

The ^{YOUTH} INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

January 22, 1918

No. 4



A KAREN GIRL OF BURMA

From Here and There

Cuba is about the size of New York State.

Mr. Henry Ford has at least 600 released prisoners in his works at Detroit.

Over one hundred billion dollars is the estimated cost of the war to date.

Four hundred million typhoid germs can be packed into a grain of granulated sugar.

A resident of Baltimore has placed on the lawn of his home a simple but dignified stone memorial to Adam, the first man.

The American Museum of Natural History, New York City, maintains a collection of living bacteria. This is the first time such a collection has been made for the use of scientists.

A half-million persons, ninety per cent of whom are men, are each year committed to correctional institutions in our country. One out of every 200 or 250 persons in the United States gets into jail.

For seventeen years Arthur F. Fuller has lain flat on his back. He has in this time written and published twenty books, including a seventy-two-page book of poems. He is a music composer as well as a writer of books.

The czar of Russia owned two Siberian wolf-hounds, Peter the Great, valued at \$5,000, and Catherine the Second. A former secretary of the American embassy at Petrograd bought these and brought them to America.

Ground glass has been found in canned tomatoes that were furnished to one of our cantonments. Also Red Cross bandages were poisoned in transit from Toledo, Ohio, to Cleveland. That there are traitors within our borders is beyond doubt.

On December 28, 1917, President Wilson took over all the steam and electric railways throughout the country, except the street electric passenger railways. Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, was made director of the railways, for the period of the war.

Parcel-post motor truck routes are to be established, totaling between three and four thousand miles. One of these routes will extend from Portland, Maine, to New Orleans, Louisiana. A second route will cover territory in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and West Virginia. The third will be in California.

The Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, publishes a series of "Childhood Bible Stories" in booklet form. Each booklet is beautifully illustrated with twelve attractively colored full-page illustrations, and sells for fifteen cents. These stories are adapted to children from four to six years of age.

January 30 is Tag-Your-Shovel Day. This is the day when the householders of the country will be visited by the school children, who tag each coal shovel whose owner promises to use one less shovel of coal a day for the rest of the year. The boy or girl in each community who tags the most shovels will be given the privilege of tagging the shovel of the highest official of the town or city. The District of Columbia boys and girls will work enthusiastically, each hoping to be the favored one to tag the White House shovel.

Vilhjálmur Stefánsson, the arctic explorer who headed an expedition to the far north in 1913, and who had not been heard from since March, 1916, recently arrived at Fort Yukon, Alaska. His boat, "The Karluk," was crushed and sunk by the ice, and eight of his party lost their lives in an attempt to reach Herald Island. Mr. Stefánsson was sent out to make geological, botanical, and biological surveys of the Canadian arctic shores, and to study Arctic Ocean conditions. The loss of his boat militated greatly against the success of the expedition; but with dog teams he accomplished much, among other things discovering a large island or continent northwest of Prince Patrick Island.

Dr. Hu King Eng, of Fuchau, who was the first woman of the Chinese race to graduate from a medical school, has been so honored and respected by the authorities that she has been given the right to hold property in her own name, the first woman in that province, if not in all China, to whom such a privilege has been granted. She has decided to exercise the right of disposing of it,—also a new thing in China for a woman,—and has made out a deed of the property, worth about \$6,000, as her offering to the Jubilee Fund of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The patent office is full of interesting studies, from the noiseless alarm clock, designed to wake the sleeper by pouring cold water over his feet, to the tornado-proof house, built on a pivot so as to turn before the wind. They leave one with a heightened sense of the ingenuity of one's fellow creatures, together with a conviction that the percentage of those who win in the patent game must be exceedingly small in comparison with the host who patiently put in their lives and gain nothing.

Gautemala City, Central America, suffered quite a severe earthquake on Christmas Day, and more severe ones during the week following. A large number of the leading buildings were wrecked, including the National Palace which houses the various branches of the government; the general post office; and the railway station. About sixty persons were reported killed and a large number injured. The American Red Cross has been appealed to for aid.

We often hear it said that one is never too old to learn. Personal cases that prove this are always interesting. William S. Hoover, of Los Angeles, started to learn the alphabet at seventy-five, and now at eighty-five he is taking dancing lessons. He claims never to have had childhood and youth, as he began to earn his living at six years of age.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 22, 1918

No. 4

The Coming King

B. F. M. SOURS

THE herald angels came to tell
The coming of Immanuel;
He came to take our stain away,
He came to bring eternal May.

The flowers of love and joy and peace
Have burst to joy, and will not cease;
The bloom of an eternal spring
We bring him as our offering.

We know no other way than this,
We should be gladly, wholly his;
And so, upon time's blessed ways,
Our holy King his scepter sways.

They told him as the coming King,
And heaven made earth with gladness ring;
But all the years since then have known
His glorious reign, his sovereign throne.

Again he comes: the walls will part
For thee, O Sovereign of my heart!
I wait thy coming, I am thine,
O Monarch, Jesus Christ divine!

A Parable

"To the queen rose in the rosebud garden of girls."

MRS. MARION E. CADY

A WAY up at the head of a beautiful valley in sunny California, where it narrows and almost loses its identity in the foothills of the Coast Range, is a young ladies' boarding school. From its rose-trellised porches, across the rolling hills that rise higher and still higher, can be seen the green and gold of the orange groves on the sloping sides of Litch Mountain. The soft night winds of early spring waft the heavy fragrance of the rich waxy blooms down to the little valley below, and the pale, thin blossoms of the mock orange bow their heads in confusion.

At the rear of the buildings is the fig orchard, where emerald globes hang swelling in the moist warm darkness to the very perfection of melting richness and sweetness.

This is an old, old school. The lawns are covered with rare shrubs from many climes, and grand old trees, the favorite being an old oak that raises its symmetrical and gray-lichened branches even above the stately madrona with its tiny wax bells. It has spread its sheltering branches over the rose hedge, and one night long, long ago, aided by the south wind, gently caressed one shining tendril of the graceful climbing rose, and now its gray-green branches are beautiful with pink and white festoons of the clinging rose vine.

The choicest of roses border the well-kept walks, but near the strong, protecting trunk of the old oak is the most treasured one of all, a beautiful La France. The year before, it was a marvel in size and richness of coloring, and this year it was given extra care, that absolute perfection might be attained. Every morning after the young women had gone to their classrooms, the Woman visited each shrub and flower, but she lingered longest over her cherished rosebud. It seemed to be growing so slowly. Had it been pruned too closely? She called the head gardener. He looked it over carefully, then said, "It's all right. Just wait." So she went for her private drive on the boulevard to Canyon Springs, where one always has, as a matter of course, one full cup of the famous soda water. On the way back she noticed growing among the grasses by the roadside a tall, slender rosebush, literally loaded with little tight green buds.

Day after day she watched and tended her Garden Rose, watering it with her own hands, and watching for those little menaces to perfection by which the enemy of all things beautiful seeks to mar God's handiwork.

The next week when driving on the boulevard, she

again noticed the Roadside Bush. This time she could see the pink beginning to show in the swelling buds. When she returned home she examined the buds on the Garden Rose, but no hint of color was seen. Perhaps it was too sheltered? She called the head gardener again. He was a quiet, gruff old man. "No, lady. Just wait," was all he said. But it was hard to wait, for the very next drive showed the Wayside Rose had burst into bloom, and such a mass of fluffy pink-and-white daintiness the Woman from "back East" had never before seen. They seemed too frail and beautiful for the dusty roadside. But the Wayside Rose seemed all unconscious of that. It even bent a little closer to the road as though desirous of sharing its loveliness with all. Careless hands plucked its flowers, to be worn for an hour. Soon it began to look a little dusty—but then each morning its dew-washed petals were again fresh and beautiful. But it was flaunting itself perilously near the stream of pleasure seekers on the broad way. And then one morning the Woman, who had grown to love the Wayside Rose, gave a cry of dismay at sight of it. Some careless bicyclist had run over it. Perhaps it was dark and he could not see how frail and beautiful it was. Perhaps his brain had been muddled and coarsened by his stop at the last road house. Anyway, he had carelessly crushed it to the earth, and some of its petals lay bruised and fading in the sun. The Woman left the carriage and carefully lifted the tall flower-laden bush. Shaking the dust from it, she placed it back among the tall protecting grasses by the fence. But its fiber was weakened. That night a boisterous wind came, and the rose had no strength to withstand its buffetings. Morning found it again bent low to earth. And there was no hand to lift it. One or two shoved it carelessly aside, but the next day it had been crushed so many times it made no effort to straighten. Prone in the dust it lay. All its dainty pink petals, with their freshness and sweetness, lay bruised and fading under the feet of the pleasure lovers on the popular boulevard. Finally even the green leaves too were browned and powdered in the dust of the road. Nothing remained but the brown stalk with its thorns, now grown long and sharp. One day the selfsame bicyclist was again passing that way. Noticing the needle-like thorns, he jumped off his wheel, and with a sharp knife severed the Wayside Rose. With a toss he landed it on some thistles a careful farmer was burning.

Deep and serious were the thoughts of the Woman

who loved all things beautiful, as she drove slowly homeward. How tenderly she watched her sheltered rose! The buds were swelling now, but they still kept their sweetness and loveliness tightly locked in the heart of the coming rose.

One soft dewy morning in May the buds began to open. One by one the fragrant pink petals unfolded until they formed that most beautiful of all flowers,—a half-blown rose. And there in that lovely garden, sheltered from the hot breath of the sun, from the dust of the street, where no rough wind could bruise its fresh, tender petals, it stayed a half-blown rose a long, long time. One night under the stars and the whispering leaves the full soft petals opened wide. In the morning the Woman looked deep into the heart of her rose. By and by she plucked the beautiful flower, and put it in a slender vase in the cool library.

One evening the girls were all gathered around the Woman, as they loved to do in the big old-fashioned library of this fine old-fashioned school. It was the time for one of those quiet, intimate talks when, though often unconsciously, the foundations are laid in the impressionable years of girlhood for those fine womanly traits of character that shine so attractively in the young woman of true worth. The Woman looked at the rose whose rich fragrance filled the room. Again she turned her gentle eyes on her budding girls, soon to blossom into the full flower of womanhood—so like the roses. Her gaze rested longest on fair-haired Gladys. "Glad" the girls lovingly called their favorite, and well did it fit her of the sparkling eyes and full, red lips, brimming over with the electric energy of untiring youth. What anxious hours the Woman had spent over this radiantly attractive girl who chafed restlessly under the careful chaperoning and quiet, sheltered life of the school regulations, which the other young women accepted as a matter of course in their well-bred lives.

Then she told them a story. It was the story of the Wayside Rose and the Garden Rose. It was a very quiet group of girls that filed out of the room that evening, with gentle "good nights" to their beloved preceptress.

A few days after the evening's story the Woman came in from her drive a little wearied. Slowly she walked to the cool, quiet library, and brushing back her wavy hair with a thin soft hand, lay down on the big sofa. While she lay asleep, one by one the petals of the rose loosened and fell on the polished mahogany of the table. Some one opened the door quickly. It was Gladys. She gave a little start of surprise as she saw the Lady and the flower. A serious thought entered her mind, and gave added charm to the sweet, bright face. With Gladys, to think was to act. Gently she gathered the petals, still soft and pink and beautiful, and wrapping them in the softest of silks, placed them, more fragrant in death than in life, on the pillow by the Woman, with this little stanza of verse:

"May the simple heart of a child be mine,
And the grace of a rose in bloom;
Let me fill the day with a hope divine,
And turn my face to the sun's glad shine,
Away from earth's dross and gloom."

Best Things

The best philosophy—a contented mind.
The best law—the Golden Rule.
The best education—self-knowledge.
The best science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.
The best music—the laughter of an innocent child.
The best journalism—printing the true and beautiful only, on memory's tablet.

—Exchange.

In Other Lands

The Karens

BURMA is populated by three distinct races, Burmese, Karens, and Shans. The Burmese greatly outnumber the Karens and Shans, as the latest census records the population of Burma at about 13,000,000, of whom 1,000,000 are Shans and 1,800,000 are Karens. Our article has to do with the latter of these three races.

There are several tribes of Karens, and these people of the mountains and jungle are much more numerous than was formerly supposed. Besides lesser and more insignificant tribes, there are the Phyos, Sgau, and Red Karens, each having its different dialect. They are widely scattered over Burma as a result of the persecutions of former years which caused them to flee from their cruel enemies, the Burmans. Under English rule their lot has been changed to that of equal liberty with their former oppressors.

As to religion the Karens were, generally speaking, animists, few of them accepting Buddhism, the faith of the Burmans, or any of the other Eastern established religions.

The first missionary work done for this race was undertaken by the Baptists about the year 1828. Great success has attended their efforts, and thousands of these sons of the forest have accepted the gospel of Jesus Christ. Their tradition of the white foreigner who would some day come to the Karen's relief, bringing the knowledge of a true God in a book, was a most helpful introduction to the missionary in his endeavors.

One of their old sayings in verse, referring to the foreigners, was as follows:

"The sons of God, the white foreigners,
Obtained the words of God.
The white foreigners, the children of God,
Obtained the words of God anciently."

It is perhaps difficult to trace the origin of the Karens, and their wanderings during the centuries, but their many traditions which coincide with the Bible teaching plainly point to a knowledge of God and his truth handed down through their years of toil and suffering. Perhaps no heathen people have so many traditions which clearly show their former knowledge of the true God. Although without literature, they had carefully preserved these traditions. First they believed in God as the Creator of the heavens and the earth, the sun, moon, and stars, and all things therein. Man was made by God and placed in a garden. From a rib of man God made a woman. He planted seven kinds of fruit-bearing trees in a garden, and of one of these they were commanded not to eat. Once in seven days God promised to visit them in this garden, probably an allusion to the Sabbath. An evil being corresponding to Satan, who was formerly a holy angel of heaven, is set forth in their verse as follows:

"Satan in ancient times was righteous,
But he transgressed the commands of God;
Satan in ancient times was holy,
But he departed from the love of God;
And God drove him away.
He deceived the daughter and son of God,
And God drove you away;
For you deceived the daughter and son of God."

They have a very interesting account of the temptation and fall, which corresponds in many points to the Bible record. It reads as follows:

"Afterward Satan came and said, 'Why are you here?' 'Our father, God, put us here,' they replied.

'What do you eat here?' Satan inquired. 'Our father, God, created food and drink for us; food without end.' Satan said, 'Show me your food.' And they went, with Satan following behind them, to show him. On arriving at the garden, they showed him the fruits, saying, 'This is sweet, this is sour, this is bitter, this is astringent, this is savory, this is fiery; but this tree, we know not whether it is sour or sweet. Our father, God, said to us, "Eat not the fruit of this tree; if you eat you will die." We eat not and do not know whether it is sour or sweet.' 'Not so, O my children,' Satan replied; 'the heart of your father, God, is not with you; this is the richest and sweetest; it is richer than the others, but not merely richer and sweeter, but if you eat it you will possess miraculous powers: you will ascend into heaven, and descend into the earth; you will be able to fly. The heart of your God is not with you. The desirable thing he has not given you. My heart is not like the heart of your God. He is not honest. He is envious—I am honest. I am not envious. I love you and tell you the whole. If you do not believe me, do not eat it. Let each one eat carefully a single fruit and then you will know.' The man replied, 'Our father, God, said to us, "Eat not the fruit of this tree," and we eat not.' Thus saying, he rose up and went away. But the woman listened to Satan, and thinking what he said rather proper, remained. Satan deceived her completely; and she said to him, 'If we eat, shall we be able to fly?' 'My son and daughter,' Satan replied, 'I persuade you because I love you.' The woman took of the fruit and ate. And Satan, laughing, said, 'My daughter, you listen to me well; now go, give the fruit to your husband, and say to him, I have eaten the fruit, it is exceedingly rich. If he does not eat, deceive him, that he may eat.' The woman doing as Satan told her, went and coaxed her husband, till she won him over to her own mind; and he took the fruit from the hand of his wife and ate. When he had eaten the fruit, she went to Satan, and said, 'My husband has eaten the fruit.' On hearing this he laughed exceedingly, and said, 'Now you have listened to me; very good, my son and daughter.'"

Of the results to our first parents the record is:

"The great dragon took a white fruit,
And gave to eat to the children of God;
They did not observe all the words of God;
They were deceived, deceived unto death.
They did not observe all the commands of God;
They were deceived, deceived unto sickness.
They transgressed the words of God,
And God turned his back on them.
Having transgressed the commands of God,
God turned away from them."

The Karens had no clearly defined traditions of the deluge, but of the dispersion of man they have the following statement:

"O children and grandchildren! Men had at first one father and one mother; but because they did not love each other, they separated. After their separation they did not know each other, and their language became different; and they became enemies to each other, and fought."

It is clear that this much-oppressed and otherwise ignorant people had kept among themselves much that indicated that they preserved God's word in comparative purity even though they had no literature. God remembered them and sent them his words by the "white foreigners." A few have also accepted the truths as preached by Seventh-day Adventists, and on the Salwin River a mission has been established, with the purpose of presenting in a definite manner this last warning to these people of the forest. To every

nation, kindred, tongue, and people is this message to be given, and let us pray that many of these humble ones may listen and obey. J. E. FULTON.

Where the Truth Triumphs

WITH saddlebags across our shoulders, Elder E. L. Maxwell and I bade farewell to our wives the morning of July 29, 1917, and left for the railway station in Callao, Peru. Our train pulled out of the station at six o'clock in the morning, and by four in the afternoon we had passed through sixty-two tunnels. After passing through the last one, we crossed the great divide and began to go down on the east side of the Andes. We crossed the Andes at an altitude of about 16,000 feet above sea level. This is the greatest altitude reached by any standard-gauge railroad in the world with the exception of a branch line of this same road, which reaches up in the eternal snows of the Andes at an equal altitude. In going to the top, by circling around, and switching back and forth to get up the side of the mountain, one station is passed five times. In making the last switch we could look nearly straight down and see the town 1,500 feet below us.

Passing from sea level to so high an altitude in so short a time is physically very trying on one. I suffered with a severe headache. The faces of all on the train became very red and flushed, looking as if the blood were almost ready to burst through the skin. Some were very sick, and bled at eyes, ears, and nose.

We reached Huancayo, which is the station at the end of the line and about one hundred fifty miles over on the east side of the Andes, at eleven o'clock that night. Here we spent two days resting before going to Laraos. I felt as if I were just getting up from a long sick spell, and can assure you the two days' rest was appreciated. On the first of August two Indians with mules and burros arrived to take us over the mountain pass to their Indian village. As we did not leave Huancayo till late in the day, we made only about twelve miles, and that by traveling till nine o'clock at night. During the evening we passed through three Indian villages. We also met several companies of drunken Indians, who were dancing and yelling, thus causing considerable excitement. We spent the night in what would be called a wagon yard in the States, yet it was the best place in the town. An Indian woman made us a bowl of good hot soup. It was my first experience with Indian cooking. I got along well, as a faithful dog was near by to help me get rid of some goat cheese that was well fastened together with goat hair.

Our guide aroused us at four o'clock the next morning, so we might get an early start. It was well we did start early, for if we could have seen the road we were going over, our courage might have failed us. Now and then we came to a big rock which served as a huge stair step. Our mules would simply give a lunge and land on the top. The road was a mountain trail about two feet wide and so straight up that I was afraid my mule might upset. The day passed, and night found us following a little stream that finds its way to the great Amazon. This night we were the guests of an Indian family out in the country. This family let us make our bed in an old adobe hut with a straw roof. At one end of the bed the chickens roosted, and at the other was a large pile of Peruvian wood, "cow chips." Above our heads were several dead chickens tied up by their feet to poles that served as a ceiling. We were, however, glad for the shelter, as

our bedding was scarce and the night was very cold. In the morning, after eating a little *cancha*, or parched corn, we were off for another day.

At ten o'clock we crossed one of the main ranges of the Andes at an altitude of about 16,000 feet, and very close to the eternal snow line. To our right was a great peak covered with snow. From here we could look out across the mountain tops for many, many miles, viewing now and then a great peak towering six or eight thousand feet above us. It was a beautiful morning, and the scene was impressive. During the afternoon we passed by many copper, gold, and silver mines. We could often pick up a stone filled with one of these metals. I saw an old rock fence, the rocks of which sparkled with gold. At four o'clock in the afternoon we began to descend our last large hill to the town of Laraos.

In going down three miles, we lowered ourselves six thousand feet in altitude. Our road was a narrow path ranging from one to three feet wide. To our left was a great rock wall. To our right was an immense gulch two thousand or more feet deep. A stone from under the mule's feet would frequently roll to the bottom and land in the angry waters that roared below. We arrived at Laraos that night at nine o'clock. Friends had prepared a room for us in a house of mud. There were no windows in it, but a door in the center of the side. The floor was of mother earth, which had been swept and well covered with a coat of water. The latter added much to our misery, as we were already cold and very weary from our journey.

This little town of Laraos is built over a mountain stream on a big mountain slide. One can see up the side of the mountain where the dirt came from that filled the gulch, making a great dam across it, about five hundred feet high. This mountain stream has succeeded in making its way through this dam. While the water sinks from sight on one side with no visible opening for its escape, it comes rushing out on the other side. This region has a wonderful system of irrigation and farming. Up either side of the mountain for two or three thousand feet, are great rows of little fields. These fields are now level, but many times the wall that was formerly erected on the low side, and which now holds the dirt to make them level, is as high as the field is wide. These fields will average about twenty feet wide and fifty to one hundred feet

long. Each adult and every child has from three to four of these little fields, and each field is supplied with water for irrigation.

The message first found its way to this place through the printed page, carried by Brother Salazar in June of 1913. In the fall of the same year W. R. Pohle and R. B. Stauffer visited this place and held some meetings in the Catholic church, but trouble arose and they had to leave. In 1915 Brother Salazar again visited this place and held some meetings in the public square. On the night of April 4 a mob attacked him and he had to flee for his life. One of the brethren was crippled in the uproar that followed, and for a time much persecution followed for the believers. The first day that we were there the city authorities visited us, and later the city schoolmaster, who had vowed

that a Protestant minister should never again enter the place. The night before, this schoolmaster had, in company with two or three other men, tramped the town all night, shouting "Viva Católica," thus trying to create a mob to drive us out of the place. With the help of Him who rules above, we were able to make friends with the schoolmaster and the city authorities, and after a stay of one week we left without being molested in any way.

After visiting three other Indian villages and holding meetings in them, Sunday, August 19, people from all four places met in a central place called Tintin, for baptism. Twelve were ready for this ordinance, and twelve or fifteen more wanted to be



A SECTION OF THE MAIN TRAVELED ROAD TO LARAOS
If one's horse should fall from this narrow path, he would land in the river fifteen hundred feet below. Elder Maxwell is shown coming down the steps.

baptized, but it was necessary that each should first be married to the woman with whom he was living. As are the priests, so are the people. The priests set a low example of morality, and when the message finds these people, they have to make things right before taking part in the ordinances of the church.

We returned to Huancayo over a different road. Our guide awakened us at three o'clock in the morning on the twentieth of August, and we started on our way over a very difficult path. We were down in a great gulch following along a stream. Our trail was dug out of the side of a great wall. Sometimes we were close to the roaring waters and again we were up so high that we could scarcely hear the roar. It was dark and we could not see the road, so we had to trust our horses and the God who rules above to take us safely over the narrow trail. Now and then we crossed the

stream over a bridge made of brush suspended across the water twenty or more feet above it. These bridges look very frail and they do not belie their looks. They are about three feet wide, and are made without banisters. In the center is a path about eighteen inches wide, for the horse to walk on. The great walls on either side of us kept getting closer and closer together all the time, till soon we could see but few stars through the opening above us. At day-break we came to what looked like the impossible. A great perpendicular wall on either side a thousand or more feet high, and in front arose a wall nearly perpendicular, two hundred or more feet high. The gulch at this place was not more than ten or twelve feet

wide. We began to look for a way out, and found a stairway with steps from one to two feet high up the wall in front of us. This stairway reaches from the wall on one side to the wall on the other side, and back and forth, till finally one may reach the top. At first we wondered how the horses and loaded burros would climb such a stairway, but we dismounted and got in front of our horses to keep out of the way of rolling stones, and our faithful animals followed. It is interesting to watch the burros climb with their loads. This is the main traveled road to market, and all lumber, farm tools, and everything of that kind must be taken over this road. It is no wonder that the people learn to live and do with a meager equipment. We must also remember that books for the colporteur must be taken over this road if delivered to the people of the towns below.

During the day we again crossed the same mountain



THE MISSIONARY PARTY ON THEIR WAY TO VISIT THE OUTSTATIONS

It is nearly a thousand feet straight down to the water at this place.

pass that we crossed in going to Laraos. This time we were in a blizzard and snowstorm. As we went down on the other side, the snow turned to rain. Because the people living along the way are thieves, we were obliged to camp for rest under the shelter of a large rock.

Brother Maxwell and I tried sleeping on one cot, because our bedding was scarce and the rock was not large enough to shelter two cots. At half past twelve our guide awakened us, stating that it was time to be on our way. We were glad to hear the call, for it was little that we had slept, and we were cold and needed some spirited walking to get us warm. We arrived at Huancayo the night of August 21, at seven o'clock. Here we took some much-needed rest. Though the roads are difficult and the altitude and weather trying, we are glad to have a part in the work of soul-saving in Peru.

E. H. WILCOX.

Pay of the World's Fighting Men

IF, as was reported, the German kaiser offered a prize of \$75 to the first man of his forces in France who captured an American soldier, the bonus proved a tempting one to the Teutons, for this sum represents more than three years' pay for a private in the German army, according to a war bulletin issued by the national Geographic Society.

The American soldier boy abroad will draw a princely wage compared with Tommy Atkins, the French poilu, the Italian Alpini, the German boche, and all the other fighting men of European nations.

Disregarding the "extras" and special allowances of various kinds provided for in all the armies of the world, but taking the lowest wage of the humblest private as the standard, the comfortable rate of pay allowed Uncle Sam's fighting men affords a remarkable contrast to the lean-pay envelope of the men with whom our soldiers will join forces in France, as well as to the slim compensation of the enemy armies.

Poilu Gets \$1.50 a Month

With his quarters, clothing, and rations furnished him, as they are furnished in all armies of the world, the American second-class private, receiving his foreign-service pay of \$33 a month, will be a plutocrat compared with the French soldier, who draws the bare pittance of \$1.50 every thirty days, scarcely enough to keep the American fighting man in cigarettes.

But the French soldier's wage is, in its turn, princely compared with the 32 cents a month which the Russian government allows its privates and the 73 cents which Austria-Hungary pays its troops—1 and 2½ cents a day, respectively.

Great Britain is the most generous of the European governments in its pay of privates, who receive \$7.60 a month at home and an additional allowance while fighting in France, Mesopotamia, and other foreign lands. Italy ranks second in generosity, with a monthly minimum allowance of \$5.83. Spain compensates her soldiers with a \$4.42 monthly wage, and Germany has built up her military engine of frightfulness with a wage scale beginning at \$1.65 a month,—less than 6 cents a day,—to do the ruthless bidding of ruthless rulers. Japan's soldiers at home, with \$8 a year, fare a little worse than the Austrians. Turkey is an indulgent employer by comparison, granting \$11 a year—92 cents a month.

A first-class American private, drawing \$36.60 a month in France, gets \$41 a year more than a Russian colonel, and \$64 a year more than a German lieutenant for the first three years; \$31 a year more than a first lieutenant of the Austrian army, and \$19 a year more than a junior lieutenant in the service of Italy.

Americans Best Paid

The pay of an American second lieutenant (disregarding all allowances) is \$100 a year greater than that of a lieutenant colonel in the British army, \$73 more than that of a full colonel in the French army, \$62 more than that of a German lieutenant colonel, \$260 more than that of a colonel of Austrian troops, and only \$100 less than that of a major general of the Italian army, while to a full general of the Russian army the American's \$1,700 would seem a fortune, as the Muscovite of the highest rank gets only \$1,272.

The pay of an American captain compares favorably with that of a British colonel, a French brigadier general, a German brigadier general, an Austrian brigadier general, a Japanese lieutenant general, and an Italian lieutenant general.

A brigadier general of the American army, drawing a minimum salary of \$6,000, receives nearly \$240 more than a marshal of France, \$2,000 more than a full general and field marshal in the German army, \$2,250 more than a full general of Japan, and nearly five times as much as a Russian general of the highest rank. Italy's highest army officer at the beginning of this war was a lieutenant general, whose annual compensation was \$150 less than that of an American major.

Since the outbreak of the war the French government has revised its scale of pay for the army. The man in the first-line trenches now receives a franc a day (\$6 a month), but he is not permitted to draw all of this amount. He is paid partly in cash, and for the balance he receives a certificate of deposit in a reserve fund, which is to be disbursed at the end of the war. All those not in the first-line trenches will receive their 25 centimes (5 cents) a day.—*New York Evening Globe, Sept. 22, 1917.*

Notes on Alaska

ALASKA has now about 100,000 reindeer, and it will have 1,300,000 within a decade. Reindeer meat is now being shipped to United States markets.

Alaska has over 5,000 glaciers which are giants in comparison with those of the Alps. The Childs Glacier is as tall as the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

Most of the halibut eaten in the United States comes from Alaska. The fish products of this country have already netted us more than \$200,000,000.

In the interior of Alaska are grown cabbages weighing as much as a two-year-old baby.

The chief summer entertainments are garden and lawn parties which are held amid the flowers.

Near the arctic circle the children go barefoot in summer.

Alaska's chief winter sport is dog racing. The great race is across the Seward Peninsula from Nome to Candle City and return, a distance of over 400 miles. Many of the racing dogs have been taken to France to aid in the war.

At Nome, Christmas Day has only four hours of sunlight. The sun rises at ten, skates across the horizon, and sets at two.

The Eskimos do wonderful carving.—*Selected.*

Absolute Monarchs

THERE are just six absolute monarchs left in the world. Their titles run, "Lights of the Earth," "Sons of the Sun," "Arbiters of the Tides," etc. Once they were a mighty brotherhood, but time has cut deep into their ranks.

Sultan Seyyid Taimur bin Turkee rules Oman. Never heard of Oman? It stretches along the south-east coast of Arabia and boasts of 750,000 inhabitants. The sultan has an income of \$250,000 a year, plus caravan receipts, plus a percentage of pearls gathered by deep-sea divers. At present the only distinction the sultan enjoys is that of being the least-known monarch of the least-known state in Asia. But a few missionaries have succeeded in passing Oman's one open port, Muscat.

The sultan of Siam has 1,203 brothers and sisters, and 604 stepmothers. V'fa M'a Vagiravudh has 6,000,000 subjects and an income of \$3,000,000, a palace of silver mosaic, and an eight-sided throne. He has accepted the challenge that East must be East, and is

introducing compulsory education, military service, and other modern methods.

Empress Zeodita of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia, sits on the throne once occupied by the Queen of Sheba, and claims to be the lineal descendant of that historic lady and King Solomon. She is said to be unalterably opposed to railroads, and twentieth-century methods in general. Her triple-tiered crown weighs some ten pounds. She expelled all foreigners from her domain.

Muley Yusef rules Morocco, and is said to be the proudest of the sultans. He wears rubies on his fingers and bracelets on his toes, and rides white elephants with silver howdahs. The Moors have never forgotten that they once conquered Spain.

A short, stout, sallow man, much bewhiskered, sits on the throne of Afghanistan. He is Habibulla Khan, the wisest and shrewdest monarch of the East. He tolerates six Europeans and two Americans among his six million subjects.

From his eight and one-fourth miles on the Riviera the Prince of Monaco draws \$1,000,000 a year, aside from all state expenses, and the roulette wheels at Monte Carlo make it all. The prince is justice, law-maker, executive, all in one. His 22,000 subjects pay no taxes; but neither must they go near the gaming tables. The vices of Monte Carlo are strictly for foreigners.—*Every Week*.

The Sky Battle

THE self-control and tact manifested by men in every division of the army service are marvelous; but perhaps the aviation work offers more thrilling experiences of real heroism than any other. A British airman, Second Lieut. Malcolm Henderson, "was detailed to fly over the enemy's lines, carrying with him an observer to photograph their positions. The work involved keeping his machine at low altitude, within range of the German anti-aircraft guns. Suddenly there was a terrific shock. A shell had struck the nacelle of the aeroplane, crashed through the floor, and cut off one of Henderson's legs below the knee. For an instant the machine hung disabled, then gave a downward lurch. The slip might have ended in a nose-drive, except for the pilot's tremendous assertion of self-control. Losing blood as he was at a fearful rate, every nerve affected by the shock, he yet succeeded in getting his machine into equilibrium again, and, before the astonished German gunners could return to their guns, had driven it out of range. Holding gamely on through the pursuing shells, he presently volplaned to earth within the British lines, bringing back his companion and the photographs unscathed.

"Sublieutenant Oxley and Flight Lieutenant Dunning, D. S. C., were flying a long way from their own lines when they sighted two enemy machines and decided to attack, Oxley working the machine gun while Dunning steered. During the fiercest part of the fight Dunning felt a burning pain in his left leg, and simultaneously the petrol tank was pierced by bullets.

"They succeeded in beating off the Germans; and then Oxley, who knew that Dunning would probably bleed to death before they could get home, improvised a tourniquet and passed it over to his companion, with a scribbled note telling him to fix it on his leg and relinquish control of the machine, so that he himself might take charge. The two men managed the difficult exchange of seats as the aeroplane whirled through the air. Then Dunning, having tied up his wound, turned

his attention to the leaking petrol tank. He succeeded in stopping the leak by keeping his thumb pressed over the hole. In this way they got the riddled and battered machine back to their own lines, and made a successful landing."

The Tree Choir

I KNOW a vested choir
Who sing at early dawn,
When dewdrops shine and sparkle
On field and wood and lawn;
They're always fresh and spotless,
And shine with daintiness,
Although they rise so early,
With little time to dress.

And then again at twilight,
When all the world is still,
Their music echoes sweetly
From orchard, grove, and hill;
A song of true thanksgiving
They jubilantly sing,
And then each little singer
Tucks head 'neath downy wing.

—Minnie Leona Upton.

The Story of the Apple

IN olden times the doctors recommended that the children be given plenty of apples in the morning and some during the day for lunch. They did not recommend apples at night unless they were sweet and well baked. There is an old saying, arising evidently from this fact, that apples are gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night.

The apple tree has been cultivated for centuries. It was probably a native of southwestern Asia and the adjacent portions of Europe. It was introduced into the Roman garden nearly five hundred years before the Christian era, being considered a luxury and cultivated by only the wealthiest people. It was, however, considered a profitable crop, and grafting was understood and practiced, so that various kinds were produced which became very popular. Later, in the time of Vergil, apples were quite common among the Romans, and a favorite combination of foods seemed to be that of apples, soft chestnuts, and cheese.

Slicing and drying the fruit in the sun must have been practiced at an early time, because evidences of such art have been found in the prehistoric houses of the lake settlers in Switzerland.

Apples were introduced into England at the time of the Roman occupation and were brought to America by the European colonists.

The history of apple growing in this country is very interesting. Perhaps there is no chapter in it more entertaining than that of Jonathan Chapman, who was considered the pioneer of apple culture in western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. This man, who was born in Boston in 1775, had a strong scientific bent. His love of nature was so deep that he thought it wicked to kill any kind of animal for food or to prune a tree. He wandered about gathering apple seeds from the pomace of cider mills, and between 1801 and 1847 he planted these seeds wherever he could find a clearing. At first people laughed at him and allowed him to plant the seeds simply from pure good-natured tolerance. Later, when they realized the value of the fruit, they looked upon him as a wonderful personage. He was popularly known as Johnny Apple Seed, and before he died he saw apple trees bearing fruit throughout an area of over one hundred thousand acres, all planted by him.—*Beatrice M. Parker*.

The Chess Player

MANY years ago Paul Morphy was the champion chess player of the world. A friend one day invited him to come and look at a valuable painting he had just purchased. It is called "The Chess Player," and presented Satan playing chess with a young man, the stake being the man's soul. The game had reached the stage where it was the young man's move; there was no move that he could make that would not mean defeat for him, and the strong feature of the picture was the look of awful despair that was on the man's face as he realized his soul was lost, and the sneer upon the face of Satan as he saw the victory.



THE CHESS PLAYER

Morphy studied the picture for a time (he knew more about chess than the artist who painted the picture), and then he called for a chessboard and men. Placing them in the same position in which they were in the painting, he said: "I'll take the young man's place and make the move." And he made the move that would have set the young man free.

When I heard this story, I thought it was just like my life. In the game of life I was worsted. It was my move, but Death was in every direction. I was in despair, when I saw One come on the scene who knew all about my life, and I recognized the only One who could help me. I turned to him, and he made the move that set me free.—F. W. Bothem, in "Faith Links."

Large Building Operations in Washington

THE past few months have brought to Washington between forty and fifty thousand persons. The providing of homes and offices for this large influx of people into the national capital on account of the war, has been a stupendous proposition. One large contract entered into recently to provide government offices presents figures of interest.

Late in the summer, on vacant blocks just east of the park containing the National Museum, large steam shovels began removing an elevation, converting three city blocks or more into a building site. Upon this site operations on a large scale began for the erection of buildings which will provide 2,168 offices and house 4,500 government officials. In the erection of one of the three sections of buildings, 5,000,000 feet of lumber have been used.

Forty days from the time the building operations began, the offices were practically inclosed, and according to a statement made by Mr. E. G. Marshall, general superintendent of the construction work of one of these large section buildings, the world record for

that amount of work in that time has been broken. The first section was ready for occupancy December 15, the second January 5, and the third section will be ready about February 5.

The picture given below shows the street frontage of the first wing building across from the National Museum, looking up Seventh Street, Northwest, toward Pennsylvania Avenue. This is section one of the buildings, and the one nearest completion. Beyond this one wing building shown in the picture, there are five other wings running parallel with this and of the same size.

Altogether about 18,000,000 feet of lumber are required in the erection of this plant, 350,000 feet of flooring being required for one section, and 1,050,000 for the entire plant. Eight hundred carpenters and workmen have been employed in one section, and probably about the same number in each of the other sections. The pay roll amounts to from \$60,000 to \$70,000 weekly.

This is only one of several building activities the government is carrying forward in the District of Columbia. Extensive additions have been made to the government hospitals, and a large annex, as it were, to the Bureau of Engraving is being provided. The stamps and money are printed in the Bureau of Engraving.

Amid all these increased activities there is earnest work being carried forward by those connected with the institutions here, in placing literature in the hands of these people, and in other ways seeking to enlighten them as to the meaning of these present-day events, when great nations are being drawn into the world war.

T. E. BOWEN.

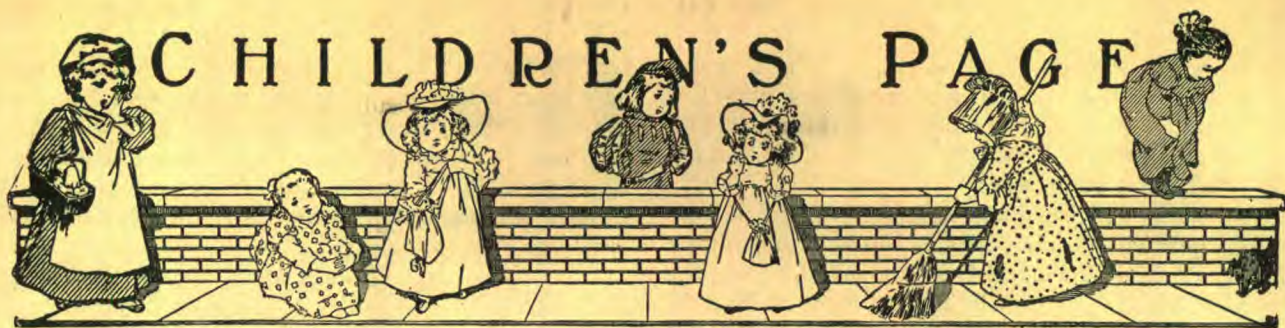
Who Painted the House?

I AM going to paint the house," said a big can of paint, waiting, already mixed, in the woodshed. "No, I am going to paint it," the paintbrush asserted, bristling with impatience. "You are, are you?" sneered the ladder, lying against the wall. "How far would either of you go without me?" "Or without me to pay the bill?" said the check book of the owner of the house, in a voice muffled by the pocket of the



A VIEW OF THE NEW OFFICE BUILDINGS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

coat hanging on a nail. Just then the painter, who had overheard these proud remarks, ventured to put in a word. "Perhaps I'd better take a holiday," said he quietly. "I wonder if the house would be painted by the time I got back." Even the most efficient of us is only a tool in the hands of the Infinite Worker.—The Christian Age.



A Voice of Bell-like Sweetness

IS there anything that I can do for you, Hilda?"

The girl in the darkened room, with a bandage over her eyes, flounced angrily on the bed on which she lay, the springs creaking protestingly under her weight. Her sister who had asked the question looked a little startled, but not at all puzzled.

"Do anything for me? I guess if you had to be shut up in the dark with your eyes bandaged, and nobody came near you for hours and hours —"

"Oh, Hilda," the sister remonstrated, "it is only half an hour since I was here before."

"Well, if it's such a sacrifice, you don't need to come at all! I suppose I shall live through this, though I really don't see how I'm going to stand it much longer."

The sister was almost in tears. "Hilda, I was sorry to leave you alone so much this morning. But you know there's a lot of work to be done."

"I wouldn't want you to change your plans on my account," declared Hilda. "Go off and leave me to myself. Want anything, did you say? O dear, no! I'm perfectly contented lying here in the dark with nothing to do and nobody to talk to."

Sighing a little, the sister seated herself and made several attempts to talk. But Hilda's ill humor would not allow her to respond, and conversation languished. Then came a welcome distraction, for from the sidewalk a sweet voice of bell-like clearness was uplifted in song.

For a moment Hilda appeared oblivious to the song. Then curiosity got the better of her mood. "I wonder who that can be!" she exclaimed.

Her sister rose, went to the window, and opened the closed shutters just a crack. "It's a man that sometimes goes by the house," she said. "You must remember him, he's blind."

"Blind!" Hilda repeated incredulously.

"Yes, surely you must remember him, Hilda. He was blinded in an explosion, I think."

Hilda spoke eagerly. "I wonder if my pocketbook is on the table now. I'd like to give that man a quarter. Would you mind tossing it out to him?"

"I think I'd better take it down," said the sister, pleased with Hilda's air of interest. "If I threw it, he probably wouldn't be able to find it." She extracted the coin from Hilda's pocketbook, and went downstairs. The grateful musician showed his appreciation by singing all his repertoire, and Hilda's sister thought it safe to finish the task she had interrupted to see if her sister needed her.

She went upstairs again as soon as the singing ceased. Hilda was lying very quiet, and she did not speak as her sister entered.

"Did you enjoy the music, Hilda?" asked the sister, a little doubtfully.

"I—I enjoyed it, but it wasn't that so much. It made me do some thinking." The sister looked puzzled. But Hilda did not leave her long in doubt.

"That man is blind all the time, and he goes around the street singing and making everybody happier. And I'm blind for a few days and I'm making everybody miserable."

"Oh, Hilda," protested the sister, and then relapsed into silence, realizing that Hilda had spoken but the truth.

"I can't go around singing," Hilda continued, "but as long as my blindness is only temporary, it does seem as if I might be moderately pleasant, so it won't be impossible to live in the house with me and stay happy. Have you finished all your work? Because if you haven't, don't feel you've got to stay with me."

The sister dropped into a chair. "But I have finished," she answered, "and now I feel like having a good talk."—*The Girls' Companion.*

New Year Motto

"I ASKED the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet.
I asked and paused; he answered, soft and low,
'God's will to know.'

"'Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?' I cried,
And ere the question into silence died,
The answer came, 'Nay; but remember, too,
God's will to do.'

Once more I asked, 'Is there no more to tell?'
And once again the answer softly fell:
'Yes; this one thing, all other things above,
God's will to love.'

The Old Judge's Way

OLD Judge Kingsley was about the most exasperating man in the town. He was slow, easy-going, and was in no hurry to push cases that came before him for judgment. That is what made many folks remark about the judge that he was behind the times and an old fossil.

"I wish that I were the judge of the district court," angrily remarked John Foss one day. "It is a shame the way he lets off the fellow with a good story! Only yesterday he refused to do anything with the Kelton children. They are neglected and ought to be put in some home!"

"Well," replied the judge's neighbor, to whom Mr. Foss was speaking, "perhaps the father will look out for them in the future. He earns good money and ought to be able to support them well. The only trouble is that he cannot get a good housekeeper. It is too bad that his wife died and left such a family."

"Huh! He drinks—that is what the matter is! But then, it's no use to say anything to the old judge—he won't do any different."

In a ruffled state of mind John Foss went home. As he turned in at his street he saw a team coming down the road. The horse limped badly, and Mr. Foss stopped and frowned.

"Well," he exclaimed disgustedly, "it is a shame for a man like Bob Johnson to drive a lame horse! I shall report him at once to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is my duty to do so and relieve that poor beast."

It so happened that Judge Kingsley turned into his street a quarter of a mile distant, when the same horse and driver came down. He too stopped and looked at the poor horse as it slowly limped along. Then he noticed the name on the wagon, "R. Johnson, Teamster."

When he reached his office the next morning the judge took down the directory and found that "R. Johnson, Teamster" lived about a mile outside of the town. At noon he took a walk over to see him.

At the door of the house the judge was told that he would find Mr. Johnson at the barn. Out to the barn he walked, and as he turned the corner he heard, coming from the open door, "Easy now, old boy, it smarts a little I know, but we've got to get that swelling down."

Stepping inside, Judge Kingsley saw Bob Johnson rubbing the lame leg of his horse, and all the while talking in a soothing way, and occasionally stopping to give him an encouraging pat.

Making some noise, as if he had just stepped in, Judge Kingsley said, "Horse sick? Are you going to do anything this afternoon? I had a little job, but—"

"Well, sir," replied Bob Johnson, "Old Tom is lame. I have to bathe that leg every noon and night after he comes in, and still he gets worse off. I should say it was the hard pavements more than anything else."

"Can't you rest him a little?" asked the judge quietly.

"No, I am sorry to say that I can't," and Bob Johnson shook his head sadly. "You see, I can't afford to buy another horse, and I wouldn't sell Tom, as he is, to any Tom, Dick, or Harry. That would be downright cruelty, for no man would buy a lame horse except to use him up in a short time."

Just then a little head appeared in the doorway, and a wee voice asked, "How is Old Tom, papa?" Then, not stopping for a reply, a little girl bounced in, ran up to the horse, and threw her arms around his muzzle.

"Ahem!" coughed Judge Kingsley. "It seems to me that such a nice horse has earned a little vacation."

"I know it, sir," sighed Bob Johnson, "but what is a man to do? I have favored Tom in many ways this past month, letting hard jobs go—jobs that would have brought me in quite a penny too, simply because I didn't think I ought to give him such heavy loads. We can't afford a vacation, and—"

"Oh, yes, you can," interrupted the judge in a kindly tone, "and let me tell you how to do it. I know of two men who have places out in the country. Their horses are not worked at this time of the year and they need exercise. I'll send you the name of one who has a horse that could come here, and I am sure that he would let you send Old Tom out into the country with his other horses until he gets well again."

"But how do you know that he will swap in that way?" asked Bob Johnson. "He may not wish such an old, lame horse in place of a good one."

"Oh, I'll see to that," laughingly remarked Judge Kingsley. He did not tell Bob that the horse was his own, and that the country place was where he went every summer for his own vacation.

Bob Johnson did not delay any time at all when he received directions as to how to get to this place where

Old Tom was to have his vacation. The next morning he was up bright and early and hitched Old Tom into the light buggy, driving the ten miles, over soft country roads, in slow time, so as to give his pet horse every favor possible. Then he returned home with a good, chunky bay horse that looked as if the heaviest loads would be play for him.

A couple of days later the agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came into the yard. His inquiries were easily answered, and when he learned the full story, he said:

"Well, I guess I am not needed in such a place as this; but I wish there were more men like Judge Kingsley."

"Yes, that's right," replied Bob Johnson, "he may be slow and easy, but his heart's in the right place."—*Walter K. Putney, in Young People.*

A Year Text

TWO young men, whom I shall call John Harris and Frank Clark, were leaving college to enter into a tent effort for the summer. Both of them decided to take a year text and in place of calling each other by name, call the text they chose. John Harris chose Romans 6:23 and Frank Clark took 1 John 3:4. In place of calling good morning to each other, they would call out their text.

During the summer John Harris received a call to go to Africa. It was on September 15 that he boarded the steamer which was to carry him to his future field. Frank Clark was at the dock to see his friend off. As the ship began to move away, 1 John 3:4 called from the dock and Romans 6:23 answered from the vessel. They kept this up till they could not hear each other, but when they waved their white handkerchiefs both knew that each wave meant the year text. Perhaps those on the wharf thought that these two men were crazy, calling out texts to each other, but what did it matter, since there was such a happy sequel to this unusual procedure. When they wrote to each other later, they always put the year text on the back of the envelope and on all letters they wrote.

One day a letter arrived in Africa to John Harris from Frank Clark. Frank told him how a man on the wharf was so puzzled over the two texts which they had cried out the morning he left for Africa, that he went straight home and looked up the texts in the Bible. First he found that "the wages of sin is death," and then that "sin is the transgression of the law." He studied the Bible to find out which law was meant, and finally decided to keep the ten commandments, and was keeping the true Sabbath.

The postman in Africa noticed the two texts on the back of the envelopes, and one day his curiosity led him to look them up in the Bible. About a month after John Harris received Frank Clark's letter the postman asked Mr. Harris to explain those two verses to him, as they had been troubling him of late. Mr. Harris showed him that if we do not keep the law of God we will be lost, for "the wages of sin is death," and "sin is the transgression of the law." Finally the postman decided to keep God's ten commandments, and he is now observing the seventh day.

As we are about to begin the new year, why not each one of us take a year text, and put it on our letters when writing to friends? We never know how much good can be done in this way, as a single text will sometimes put an honest searcher for truth on the right track.

GEO. S. BELLEAU.

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"Knee Medicine"

RECENTLY I read of a Chinese convert who was asked what remedy he found most effective in delivering him from the opium habit, from idolatry, and from the fear of persecution. He replied, "Knee medicine." Finally, he, too, had found the king of medicines—the remedy that has succeeded where all others have failed; the remedy that has proved its efficacy in every clime, to every race, in every kind of trouble.

Scientific research has discovered wonderful remedies, but they all pale into insignificance before the unfailing panacea for human ills. There is absolutely nothing that will take the place of this remedy in the life of an individual, and the sooner we learn this fact the better for us. It is the only remedy that will keep us from succumbing to the malignant epidemics that are raging in the land today.

You who have read "Pilgrim's Progress" may remember the story of the fire by the wall. Christian tried to put it out, but his attempts were all in vain. Finally he discovered that it was fed by a stream of oil that flowed through a crevice in a wall. This story is a good word-picture of a Christian who uses "knee medicine" faithfully, and by means of it keeps his connection with heaven unbroken and obtains power to live the victorious life.

If "knee medicine" were ever needed, we need it today. Somehow the very seriousness of these times seems to benumb our sensibilities. Catastrophes come so thick and fast that we have sort of readjusted our lives, and begin to look upon this epidemic of disasters as the normal course of events. We still recall how we shuddered when we heard of the sinking of the "Titanic." We sighed when we thought of the hundreds of happy tourists who had been carried down to a watery grave. Did not some of us again and again lay the heart-rending story aside because we could read no more through our tears? Today, however, we read dry-eyed of big mine explosions and terrible catastrophes by land and sea. Of course, we did not want to read the account of the terrible Halifax disaster before supper the other evening, but are we not beginning to expect just such columns on the front page of the daily paper?

Yes, and we should expect them! But our danger lies in failing to see in these events the signs of the end. They are the handwriting on the walls of time; and as God used Daniel to read the warning message written on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, so he is looking today for earnest young people to interpret aright, in the light of the sure word of prophecy, the present conditions of the world.

How many of our Missionary Volunteers are prepared to do this? The signs of the times show conclusively that the kingdoms of earth are being weighed

in the balance and found wanting; soon "Finis" will be written to their annals, and Christ will come to claim his own. Are you ready for that day? Are you prepared to help others to get ready? Remembering that our last opportunities to save others are rapidly slipping away, shall we not plan definitely to use more "knee medicine" during 1918?

M. E.

How the Pastor Helped

HE was thoroughly interested in young people, having once been a young person himself, you see! The young people's society was composed largely of newly baptized members, who were anxious to understand more fully the precious truths which they had heard at the tent- and hall-meetings.

So what should this pastor do but organize a Standard of Attainment Band among the young people. He was a man who knew the Bible, and more than that, knew how to explain it clearly to others. The band met regularly. The members studied not only Bible Doctrines but our Denominational History. Last September they took the Standard of Attainment examinations, and if you wish to know whether or not they



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

passed and received their certificates, just notice the accompanying picture. Those "diplomas" which they are holding show that they finished their course satisfactorily, and are now not only the possessors of Certificates of Attainment, but are also better prepared than ever before to give to others a reason for the hope that is within them. The little fellow in the foreground of the picture has not yet become a member of Attainment, but no doubt before long he will be studying for Junior Attainment membership. God wishes to use the boys and girls as well as the older ones in spreading the good news of his soon coming.

Cannot other workers lend a hand in helping our Missionary Volunteers to carry on their Attainment bands? Why don't you ask their assistance, young people?

M. V. DEPT.

Our Counsel Corner

A New Department

HAVE you questions which have been puzzling you—questions on Missionary Volunteer work or on other matters of interest to young people? Our

Counsel Corner is for you; a corner where we may talk over our problems, and be of mutual help to one another. This corner will be what our Missionary Volunteers make it. We solicit questions, reports, and letters from the young people; and promise that they shall receive careful attention. Address all communications to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C.

What is the budget plan?

It is a systematic plan of raising money for missions (or doing other things). The conference Missionary Volunteer secretary gives to the society its portion of the offerings to missions to be raised during the year. That is the society's foreign-mission budget. First the officers and then the society give serious consideration to the work of reaching the goal, and members agree to take a certain share. There is a systematic plan of keeping account of what the society does toward its goal month by month.

This is all explained in a new leaflet just published, "The Missionary Volunteer Goal and How to Reach It." The price is one cent, and it should be ordered from your tract society. You should secure at least enough copies so that each of your officers may have one. It would be better if every member had a copy. It will help you to success in 1918.

In our goal for 1918 we have a campaign for "INSTRUCTOR subscriptions." I see no place on the report blanks for this item. How shall we report this work?

On both the individual and society report blanks there are a few blank spaces for extra items. Use one of these for this: "New INSTRUCTOR subscriptions."

We hope all our young people will enter upon this work of increasing the subscription list of our Missionary Volunteer paper, the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. It ought to be read by all our young people. M. E. K.

What is the Lookout Committee?

Some one has said that it is a committee which looks both *outward* and *inward*; "outward, to seek new members of the society; inward, to hold faithful to their duties the members already obtained." Its duties may be briefly summarized thus: (1) To bring new members; (2) to satisfy yourselves as to the fitness of applicants; (3) to introduce them to others; (4) to introduce them to the work; (5) to reclaim indifferent members; (6) to welcome strangers. Every Missionary Volunteer Society should have a Lookout Committee. E. I.

Will you explain what is meant by the educational secretary of a Missionary Volunteer Society?

The educational secretary of the Missionary Volunteer Society is chosen to lead out in the educational features of the Missionary Volunteer work. It goes without saying that this officer should be a lover of reading; should know how to find spare moments for reading good, helpful books; and should be acquainted with the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses, the Standard of Attainment, and the Bible Year.

He should try to enroll as many as possible in each of these, and keep written lists of these enrolments in a good substantial notebook. His records should show when each individual in his Reading Course, or his Standard of Attainment, or his Bible Year enrolment completes his work. Reading Course or Standard of Attainment certificates received should also be recorded.

The educational secretary's office is an important one. It fairly bursts with opportunities for doing good. With items from Reading Course books, the enthusiastic educational secretary will acquaint the so-

ciety members with the courses; with new items from the mission fields, etc., he will stimulate their interest in the Standard of Attainment plan; by tactful personal effort he will persuade many not only in the society, but in the Sabbath school, in the church, and among his friends to gain the benefit of the educational features promoted through the Missionary Volunteer Department.

He will organize Reading Course and Standard of Attainment classes whenever this seems best. His motto will be, "At it, all at it, always at it." And in this way he will endeavor to make the educational features of our work the greatest possible blessing to the greatest possible number. M. E.

Just for the Juniors

Read This, Juniors!

THE Missionary Volunteer Department has decided to have a little "corner" in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, "Just for the Juniors." In this corner we expect to print short articles and items which will be of special interest to the boys and girls. We shall be glad to have reports from our Junior Missionary Volunteer Societies and from Juniors who have had especially good experiences which would be helpful to other boys and girls. Address all communications to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C.

"Wasn't it lovely of the children to remember me?" exclaimed a lady, gratefully, upon receiving a shower of letters from the members of the Junior society in her church. She had been ill for some time,—too ill to be about,—and you can imagine how much like sunbeams those cheery little letters seemed to her.

When a person is sick, the time drags heavily. To be shut away from the privilege of attending church and mingling with friends is often as hard to bear as the pain one suffers. But isn't it fine when some one remembers you! A bouquet of flowers, a blooming plant, a sympathetically written little message—how they all help!

The lady who was so kindly remembered by the Buffalo Junior Society, prizes the letters of the children so highly that she is going to keep them; and can't you imagine how she'll tie that little packet of letters with a piece of ribbon, and put them away carefully where she can refer to them?

It takes a bit of time to write a missionary letter, but what is that compared to the sunshine that results! Writing letters is one very good way for Juniors to bring cheer and brightness into the lives of others.

One little girl, Erma Owens, recently wrote to her Missionary Volunteer secretary: "I promised at camp-meeting that I would save all my money. For tithe I have 22 cents, for missionary money, \$2.20; so altogether I have \$2.42. *I have not spent one cent for candy or gum.* I am eleven years old. I have sold two books, and given away some copies of the *Little Friend* and YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR."

Good for you, Erma. We hope all our Juniors are busy doing their "bit" of missionary work.

Here is what one of the boys wrote about the Missionary Volunteer Society: "The Missionary Volunteer Society has helped me to make out secretary reports, sing, and to do things in public better. It has helped me to give my money to Jesus, and not spend it foolishly." Doesn't that show that it pays to have societies for our boys and girls? E. I.

The Sabbath School

V — The Story of the Flood

(February 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 6, 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man." Gen. 6:3.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 90-104; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 48-53.

"They dreamed not of danger, those sinners of old,
Whom Noah was chosen to warn;
By frequent transgression their hearts had grown cold;
They laughed his entreaties to scorn:
Yet daily he called them, 'O come, sinners, come,
Believe, and prepare to embark!
Receive the glad message, and know there is room
For all who will come to the ark.'

"He could not arouse them; unheeding they stood,
Unmoved by his warning and prayer;
The prophet passed in from the oncoming flood,
And left them to hopeless despair:
The floodgates were opened, the deluge came on,
The heavens as midnight grew dark;
Too late, then they turned — ev'ry foothold was gone,
They perished in sight of the ark.

"O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,
They cry like the patriarch, 'Come;'
The ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
O enter while yet there is room!
The storm cloud of Justice rolls dark overhead,
And when by its fury you're tossed,
Alas, of your perishing souls 'twill be said,
'They heard — they refused — and were lost.'

"And now while this message — 'Christ's coming is near' —

God's servants by thousands proclaim,
Say not like those sinners of old, with a sneer,
'All things shall continue the same.'
The prophets have spoken; their words are unsealed;
The judgment will shortly be o'er;
The arm of God's justice will soon be revealed,
And mercy invites you no more."

Questions

1. As time passed on, what did God see in the earth? Gen. 6:5, 11, 12.
2. As God saw the wickedness of man, what did he say? How long a time was given man to repent? What is said of the men of those days? Verses 3, 4.
3. How did the Lord feel concerning man? What did he say he would do? Who only found favor in his eyes? Verses 6-8.
4. What instruction was given to Noah? Describe the ark. Verses 13-16. Note 1.
5. What cargo was the ark to carry? Verses 18-22.
6. What is Noah called? 2 Peter 2:5. Note 2.
7. When the ark was completed, what did God say to Noah? Gen. 7:1.
8. How soon after this was the rain to come? How long would the rain continue to fall? What would be destroyed? Verse 4.
9. Who went into the ark with Noah? Verses 7-9, 13. Note 3.
10. How was the door of the ark closed? Verse 16, last clause. Note 4.
11. How did the water come which covered the earth? Verses 11, 12.
12. As the waters arose, what did the ark do? How did the waters prevail over the earth? Verses 17-20.
13. How complete was the destruction caused by the flood? Verses 21-24.
14. In what way are the days of Noah an example to us? Matt. 24:37-39. Note 5.

Can You Imagine —

The surprise of the people at Noah's message of a coming flood?

How they scoffed at Noah and the strange-looking structure he was building?

What the philosophers and "scientists" said?

The wonder of the people when the animals entered the ark?

Their growing fear when the rain began falling?

Their efforts to save themselves when the waters rose?

The feelings of Noah and those that were with him as the ark tossed about on the rising waters?

Notes

1. "God gave Noah the exact dimensions of the ark, and explicit directions in regard to its construction in every particular. Human wisdom could not have devised a structure of so great strength and durability. God was the designer, and Noah the master builder. It was constructed like the hull of a ship, that it might float upon the water, but in some respects it more nearly resembled a house. It was three stories high, with but one door, which was in the side. The light was admitted at the top, and the different apartments were so arranged that all were lighted. The material employed in the construction of the ark was the cypress, or gopher wood, which would be untouched by decay for hundreds of years. The building of this immense structure was a slow and laborious process. On account of the great size of the trees, and the nature of the wood, much more labor was required than now to prepare timber, even with the greater strength which men then possessed. All that man could do was done to render the work perfect, yet the ark could not of itself have withstood the storm which was to come upon the earth. God alone could preserve his servants upon the tempestuous waters."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 92-95.

2. "While Noah was giving his warning message to the world, his works testified of his sincerity. . . . All that he possessed, he invested in the ark. As he began to construct that immense boat on dry ground, multitudes came from every direction to see the strange sight, and to hear the earnest, fervent words of the singular preacher. Every blow struck upon the ark was a witness to the people."—*Id.*, p. 95.

3. "Noah had faithfully followed the instructions which he had received from God. The ark was finished in every part as the Lord had directed, and was stored with food for man and beast. And now the servant of God made his last solemn appeal to the people. With an agony of desire that words cannot express, he entreated them to seek a refuge while it might be found. Again they rejected his words, and raised their voices in jest and scoffing. Suddenly a silence fell upon the mocking throng. Beasts of every description, the fiercest as well as the most gentle, were seen coming from mountain and forest, and quietly making their way toward the ark. A noise as of a rushing wind was heard, and lo, birds were flocking from all directions, their numbers darkening the heavens, and in perfect order they passed to the ark. Animals obeyed the command of God, while men were disobedient. Guided by holy angels they 'went in two and two unto Noah into the ark,' and the clean beasts by sevens."—*Id.*, pp. 97, 98.

4. "The massive door, which it was impossible for those within to close, was slowly swung to its place by unseen hands. Noah was shut in, and the rejecters of God's mercy were shut out. The seal of Heaven was on that door; God had shut it, and God alone could open it."—*Id.*, p. 98.

5. "As the time of their probation was closing, the antediluvians gave themselves up to exciting amusements and festivities. Those who possessed influence and power were bent on keeping the minds of the people engrossed with mirth and pleasure lest any should be impressed by the last solemn warning. Do we not see the same repeated in our day? While God's servants are giving the message that the end of all things is at hand, the world is absorbed in amusements and pleasure seeking. There is a constant round of excitement that causes indifference to God, and prevents the people from being impressed by the truths which alone can save them from the coming destruction."—*Id.*, p. 103.

My Father's World

THIS is my Father's world.

O, let me ne'er forget

That though the wrong seems oft so strong,

God is the ruler yet.

THIS is my Father's world.

The battle is not done.

Jesus who died shall be satisfied,

And earth and heaven be one.

THIS is my Father's world.

Should my heart be ever sad?

The Lord is King! — let the heavens ring,

God reigns! — let the earth be glad.

— Maltbie D. Babcock.

"THERE are gifts for the eyes,

And there are gifts for the heart.

There are gifts to be worn on the breast, or the neck,
or the hands;

And there are gifts to be carried in the soul."

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 - - - - - \$1.75
Six months - - - - - 1.00

Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year	Each
Six months - - - - -	\$1.25
Three months - - - - -	.75
	.40

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.

"Be not men's servant; think what costly price
Was paid that thou mayest His own bondsman be,
Whose service perfect freedom is. Let this
Hold fast thy heart: his claim is great to thee."

Won by Kindness

A WELL-EDUCATED convict was impervious to religious appeals. He was an agnostic, and arguments and appeals alike failed to shake his unbelief. But one day while the chaplain was talking with him, the minister noticed the convict's wounded foot. It evidently gave him pain, and needed care; so the chaplain left off talking and, bending down, bound up the foot more comfortably. As he did so he felt a tear drop upon his head. That small act had done what logic had persistently failed to do.

The human heart is more susceptible to the milk of kindness than to anything else. Is not this why the Saviour "went about doing good"? May it not be that our angel records little deeds of kindness more gladly than he does the number of sermons, Bible readings, or canvasses given? We can all be kind, though we cannot all preach or give the personal appeal that subdues the rebellious heart. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

On Meeting a Man Whom I Had Always Supposed I Disliked

I HEARD him make a speech one day, and something in his manner prejudiced me against him. From that time, whenever I ran across a reference to him in the newspapers, my prejudice tended to deepen.

Once or twice I made critical comments about him.

But I never saw him again until last week. And then, at a dinner, I found myself sitting beside this man whom I had always supposed I disliked.

We fell to talking of various things. I discovered that we had mutual friends and mutual tastes. He began to tell me about his work. To my surprise, I found him, under the surface, an idealist.

The thing he is trying to do in the world is a truly magnificent thing. I left him with a real admiration.

And all the way home I kept saying to myself, "Let this be a lesson to you, young man. What can you know, from a casual meeting, of the hearts of your fellow men? How many other times have you been unfair, in your thought or your conversation, to a man who, if you really knew him, might prove to be one of the finest fellows in the world?"

A few days later I met a prominent newspaper publisher who had just come back from Washington.

"I had a long talk with Daniels," he told me. "It didn't change my idea that he is out of place as Secretary of the Navy. But it gave me an entirely new conception of him as a man. He's not half so bad as I've been telling my readers he is."

I repeated to him what a very powerful editor had once said to me:

"I make it a rule never to criticize a man on a matter of mere taste," this great man said. "So long as he is fundamentally honest, so long as he is trying to live up to his oath, I give him the benefit of every doubt."

"Take Senator X, for example. He is one of the queerest freaks in the world — egotistical, sophomoric, walking about as if he carried the world on his shoulders. I could, if I wanted to, poke fun at him in every issue of the paper."

"But when it comes to voting, he goes into a closet with his conscience, and no ulterior influence can reach him there. I'll never criticize him for his little faults, so long as he keeps right on the things that count."

Like every one else in the world, I was born very intolerant. It is the natural state of the human animal.

Gradually, little by little, as I meet more men I am striving to cure myself of this weakness.

I have found that almost any man, if you get to know him, has some very human and very likable qualities.

I am much slower to criticize than I used to be.

When I see a crowd that appears to consist of wild-eyed fanatics proclaiming a crazy faith, I say to myself:

"What must the crowd have looked like who followed the Carpenter of Nazareth? Do I really know these people well enough to be sure that there is no truth in what they advocate?"

When I see all the respectable people lined up on one side of a question, and a few ragged agitators on the other, I remember the crowd of the best citizens of Ephesus, who for two hours shouted at the top of their voices to prevent the apostle Paul from being heard.

All of "our very best people" against one ragged outcast. But the one was right.

I have decided that, generally speaking, I will let other editors do the muckraking.

So many people who seem to me to be wrong turn out in the end to have been right all the time; and so often, when I am surest that I know it all, I find that my wires are crossed.—Bruce Barton, editor of *Every Week*.

OUR enthusiastic and progressive Standard of Attainment members of Paterson, New Jersey, shown on page thirteen, have been accorded the unusual honor of having the picture appear in two successive issues of the paper. This is because the editor thought the photo made an acceptable illustration for Dr. Olsen's article of last week, forgetting that the picture had property of its own, an article written by the Missionary Volunteer Department entitled, "How the Pastor Helped." We are assured, however, that our worthy New Jersey friends can easily bear two public presentations.

THE way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it chiefly depends on two words — industry and frugality.—Benjamin Franklin.