FOUNDED} INSTRUCTOR

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NOAH GIVING HIS MESSAGE OF THE COMING FLOOD

From Here and There

There are 350,000 Sunday schools scattered all over the world, and 3,500,000 instructors.

Every inch added to the length of the skirt means \$10,000,000 saved in the shoe bill for America.

Thursday, January 24, 1918, has been set apart as a day of prayer throughout the country for national prohibition of the liquor traffic.

The man who had \$1,000 saved in 1896, may be surprised to learn that his thousand dollars, measured in purchasing power, has now shrunk to about \$300.

Members of Congress will urge that the government make land allotments to our soldiers after the war, thus helping them to get a ready start in life after their return from Europe.

The Institute of France recently awarded a prize of \$2,000 to each of two Frenchmen having unusually large families. One has fifteen children, the oldest of whom is under eighteen, and the other has sixteen ranging in age from thirty-four to eight.

The fact that friends and relatives of soldiers cease to write is given by one soldier as the reason why so many of the men go wrong. Let us not forget our boys in the camps, but write the inspirational, interesting, newsy letter at least once a week.

In each of the thirty or more air raids made by Austria on Venice, that city has been prepared. The electrical microphones at the Venice observation station are said to have been able to detect the sound made by the planes as they left Trieste, sixty miles away.

On December 6, the "Mont Blanc," a vessel loaded with 3,000 tons of munitions for France, because of a confusion of signals in the Halifax, Nova Scotia, harbor, collided with another vessel, and the resulting explosion killed and injured several thousand persons, and destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property.

The National Reform Association has issued a call to the Christians of the world to meet in conference at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 2-9, 1918, to discuss the question of a lasting peace and to aid in the reconstruction of the world at the close of the war, in accordance with Christian principles. The address of the association is 209 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh.

Introduction of "meatless Tuesdays" in hotels and restaurants has resulted in the saving by one great chain of restaurants of seven tons of meat weekly, according to a report to the Food Administration. This includes about 3,500 pounds of pork and 8,300 pounds of beef. One New York hotel reports that during October it curtailed its consumption of flour by fourteen barrels as the result of "wheatless Wednesdays."

The largest flour mill in Minneapolis means the largest mill in the world, and belongs to a company which grinds out over 35,000 barrels of flour every twenty-four hours. It takes about half a pound of flour to make a loaf of bread, so that the output of this company alone would give a loaf a day to 14,000,000 people, or to more than the inhabitants of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, and Detroit combined. It handles every day in the neighborhood of 175,000 bushels of wheat.

Uncle Sam is now carrying out the greatest building undertaking ever accomplished by a nation in so short a time, namely, the building of his "war cities," as the various cantonments are called. There are to be sixteen major camps and a number of smaller ones. Each major camp requires 1,500 or more buildings for the accommodation of the 50,000 men it is to care for. Twenty buildings a day, on an average, it is said, are being completed at each cantonment (cantonment). At both Camp Travis, Texas, and Camp Taylor, Kentucky, a big barracks two-story structure rose from the ground in one and one-half hours. The contractors are paid at the rate of cost plus seven per cent.

One of our ministers sought an audience with a high war official in an attempt to secure exemption from Sabbath labor for our boys. The official was very busy, but our minister said he wanted only two minutes of his time. The interview was granted. The minister merely said: "Our boys do not drink, use tobacco, play cards, or gamble. They will work hard for you; but we ask for them exemption from Sabbath labor." The official said, "All right; they shall have it;" and the interview was closed. School readers counsel: "Talk to the point and stop when you reach it." In this instance at least, the carrying out of this advice brought good returns.

Siberia is one of the fairest lands upon the earth, rolling hills and endless plains, forest-clad slopes and great fields of grain ready to harvest; lovely rivers winding away to the forest — fire-tints of the lingering sun, which in Siberia and Russia is very much of a night owl in summer. Siberia seems to have everything lovely and worth while, except people. Every one seems to be at the station, but behind that, humanity seems to become invisible. After the Chengtu plain, Siberia seems as uninhabited as a haunted house.

The government of Holland recently paid the immense sum of \$200,000 for a painting by the Dutch seventeenth-century master, Vermeer. As the picture measures only eighteen by fifteen inches, this means that the pecuniary value is \$775 per square inch. The subject of this costly work is the very homely one of the "Cook" or "Milk-woman."

John R. Mott, America's great Y. M. C. A. leader, is a strong believer in the prevailing power of prayer. He says: "Those who spend enough time in actual communion with God to become really conscious of their absolute dependence on him, shall change the mere energy of the flesh for the power of God."

Prof. E. G. Martin, of Leland Stanford University, has been experimenting to see whether resting one day in the week increases one's efficiency. He found that students were much more sensitive to electricity immediately after a day of rest. Each day after Monday he found the sensitiveness grew less.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Recreation	3
Eutychus	4
Crucifying Self (poetry)	4
The Guiding Providence	7
The Bible's Two Laws	10
What the Standard of Attainment Is	14
Have You Read It Today?	14
The Appreciation League	16
SELECTIONS	
A Royal Family's Tragedy Revealed	5
The Ambergris King	8
He Knows More About Salt —	9
Oranges from Heaven	12
Busy, but Not Busy	12

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 15, 1918

No. 3

To Thine Own Self Be True

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed;
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-worn steadfast oath,
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part,
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Nowhither, but be swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is won
And thou mayst look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done.

—Pakenham Beatty.

Recreation

MRS. M. A. LOPER

IT fell to my lot recently, with several other ladies, to stand in front of a moving picture theater, to secure signers to the Government food pledge. It was the usual motley throng that entered—rich and poor, some so poor in appearance that it seemed they could not much more than eke out an existence; and yet parents with their children took enough of their scanty earnings (with the additional war tax) to attend the moving picture show! It is surely a sign of the fast approaching end of all things to see how many people are "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God."

Moving picture shows are so universally detrimental to one's moral and spiritual welfare that people do well who avoid these popular places of amusement. The pure film that is beneficial along educational lines is so unpopular that it is rarely seen in the ordinary show place.

This is a pleasure-loving age, when the mental appetite of the general public demands many things that are not conducive to the uplifting of humanity or to the welfare of the world in general.

There is a divine principle underlying all the activities of life, which we would do well to recognize. It is a law of reciprocity, if we may call it so, which has to do with the balanced upkeep of the mental and physical powers, and is also closely connected with spiritual welfare.

Work is of divine appointment, and so is recreation; it has its own legitimate place in the life of every individual. The physical strength should not be built up without regard to the mental, nor should mental culture be sought at the expense of physical welfare. Both should be secured, and to both should be added the spiritual attainments it is one's privilege to enjoy.

Many good things in life may become harmful when carried beyond their legitimate limit. We must eat in order to live, but the common practice of overeating is a great physical menace. Gardening—outdoor exercise—is conducive to health; and yet the frail person may overdo along this line until the physical exercise becomes to him a means of shortening life. Missionary work is essential to one's spiritual welfare; but it is very easy for one whose life is devoted to gospel work, to so neglect his own physical needs as to impair permanently his health.

On one occasion, Jesus said to his weary disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile." Their labors had been so arduous and so long continued that they were in need of a change that would afford them time to look after their physical welfare.

It is possible to follow the very best of occupations until a change is demanded in order to balance up the energies of mind and body.

Young people, as well as those of older years, need periods of recreation. But as already intimated, we live in a time when recreation and amusement are entirely overdone, and the world is suffering a moral and spiritual downfall as the result. But even this does not change the divine order of things, in which recreation of the right kind has its appointed place.

It is not the part of wisdom to engage in matched games which may result in fractured skulls, broken limbs, or instant death. Such games are not played for the sake of recreation, but for the winning of personal glory; and students who spend their time in this manner, do so at the expense of school duties and obligations. The feverish excitement which such games engender, strengthens the spirit of rivalry, and ill feelings are likely to result.

Gambling cards are to be shunned as moral and spiritual poison. A fascination has been woven about card playing that almost envelops even the so-called Christian world. Even though it might be possible to play an innocent game with such cards, it would seem much like entering a saloon to secure a drink of lemonade. The associations are evil and the influence is decidedly in favor of following the trail of the serpent.

Many games which in themselves are harmless may become harmful if the players permit themselves to become so infatuated with them as to waste precious time which ought to be used for a better purpose. When one goes beyond the legitimate limit of recreation, the mind becomes so absorbed in the pastime that life's duties are likely to be neglected and become irksome. It is possible to become so trained that the inclinations of the heart will go out constantly toward amusements and frivolous pleasures.

To every individual is given a definite work, just as definite as is his mansion in the eternal city. That work requires the very best efforts of which he is capa-

ble; it requires the consistent use of time and energy. The accomplishing of this task is his business in life. Recreation must be subservient to the best interests of the life work, if one would reach the highest success.

A means of recreation which one person may find very beneficial may prove of no value to another. Persons who are mentally weary should not seek recreation in that which calls for fine discriminations of thought, nor should those who are physically weary expect to recuperate wasted energies by indulging in pastimes which include strenuous physical exercise. That which may be a wrong use of time for one person may be the very thing which will prove helpful to another.

So if you believe a certain form of recreation to be right for you, do not take that as proof that it is best for every one else to engage in the same thing.

If you believe a certain recreation to be wrong, do not indulge in it, even though you may see others do so.

If you are undecided as to whether or not a thing is wrong, do not engage in it.

The individual who seeks to honor God in recreation as well as in work, who asks for divine guidance in all the details of life's activities, need not be led astray in the matter of recreation.

Eutychus

THE story of Eutychus as given in Acts 20, is an old one to most of us. We read that previous to Paul's departure for Assas there was a meeting held in a third-story room of some building in Troas. Night settled upon the city while these earnest believers were gathered to listen to the apostle's instruction. Doubtless Eutychus selected his seat in the window because he thought it would be pleasanter than any other, and because from it he could look down upon the street and see what was going on, while he could also listen to Paul. The evening breezes delighted him, for they brought a taste of the outside world. But the meeting being of unusual length, as Paul talked long, Eutychus was "borne down with sleep," and suddenly and unexpectedly fell from his lofty pew, being taken up dead by those in the room who hurried below to care for him.

The night of sin in its terrible blackness has settled upon the world, and the Lord has led us to the third story—above the world of sin, in our hopes and ideals. We have been in this truth a long time listening to the message. Has it become just a little stale to us, and have we taken our seat in the window where we can listen to the preaching of the truth, and also see and hear the alluring attractions of the world? Have worldly breezes been playing about our heads? They surely will if we continue there! This condition brings sleep, and with slumber comes the fall. Fall where?—Out of the truth and back into the world, to be dead in sin. We are admonished, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength;" "Arise, shine;" "Cry aloud."

This sleepy condition is pictured in Revelation 3: 14-18. It is the "neither cold nor hot," the halfway mark, that the Lord dislikes. If we have been sitting in the windows, let us resolve to get down from our dangerous position and take our place squarely inside, where our footing may be firm and sure.

Perhaps you have experienced the fall of Eutychus. If so, when the love of God embraces you, endeavoring to renew life within you, do not spurn and reject it, but gladly yield and accept the new life; for your eternal welfare is at stake. You can't afford to lose.

H. A. MILLER.

Crucifying Self

(Gal. 5:24)

To Christ

THEE have I crucified without a thought,
Yes, crucified thee, when I knew it not.
Down mine own way, with light and tripping feet,
Have passed, pursuing joys that seemed so sweet
I could forget the thorns upon thy brow;
But *can* I do what thou demandest now?
On that same cross can I my dearest stretch,—
Drive those sharp nails, and with mine own hand fetch
The mallet that will make the lifeblood flow?
Yet I will try—I give one little blow.
Ah! how it hurts myself to crucify!
It would be easier at once to die.
O self! dear self! what have I done to thee?
I weep beside thee till I cannot see;
But I must haste, self or my soul to lose.
Strengthen mine hand, dear God, and help me choose
The long, hard path of duty, and the nails
That pain until my very spirit fails.
And if at night a little life remain,
Help me to strike those cruel nails again.
Thou, a meek victim of another's hate,
Didst die but once. Mine is a harder fate.
Each day a struggling self to fasten down,
One that I love, and would so gladly crown
With joyous life, with wealth, and painless ease
Were this life all, and I myself could please.
Give larger vision to my tearful eyes,
Unfold before me the eternal prize.
Give me the standpoint of thy Father's throne,
Help me to make that point of view mine own.
There still is time, if I myself will yield,
To be a worker in thy harvest field.
I marvel that thou shouldst have died for me
When all my selfishness is seen by thee.
My heart responds to such a love as thine,
My will surrenders to thy will divine.

MRS. J. W. PURVIS

A Cripple Newsboy

A MINISTER stopped at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, New York, and asked a newsman for an evening *Journal*. The newsman said, "All out of *Journals*. I have the *Sun*, *World*, *Mail*, *Globe*, *Telegram*, and the rest." The minister said he wanted to see an editorial in the *Journal* against whisky. The newsman, who is a cripple, said, "Stay here a minute and I will get you a copy." He hobbled across that terribly crowded thoroughfare, and had to go the rounds before he could find one, the minister meanwhile selling papers for him.

The customer said, "You are the most obliging newsboy I ever saw," and gave him a quarter and would not take back the change. Then he asked, "How long have you been in this business?" "Twenty-five years on this corner." "You have no stand; only this little bench against the pavement and up against the building?" The newsy replied, "My father was one of the prominent contractors of this city. He speculated and lost his money and died, and I, the only child, was driven out on the street to sell papers to support my widowed mother. About this time I received a stroke of paralysis, and stood on this corner a cripple, nine years of age, with papers in my arms. The owner of this building saw me, and told me to get a little box six inches wide and three feet long and put it close up against the wall and that would be my news stand, and I have sold papers here ever since. I have supported a wife and children, have a son fifteen years of age in college, and take care of my dear old mother, who is eighty-five years old." In answer to the minister's question as to whether he was a Christian, he said: "Oh, yes, I am; I attend church services, try to live an honest and unselfish life, and have determined that while I look after my customers and my family, I will not neglect my own soul's salvation."—*Christian Herald*.

A Royal Family's Tragedy Revealed

EVERY revolution has its victims. Standing out prominently among those of the recent one in Russia are four girls, whose names have barely been mentioned in the great cataclysm that has swept away their father's throne, and whose fate is about as tragic as that of any of the heroines of old Greek drama.

I am thinking of the daughters of the man who, a few months ago, was the mighty czar of all the Russias, and who is now nothing but a prisoner in Siberia. No one has had a word of pity for these girls, who, born amidst all the pomp of the most luxurious imperial house in Europe, find themselves today outcasts among their own people; who have lost their position, their rank, their fortune, everything they ever possessed, and who stand, helpless and unknowing, in the presence of a future as uncertain as it is threatening.

There are people who seem to have been born to misfortune, and the daughters of Nicholas II undeniably belong to the number. First of all, their births were nothing but a series of disappointments for their parents as well as for the Russian nation, who had, each time, hoped for an heir. When Olga, the eldest one, made her appearance, people grumbled, but thought that the expected boy would follow. Tatiana's birth was a source of regret, and, as her two younger sisters arrived in due course, the nation began to express its discontent quite loudly, and, even among the imperial family, their advent into the world was considered in the light of an actual misfortune. For long weeks, the empress would not even look at them, and the babies were left entirely to the care of a nurse, at first, and of a governess afterward. Happily, the latter, Mademoiselle Toutscheff, was a person of great distinction, who took to her heart the forsaken children, and tried to give them some of the maternal love which was denied them by their own mother. She brought them up admirably, but, unfortunately, had to resign her functions a few months before the breaking out of the great war, owing to some disagreement she had with the empress, on the subject of Rasputin. She objected strenuously to his constant presence at the side of her pupils, and went so far as to speak to the emperor



NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, THE DEPOSED
CZAR OF RUSSIA

about it. The latter would not do anything to remove his daughters from the nefarious influence of a man who has been the evil genius of the House of Romanoff, and Mademoiselle Toutscheff left the young grand duchesses.

Her departure was, for the latter, the first great sorrow of their existence. It left them entirely alone, since their mother deliberately avoided their companionship, and, although under the same roof, sometimes spent weeks without seeing them. The girls had no friends of their own age, no one to turn to, no one with whom they could have shared the pleasures, such as they were, of their existence, or its sorrows. They were not even allowed to visit their relatives, and they found themselves compelled to seek, within their own resources, the chance to live otherwise than in a purely mechanical manner.

Their days were spent mostly out of doors, in the park of Tsarskoie Sélo, where they had liked to wander ever since their baby days. Pomp and luxury surrounded them; they had fine dresses, jewels, and everything they might have wished for; but these girls required something more than that. They had generous hearts, noble souls, and minds far above those of the people with whom they lived. They had felt, without perhaps being aware of it, their ostracism by Russian society, on account of their mother, and they had suffered from it perhaps more than they had allowed the world to guess. Their existence has been an entirely unnatural one, and it is not surprising that it has transformed them into sad girls, who seldom smile, and who seem to be always expecting some misfortune or other to fall upon them.

The eldest daughter, Olga, was her father's favorite, and has devoted herself to him ever since she could understand his position, together with her own. The unfortunate czar, who was so lonely amidst the splendors of his existence, found in his daughter the sympathy he had been unable to meet with in his wife, and the two became far more intimate than is even the case, generally, between parent and child. Olga walked with Nicholas II, she read to him, she tried to render



WINTER PALACE OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

to him every small service that she could, and she more than once declared she would never consent to marry abroad, because this would surely entail her leaving him.

The emperor, on the other hand, fond as he was of this lovely daughter, would have liked to see her settled in life. He realized how different her existence was from that of other young princesses of her age, and he felt sorry for her, as well as for her sisters. It was partly for this reason that when the idea, first of a Serbian, then of a Rumanian marriage, for Olga Nicolaiewna was suggested to him by M. Sazonoff, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, he caught eagerly at it. The two princes received a warm invitation to pay a visit to Tsarskoie Sélo, and when they arrived, every opportunity was given them to see the grand duchesses, but neither of the latter would allow themselves to be persuaded to accept the prospect opened to them, and so the thing dropped, partly because of their aversion for it, and partly because the war broke out, which put aside every thought of matrimony for the daughters of the czar.

The two eldest girls were, at that time, nineteen and seventeen years of age. They had been seen only once in society, on the occasion of the anniversary of the three-hundredth year of the accession of the Romanoff dynasty to the throne of Russia. A great ball was given in Petrograd, in celebration, at which Olga and Tatiana were both present, chaperoned by their grandmother, the Dowager Empress Marie, as their mother only showed herself for a few moments at this festivity. The girls were immensely admired, and seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, dancing until the early hours of the morning. It was their first and their last appearance at any public entertainment, and the world who saw them then, was never to do so again—at least not as daughters of a reigning monarch.

When the storm burst, and the war broke out, Olga and Tatiana Nicolaiewna came out in their true colors. The emperor appointed them to the head of two relief committees, one of which was to deal with the difficult question of handling the refugees from the provinces which had fallen into the hands of the enemy. It was Tatiana who undertook the latter piece of work, whereas her sister Olga busied herself with the orphans left by soldiers fallen in battle. The sisters took most seriously the duties which had devolved upon them. They worked indefatigably, night and day, giving thus the denial to criticisms which had accompanied their appointment to such responsible posts. People, hearing about it, had shrugged their shoulders and declared that girls brought up as the young grand duchesses had been, could not possibly understand anything of relief work. But the lessons of Mademoiselle Toutscheff had not been lost on her pupils, who, suddenly, to the amazement of everybody, developed qualities which no one, not even those who knew them well, had ever supposed they possessed. Tatiana, in particular, proved herself an absolute wonder. Not only did she enter into every detail concerning the activity of her committee, but she visited, personally, all the various institutions which had been opened by it in different Russian towns. She sacrificed every penny of her large private income to the relief of the unfortunates, refused to buy even a new dress for herself during the two years that she busied herself with her work; she gave up her time, her activity, her thoughts, her energy, entirely to the suffering mass of humanity whose care she had undertaken, and, when one day her father urged her to take some rest, she replied that it

would be unworthy of a Russian princess to do such a thing, while so many Russian soldiers were fighting at the front, without a thought of sparing themselves, in the service of their country.

The soldiers at the front, whom she often visited, simply worshiped her. They detested the empress, whom they would scarcely consent to salute, but whenever Tatiana Nicolaiewna appeared, she was greeted with shouts of enthusiasm. They called her "Nachatatianouschka," "Our little Tatiana," and whenever they saw her pass, in her white apron and kerchief of a sister of mercy, they crowded around her, and begged her to bless them.

By the side of the two elder grand duchesses, their small sisters were encouraged to imitate their example, and, very probably, would, in time, have also tried to do good around them. But the revolution came, and, not only deprived them, together with Olga and Tatiana Nicolaiewna of their position in the world, but also robbed the latter of what was far more precious to them than their rank and wealth—of the possibility of service. The committees over which they had presided were handed over to other people, and the two girls, helpless, saw the greatest interests of their whole life taken away from them, and found themselves, not only prisoners, but also useless members of a society for whose welfare they had worked with such energy.

What will become of them now, it is difficult to guess or to foresee. According to the custom observed in the Russian imperial family, the sum of two million rubles was always deposited in the State Bank, in the name of every grand duchess on the date of her birth, and the interest of it accumulated until she had reached her sixteenth year, when it began to be paid out to her. To this sum was added whatever the reigning sovereign chose to give her out of his private pocket, when she married, or after his death. This fund has been confiscated, together with the rest of the fortune of Nicholas II, and of his family. The question arises how these unfortunate people are going to live, in the still problematical case that they are permitted to leave Russia for abroad. They have priceless jewels, it is true, but, even if they are permitted to take them with them, will their sale be sufficient to insure for them an existence anywhere approaching the one to which they have been used?

When their father was compelled to abdicate, they were both desperately ill with a complicated attack of measles. They could not even be told of the change that had taken place in their destiny; but they were, alas! to understand it all too soon. Their servants left them in haste, their attendants fled from them. They were abandoned in their splendid apartments, surrounded with the luxury which was the only thing they had ever known; but not one housemaid could be found to sweep their rooms, or one valet to bring them their food. Had not the duma sent a doctor to attend the sick family of Nicholas II, it would have missed even medical care. The ingratitude of the world never showed itself in a more brutal manner than during those days when Russia, who for centuries had been prostrated at the feet of her czars, forced the last of them to abdicate.

It is related that when Olga Nicolaiewna was told that her father had been taken prisoner, she turned her head to the wall and wept silently; then, addressing the sister of mercy who was sitting at her bedside, she simply said: "All this is nothing, provided I am allowed to be with papa; poor papa, he will be the most unhappy among us all. Let me get well, and I shall

go and throw myself at the feet of the new government, and ask it for only one favor, and that is to be allowed to remain with papa." And when the former czar at last reached Tsarskoie Sélo, and could proceed to his children's bedsides, the Grand Duchess Olga extended her arms toward him, with just these few words: "They shall have to kill me, before they do anything to you."

Olga and her sister regretted nothing of all that they had lost. They cared not a whit for the splendor, for the pomp, for the luxury in which they had been reared. Their only thought was for their father, and for him alone, and they did not seem to realize that they now stood in the world far more lonely and miserable than all the poor people whose distress they had applied themselves to relieve, for two whole years. They had lost everything, even the pity of others. They had to leave the home in which they had been born and reared, the palaces and parks of Tsarskoie Sélo and Peterhof, the magnificence of the Winter Palace in Petrograd, the sunny shores of the Crimea, where their vacations had generally been spent, for the solitudes of Siberia. And these girls for whom life seemed destined to be so bright, on the day when they were born, stand, at present, before the unknown future, an unknown which perhaps shall be as tragic as was the life of that other victim of the passions of a revolution, the daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette—the woman whom history was to know as the last dauphiness.—*Princess Radziwill.*

The Guiding Providence

THE "Fu An" was scheduled to sail at five o'clock in the morning. Bound for Siang-tan, we left our island home and leisurely wended our way toward the dock, only to find that the boat had already gone. Being loaded with passengers, schedule or no schedule, why wait to accommodate a few men? Or why sail on schedule time to favor a few passengers when by waiting two or three hours, the boat may be crowded with travelers?

After a few hours a little Chinese launch steamed up, which we boarded. Going into the public cabin, we found that a number of Chinese had already preceded us. Among them was a bright, well-dressed young man of about twenty, who presently, addressing us in good English, inquired as to where we were going and what our business was. He said, "I am a Christian. My home is in Siang-tan. I was graduated from the English high school and have had two years' college work. Now I wish to study for the ministry."

We asked him how he would like to teach Chinese to foreigners. Procuring the services of our Chinese evangelist at Siang-tan to act as middleman, we made arrangements with the young man, Djao Shu Sen, to come to Changsha to act as teacher. He itinerated with us for three months, writing letters, arranging trips, renting buildings for chapel purposes, and helping in various ways.

Previous to his becoming a Christian, Mr. Djao traveled over Hunan, selling gold and silver idols. In this

way he learned the several dialects of the province, so was able to translate for us.

At the Hankow general meeting he learned more about our message and work. He was already deeply interested in the prophecies and in the Sabbath question. At the close of the Hankow institute he decided to become a worker in this cause, and is now assisting at the union conference headquarters in Hankow as translator.

And now we are wondering if the sailing of the river boat without us was a matter of chance, or if, with the poet we may say,

"There is a hand
Guides in the affairs of men,"

O. B. KUHN.

Music

WHAT a world of thought this word brings to our minds! Naturally we turn to the days of our childhood, when, free from cares and being more attentive to the things of nature, the whole earth seemed full of one loud chorus of voices praising the Creator of all. Even the night which puts to silence the voices of the day, provides a music all its own; the chirping of the cricket, the shrill piping of beetles, the hooting of owls, with numberless other sounds which are more adapted to the hours of rest and slumber.

One writer tells us that the songs which make up nature's chorus are but the expressions of love shown by each creature to its mate. How generally true this is of the whole creation, despite the entrance of sin!

When we hear the singing of birds and the call of various other creatures, how natural it is to expect creatures of like instincts to respond! And they do respond.

But it would be noticeably unnatural for a dove to respond to the call of a vulture, or a sheep to the roar of a lion. Rather with fear they turn more closely to their own. Now music is of divine origin; but sin has perverted this gift as it has all other blessings, so that unless we are careful in regard to this form of expression, we shall find ourselves responding to the adversary of our souls rather than to the One we have pledged ourselves to love and obey.

"How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" is a question that might well be asked Christians of our day. It is only reasonable to suppose that when a person is converted, he will in time give evidence of his conversion. Our words, our actions, our songs, and the music we play, all have a telling weight of evidence as to what we really are. "What pleases us reveals us" is an expression all too true. It matters not how high we hoist the banner of our profession. Out from the abundance of the heart come forth the witnesses that determine our true standing.

We are all more or less fond of music; but this desire also should be yielded to the Master's service, lest our influence blend the right with the wrong. To say we are converted while we daily respond to that which is carnal and even devilish is a lie the world will not receive. This contradiction of our profession



DJAO SHU SEN

proves also that the testimony of the True Witness is true: "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." We need eyesalve that we may see.

In "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, page 506, in the chapter "Address to the Young," we find these words: "Angels are hovering round yonder dwelling. The young are there assembled; there is the sound of vocal and instrumental music. Christians are gathered there, but what is that you hear? It is a song, a frivolous ditty, fit for the dance hall. Behold the pure angels gather their light closer around them, and darkness envelops those in that dwelling. The angels are moving from the scene. Sadness is upon their countenances. Behold, they are weeping. This I saw repeated a number of times all through the ranks of Sabbath keepers, and especially in —."

Again, on the same page: "Young persons assemble to sing, and, although professed Christians, frequently dishonor God and their faith by their frivolous conversation and their choice of music. Sacred music is not congenial to their taste."

Let us all come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. We can do much by a well-ordered life.

J. B. GALLION.

In Our Father's Care

THE ships glide into the harbor's mouth
And ships sail out to sea;
The wind that sweeps from the sunny south
Is as sweet as sweet can be.
There's a world of toil and a world of pains,
There's a world of trouble and care;
But, oh, in a world where our Father reigns
There is gladness everywhere!

The earth is fair in the breezy morn,
And the toilers sow and reap,
And the fulness comes to the tasseled corn
Whether we wake or sleep;
And far on the hills by feet untrod
There are blossoms that scent the air;
For, ah, in this world of our Father-God
There is beauty everywhere!

The ships sail over the harbor bar,
Away and away to sea;
The ships sail in with the evening star
To the port where no tempests be;
The harvest waves on the summer hills,
And the bands go forth to reap;
And all is right, as our Father wills,
Whether we wake or sleep.

— Anonymous.

Count One

AN atom fills its place.
A universe of worlds
Would miss its tiny face.

Each human life counts one;
Each word and deed records
The good or ill we've done.

Not to the swift the race,
Nor even to the strong;
But to the child of grace.

The power of God is thine.
To take by faith and prove
An agency divine

For sorrow, comfort sweet,
For every weakness strength,
For victory complete.

Take Him and then count one.
With him fill well thy place,
And hear his sweet "well done."

— Howard Agnew Johnston.

Nature and Science

Saving Coal

GOVERNOR WHITMAN, of New York, has issued a number of suggestions for conserving coal and thereby helping Dr. Garfield's Fuel Administration. We reprint the following from the New York *Sun*:

Open-grate fires are wasteful of coal. Heating the whole house is often extravagant. Spare rooms should be shut up and have the heat turned off.

In tending a furnace fire it is important to see that there are no cracks at the floor line of the furnace, admitting air to the ash pit.

A thin fire is wasteful. Keep the firebox filled to the level recommended by the maker.

A fire benefits by regular and methodical care. It should be coaled and shaken down at set times. The ordinary furnace needs shaking once a day and twice in bitter weather. Shake the fire until you can see light underneath; not a bit longer. Put on coal after shaking, never before.

Keep the drafts shut off as much as possible. Don't leave the feed door open. Keep the ash pit empty and sift the ashes!

Bees as Food Conservers

BEES, nature's sugar manufacturers, are called to serve the country now in its need for sweets as an article of food. The Department of Agriculture has just issued a loud call for a large number of persons to take up bee culture as an occupation to help out in the food emergency of the world. Hives can be established in waste places, and the most delicious sweets produced without the need of an acre of ground, a plow or hoe, or cane or beet seed. The working bees go out into the gardens and orchards and sip nectar from the beautiful blossoms, put it in their honey sacks, carry it home, and by chemical process unknown to man, transmute it into honey. Men try to help them with substitutes for their nectar, or by providing wax, but the bees resent the proposition as an impertinence, and say frankly they do not want human help in their factory. In the present international and world-wide threat of a sugar famine, a sweet so delicious and so economically manufactured as honey should help amazingly in the settlement of this feature of the food problem.—*Christian Herald*.

The Ambergris King

DOWN in the quaint old town of Provincetown, Massachusetts, at the head of a wharf in Commercial Street, is an unpretentious little building that is anything but attractive to one who comes to look for places of historic interest; yet it contains the throne of one of the most interesting men in the country—that of David C. Stull, known as "the Ambergris King."

A ton of ambergris, at prices that have been paid there for it, would bring \$92,000, or twice the amount that a ton of gold would produce. And, of the ton and a half of ambergris known to have been offered for sale in the history of the world, Mr. Stull, as agent for a famous firm of French perfumers, has handled more than half.

There is a never-ceasing cry from across the water

for more of this substance, and it is a known fact that nothing invented as yet by man's fertile brain will in the least compare to ambergris as a base in the manufacture of choice perfumes. Dissolved in alcohol, it holds in solution the various oils and essences that compose the scents dear to the feminine heart.

The ambergris comes from a whale that has been careless about his diet, according to scientists. It is said that when he eats more squid and cuttlefish than is good for him, he is attacked by this peculiar kind of *mal de mer*. These marine dainties have long, hard, and sharp beaks, and when taken into the whale's stomach in large quantities, cause the forming of a substance that turns into ambergris. If the whale continues this sort of diet, it causes his day of reckoning to make an appearance, when the monster mammal of the sea seeks shallow water and dies.

Mr. Stull has paid as high as \$500 a pound for the coveted substance. Not many years ago he paid \$18,000 for a single lump of ambergris; and his record price is \$35,000 for one lot of several pieces.—*American Magazine*.

Colored Cotton Grown

FOR several years A. W. Brabham has been making experiments with cotton on his plantation at Olar, South Carolina, says an account in the *Boston Herald*, and he has come to the conclusion that colored cotton can be grown in large crops. In the near future, he predicts, looms will be fed with cotton threads of a natural color that will not fade, and cloth manufacturers will do away with chemical dye processes that are not only expensive, but damaging to the fiber of cheaper grades of cotton cloth.

There are already fields of colored cotton in the world. In Peru, for instance, a red-tinted cotton is grown; in the same country and in Egypt and Hawaii there is brown cotton; India produces a gray cotton, and the Chinese fields are yellow with it. It is also said that Mexico has a jet-black cotton that will make the black sheep look like Mary's little lamb.

As for those blue cotton shirts which are worn and faded in every harvest field and freight yard in America—they won't have to be fished out of dye vats much longer, because C. H. Clarke of Boston already has one stalk of blue cotton in his laboratory.—*Selected*.

He Knows More About Salt—

UNDERSTAND any one thing more thoroughly than does any one else in the world, and your fortune is made. Because Sir Richard Dane knows so well the salt trade in the Orient, he can't even take a vacation. When he resigned his position as inspector general of the salt excise in India, he was not allowed to take a two years' hunting trip in Africa, but had to take charge of the salt administration in China.

So much does the salt revenue mean to the Chinese government that without it the republic could not have paid the loans that terminated as a result of the war at a critical moment. Sir Richard has increased the yield of this industry in the three years that he has had control, from \$13,600,000 to \$42,000,000 a year.

Every reform in the business has been fought. When one official attempted to send a quantity of salt up the river by steam, the 40,000 people engaged in the junk trade on the Yangtze arose in riot, mobbed him, and forced him to flee for his life. Sir Richard

must deal with the prejudices of a hundred million of the most prejudiced persons in the world.

In the old times one half the salt consumed in China was illicit smuggled salt. The boatman and the carters often made a comfortable living on the side by their smuggling, with the cognizance of the inspectors, of course, who shared the profits. Sir Richard ventured to remove such inspectors, replacing them with responsible men. And instead of any confusing taxes he has introduced one consolidated duty—the salt administration has been placed upon a bookkeeping basis.

The Chinese coolie does not love the new efficiency. He does not love any ordinance that tends to make him work any harder. One can't blame him very much, since, after all, for a day's labor he earns only a place to sleep, one meal, and the equivalent in cash of a cent and two thirds. If it were not, however, for the cheapness of the labor, no company could afford the initial expense of getting the salt.

The salt wells, often three thousand feet in depth, take from six to twenty years to drill. Ten years is the average length of time before a well becomes a producer.—*Every Week*.

Springtime's Inspirations

Was ever a song more delightful
Than springtime's blithe bird matinée?
It wakens the echoing wildwood,
And the brook's rippling laugh on its way.

Was ever a balm fraught with fragrance
More sweet than the perfume of spring?—
The arbutus-violet incense,
With myrrh that the fruit blossoms bring.

Was ever a theme more enchanting
To turn e'en a heart that was dumb?
The lyres forsaken are vibrant,
And new minstrels trippingly come.

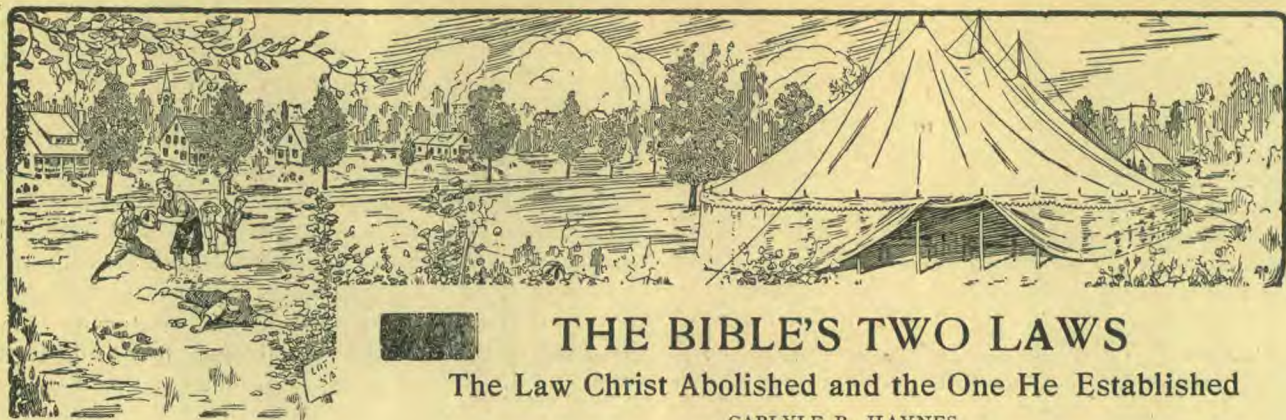
If springtime so fleeting can live
To perfume and music and mirth,
What will not in Paradise waken
When spring reigns fore'er o'er the earth?

Deaf ears shall then listen exultant,
Lame striving shall leap and rejoice,
Mute longings fulfilled shall inspire
The soul's most melodious voice.

WORTHIE HARRIS HOLDEN.

The Ups and Downs of Sugar

TO those of us who think we are paying a high price for sugar today, it may be a source of consolation to learn that in 1319 a London merchant purchased in Venice, which was then the sugar center of the world, 100,000 pounds of common brown sugar and paid 43 cents a pound for it. If we add to this the freight duty, and other incidental expenses, the laid-down cost in London of this modern necessity was at least seventy-five cents a pound, and if we go a step further and compare values at that date with those of today, it is apparent that this particular cargo of sugar was worth at a very low estimate five dollars a pound. For centuries sugar was considered a medicine and was sold by apothecaries and then only on physicians' prescriptions. It was not until tea was introduced from China, and coffee from the Far East and South America reached Europe, that this staple dropped in price to within reach of the ordinary individual. As late as 1842 sugar sold in London for \$273 a hundredweight, while thirty-five years later, with importation increased tenfold, it was quoted at fifty dollars a hundredweight.—*Selected*.



THE BIBLE'S TWO LAWS

The Law Christ Abolished and the One He Established

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

TONIGHT Brother Harris was to speak on the subject of "The Two Laws," and in his address he was to show which law was abolished by Christ. Many had argued that this was the ten-commandment law, the law which contained the Sabbath commandment. In his usual place on the front seat, was Donald Hunter. Brother Harris said:

"It has now been clearly shown in these meetings that the doctrine of the abolition of the law of ten commandments is in direct opposition to both the spirit and the letter of the whole gospel of Christ. But in this connection it is urged that there are passages of Scripture which very plainly teach that some law has been abolished by Christ. And this is true.

"It is claimed, moreover, that there is but one system of law revealed in the Bible, and therefore these verses which speak of a law being done away with must have reference to the ten commandments.

"This claim is a great mistake, and it arises from a failure to discern the difference between the moral and the ceremonial laws of God. This failure to comprehend the difference between these two systems of law leads to the attempt to blend them by making the verses of the Bible which speak of the abolition of the ceremonial law refer to the law of ten commandments.

"The verses which are used to show that the law has been abolished are Eph. 2:15; Col. 2:14-17; Rom. 14:5; and Heb. 7:12.

"It is true that by the death of Christ a law has been changed and abolished, but it was not the moral law of ten commandments or any part thereof. This has already been made clear, but it will be seen in a still clearer light from a close study of the subject of the two laws.

"There are many religious teachers who deny that there are two laws in the Bible. This is a mistake which a little study will correct. Turning to Nehemiah 9:12-14 we find it declared that the Lord himself had come down upon Mt. Sinai and had given the people 'true laws,' and that he had also commanded them 'precepts, statutes, and laws, by the hand of Moses.' Here, then, are two systems of law. One law was written and spoken by God himself; the other was given to Moses by inspiration.

"This distinction between the two systems of law is made clearer in 2 Kings 21:8. There can be no question that two laws are spoken of in this verse, for the distinction between them is made broad and clear. One, God says, is that which 'I have commanded them,' and the other is that which 'my servant Moses commanded them.' If this distinction were always kept in mind by students of the Bible, the confusion which now exists on the subject of the two laws could not prevail.

"There is one law which deals with moral duties. Exodus 20. The other law is wholly ceremonial. Heb. 9:10.

"The moral law is contained in the ten commandments. This law was spoken by the Lord himself. Deut. 4:12, 13. The ceremonial law related to the rites and ceremonies of the sacrificial system given to the Jews, and this was spoken by Moses.

"The moral law of ten commandments was written by God. Ex. 31:18. The ceremonial law, relating to the priesthood, the sacrifices, and the offerings, was written by Moses. Deut. 31:9, 24.

"The moral law was engraved by God upon stone. Deut. 4:13. The ceremonial law was written by Moses in a book. Deut. 31:24.

"The moral law, on stone, was placed in the ark. Deut. 10:5. The ceremonial law, in a book, was placed in the side of the ark. Deut. 31:26.

"The moral law was 'right,' 'true,' and 'good.' Neh. 9:13. There was another law which was 'not good.' Eze. 20:25. These two could not possibly be the same.

"There were statutes 'which if a man do, he shall even live in them.' Eze. 20:11. There was another law whereby a man should 'not live.' Verse 25.

"One law was 'perfect.' Ps. 19:7. The other 'made nothing perfect.' Heb. 7:19.

"One law Christ did not come to destroy. Matt. 5:17. The other he abolished. Eph. 2:15.

"The moral law will endure while heaven and earth stand. Matt. 5:18. The other has been taken out of the way by Christ. Col. 2:14.

"Of the one law Christ said that whoever should break one of its least precepts should be condemned. Matt. 5:19. Of the other law the apostles decided that they 'gave no such commandment' that Christians should 'keep the law.' Acts 15:24.

"One law is 'the law of liberty.' James 2:12. The other is a 'yoke of bondage.' Gal. 5:1. Two things so entirely opposite cannot be the same thing.

"One law Paul took delight in. Rom. 7:22. The other was a yoke which was unbearable. Acts 15:10.

"One law is established by faith in Christ. Rom. 3:31. The other was abolished by the cross of Christ. Eph. 2:15. There must be two laws, for one law could not be *abolished* and *not abolished* at the same time.

"One law is 'spiritual.' Rom. 7:14. The other is 'carnal.' Heb. 7:16.

"One law is 'holy, just, and good.' Rom. 7:12. Another is spoken of as 'the enmity,' 'that was against us, which was contrary to us.' Eph. 2:15; Col. 2:14.

"The moral law contains the 'whole duty of man.' Eccl. 12:13. The other 'stood only in meats and drinks, and divers washings, and carnal ordinances.' Heb. 9:10.

"The moral law was by nature written in the hearts of the Gentiles. Rom. 2:14. The other became a wall of partition between Jews and Gentiles. Eph. 2:14, 15.

"One was 'the royal law.' James 2:8. The other was 'the law of Moses.' Acts 15:5.

"The moral law Jesus came to make honorable and magnify. Isa. 42:21. The other he disannulled. Heb. 7:18.

"The moral law is that by which the world will be judged. James 2:12; Eccl. 12:13, 14. The other will judge no man. Col. 2:16.

"Thus it is clearly seen that the Bible teaches two laws, one of which was to endure forever; while the other was temporary, and was meant to continue only until the sacrificial system should be done away by the great sacrifice of Christ on Calvary. Christ's death did not abolish the ten-commandment law, a part of which is the Sabbath, but it did abolish the ceremonial law which governed the sacrificial system.

"The sacrificial system was established as a 'shadow of things to come,' and it pointed forward to Christ and his sacrifice. It was made necessary because of sin, and was brought into existence to provide a typical remedy for sin. And it was governed by a law, the law of the priesthood, and this law was changed when the priesthood was changed.

"Let it be remembered that sin, which gave rise to the sacrificial system, 'is the transgression of the law.' 1 John 3:4. A law existed, then, before sin, the violation and transgression of which was, and is, sin. A priesthood was established to 'offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins.' Heb. 5:1. That is, this priesthood was established because the law of God had been broken, and to provide a remedy, in type, for the transgressions of the law. Sin before priesthood, and law before sin.

"The offering of 'gifts and sacrifices' was made 'according to the law.' Heb. 8:4. That is, there was another law which governed the sacrificial system, the system which provided a remedy for sin, which was the transgression of a preceding law. Then it can be put this way: Priesthood before law, the law which governed the priesthood; sin before priesthood; and law before sin. And now, the question is, Can the law which governed the priesthood and regulated the offerings for sin, be the same law which existed before sin, and to transgress which is sin? Most assuredly not.

"But can it be determined which law it is which reveals sin, and to transgress which is sin? Very easily. Read Romans 7:7. This reveals that the law, which is the standard of righteousness, which reveals sin, and to transgress which is sin, is the law which declares 'Thou shalt not covet.' This is the ten-commandment law. And that is the law which declares the seventh day to be the Sabbath of the Lord.

"The ten-commandment law was not abolished by Christ. It was the sacrificial law, the law of the priesthood, the ceremonial law, which the death of Christ brought to an end. Therefore the ten-commandment law still exists, is still in force, and every Christian is under obligation to God to observe every precept of it faithfully by the power of the commandment-keeping life of the Saviour, which is given freely to all who will accept it."

It seemed to Donald that this subject cleared up all the confusion which had existed about the Sabbath. He did not see how any one could ever again claim that the ten-commandment law was the one which was abolished by Christ. Brother Harris certainly made things so clear that it was impossible not to understand them.

This and That

"For each year that God has let you live,
A penny at least you ought to give;
But if your age you refuse to tell,
Put in a dollar, 'twill do just as well."

THRIFT stamps and war-savings stamps have been provided for those who are not able to invest in liberty bonds, but who wish to help the government at this time. These were placed on the market on Monday, Dec. 3, 1917, and can be bought for less than five dollars.

FRANCIS W. MACK, of New York City, manufacturer of bolts, makes a specialty of hiring cripples. He has found that such men, handicapped for most businesses, are so glad to be able to make good at a steady job, that they need no foreman to supervise them, as they attend strictly to business, and soon become experts.

A GENTLEMAN once visited a school of deaf and dumb children, and was asked to write them a question on the blackboard; and he wrote, Why did God make you deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak? Tears filled the eyes of the afflicted children; but after a slight pause a little boy stepped forward, took the chalk, and wrote beneath the question, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

THE Bible says that "in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." The thoughtful, quiet, trusting child of God is strong; but is not the reverse equally true, that spiritual strength brings quietness and confidence? Is it not as the little girl of five suggested? She heard a preacher praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplication. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking distance, she whispered: "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

THE *Christian Herald*, in giving statistics of the progress and present standing of the different denominations, says: "The amount given for foreign missions by the members of all the Protestant bodies in the United States and Canada was, according to the last report, an average of eighty-one cents per member, less than one eleventh of the average of members of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination." Our per-capita contribution to home and foreign work was even better than the *Herald* suggests, being \$37.01; and to foreign work more than ten dollars.

Boys are the same the world round. They are imitators and fun lovers. All this is well if they confine their mimicry and fun to harmless lines. How many smiles have been created by some boy's almost perfect simulation of an auto horn! One boy performs this feat so admirably that it is unnecessary for the chauffeur to use the horn, as the people obey the boy's signal as sedately and promptly as they would the horn, apparently not discerning that it is not the horn. In war-racked northern Italy the boys not only imitate the auto horn, but the faint hum of a distant airship, and the whistle of the shell overhead that sends whole schools of boys and girls hurrying to cellars or to dug-outs for refuge. They are not altogether able to resist "practicing their accomplishments upon unsuspecting strangers and observing the effect."



Oranges from Heaven

PEOPLE often exclaim, "Wonders will never cease!" And it is quite true. How can wonders cease with such a wonderful God in heaven, with whom nothing is too hard — nothing impossible?

Miss Endicott was on board a ship bound for America. Tossed up and down and all ways at once by the big waves of the Atlantic, she lay in her berth nearly dead from seasickness. She shuddered at the thought of food, yet she must eat something to keep alive at all. After trying various things it was discovered that she could take oranges. So all the oranges in the ship were claimed by the kind-hearted stewardess for the benefit of this poor lady, and day after day she was kept supplied with some small slices, for she could eat very little.

At last, one stormy day, when the vessel was pitching and tossing more violently than ever, the stewardess came into the cabin with a troubled face.

"I don't know what we are going to do for you now," she said, "for this is the very last orange we have left;" and she showed her the treasure — more valuable at that moment than its own weight in gold.

Miss Endicott's face, however, did not reflect the cloud on that of her kind friend. She took the fruit thankfully. "What I have to do now," she said, "is to make the most of this. If I have to die I am not afraid; but all the same, I know God can send me some more, if it is his will."

"Send more oranges in mid-ocean!" thought the stewardess, though she would not distress the invalid by uttering her thoughts aloud. They were something like those of the great man of old, when Elisha promised that the next day there should be abundance of food in Samaria in a time of terrible famine. "Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?"

"It is stormy enough," thought the good woman, as she went on deck; "if it would rain oranges the poor dear might be supplied — but hardly otherwise! No, no, I don't see how she can get more."

She eagerly cast quick glances over the tossing billows, and sighed as she thought of the sufferer.

Miss Endicott calmly ate the orange which had been peeled and sliced ready for her, and then closed her eyes again. Hour after hour she lay there, sleepless and suffering, but resting her heart — in spite of seeming impossibilities — on the sweet word, "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

Suddenly she was aroused from the dull stupor of misery by strange sounds overhead. Scurrying feet, excited voices, queer sounds of hauling up the ship's side — what could be happening?

"Here they are!" cried the stewardess, running into the cabin carrying a dish of large juicy oranges in either hand; "here they are, you see! Isn't it wonderful? I am sure it is a miracle!"

"Oh!" And Miss Endicott's wan face lighted up with thankfulness. "Where did they come from?"

"Come from!" said the laughing stewardess, "I will tell you. They were just rained down from heaven on purpose for you."

And then she explained.

A vessel had been seen flying signals of distress. Their captain steamed up as near as he could, hailed the skipper, and was told they were nearly starving; all their provisions were gone.

The good man thereupon overhauled the stores on board, a boat was lowered, and as much food as could be spared was sent to the crew in distress.

"And what do you think," said the stewardess. "They were so grateful that they sent us baskets and baskets full of their cargo — because they had nothing else to give — and their cargo was oranges! Now you will have enough and to spare for the rest of the voyage."

"Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" the murmuring, forgetful Israelites asked of old.

"Can God provide oranges in mid-ocean?" the faithful stewardess had asked.

"I know God can," the faithful invalid had declared, "and I know he will, if he thinks it is best;" and again it had come true.

"According to your faith be it unto you." The stewardess had learned a lesson. She never forgot that day when God thus arranged that a ship full of oranges should be brought into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean just to feed one single child of his who trusted him. — *Miriam Kershaw.*

Busy, but Not Busy

ALMOST a month of school had slipped past and the weather was still warm and bright. The days were busy ones for all the girls, and especially for Evelyn, who was struggling manfully with her freshman year in college.

Indeed she was known among her schoolmates as the one who "never had time." Many of the students were taking more work than Evelyn, but somehow she never seemed to have time enough to do anything — not even to study her lesson thoroughly. If an outing was suggested, Evelyn was always "too busy" to go. If some of the girls wanted to spend an evening in the gymnasium, Evelyn could never be with them because she always thought she had too much to do.

Many of the students had become disgusted with her and ceased to seek her company. But she kept straight on, always hurrying at everything and accomplishing little.

One pleasant afternoon after the last class was over for the day, several of the girls were preparing to spend an hour in the gymnasium.

"Come on, Evelyn, and have a swim," called one of the group, as Evelyn came running up the stairs and opened the door of her room.

"O girls, I should like very much to go, but I have

so many little things which I must do. Really, I haven't time."

Then she went over to the group, who were getting their bathing suits and caps.

"I should love to go, though," she added in a tone which demanded sympathy. "I wish I weren't so busy. Seems as if I have so much more to do than the rest of you. I wonder what makes the difference? I simply can't go to the pool."

But instead of busying herself with her many duties, she stood and listened to a story which one of the girls was telling. All the time she fidgeted and displayed her lack of self-control to the greatest extent. She was not called upon to use her time in this manner; but she stayed with the girls for five minutes or more.

"Girls, I just can't decide whether I ought to go or not," she finally declared, as if she were casting lots to determine whether she should live or die.

"Well Evelyn, *you* must decide," came indifferently from a girl as she started down the stairs, swinging her suit high in the air. "If you come, you'd better hurry or you'll get there about the time we're coming out." Laughingly the girls followed, and Evelyn was left with her own thoughts. Of course she resented the attitude which the girls maintained toward her, but never before had she felt it so deeply. She went to her room and tried to study, but somehow she could think of nothing but her happy companions enjoying a good swim in the pool.

"I could have been in the water by now, if I were like other girls, just in the time it took for me to decide not to go. Why didn't I go, anyway? I've been busy with my lessons all day and I need some exercise before study hour tonight. I believe if I could learn to decide things more quickly and really do things when I begin them, I'd have more time to enjoy the society of the girls. Anyway the plan is worth trying."

That evening Evelyn prepared for bed early. She tried undressing in a hurry and succeeded in accomplishing it in one third her usual time. The next morning she arose early and was ready for breakfast in twenty minutes. She ran across the hall to Virginia's room, the girl who always took an early morning walk. Virginia was just slipping into her sweater as Evelyn rapped gently at the door.

"Come in. Why, it's Evelyn! How did you happen to be dressed so early this morning?" said Virginia cheerily. "I'm just ready for my walk. Would you like to go with me, or are you too busy?"

"I'd like very much to go with you. I haven't a thing to do till breakfast."

And thus began the reform. Slowly Evelyn learned her lesson—the lesson which proved the secret of her popularity. She learned to really work while she worked, and there was always time to play after her work was done.—*Esther Jordan, in Walla Walla Collegian.*

Barnum and His Head-Hunters

WHEN a boy I lived in New York City. That was seventy years ago, and the city was not very large. Neither were there so many places of amusement as now, but we had Barnum and his museum. If you never heard of him before, ask your father or mother about him. We children thought Barnum was the greatest man that ever lived, and we had the utmost confidence in his word, fairly devouring his show advertisements.

Later I learned that he spent his life deceiving people, "humbugging the public," as he called it. He

considered it smart, and said that people liked to be humbugged. The more he deceived the people the more they seemed to believe what he told them, for when he had a new humbug to show them they eagerly paid the admission fee to see it.

For instance, he once put on exhibition in his museum what he called an embalmed mermaid. He claimed that it had been captured in the Southern Ocean by native savages, and that he sent a ship for it and had it brought to New York, but that it died on the passage and he had it embalmed. There is no such creature as a mermaid, but sailors and many others still believe there is, and claim that it is one half woman and one half fish. Barnum had a female monkey fastened at the waist to the body of a shark, and it was done so skilfully that even surgeons were deceived, and crowds of learned doctors and others came to examine it, but no one detected the fraud. At last it was burned in the fire that destroyed the museum, and then Barnum told the public the truth about it.

Barnum's first, or "old," museum stood on the corner of Ann Street and Broadway. It was a three-story brick building with the center of the two upper floors cut away in the form of a circle, and arranged as a theater. Doors led in from the surrounding halls to the theater so that the visitors could go in and out at their pleasure. Performances of various kinds took place at intervals, and between the performances the people spent the time looking at the hundreds of curiosities in cases on the walls and on the floors. It was a wonderful collection of curios and valuable oddities.

On the top floor was a large cage made of wire. It stood on a table and was about twenty feet long, six feet wide, and eight feet high. This was the home of "Barnum's Happy Family," consisting of monkeys, dogs, cats, rabbits, mice, snakes, birds, pigeons, and various other animal antagonists, living in peace and harmony. Crowds of children were to be found around this cage at all hours when there were no performances going on in the theater. It was my delight also to stand there.

One winter Barnum had the billboards all over the city covered with large bills representing wild men from Borneo as being on exhibition, and picturing them in their war paint and feathers in great style. His story in the newspapers was that he sent a ship and armed men to Borneo and captured four of these then head-hunters, and brought them to New York. At that time there were no missionaries there, and the natives were cannibals. Barnum claimed that he had tamed these men so that they were docile and had lost all their savage instincts.

Of course, crowds packed the museum theater to witness their performances. Three times daily these men would come out, illustrating in costume and plenty of paint and feathers, in dances and war antics and gibberish talks and yells, their former savage life, and then would stop, laugh, and walk among the audience, shaking hands, and kissing the children, with a broad grin on their faces. How I did enjoy it, and how eagerly I would reach out my hand for a shake with them whenever opportunity offered, for I was there at least once a week.

One day I wearied of the performances, and strolled into the hall and up to the happy family cage. There was no one else in the hall except a keeper of the door that led into the theater, and his seat was just in front

(Concluded on page sixteen)

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What the Standard of Attainment Is

TWO stanch, new vessels are leaving port together, each on its maiden voyage. They are constructed throughout of the best materials, and one is completely equipped. The other is complete with one slight exception. It lacks a rudder; there is no means of holding to a definite course. Otherwise the vessels are exactly alike, and they carry cargoes of equal value. A rudder is a little thing. Will its absence make any great difference? "Yes," you say, "all the difference in the world; for without a steering gear the vessel is at the mercy of the winds and the waves and the ocean currents. It will never make a haven. It is sure to be driven on the rocks."

And you are right. No man in his senses would trust a cargo to a rudderless ship. He might trust it to a ship that had a leaky hull, or weak masts, or was wanting in other particulars; but he would insist upon a good helm, for without this the stanchest vessel would only be sport for the waves.

So much for the illustration. What is the lesson it should convey? Just this: The ship needs a rudder to make its harbor; so also does the Seventh-day Adventist young man or young woman setting out on the ocean of life. In other words, the Adventist young man needs to have something that will hold him to a definite course. It is not enough that he is bound for a certain harbor; he must have some means of keeping a straight course for that harbor; otherwise he will never arrive.

That which will more than anything else help our young men and women to this oneness of aim, to this definite setting out toward a goal, will be to study the truth, and the history of this people. There is nothing that fortifies the mind against error like filling it with truth. And there is no better way of avoiding those temptations that beset young people than by being so busy with spreading the truth that we have no time for anything else.

But the truth not only keeps out what is false and unprofitable; it fills the mind with peace and joy. There are no young people so happy as those who are spending every moment of their time in studying the truth, and in working for the Lord Jesus. There is no joy like that which comes from self-denial in behalf of God's cause. The children of worldlings

require amusement, because life is so dull without the companionship of a living Saviour; but Seventh-day Adventist young people, having part in such a soul-absorbing work, should find every moment of time occupied with something worth while.

The young people have precious opportunities of speaking a word for the truth, and should always be ready to give a reason for their faith with meekness and fear. They are also continually bearing witness in their lives. People watch the children of believers, and are drawn to the truth when they see them living consistent, God-fearing lives.

In order for our young people to understand the truth in its setting, they need also to study the lives of the great pioneers in the advent movement. Thus they will learn how the principles of self-denial and of willingness to bear hardship are woven into the very fabric of this truth from the beginning, and will come to realize that the same principles are also necessary today.

Finally, a familiarity with the history of the message wonderfully strengthens confidence in the divine

providence; for throughout the history of the movement, we see God's hand at work. This people has been raised up in fulfillment of prophecy. Like John the Baptist, we can point to Scripture as a reason for our existence; and this is a fact with which every young man and young woman in the denomination should be familiar.

Let there be no half-heartedness in the Lord's work, no indefiniteness of aim,

no drifting about at the sport of wind and waves. Rather let every moment of our time and every particle of our strength tell definitely in behalf of God and his truth. Let us gird up the loins of our mind, and be watchful, earnest, and efficient. Is not the Master ever at the door?

Now for the question, What is the Standard of Attainment?—It is a systematic plan for getting our young people to study Bible Doctrines and our Denominational History. The young people may study these subjects individually or in groups, and choose their own helps; but only those who pass satisfactorily the test prepared by the General Missionary Volunteer Department receive Standard of Attainment certificates, and become members of Attainment.

M. E. OLSEN.

Have You Read It Today?

ONE very cold night," says Mr. Hinckley, "I had retired in a cheerless room. Half an hour later McDonald entered the room quietly; I was supposed to be asleep. He began to prepare for the night. He divested himself of coat, collar, and cuffs, and then opened his valise and took out his Bible. He laid the open book on the dressing case, and, standing with back



STANDARD OF ATTAINMENT BAND OF THE PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER SOCIETY

toward me, this coatless student of the Word remained motionless. He stood there long enough to be chilled through, I thought; it made me shiver to look at him, and so, deciding that he had better know I was awake, I said, 'What are you doing, Dan?'

"'Been so busy,' he replied, 'I haven't read my chapter for today yet,' and he remained with his eyes on the Book."

This little incident happened while Dan was traveling with Mr. Hinckley, and assisting him in giving stereopticon lectures. He was only sixteen, but he had learned that he could not go through the day without the Bible. He was an ambitious lad, popular among his friends, and always ready to do his share. He was dependable; he took delight in sports; he loved his Bible and found time to read it every day.

When only eighteen years old he died. What a tragedy, you say! But death is not the saddest tragedy. To keep God out of our lives; to fail to get acquainted with him, that is the saddest of all sad tragedies. What are you doing to keep your life from being a tragedy? What are you doing to get acquainted with God? to make him the supreme Ruler of your life? There are many books that will help you to know God better, but there is only one Book that will lead you to know God as he is—your great God and your tender, loving Father. Have you read that Book today?

M. E.

Our Counsel Corner

How can members be transferred from one society to another?

We have a simple transfer card to be used for this purpose. The "Instructions" on the back of the card are as follows:

"To the Missionary Volunteer Secretary.—When a member of your society, in good standing, is about to leave his home church to attend school, or permanently remove to another place, this Transfer Card should be filled in and signed by you, then given to him.

"To the Holder of This Transfer Card.—Take this card with you, and as soon as possible after your arrival at school or at your new home, hand it to the secretary of the Missionary Volunteer Society. It not only serves as a card of introduction, but provides an orderly way of transferring membership from one society to another."

This transfer card is Blank No. 19, and retails for one cent. Each society should order a few of these at once, and see to it that every member who goes to some other place has this little card of introduction and recommendation to carry with him.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

Lesson IV—The Story of Cain and Abel; from Adam to Noah

(January 26, 1918)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 4: 1-16; 5.

MEMORY VERSE: "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." Heb. 11: 4.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 71-79; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 42-47.

"From the same cradle side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea."

Questions

1. What were the names of Adam's oldest sons? As they grew up, what occupation did they each choose? Gen. 4: 1, 2.
2. By what service were men to show their faith in the promised Saviour? Note 1.
3. When they came to worship God, what offering did Cain and Abel each bring? Verses 3, 4. Note 2.
4. How was each offering regarded by the Lord? Verses 4, 5. Note 3.
5. What led Abel to make his offering? What did this faith obtain for him? Heb. 11: 4.
6. When the Lord did not accept his offering, how was Cain affected? Gen. 4: 5.
7. How did the Lord in kindness reason with Cain? Verses 6, 7.
8. What did Cain's wicked feelings lead him to do? Verse 8; 1 John 3: 12.
9. What did the Lord then ask Cain? What false reply did Cain make? Gen. 4: 9.
10. What bore witness against Cain? What curse was pronounced because of his sin? Verses 10-12.
11. What did Cain say to the Lord? How did the Lord yet show mercy to this wicked man? Verses 13-15.
12. Did Cain try to come nearer to God, or did he depart from him? Verse 16.
13. After a time what son was given to Adam and Eve? Gen. 5: 3. Note 4.
14. In the line of patriarchs what special mention is made of Enoch? Verses 21-24; Heb. 11: 5. Note 5.

Find Out

Which was the elder, Cain or Abel.
Why God did not kill Cain after Cain had slain his brother.
Why life is one long series of tests.
How many men lived more than nine hundred years, according to the record in Genesis 5.

Notes

1. "In the wonderful plan that God made to save man even after he had sinned, he gave his Son Jesus Christ to die for man. This was necessary, for some one must die, either man who had sinned, or some one who would take his place and die in his stead. This place Jesus took; but he did not come to the earth to die for us for many hundreds of years after the promise was made. During this long time before he really died, men were to show, by offering sacrifices, that they believed he would die for them, and that his blood would atone for sin. The animal that was slain represented Jesus, who was to be slain for our sins. The sinner confessed his sins over the head of the animal, and then killed it, and burned its body upon an altar. In this way he showed that he knew that he deserved to die, but that he believed that Jesus, who was represented by the animal, would die in his place."—"Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 43, 44.

2. "These brothers were tested, as Adam had been tested before them, to prove whether they would believe and obey the word of God. They were acquainted with the provision made for the salvation of man, and understood the system of offerings which God had ordained. They knew that in these offerings they were to express faith in the Saviour whom the offerings typified. . . . Without the shedding of blood, there could be no remission of sin; and they were to show their faith in the blood of Christ as the promised atonement, by offering the firstlings of the flock in sacrifice."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 71.

3. "The two brothers erected their altars alike, and each brought an offering. Abel presented a sacrifice from the flock, in accordance with the Lord's directions. 'And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering.' Fire flashed from heaven, and consumed the sacrifice. But Cain, disregarding the Lord's direct and explicit command, presented only an offering of fruit. There was no token from heaven to show that it was accepted. Abel pleaded with his brother to approach God in the divinely prescribed way; but his entreaties only made Cain the more determined to follow his own will. As the eldest, he felt above being admonished by his brother, and despised the counsel."—*Id.*, pp. 71, 72.

4. "Cain became the father of a race of wicked men. Seth was the father of a line of men who loved and served God. These men are called patriarchs. *Patriarch* means a 'father ruler.' Each one ruled his own family or tribe as long as he lived, and when he died, his oldest son became the patriarch, the head of the family. The patriarch was also the priest of his family. He offered the sacrifices, and inherited a double portion of his father's wealth."—"Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 45, 46.

5. "Enoch's walk with God was not in a trance or a vision, but in all the duties of his daily life. He did not become a hermit, shutting himself entirely from the world; for he had a work to do for God in the world. In the family and in his intercourse with men, as a husband and father, a friend, a citizen, he was the steadfast, unwavering servant of the Lord. His heart was in harmony with God's will; for 'can two walk together, except they be agreed?' And this holy walk was continued for three hundred years."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 85.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Personal Experience

A FEW months ago a Bible school in which I am interested was going through a severe test; one hundred thirty-eight dollars was needed for the rent, and no money was on hand, but they were trusting God to supply the need. The rent was due on Thursday, so two of us prayed very definitely on Tuesday afternoon that God would send the full amount needed before Thursday, that his name might be glorified. The first mail on Wednesday morning brought a check for one hundred fifty dollars for the work of the school from an old lady who knew nothing of the need.—*Blanche Kennedy.*

Alaska's National Flower

THE Territorial legislature of Alaska passed an act making the wild forget-me-not, "which grows on every hill and in every valley," the Territorial flower of Alaska. In the bill presented to the legislature was the following stanza:

"So in thinking for an emblem
For this empire of the North
We will choose this azure flower
That the golden days bring forth.
For we want men to remember
That Alaska came to stay,
Though she slept unknown for ages
And awakened in a day.
So, although they say we're living
In the land that God forgot,
We'll recall Alaska to them
With our blue forget-me-not."

The Appreciation League

THERE is such a league in existence, though we may be tempted at times to doubt the fact. "Its members are pledged to ignore rudeness and to show appreciation for courtesy." Mr. William Backus, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the founder of the league. He once pursued the usual course of reporting to headquarters "gross affronts offered by those whose public or semipublic position made it their special duty to be courteous."

He, however, finally awakened to the fact that this procedure usually resulted in embittering the employee, and bringing hardship to his wife and children without effecting a reformation. Then came the thought of reporting the considerate, courteous person rather than the rude and discourteous one. Upon trial Mr. Backus found this brought marvelously good returns to all concerned.

The first man he reported was a street-car conductor. He says of him:

"He had attracted my attention by his unusual courtesy and affability. He noticed I was taking his number, and said in an embarrassed manner, 'Are you going to report me for anything?' When I told him I intended to report him for being polite, he was so happy he almost carried an old lady and her market basket to the sidewalk when the car stopped to let her off."

Mr. Backus has organized Appreciation Leagues in many cities, and hopes to have one in every city in the Union. The securing of the co-operation of the large business firms is a necessary part of Mr. Backus's plan. After an employee has been reported to the head of the firm a certain number of times by members of a league, that person is promoted. A spirit of wholesome rivalry for public efficiency is soon apparent among employees, and the reaction upon the league members is helpful. Why not join the Appreciation League, and begin now to "appreciate others, and watch for that fine glow which will filter through your body when you see how 'the other person' responds to your word."

Protected by a Shadow

A TRAVELER in Africa was prostrated by the intense heat. He fell upon the baked earth and slept. As he awakened he noted a sensation of freshness, and found it was due to the thoughtfulness of his attendants who had gathered about him and protected him from the burning rays of the tropical sun.

So will the child of God be protected from the fires of persecution and trouble by the sheltering form of Him who is to his people as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Well will it be for him who now prays, "Hide me under the shadow of thy wings," that he may find a sure refuge "under the shadow of the Almighty," when the final conflict breaks upon a lost world.

Barnum and His Head-Hunters

(Concluded from page thirteen)

of the cage, so that as I stood by it my back was toward him. I heard some one ask this man for tobacco, and turning, saw standing by the theater door one of the wild men from Borneo in full stage costume except his cap of feathers and also a wig of long black hair that he wore. While his face, arms, and limbs were dark-tan color, his forehead was white and his hair fiery red! He was a painted-up Irishman, and so were the other three men. Barnum had hunted up four of the ugliest Irishmen he could find, and had trained them to perform as the "wild men from Borneo!"

As I grew older I found that it was a waste of money to pay another for the privilege of deceiving me; and I also learned that it was a waste of time to frequent places of amusement founded upon false pretenses.

I KNOW it is more agreeable to walk upon carpets than to lie upon dungeon floors; I know it is pleasant to have all the comforts and luxuries of civilization; but he who cares only for these things is worth no more than a butterfly, contented and thoughtless upon a morning flower; and who ever thought of rearing a tombstone to a last summer's butterfly? — *Henry Ward Beecher.*