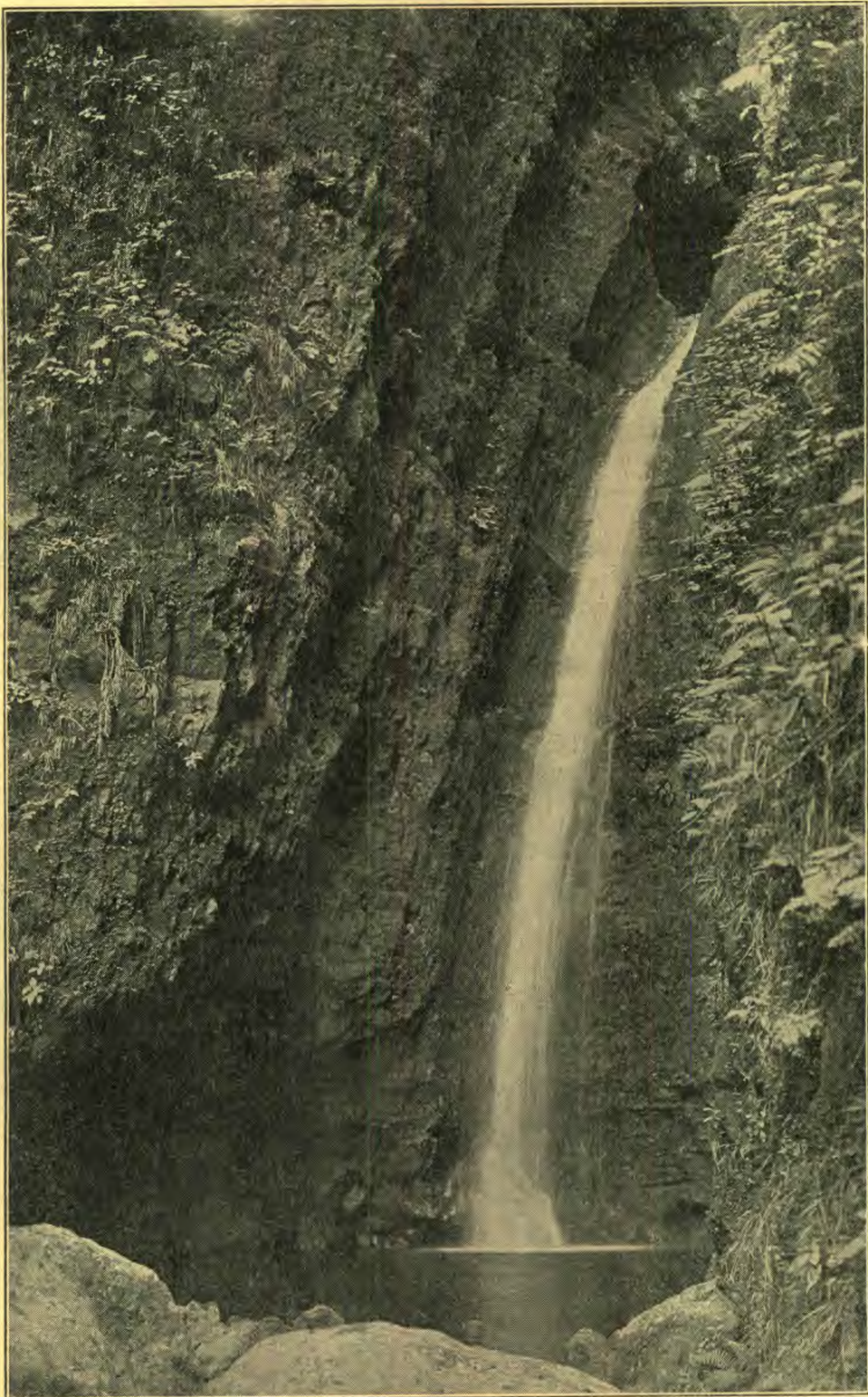


THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

January 29, 1918

No. 5



SACRED FALLS, HAUULA, OAHU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

From Here and There

Mississippi is the first State to ratify the prohibition Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks, the author of the much-loved hymn "I Need Thee Every Hour," passed away on Jan. 3, 1918.

During the past year 1,000 trawlers, which are used as mine sweepers around the British Isles, have swept an average of 3,000 square miles daily, and removed 4,600 German mines.

After more than three years of terrific war pressure, isolated Germany's last loan offering produced over three billion dollars, or quite as much as our first offering, when we were figuratively rolling in untouched wealth.

Mr. Herbert Hoover, when a student at Stanford University, was one of the young men who were glad to help meet expenses by waiting on table in Encina Hall. He may therefore know more about the ways of and necessity for conservation of food than one might suppose.

The entire civilian population of Italy has been requisitioned for the purposes of war, official cables announce. There will be a general mobilization, and those persons unable to bear arms will be put to work on farms or in industries essential to the pursuit of the war. Every acre of tillable land has been requisitioned by the government and will be redistributed equally among the people.

It is feared that the antarctic relief ship "Aurora," which took part in the Shackleton South Polar expedition, has been lost with all hands while returning to England. The vessel sailed from Wellington, New Zealand, in June with a crew of about twenty-two, and nothing has been heard from it since. Vessels sent out to search for it found only a life buoy marked "Aurora" and some wreckage.

Three thousand New York schoolgirls, working not more than one school hour a day, made 25,000 Red Cross articles in six weeks. It needs only the aid of a pencil to show that all the schoolgirls in the Empire State could make three million articles, and that the Red Cross would receive ten times as many, or thirty million articles, if every schoolgirl in America did as much as those schoolgirls in New York.

The Finnish government has declared its full independence of Russia. Finland has prospered in many ways in spite of Russia's misrule. Under the absolute monarchy the people were goaded to the point of revolution; but under the limited monarchy the fires of liberty were fanned into a flame, and when their ruling government went to pieces the people found that it was their opportunity to become an independent nation.

The thirteenth Sabbath offering of the Takoma Park Sabbath school on Dec. 26, 1917, amounted to more than \$600. All of this came from individuals except eighty dollars given by the Review and Herald Publishing Association. The offering of the Sabbath schools on this thirteenth Sabbath is devoted to the publishing work in the Asiatic Division. The General Conference Sabbath School Department was asked to raise \$30,000, but it has hoped and worked for \$50,000. If all the schools surpass their previous best effort as much as the Takoma Park school did, the fifty-thousand-dollar goal will be reached.

According to reports, twenty-two Norwegian ships were sunk by German submarines in the last month of 1917, and during the year, 367 vessels. Since the beginning of the war, 215 Danish ships have been sunk, 234 persons losing their lives.

Earl Reading, lord chief justice, has been appointed British high commissioner to the United States. Besides taking over the work of the embassy as ambassador, he will have charge of the work of the British war mission to this country.

A Unique Sabbath School Report

ON the Sabbath day of November seventeen we came to Sabbath school "on time," to feed our insatiable soul appetite upon the bread of heaven. If any were late they probably missed the first course of the meal, which consisted of choice morsels from the one hundred forty-second psalm. Feeling refreshed, we took a draft of the spirit of prayer, which Brother Freeman served to us.

The host of the day was not exactly satisfied with the music which accompanied the meal, so he very naturally made excuses to his guests. However, he promised to give us an appetizing relish in the near future, in the form of a five-minute exercise.

By this time we were all ready for some substantial food for our souls. Mr. Patterson served us with the same course we had had the week before, reheated and garnished. Adventists never seem to tire of this particular article of food, the law of God. Every time it is served to them, they discover a new flavor and aroma. So instead of tiring of this food, they grow more fond of it.

The last course of the meal was served, not at the large family table, but at small tables scattered about the room. The law was served in another form, and the gospel added to it. This is one branch of food conservation which Mr. Hoover has not regulated; so no one need have guilty feelings because of overindulgence. The children had their own tables, and were served with foods most needed to make them strong.

It seems strange to know that any one would deliberately stay away from such a feast; yet that is what forty-one members of our association did. However, their places were filled by fifty-two visitors. These guests and the two hundred members of the association who were present felt so much benefited by the repast, that they voluntarily gave \$19.93. Our host said that this money would be used to provide the natives of foreign lands with the spiritual necessities similar to those of which we had just partaken.

Very truly yours,

EVA M. WINTER, *Secretary.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 29, 1918

No. 5

To You, Young Men

LOE A. SUTTER

GREETINGS to all of our young men.

We are now in the new year. The old is dead.

Greetings to the new year. There are many possibilities in it. For these I cheerfully wait. There are many sorrows, no doubt, but for these I shall not worry. Old friends will move on, but there will be new ones, some of whom will be as true as the old and tried.

There will be responsibilities. My prayer is, that I shall shirk none of these. My aim is, that each task shall receive my most careful attention. Why should I slight any duty? Man expects of me, and God demands of me, that each task be well done.

The new year brings a challenge to youth. It flings its opportunities for work, play, and culture in the face of each boy and girl. What will you do with its proffers? The world needs you. God is calling for you, therefore arise in your might, and firmly grasp each duty, however small, so that each day may mark off some task well done.

Does the new year find you discouraged? Remember, it is not the world's fault that you are down. Perhaps you have talked too much, or worked too slowly. Or it may be you were too anxiously watching the clock for the closing hour, that brought about your discharge. Thank God you are still alive, and can have another opportunity to prove your worth.

The poor old world is jogging along at the same rate at which the Master started it. It will never stop for your whining, but it holds open its arms to embrace you if you are young, strong, and willing to work.

The shop needs you, the bank invites you, the farm will many times repay all your efforts; so why complain about lack of opportunities?

There are bridges to build. There are books to sell. There are laws to make, and to defend from breaking. What stand will you take in the matter?

Your greatest friend is the expression you wear on your face. You may not be wanted any-

where if your look is gloomy, but there is no door that a smile cannot unlock.

You are uneducated? That is unfortunate, but no disgrace. There never were so many good books as at the present time. Free night schools and correspondence courses are open to all. If you remain uneducated it is your own fault, and the world will jog on, and leave you.

You must be alert, active, accurate, and persevering, or some one will get your place.

Can you dream? If not, you have missed a pleasure, but alas, the one who dreams continuously never accomplishes a worthy task. It is your duty to see visions, but in order to accomplish this duty your hands must bring your visions to fruition.

Perhaps you are a cobbler? The world never needed cobblers more than now. The cobbler who will honestly put heels and soles on children's shoes will cheer the soul of many a burdened mother.

You are an ice man? And all you can do is to carry heavy cakes of ice to the rear door of houses? But for your early delivery of ice some baby's milk would have soured, and the little one have died. Your ice cooled the water for the burning lips of a fever patient. Keep delivering ice. It may be, this year, that you will do more good than last.

You are a poor student? Your lessons come hard, and your wardrobe is scanty? What of that? It is over this road that many an author or statesman has traveled. Be thankful for your hard knocks, and keep plodding on.

Young man, be in earnest. Unless you are dead in earnest, some other fellow will step in ahead of you. The world's favorite sons have earned their places by long hours of work, despite unkind remarks, and the jeers of the rabble.

Cheer up, look up, get up, and with all your strength build a character filled with good cheer, honesty, integrity, alertness, and abundance of common sense.

This new year will roll on



"THE ISLES SHALL WAIT FOR HIS LAW."
ISA. 42:4

apace. Greet it with good will. Use each moment well. Not by moping in discouragement, or apologizing for your inability, but by reading good books, associating with intellectual friends, and with a deep faith in the eternal purposes of God content yourself with the new year's gifts.

The Morning Light

BEYOND the war clouds and the reddened ways
I see the promise of the coming days.
I see his Son arise, new charged with grace,
Earth's tears to dry and all her woes efface.
Christ lives! Christ loves! Christ rules!
No more shall might,
Though leagued with all the forces of the night,
Ride over right. No more shall wrong
The world's dread agonies prolong.
Who waits his time shall surely see
The triumph of his constancy:
When, without let, or bar, or stay,
The coming of his perfect day
Shall sweep the powers of night away—
And faith, replumed for nobler flight,
And hope, aglow with radiance bright,
And love, in loveliness bedight,
Shall greet the morning light.

—John Oxenham.

A Great Soul-Winner

KO THAH BYU was the first convert among the Karens, and he also became their first preacher. As an evangelist he ranked as one of the world's great soul-winners. He was born about the year 1778 near Bassiem, Burma. As a youth he was possessed of a violent temper, was wicked and ungovernable, and later became a robber and a murderer. He hardly knew the number of men he had murdered, probably between thirty and forty, but through God's saving grace he who had been a destroyer later became a savior of men.

He fell under the blessed influence of Judson, Boardman, and others, and in the year 1828 was baptized. Although a man of poor abilities and unlearned, he was possessed with a strong desire to make Christ known among his fellow countrymen, and like Paul of old, he began at once to preach Jesus. It was not long till he had interested some in the gospel, and with these he labored incessantly day and night. His earnestness and zeal knew no bounds. No sooner was one long tour finished than he was filled with longing and determination to go again to other villages where Jesus had never been preached. During the rainy months he would gather in the old and young, teaching them to read and instructing them in the ways of God, but as soon as the pleasant months came he began his tours of preaching.

Saved from Drowning

He was not a pastor. Those whom he had been instrumental in bringing to Christ, and who loved and esteemed him, would not long endure his preaching, for he was a man of very ordinary abilities, and many of his converts soon knew more than he, and demanded a preacher of more learning. But he was a successful pioneer preacher, and knew well those essentials of the gospel specially adapted to bring men to a saving knowledge of God. He hungered for souls, and was willing to undergo any privation to reach them. On one occasion, while traveling with another missionary in a small boat, he was in great danger of losing his life, when he cried out, saying, "I shall be drowned, and nevermore preach the word of God to the Karens." He was a man of simple faith and great in prayer. At times, it was said, he spent, like his Master, whole nights in prayer. Here was the secret of his power as

a soul-winner. Few men, from the days of the apostles, have been instrumental in winning more individuals to Christ than this unlearned and simple Karen preacher.

Rev. Francis Mason, a missionary to the Karens, in his biography of Ko Thah Byu, says of his devotion:

"There is another characteristic of Ko Thah Byu, as a preacher, which I shall endeavor to call a peculiarity; and which in a great measure accounts for the very great success that attended his labors. It was, if I may so speak, his idolizing his work. It was with him not only the great business of his life, but the only work to which he attached the least importance. He not only counted all things else but loss and dross in comparison with the knowledge of Christ Jesus, but, like his divine Master, it was his meat and drink to impart that knowledge to others. It was for the attainment of this object that he wished to live, and seemingly there was in his mind no other object for which even life itself was desirable.

Religious Conversation Always Seasonable

"In introducing the subject of religion, he was the most unceremonious person I ever saw. It seemed to be a settled point with him, that there could be no time or place unsuitable for the introduction of religious conversation. I have made a number of excursions with him, and I do not recollect that I ever knew him to pass a person in the road without stopping him for a few words of conversation on the subject of religion; and if the individual would consent, he would sit down by the wayside, and preach to him by the hour. Not unfrequently has he in this way been left by his associates; and in one instance they returned from one excursion, saying their patience was exhausted, and they had left Ko Thah Byu preaching by the wayside."

On the ninth of September, 1840, Ko Thah Byu, worn out with his arduous labors and after much suffering with rheumatism, fell asleep. He was buried at the foot of one of the mountains of Pegu. "No mound marks his grave; no 'storied urn or animated bust' indicates his resting place; but the eternal mountains are his monument, and the Christian villages that clothe their sides his epitaph."

"'Twas midnight in the jungle,
And not a leaf was stirred;
No restless stream was babbling,
No moonbeams woke the bird,—
When the fearful traveler started,
And held his listening breath,
His trembling fingers grasping
His instrument of death.

"A sound had broke the stillness,
And filled his soul with dread!
'Twas not the dead leaf rustling
Beneath the foeman's tread;
'Twas not the tiger's velvet step,
When creeping from his lair;
But 'twas a sound more dear to God,—
Ko Thah Byu in prayer.

"Ko Thah Byu is gone!
His jungle prayer is done;
The war of life is ended,
The crown of life is won!
But Karen converts tell
That prayer with God could gain,
And he hath sent the answer;
He did not pray in vain.

"He sleeps not where the Ganges roll,
Or sainted beech reed nods;
Beside his grave no lotus leaf
Bore up the god of gods.
He sleeps on Pegu's mountain,
And naught disturbs him there;
With Karen hearts for monuments;
His epitaph, his prayer.

"His simple grave has eloquence
Which living tongues have not;
For know the love of Jesus
Has sanctified the spot.
Go hither, proud idolater,
And, kneeling on that sod,
Own that a prayer, a heartfelt prayer,
Alone avails with God."

J. E. FULTON.

The End of the Opium Traffic

THE last wisps of smoke have curled from the opium pipes of China. The country is now comparatively free of opium. In ten years China threw off the most terrible bondage that ever enslaved a nation and at the same time consummated one of the finest achievements in the history of any people.

The last effort to prolong the life of the drug was frustrated under circumstances that provided a fitting climax to the sweeping surge of idealism that characterized the fight of a decade. For the last three years all China was closed to the traffic in opium except the three provinces in which, ironically enough, the foreign interests dominated: Kiang-su, in which is Shanghai; Kwang-tung, in which is Canton; and Kiang-si, in which is Kiu-kiang. While the Chinese themselves sacrificed whatever property interests they had in the traffic, the British importers who made up the Shanghai opium combine, forced an agreement three years ago allowing them to sell the drug in those three provinces until they disposed of their accumulated stocks. The expiration of that agreement was fixed at March 31, 1917, the date originally set by the Chinese government for the end of the evil throughout the country.

The combine, finding it could not dispose of its stock by that time, asked the government for an extension of that agreement until Jan. 1, 1918, offering \$16,000,000 for the privilege. That offer the government refused. In financial straits as it was, its treasury depleted by revolution, forced even for a time to suspend specie payments, and negotiating—almost begging—for \$5,000,000 loans in America, it refused. Strong political pressure was brought to bear; the combine even threatened to withhold \$5,000,000 of the duty on its last months of operation. Still the government stood firm, a magnificent stand for a principle. Backward, material China! How many of the "civilized" powers, similarly situated, would have done the same? How many governments, hanging by so tenuous a thread, would have balked at so small a compromise for so large a stake?

It was with just that splendid disregard for the pressure of the pocket nerve that the whole war on the drug was carried on. To realize what this meant, financially at least, to China, you must compare it with the effect on the United States if the government were suddenly to forbid the cultivation of wheat and corn. Then imagine the people of those States not only submitting, but burning with elaborate ceremonies all agricultural implements.

Opium was for nearly a century the largest vested interest in China, an interest in which thousands had their entire wealth and from which millions drew their living. There were provinces in which there was virtually no other crop, for opium always commanded a much higher price than any other product. In addition, the customs revenue on the poppy imported from India and the internal tax on the native product represented a large proportion of the entire revenue of the country, more than \$30,000,000. And on the personal side, at least half the 400,000,000 people of the country were addicted to the drug.

Is it any wonder, then, that when, in 1906, the empress dowager promulgated her decree ordering the suppression of the drug within ten years, the world looked for the tongue in her cheek? Or that when the Chinese asked Great Britain to stop the opium imports from India and urged the opium merchants in China to curtail their sales, a British official publicly said: "It is impossible not to be skeptical of the intentions of the Chinese government, with regard to this matter"?

It was not possible to be skeptical long. Two months after the empress's decree the government council had framed a definite program for its execution—the immediate closing of the dens for smoking and the reduction of the area under poppy cultivation by one-tenth each year. With savage, relentless strokes, without any regard for financial loss, that program was carried out. In six months the closing of the dens had begun. After three years American consuls reported that the production of the poppy had been reduced fifty per cent and that two million dens had been shut. In 1912 five of the eighteen provinces had been closed to the traffic, and in 1913 five more. By 1914 fifteen were free from the drug.

The amazing feature of the whole fight was its overwhelming popular support. Seldom have there been such spectacles as the public burning of huge quantities of opium worth thousands of dollars, rich furnishings of dens, pipes, and all the paraphernalia of smoking. These have been held from time to time in various parts of the country with official and religious ceremonies.

The one ugly fact was the part played by foreigners, as it was through the whole history of opium in China. Forcing it originally on the Chinese at the point of guns, they resisted to the last its passing. Officially China was given co-operation though not ungrudgingly, in its effort to free itself from the curse.

But the attitude of the foreigners living in China who had an interest in the traffic was an ugly commentary on Western morals. So far from making any sacrifice, they made capital out of the suppression of the drug. In cities like Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow, where the foreigners have concessions or the privilege of extraterritoriality, opium dens were open for years after they were closed in the adjoining districts under native jurisdiction.

The only places in the country where a Chinese could get the drug that was the curse of his people were those ruled by the civilized white man. And even to the last the opium merchants made their abortive effort, by bribe and threat, to prolong the life of those shops. But it was abortive. China won her liberty from the sinister tyranny that bound her to decay.
—Nathaniel Pfeffer, in the *Independent*.

Mountain Sunset

THE day is done.
Over the western hills of blue
The last bright rays of the lowering sun
Strike glory upward in a thousand blazing
streams of light.

From gold to pink, and then to gold again,
Lavender, rose-pink, and ruddy red,
The sky tints come and go,
Painting in quiet loveliness
The canvas of the evening sky.

Fir and pine and castled crag
Silhouette in darkened form
Their outlines 'gainst the glory scene,
Speaking stillness, breathing coolness,
Pointing upward to the blue.

EDMUND JAEGER.



THE CAPITOL — FORMERLY THE ROYAL PALACE, HONOLULU

Queen Liliuokalani's Funeral

THE superintendent of the Methodist Hawaiian Mission, Honolulu, William Henry Fry, gave in the *Christian Advocate* a graphic description of the royal funeral held under the Stars and Stripes "when Hawaii's eighth and last monarch was given burial with a state funeral whose beauty, vivid color, and impressiveness combined ancient and modern days — the régime of a Pacific monarchy and a United States Territory."

The following paragraphs are a part of Mr. Fry's account of the imposing ceremony:

"Liliuokalani, last of the monarchs of Hawaii, last crowned ruler of the islands, queen and woman, sleeps today in the silent crypt where lie the bodies of her brothers, King Kalakaua and the other members of the Kalakaua family. Liliuokalani is dead, and with her dies the final vestige of monarchical rule. She was laid to her final rest in the beautiful Nuuanu Valley yesterday, with all the impressive honors that would have been hers had she when she died been the ruler of Hawaii. Nor was she honored in death by the people of Hawaii, her former subjects, only. A world joined hands to pay her final honors, not only as a former queen, but as a woman who, deprived of crown and scepter, reigned still for more than a score of years in the hearts of her people.

"Particularly did the United States Government, successor to all her former power, pay her honor and respect. The military escort, embracing all branches of the service, was one of the most imposing ever seen in Honolulu. Senators and representatives, representing the President of the United States, attended the catafalque to the cemetery and stood in sincere sorrow as the casket was borne into the silent crypt. Civil authorities were present, and a wreath presented by President Wilson lay upon the casket as the solemn words of burial were read over all that was mortal of Liliuokalani, the last monarch of the islands.

"The week of state mourning paid high honor to the

queen and high respect to her race. There were unmistakable signs of sorrow upon many countenances. The last of the Kalakaua dynasty is gone, and the royal funeral is the last that will ever be held under the Stars and Stripes. The monarchy has run its course; the last link that bound the people of the islands to the ancient régime is severed."

Why Not Use the Best?

IN the use of clothing and other material it is a matter of economy to use the poorest first if it will answer the purpose well, but not so with our language. The best is none too good, and it never deteriorates by use. A long list of expressions better than those frequently heard might be given with profit. A slang phrase or sentence may be perfectly grammatical and yet tell loudly of lack of education and refinement.

A teacher who was late in keeping an appointment said, "I just broke my neck to get here." The waiting ones were glad her life had been spared to tell of the great effort she had made; but she certainly should have expressed herself more acceptably.

We were surprised to learn there were so many in attendance at the church school. Our informant said, "The teacher went out and drummed up patronage." Would it not be more appropriate for a teacher to "solicit" patronage, and leave the drumming for those who deal in groceries, dry goods, and other wares?

Emma had a "chance" to "stay" at home. She was thankful for the "opportunity" to "remain" with her mother. Which is better? Take your choice of the following:

He never opened his head. He did not speak of it.



Statue of Kamehameha the Great, the Hawaiian ruler from 1781-1819.

If they were on their jobs. If they understood their business.

Mary put off her visit. Mary postponed her visit.

He looks very stylish. He appears very stylish.

When sister gets back. When sister returns.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

The Morning Watch

IN a very much more real and definite way than we are apt to realize, we close our life's record every night when we fall asleep, and start new again each morning. To progress in Christian living, as in everything else, one must not only keep going, but keep going in the right direction. Going one direction one day and a different one each other day will not do. When clear sky breaks through after a period of thick weather, the mariner takes his bearings—rights himself on his course. In some such way a few of the first minutes of each new day spent in taking our bearings—squaring ourselves on our course for the new life that each morning brings—would go a long way toward taking out of our lives the wabbles, zigzags, and painful retracings that keep us going in a circle.

We should spend some time every morning in reading the Bible, in prayer, and in taking an inventory of ourselves. Comparing our actual selves with what we know we should be and expect to be, would give direction to everything we do. Instead of so many hours in the treadmill that so many of us find our day's work to be, each day's distance run might be one relay of a continuous journey, each day's work might be progress, and each day's record might be victory.

The Morning Watch is helping many to live this life of victory. Do you find yourself in a treadmill? Does your Christian life go in a circle instead of dead ahead? Try the Morning Watch. Try the Morning Watch remedy; it will be worth your while.

W. C. FLAIZ.

A Spray of Columbine

THE young graduate, taking up new duties in the home, in the absence of the mother of the family, was entertaining her first caller. The caller was a neighbor, a middle-aged woman with keen yet kindly eyes, known to be the best cook and the best house-

keeper for miles around. She was chatting pleasantly, but the young hostess was decidedly uncomfortable.

"Never,

never again," she was saying to herself, while her lips framed polite answers to her guest's words, "will I go to the woods in the morning!"

At last the caller rose to go. As she moved toward the door she stopped for a moment to look at a slender glass vase on the table.

"What beautiful columbine!" she exclaimed. "It's the first I've seen this year."

The young hostess flushed to the roots of her golden hair. Then the cause of her discomfort was made evident.

"I'm dreadfully ashamed of the dust on that table, Mrs. Glyndon," she said. "The truth is, I played truant this morning and went to the woods with my brother before I finished my dusting."

The older woman laughed and her eyes twinkled as she said:

"Very wise you were to use the opportunity, and fortunate you were to have a brother to go with. Dusting we have always with us, but our wild flowers stay such a little while! Take a little advice from me, my dear," she added, a shade of seriousness crossing her strong face. "Don't bow down and worship your housework. If I had my life to live over again, I'd train my eyes to see more flowers and less dust."

As she returned to her home duties, the young graduate thought, "I wonder if there is wisdom in her advice." Then her thoughts ran on something like this:

"Training the eyes to see more of beauty and less of ugliness involves training the mind to an appreciation of the real values of life. And the real values of life are not always found where we expect them to be. A vase of columbine may be no excuse for habitual untidiness, but a morning in the woods surely does bring one a feeling of rest. From it one assuredly does return to the work of the day with a clearer brain and higher aims."—*The Girls' Companion*.

The Man Behind the Smile

I DON'T know how he is on creeds,
I never heard him say;
But he's a smile that fits his face,
And he wears it every day.

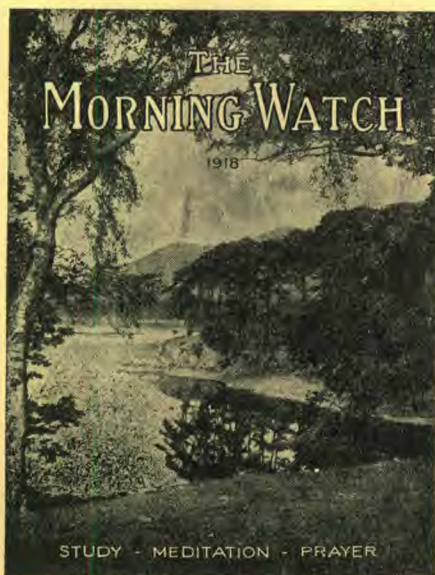
If things go wrong he don't complain—
Just tries to see the joke;
He's always finding little ways
Of helping other folk.

He sees the good in every one,
Their faults he never mentions;
He has a lot of confidence
In people's good intentions.

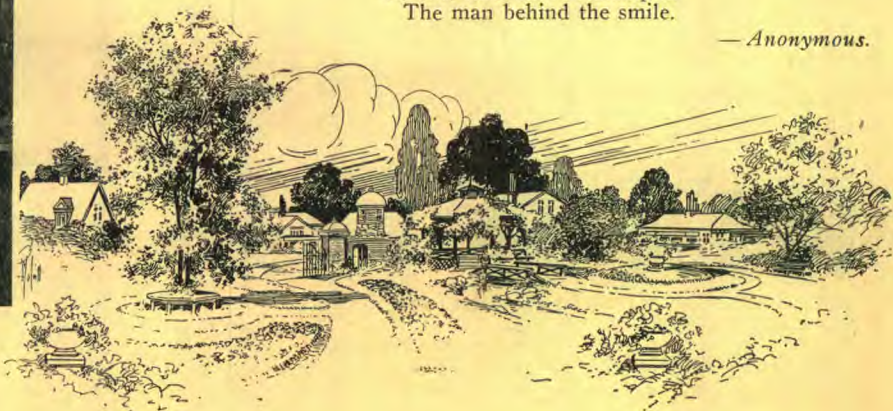
No matter if the sky is gray,
You get his point of view
The clouds begin to scatter,
And the sun comes breaking through.

You'll know him if you meet him,
And you'll find it worth your while
To cultivate the friendship of
The man behind the smile.

—Anonymous.



"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Matt. 26: 41.



Nature and Science

Breaking into a Bat Apartment House

THERE is an apartment house in New York where you can, if you will and are able, pay \$25,000 a year for your flat. If this is the latest word in houses that hold many families under one roof, Mr. Roy C. Andrews—recently returned from China, where he had been sent by the American Museum of Natural History—tells of finding what is probably the oldest in the world. Its tenants are exclusively bats, and the great community dwelling occupies an area equal to two city blocks on a mountain side on the Tibet border, and is many stories high. Here is the explorer's story:

The Home of Thousands of Bats

Some persons might have described the place as a cave, although nature and the best bat families had developed it into an underground flat. We had to stoop in order to enter; but, for that matter, there are doors almost as small as this entrance into Batland to be found at the front of metropolitan cliff dwellings. Having successfully made our entry, we found ourselves in a central court or great *foyer*, to the right and left of which there were deep galleries running back into the rock as far as the eye could see. On the roofs of those chambers or corridors were hanging more bats than I ever saw before or hope ever to see again.

There were many thousands of them. Each division had bats of one kind only. Apparently each species of bat never went to visit any other variety. The atmosphere was close and clannish. This segregation process had been going on for centuries, no doubt, for



the cave gave evidence of having been occupied by that class of tenants almost from the beginning of time. For thousands of years these bats had been distributing themselves according to race. Generations of bats had come and gone, leaving their bones in the cavern; and their children had

successfully kept up the class distinctions.

The Bat's Caste System

The big bats gathered by themselves; the medium-sized brown bats had their own galleries; and the tiny bats, which seemed more like huge insects than animals, were clustered in special reservations. The arrangement was so orderly that one might think it was a bat department store in charge of a new efficiency expert. For any sort or condition of bat, you would go down so many aisles and turn to the right or the left, as you saw fit.

Imagine bats descended from long lines of forbears brushing disdainfully past the ones that had been in the cave only since the Kang-hsi dynasty, and gathering up their fur as they went for fear of coming in contact with social climbers. To such as these the events of our lives would seem as only incidents, they had been exclusive so long.

Our torches gave only enough light to make out the



A BAT WITH WINGS EXTENDED

odd tenants of the place; and the still and drowsy air added to the uncanny effect. Presently a big fellow pendent from the end of a gallery stirred slightly and jostled his neighbor. A faint rustle, as of silken garments and furs, swept along the silent corridors, and the somber colonies stirred into action. Soon bats of all sizes and breeds were in flight. They flew about us, sometimes striking our faces with their smooth, damp wings.

Sometimes one reads of caverns of vampires, and here there came to us the thought of the legends that have to do with these strange fluttering things of the darkness. From such a retreat as this Dracula might have come. Some of the creatures were eighteen inches wide across their wings, and in the half darkness they seemed much larger.

When They Swarmed Down upon Us

Several times the bats swarmed about us, so that we were nearly carried off our feet by the impact of the soft bodies against us. We made our way back to the entrance, beating down the whirring masses about us with our clubs; but there was no time to stop and pick up any of them.

It was with a sense of relief that we gained the open air. After that we did our bat collecting at the mouth of the cavern by spreading a net across it and taking such specimens as came out at dusk.

From a scientific point of view, this excursion into the gloomy corridors gave fine results; for I have every reason to believe that our collections include several species never before described.

We left rather sooner than we wished, for a revolution or so had broken out in the vicinity. I have often wondered, since, whether the vampire aristocrats ever got their classifications and social distinctions back to normal; for certainly we did disturb the established order by our invasion.—*Every Week*.

THE book "In Nature's Haunts with Youthful Minds," which was advertised in the *INSTRUCTOR* of Dec. 4, 1917, has been increased in price from fifty cents to seventy-five cents. Order of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

"DON'T let your scraps of time go to waste—they are all needed to fill out the pages of the book of life."

"DON'T let your testimony get ahead of your experience—be honest in religion as well as in business."

"THE humble enjoy continued peace, but in the heart of the proud is envy and frequent indignation."

Stones from the Sky

IN 1492, just about the time that Columbus was discovering the New World, a great stone meteorite was seen to fall from the sky in Ensisheim, Alsace. Its coming was accompanied by a loud, crashing noise. This stone from the sky was carefully preserved, and today pieces of it are to be seen at the Smithsonian Museum, Washington, D. C.

A famous stone that came crashing down in Phrygia in Asia Minor, about 200 B. C., was worshiped by the people as an idol. They called it Cybele, the mother of the gods.

The Kaaba, of Mecca, the sacred black stone which the Mohammedans worship as a holy relic, is a meteorite, and fell in the seventh century. A very large and ancient sky stone, the Casas Grandes ironstone, which weighs a ton and a half, fell in Mexico in prehistoric times. It was found by explorers in an old Mexican temple, swathed in mummy cloths, showing that it had been venerated as an idol.

In those days no astronomer could explain the sky stones, and many denied that they really fell. As late as 1772 it was insisted by French scientists that a stone reported to have fallen at Luce was only an ordinary rock that had been struck by lightning.

But in 1794 Chladni collected all the accounts of known meteorites, and called the attention of scientific men to the Pallas ironstone. It was found among entirely different rocks on the top of a lofty mountain in Siberia. It could not possibly have been carried there by man. The stone must have fallen from the sky. As if to prove Chladni right, an observed shower of meteorites fell that same year at Siena, and the next year a fifty-six-pound stone fell out of a clear sky almost at the feet of a man in Yorkshire.

The French still doubted, however, until a shower of stones occurred in 1803 near Paris, when over three thousand stones fell. Then every one was convinced. But in some ways man knows no more today about where meteorites come from than he did long ago.

The sky stones have no trace of animal or vegetable remains, so they can reveal nothing of life in other spheres. All the stones have a thin, dark, glasslike crust, the surface having been fused by heat. Yet very few are warm when they reach the ground, and some are icy cold. Sky stones have fallen on a stack of straw without setting it on fire, or in dry grass without even charring it.

At night a trail of light shows the fall of a meteor; but in daylight they fall without any such appearance. Usually there is a noise like musketry or thunder. Their speed has never been measured, but one 560-

pound stone at Knyá Linya, in Hungary, penetrated the earth to the depth of eleven feet, which shows it was falling at high speed. Some observers computed its speed at forty-five miles a second.

More than 650 falls and finds of meteorites are recorded. The largest known sky stone is the one Peary brought from Cape York, in Greenland. It weighs seventy-three thousand pounds. The next largest lies in the plain of Bacubirito, Mexico, and weighs fifty thousand pounds. The third is the Willamette meteor, in Oregon, which weighs thirty-one thousand pounds. These are all masses of meteoric iron. The largest mass of meteoric stone is the Knyá Linya stone, which is now in a museum at Vienna, Austria.—*Forward.*

The War Octopus

THE American motorist may well be thankful that he can secure gasoline at as reasonable a price as he now pays, for when he considers that France alone uses 4,000,000 gallons every month, Saloniki 1,500,000, Egypt 90,000, while 1,000,000 gallons are necessary for the English home forces, besides the immense output consumed by our own government, it is a wonder that he can secure the commodity at any price.

In the early part of the war all the canning and reshipping of the fuel for use of the armies on French soil was done at one English port. This was possible when the monthly consumption was only 250,000 gallons; but as the work expanded new methods of handling the gigantic business were devised. America is not the only place where things are done in a hurry; and since the new method of supplying gasoline to the armies meant the removal of canning factories to France, prompt action was taken. The *Saturday Evening Post* gives the following instance of genuine war-time hustle:

"On a certain Thursday night the largest of these gasoline-can factories was operating in a town in England. Exactly nine days afterward it was in full swing at a port in France. Every ton of machinery had been moved in that time and set up without mishap. It moved into a series of abandoned factories that had been carefully prepared for the change. Another can factory rose out of a marsh in exactly eight weeks. In this case wooden buildings had to be erected and the machinery assembled in England and shipped over. The construction and operation of these factories in France has released six ships that are now employed for other tonnage.

"These can factories work day and night. The operatives are English boys too young to fight but are a part of the army organization and wear khaki. Just as soon as they reach military age they go into the fighting forces or the army service corps. Meanwhile they are drilled and get a rudimentary idea of the military game. It keeps them fit.

"These boys are supplemented by thousands of Frenchwomen, who adapt themselves surprisingly well to the labor-saving machinery.

"The new cans go straight from the factory to the filling-room, where women do all the work. From eight to ten thousand cans are filled every day. Railway tracks run straight into these annexes, and every day four solid trains of gasoline go up the line from each depot. The standard railway freight car in France contains 1,200 gallons of fuel, and each train averages 40 cars. Immense as this supply seems, it is just enough to keep the voracious engine of British mechanical transport tuned up and humming."



A METEOR WEIGHING 1,015 POUNDS, WHICH FELL IN AN ARIZONA CANYON

The Elephant's Sagacity

STEPHEN TROWBRIDGE says that frequently "as many as 350 elephants in one herd passing over the prairies, breaking down trees and bushes, and eating the grasses and leaves," are seen in the Sudan. "The wild elephant is a very lively animal and a powerful fighter. He has a remarkable memory, and if he has ever been wounded by hunters, he is likely to charge ferociously the next time he meets any. In Mongala the natives climb trees, weight their spears with stones, and when the elephants pass beneath the branches, they drive at them with the weighted spears and then follow the wounded beasts for hours, in the hope of getting the ivory of the tusks.

"Elephants rarely cross bridges. You can follow their tracks for miles along a river or over a prairie, but when they come to a bridge, they turn aside. Sometimes they come out and travel on the government roads, as if they understood just what the road was made for. Elephants do not see well, but they have a very keen sense of smell, and they can wheel about with astonishing rapidity to attack an enemy."

A Plague of Mice

EUROPEAN field mice have increased to such an extent that they are doing enormous damage throughout the states of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia. Their attacks upon the wheat lying stacked in bags, awaiting shipment, alone threaten loss to the extent of millions of dollars. To save this wheat all the stacks are being surrounded with mouse-proof fences of galvanized iron, with openings left every sixteen feet, in which are placed kerosene tins, sunk in the ground with six inches of water in the bottom. The mice already in the stacks when this miniature fortification is put in place must go out for water, and when they try to do so they fall into the tins. At one country railroad station nearly ten thousand mice were caught in this way in a single night. The experiment of driving the pests out of a stack by using the fumes of carbon bisulphide has also been tried with some success.—*Scientific American*.

Planting Trees Worth While

FOR one hundred fifty years the street department of Baden, Switzerland, has been planting all the roads with apple, pear, cherry, and nut trees.

The trees came from state horticultural schools, and cost about ninety cents apiece. Each tree yields an average of \$2.50 a year—a clear gain per tree of \$1.60.

The crop from these trees is sold at public auction, and the proceeds are spent on the upkeep of the roads and on planting and looking after the trees themselves.

The work is done by street wardens, who are obliged to take a course of four or five weeks' instruction at a state horticultural school in the cutting and transplanting of young trees, pruning, spraying, grafting, and protection from insects and blights.

Here is an idea for our fruit-growing States.—*Every Week*.

FROM the sunlit heights of life the deep vales and hollows of its necessities look darkest, but to the faithful whose part lies there, there is still light enough to show the way, and to no other eyes do the everlasting hills and blue heaven seem so brilliant.—*James Martineau*.

Canaries and White Mice

NOT long ago the War Department received a telegram from General Pershing, reading:

"Send one thousand canaries and one thousand white mice."

The message was sent to the chief purchaser for the expeditionary forces. He read the words and sent the dispatch back to the Secretary of War with the request that it be uncoded. The coderoom of the War Department returned it with a note saying that it could not be uncoded, that it was just a plain telegram.

The purchaser was baffled. He did not know whether the telegram was a joke or an order, so he consulted a former United States military attaché in France.

"Do you suppose that General Pershing actually wants white mice and canaries?" he asked the captain, handing him the cable.

"Yes, sir!" was the military reply. "White mice and canaries are placed in the first-line trenches because they can detect poisonous gases much quicker than the soldiers. When a soldier sees a canary bat its wings or a white mouse try to bury its nose, he understands that it is high time for him to put on his gas mask. White mice and canaries have saved thousands of lives in France, and we should supply our army immediately."

It is hardly necessary to add that the United States purchased the white mice and canaries at once and shipped them to France, and in doing so we almost exhausted the supply. I know of only two white mice that were left behind; perhaps there are many others, but these two belong to Mary Roberts Rinehart.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Look Pleasant

WE cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good;
We are sure now and then to be lonesome,
And we don't always do as we should.
To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still,
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.
And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although we feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will smile back at you.
So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down;
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you frown.

—*Exchange*.

KEEP a brave spirit, and never despair; hope brings you messages through the keen air—Good is victorious—God is everywhere.—*The Calendar of Sunshine*.

WE may build more splendid habitations, fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures, but we cannot buy with gold the old associations.—*Longfellow*.

THE sweetest music is not in oratories, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth, and courage.—*Emerson*.

My shortest days end, my lengthening days begin,
What matters more or less sun in the sky,
When all is sun within?

—*Christina G. Rossetti*.

A Boon, My Lord

Of all the golden gifts that there may be,
I would be bold, my Lord, to ask for this:
Be it in all my glory and my bliss
To make my little world think well of thee.

Be this the aim of every work and word,
The source and limit of my liberty,
Life's blessedness and best prosperity:
To make the world think well of thee, my Lord.

I cannot pay thee for thy love to me;
But since I am so greatly in thy debt
I fain would give thee all that I can get,
And live to make the world think well of thee.

—Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.

The Power of the Cross

M. G. CONGER

NEARLY three thousand years ago the city throng that went out of one of the most important Eastern cities viewed on a near-by hill the form of three crosses, on the center one an individual who, the inscription said, called himself the "King of the Jews." From that day to this, for nineteen hundred years, the cross has been prominent in the world's life, and men have had to consider whether they would make Jesus the center of life's attraction, whether they would allow him to be King in their hearts.

Six millenniums ago serious rebellion broke out among the angels of heaven, which rebellion was carried to the newly created world, causing havoc and ruin to the souls of men as it had to the angelic host. The One with the Father looked down the stream of time and saw in the cross the power to save ruined man and the power to draw doubting angels, who sympathized in the rebellion, back to their allegiance to God. And he said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The cross has proved itself to have an unlimited power for drawing souls from the evils that beset them to the life that is in God.

Into many lands the sweet message of the cross has found its way and lifted from the dregs honest-hearted men and women. A few nights ago some of our missionaries were walking down the streets of one of China's cities, passing and being passed by throngs, when out of the darkness a musical voice rang out, "*Ping-an si-mu*,"—Peace to you, lady (the Chinese Christian's greetings),—and they turned aside to catch a better glimpse of one who had been lifted from heathenism and whose clear voice in the midst of China's darkness was praising the sacrifice of the cross. This Chinese Christian is only one of the hundreds of Chinese who are daily witnessing for Christ and who are of the same material that the several thousands were who, in the days of the Boxer uprising, rather than deny its power by spitting on the forms of crosses drawn in the sand, suffered the death of one hundred cuts.

Its strength cannot be estimated by earthly standards nor its power measured in our terms. It is the power of love. The warm rays of its benign influence have saving-man power and draw a world to the cross. On its silent, rugged bars the pure and unselfish love of Jesus is manifested. His love, like a white robe, covers the vilest sinner, and his blood, like a crystal stream, will cleanse the deepest stain. By his grace every sin-

ner may obtain victory, may be lifted out of self into a new life and a more abundant service for Christ Jesus. It is the cross upon which he was crucified that brings to one's mind noble, uplifting thoughts, that causes one to think of Jesus, of the value of a life, and of "what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" It brings sweetness into all lives and dispenses grace

and comfort wherever its power is felt. May the great God teach us its wonderful strength, help us to exemplify it in our lives, and to tell others of the secret of its power.



"THE SCRIPTURE WAS FULFILLED, WHICH SAITH, AND HE WAS NUMBERED WITH THE TRANSGRESSORS." MARK 15: 28

Counting the Cost

PEOPLE who visit the battle front remark upon the religious seriousness of the soldiers in the trenches.

It would be surprising and pitiable if such were not the case with men standing face to face with death; but the fact that many of the men are hungering for spiritual help offers opportunity to and throws great responsibility upon all Christians. Therefore by word of mouth, when possible, and by Christian literature, we should do our utmost to point the soldier men and boys to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Such effort must produce happy results. The following incident reveals what was accomplished by a solicitous remark even before the present struggle broke upon the people:

"Two young soldiers were talking about the service of Christ. One of them said, 'I can't tell you all that the Lord Jesus is to me. I do wish that you would enlist in his army.' 'I am thinking about it,' answered his comrade, 'but it means giving up several things; in fact, I am counting the cost.' An officer passing at that moment heard the remark, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the speaker, said: 'Young friend, you talk of counting the cost of following Christ; but have you ever counted the cost of not following him?' For days that question rang in the ears of the young man, and he found no rest till he sought it at the feet of the Saviour of sinners."

The enlisted men are not alone in their need of Christ. All men should now press close about him; but especially do our young people need to grasp the Lord's guiding hand firmly that they may pass through the temptations and trials of this precarious time unhurt, their loyalty to right and truth unsullied, and their enthusiasm for service undampened.

Our Little Isabella

ONE Sunday afternoon when visiting in my old home town, an acquaintance said, "Come home with me; I want to show you something." I accepted the invitation, and when we arrived my friend proudly ushered me into a room. Here, to his surprise, we found his baby, "Belle," all alone. I was so stunned by the deathly expression on the child's face I could not say one word, and I knew that the young father, who was not yet twenty, was anxiously listening for some word of praise about the wee bit of humanity that meant so much to him. I said, "Your baby looks very ill." He pleaded, "O, don't say that; surely she is all right."

Soon the mother came in and I thought that she could not realize her child's condition, so I said, "Unless something is done, and that right away, your baby cannot possibly live."

To my consternation she said, "I know it, and I will be glad when she is out of the way. I want to attend balls and theaters, but all I can do is to stay here and take care of her."

I at once concluded that she had not even done what she claimed she *had* to do. For several days I took care of the little mite. Then when I must return home I could not bear to leave the child in that condition, so I offered to take her home with me and care for her. At this suggestion the mother was pleased, but the father pleaded with her to keep their baby and take care of it. She refused.

I took the child home with me and found that she was not only starving, but had been drugged and otherwise seriously neglected. She weighed but six pounds, though three months old.

After a few weeks little Belle began to grow stronger and brighter. She grew right into our hearts and was the joy and pride of our home. When she had been with us one year she weighed only twelve pounds, one pound for each month. It seemed that her growth was stunted, but she was short and plump, and had the brightest mind for a child of her age I have ever known of. She loved to hear stories about Jesus and see pictures of him. It was a pleasure to us to teach her little songs, for she learned readily. She would learn a song and go to the organ and pretend that she was playing it, while her cheerful little voice would ring out above the discord of the organ. As she went about helping mamma she would sing, and her favorite song was, "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes."

When she was two years old she had gained only four pounds, but was growing a little taller. We carried her with us to visit my parents, and how they did love her and she them! Her own father was here at this place, and she saw him many times and became very much attached to him. The fact that she had one mamma and two papas puzzled her considerably.

She would tell her father about Jesus and ask him to read his Bible and pray. Often she would say, "Papa, don't you love Jesus? I do." He greatly enjoyed having her sing her little songs to him.

When baby Belle was three years old we moved to California. Here the greatest joy of her life was given her, that of Sabbath school attendance in the kindergarten division. She could hardly wait from one Sabbath to another. The *Little Friend* and the Memory Verse Cards were her most precious possessions. She was indeed an earnest little Christian. When any small trouble came into her path she would go alone and drop on her knees and pray Jesus to help her.

After being in California a few months she had la grippe, then contracted scarlet fever. For weeks she suffered intensely, and then pneumonia and spinal meningitis set in. She was brave, and tried hard to be cheerful. She would whisper to us to sing to her after she had tried and could not. One night about



ANOTHER OF OUR HOME TREASURES

midnight as I was holding her in my lap, her face brightened, and she held her arms up and said in a strong, clear voice, "I'm coming, Jesus." For several minutes she seemed in the presence of Jesus, then closed her eyes and said, "Mamma, I saw Jesus."

She soon passed away, and though her life was short, three years and seven months, it was an inspiration to every one who came in contact with her. She was very thoughtful of others, always obedient, and a devoted little follower of Jesus.

Although it was hard to give her up, we know it is best that she never had to know that her own mother had gladly given her away. A full realization of the song, "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes" will be hers in eternity. L. STONER NOLIN.

A Little Hindu Boy

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, there lived in a village of central India, three Hindu brothers. They were all well-to-do farmers, but belonged to the Rajput dhobi caste. That is, they were warriors and also laundrymen. One by one, each of these brothers secured a large farm, many cattle, a comfortable house, and a wife. But, sad to say, only one of the families had any children.

When the father who was blessed with a child looked for the first time upon the face of his little son, he was very proud and happy. Of course this boy was loved by all the relatives. He had good care, and the best of food and clothes. Like all little Hindu boys from good families, he had jewelry on his arms and ankles and in his ears.

The Hindus have large camp-meetings or fairs every year, where they sell all sorts of pretty things, and where they worship large, ugly stone idols, all covered over with oil and red paint.

Now when Neraput Sing, as the little Hindu boy was called, was about six or seven years old, he was taken to such an idol camp-meeting, and while there, among so many thousands of people, cattle, etc., he lost his parents. His fond father searched and

searched for him, but could not find him anywhere. About this time there was an awful famine in central India. Many were starving for food and dying for water. The sepoys, or policemen, had been instructed to gather up all famine children, and take them to a large shed, where they were fed on milk and porridge. Many of their parents had forsaken them because they could not support them longer. Those were sad days for both parents and children.

And that was a sad day for little Neraput Sing, when he lost his father, and the policemen took him to another town and put him in with all those bony, half-starved little children. But he did not know the name of his father or his village, and so he had to go where the policemen led him.

For a long time, that anxious and worried father hunted everywhere for his little boy, but could find no trace of him whatever. A heavy rain fell in that part of the country, and the river was badly swollen. When the water went down, the swollen body of a little boy about the age of Neraput Sing was found, and they thought it must be the one the father was looking for.

The missionaries used to go to the sheds where the famine children were gathered, and take them away to their mission stations, where they would be cared for and taught about Jesus. And so it happened that little Neraput Sing was taken, with some of the others, by Mr. Godshall, to a mission station miles and miles away. There he found a home, and there he learned of Jesus.

But Mr. Godshall could not care for so many boys, so he asked me to take sixteen of them to our station, little Neraput Sing among the rest. When he joined us I called him Lem Wood, and he has gone by that name ever since. He has studied Marathi, Hindi, and English since then, and has also held a good government position and drawn good pay. He is married to a good Christian wife, and now has a son and daughter of his own.

Lem Wood hunted up his old father and his uncles, but they did not know him until he showed them a scar on his side, made by a big boil. Then they said, "O, yes, this is our child." The old father was almost beside himself with joy. He gave presents to all in the village, and fed his boy on the best the market had. Then he went with Lem to visit his home. One day, later on, he sent him five big bags of wheat.

Today Lem Wood is keeping the Sabbath, and with his wife, is assisting in our mission work at the Kalyan station. We are glad that Lem was lost. And we are glad that we found him, and that he and his father and all their relatives are rejoicing. M. D. Wood.

A Negro Doctor on the Pullman

A NEGRO physician, trained in a Methodist medical college, boarded a Pullman car in a certain city near Mason and Dixon's line, en route to his home in a Southern State.

On entering the car he was the object of conversation and ridicule by a few Anglo-Saxons from John C. Calhoun's State, who were not accustomed to riding with the Negro. Much was said by the South Carolinians about the Negro for his benefit, but the Negro was of the sort to grin and bear, trusting that the Lord would take him through, as so often colored men must do under similar circumstances. The limited sped along at a fifty-mile-an-hour gait, when all at once, a hundred miles down the line, one of the South

Carolinians was taken seriously ill with acute indigestion, and the conversation and ridicule of the Negro ceased and turned to inquiry if a physician was aboard the train. When every white passenger aboard had been questioned, the South Carolinian reached the Negro and blurted out, "Are you a preacher or a doctor?" The Negro answered politely but assuringly, "I am a physician and surgeon." "Well," said the South Carolinian, "help this man."

The Negro physician said: "Gentlemen, your conversation when I first came into the car put me in a very embarrassing position. I have been anxious to serve your friend, but afraid to offer my services. It will please me to do all I can." The Negro physician proceeded to relieve the sufferer, see that he was taken to his berth and ministered to during the night. "No charge," was the reply made when money was offered. The next morning the patient was in good condition, barring weakness, the party happy, and the relieved one thankful.

The Negro physician, having been up during the night, slept rather late the next morning, but the party, even though speeding through North Carolina, wanted the Negro physician to breakfast with them in the dining-car on the first call. The South Carolinian went to his berth, got the doctor up and took him into the diner and ate with him. The doctor ate a "square meal forty miles long," so he says, and never had a better time in all his life. Thus essentials to progress possessed and demonstrated and waiting one's opportunity win nonessentials. Man's extremity is God's opportunity.—*Christian Advocate*.

At the Door

Is that you knocking at the door,
Mr. Wind?
Is that you knocking at the door?
You needn't knock so hard,
For the door is always barred,
So you needn't leave your card,
Mr. Wind.

Is that you knocking at the door,
Mr. Rain?
Is that you knocking at the door?
We think you'd better stop,
For we do not need a drop,
And we haven't time to mop,
Mr. Rain.

Is that you knocking at the door,
Mr. Snow?
Is that you knocking at the door?
You may try the window sills
And the valleys and the hills,
But you give us all the chills,
Mr. Snow.

Is that you knocking at the door,
Mr. Sun?
Is that you knocking at the door?
You're welcome here today,
For you bring good news we pray,
And we hope you've come to stay,
Mr. Sun.

—*Youth's Companion*.

BE not anxious about tomorrow. Do today's duty, fight today's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.
—*Charles Kingsley*.

"THE man who is always grumbling on earth will never find a crown to fit him in heaven."

Missionary Volunteer Department

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MRS. I. H. EVANS	Office Secretary
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Missionary Volunteer Work in Brazil

ALL round the world our young people are springing into active service for the Master. Word from Brazil gives the following items for

The Missionary Volunteer Goal for 1918

- 150 To read the Bible through.
- 250 Reading Course certificates.
- 100 Young people converted.
- 200 Reporting members.
- \$500 For missions.

These words from one of the Brazilian young people express the spirit of our Missionary Volunteers in that great republic:

"I am very glad to write you some lines in regard to the importance of the young people's society. By the help of the Lord I have tried to accomplish all my promises to the Lord. I have received such blessings from him, that by words I cannot express my gratitude to him. Before, I never had the desire or the custom to study the Word of God in a regular manner. But today, praise the Lord, I am ready to overcome all the difficulties by the help of our dear Jesus."

The Missionary Volunteer secretary for Brazil writes:

"My experience in the work here among our people is, that in every place where new believers are brought into the truth, the Lord is calling many young people to accept it. I can see a very promising future for our work in behalf of our young people."

Let our Missionary Volunteers from every land unite in making the year 1918 one of great conquests for the kingdom of Christ.

M. E. K.

Our Counsel Corner

Good Form

When one meets an individual several times a day, is it necessary to speak each time, if one has recognized and greeted the acquaintance at the first meeting?

On this point one authority says: "It is not necessary to bow every time you meet in passing and re-passing often during the day, although some sign of recognition is always good; but when upon the first meeting during the day proper greetings have been duly exchanged, a slight inclination of the head, a touch of the hat, a cordial glance, is sufficient. More could be made very tiresome if you were to meet often while about the day's business."

Junior Age

What is meant by a Junior Missionary Volunteer?

At the St. Helena council, held in 1915, the following action was taken: "That in general we consider eight to fourteen the Junior age, but that in elementary schools all scholars be included in the society, regardless of age."

Books

I have a friend who is not a Christian, to whom I wish to give a book, not too religious. What would you recommend?

Your question is almost too broad to be answered briefly. You do not state whether your friend is young or old nor what kind of reading he enjoys. Possibly, however, to mention a few books that are fascinating as well as helpful will be all the suggestion you desire.

Here are a few good Junior books: "Boy Wanted," by Nixon Waterman, \$1.25; "The Girl Wanted," by Nixon Waterman, \$1.25; "Uganda's White Man of Work," by Sophia Lyon Fahs, sixty cents; "Winning the Oregon Country," by John T. Faris, sixty cents; "Daybreak in Korea," by Annie L. A. Baird, sixty cents; "Places Young Americans Want to Know," by Everett T. Tomlinson, \$1; "Children's Missionary Story-Sermons," by Hugh T. Kerr, ninety cents; "True Bird Stories," by Olive Thorne Miller, \$1; "The White Queen of Okoyong," by W. P. Livingstone, \$1.

If your friend would enjoy a book for more mature young people, get one of the Senior Reading Course leaflets, and look over the list of excellent books in past courses. We shall be glad to give you information about any of these books. "Wild Life on the Rockies," by Enos A. Mills, \$1.75, is a fascinating nature book. "The Days of June," by Mary Culler White, sixty cents, is a most interesting biography of a young woman who went to China, and it cannot fail to leave the reader with a desire to live a more useful life. Any of these books may be secured from your tract society or the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

M. E.

Just for the Juniors

"J" is for Junior; though young, we are strong
And mean to fight bravely against sin and wrong.
Our lives hid in Christ, we shall conquer each foe,
Stand firm for the right, and learn to say "No."

"S" for Society; in strength there is might,
With the breastplate of faith and the banner of light.
Then onward we'll go, and triumphantly sing,
For Christ is our Saviour, and Captain, and King.

—Selected.

The Heathen Beat

ROBERT'S uncle gave him a nickel. 'Now,' said Robert, 'I shall have some candy; I have been wanting some for a long while.' 'Is that the best way you can use it?' asked his mother. 'Oh, yes! I want the candy.' And off he ran to buy it. His mother, sitting at the window, saw him running, then suddenly stop. She thought he had lost his nickel, but he started off again, and she saw him stand before the candy store. Then he stood with his hand on the door latch and his eye on the candy in the window. His mother wondered what he was waiting for. Soon she was surprised to see him run back home without going into the store. Rushing into the parlor, he exclaimed, 'Mother, the heathen have beat! The heathen have beat!'

"What do you mean?" she asked. 'Why, as I went along, I kept hearing the heathen say: "Give us that money to help send us good missionaries. We want tracts and Bibles; help us, my boy, will you not?" But I kept saying: "Perhaps so, some other time, but now I want the candy, I do want the candy." At last the heathen beat, and I am going to put all my nickels into the missionary box.'

If you had your choice, would you rather *earn*, or *save*, or *beg*, in order to get money to give to the Lord?

All three ways are open to Juniors. Robert resolved to *save*, and really that is one excellent plan. Why don't you get a small bank, and put it in a prominent place where you will see it every day, and just see how much you can save for missions?

SUMMER before last I went up into our attic one warm day, and collected all the newspapers and magazines that I could find. After tying them in neat bundles, I had them weighed, and sold them to a rag-man who often passed by. I received forty-three cents for the bundles. They were doing no good stowed away in the attic, so you see the forty-three cents was clear gain. Boys and girls can earn many a nickel simply by saving and selling old papers and magazines. The only requirement is that the papers must be neat and clean. Save your old papers and get others to save theirs for you. It pays!

UNCLE SAM'S mail bag often brings to us interesting bits of news from our Senior Missionary Volunteer Societies; but only once in a long time do we hear anything from the Junior societies. I wonder why. Last week's mail brought a letter from Cape May Court House, New Jersey, where there has been a thriving Junior band for several years. They usually do splendidly with the Reading Course. So far this year, eight have completed the Junior course for 1917-18. It certainly is a fine course. Have you read it? E. I.

The Sabbath School

VI—Coming Out of the Ark; the Rainbow

(February 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 8; 9: 1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." Gen. 9: 13.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 105-110; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 53-59.

"If all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still."

Questions

1. In the experience of Noah what evidence is given us that the Lord does not forget those who trust and obey him? Gen. 8: 1. Note 1.
2. How did God cause the waters to abate? Verses 1-3.
3. Where did the ark find a quiet resting place? As the waters decreased, what were seen? Verses 4, 5.
4. What efforts did Noah make forty days later to find out if the earth was dry? Verses 6-12.
5. When the earth was dry, what did God say to Noah? Verses 13-16.
6. What effect did the flood have upon the earth? Note 2.
7. When Noah left the ark, what did he at once do? Verse 20. Note 3.
8. What did the Lord say in his heart? What will continue as long as the earth remains? Verses 21, 22.
9. After this what did God say to Noah? What were men not permitted to eat? Gen. 9: 1-3.
10. What covenant did the Lord make with Noah? Verses 8-11.
11. What was given as the sign of this covenant or promise? Verses 12-16.
12. What did John see in heaven? Rev. 4: 2, 3. Note 4.

Problems

How long was Noah in the ark? See Gen. 7: 9-11; 8: 13-16. What causes earthquakes and volcanoes? See "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 108.

What makes a rainbow? What colors compose it?

Notes

1. It often seemed to the family within the ark that they must perish, as for five long months their boat was tossed about, apparently at the mercy of wind and wave. It was a trying ordeal; but Noah's faith did not waver, for he had the

assurance that the divine hand was upon the helm."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 105.

2. "The entire surface of the earth was changed at the flood. . . . The mountains, once so beautiful in their perfect symmetry, had become broken and irregular. Stones, ledges, and ragged rocks were now scattered upon the surface of the earth. In many places, hills and mountains had disappeared, leaving no trace where they once stood; and plains had given place to mountain ranges. . . . At this time immense forests were buried. These have since been changed to coal, forming the extensive coal beds that now exist, and also yielding large quantities of oil. The coal and oil frequently ignite and burn beneath the surface of the earth. Thus rocks are heated, limestone is burned, and iron ore melted. The action of the water upon the lime adds fury to the intense heat, and causes earthquakes, volcanoes, and fiery issues. As the fire and water come in contact with ledges of rock and ore, there are heavy explosions, . . . volcanic eruptions follow; and these often failing to give sufficient vent to the heated elements, the earth



THE BOW OF PROMISE

This is the token of the covenant. Gen. 9: 17.

itself is convulsed, the ground heaves and swells like the waves of the sea, great fissures appear, and sometimes cities, villages, and burning mountains are swallowed up."—*Id.*, pp. 107-109.

3. "Noah had come forth upon a desolate earth; but before preparing a house for himself, he built an altar to God. His stock of cattle was small, and had been preserved at great expense; yet he cheerfully gave a part to the Lord, as an acknowledgment that all was his. In like manner it should be our first care to render our freewill offerings to God."—*Id.*, p. 106.

4. "In heaven the semblance of a rainbow encircles the throne, and overarches the head of Christ. . . . When man by his great wickedness invites the divine judgments, the Saviour, interceding with the Father in his behalf, points to the bow in the clouds, to the rainbow around the throne and above his own head, as a token of the mercy of God toward the repentant sinner."—*Id.*, p. 107.

A Creed

"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."

"THE man who wins is an average man,
Not built on any particular plan,
Not blest with any peculiar luck;
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

"FOR the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hand, his head, his eyes;
The man who wins is the man who tries."

The Youth's Instructor

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Recruiting Officers

A SHORT time ago, in Hamilton, Canada, certain officers, in an effort to bring their battalions up to the required strength for overseas service, turned their men free for three days, having instructed them to hunt up their relatives, chums, and acquaintances, and make an effort to get them to enlist. The results were encouraging, and the battalions were quickly brought to full strength. So it is that as soon as we enlist in the army of King Jesus, he immediately commissions us, not simply for three days but for life, as recruiting officers to bring in our relatives, friends, and acquaintances to his kingdom and service.

Meat in Due Season

THE following letters received by one of the members of the Takoma Park Missionary Society show the interest taken in our truth-filled literature. The writers are superintendents of public schools. One writing from Mississippi says:

"Accept thanks for the copy of the paper. I have read it and enjoyed the way it discusses the present war, and will appreciate very much any other literature you have that gives information concerning this great conflict. Thanking you for your kindness, I am."

The other writes from Louisiana:

"Yours of the twelfth, with inclosed copy of the *Present Truth*, has been received, for which I thank you. This paper contains some of the most interesting and enlightening reading of the present world happenings that I have seen. I shall be glad to receive further literature on present-day topics as related to Bible prophecy.

"Yours sincerely."

Don't Delay

NOW is the day of salvation." To the Lord all time is present time. He never urges one to repent and be baptized tomorrow, neither does he counsel one to seek the Lord tomorrow. One should take advantage of the offers of mercy and grace *now*, today. To the Lord who sees the end from the beginning, who knows the future, the youth who rejects or neglects the counsel to remember his Creator in the days of his youth seems as unwise as does to us the old Scotch farmer who had been approached again and again by the local representative of a fire insurance company to take means of protecting his barn against fire; but who persisted in saying, "Na, Na!" with a wise shake of the head, "Ma barn 'ull nae gang on fire!" Then when one fateful day the unexpected happened, the neighbors were astonished to see the farmer, instead of helping to put out the flames, racing up and down

the village street, and shouting, "Sandy! Sandy! Whaur's that insurance man? It's awfu' that ye canna find a body when ye're needin' him!"

The cry of the old farmer, "It's awfu' that ye canna find a body when ye're needin' him!" will in effect be the last soul-cry of all those who have put off the day of salvation until the door of mercy is shut never again to open. Now is the time to receive the seal of God, that one may be sheltered when the storm of eternal wrath breaks upon a wicked and impenitent world.

Work of Three Men Done by One

ONE of our missionaries in China in a personal letter to the editor gives a glimpse of the burdens and responsibilities even our young men are compelled to carry in the foreign field. Perhaps if we had been more generous with our means in years past, there would now be many more in the Orient to share the burdens of service. This worker says:

"God is leading in the work in this field, and day by day the message is progressing. We are here in inland China taking active oversight of a large school. There are many bright students, and promising workers among the others who are not so encouraging if we judge from the appearance. Besides this, I am endeavoring to build up our Missionary Volunteer work and the educational work in north China. I hope to have full time for this work later, but at the present time laborers are so few that I am carrying, as best one man can, three distinct lines of service,—secretary of the Educational and Missionary Volunteer departments, principal of the Honan Training School, and secretary and treasurer of the Honan Mission. We seemed like a large number of missionaries when coming across the ocean, but once here in this great needy land, were soon lost among the millions of China. There is a crying need of as many more young people to come out here at once to lead out in the great work. They must come soon or some of us will be returning broken in health because of the crushing burdens that we are necessarily bearing. We hear of the soldier boys marching to the help of Europe, and we muse of what an encouraging sound the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Christian soldiers coming to our rescue and to the active warfare in this land of the enemy would be. And then remember that at best they would have to go into training camps for a year before they would be available for service, for this is a hard language, and it needs a conquering spirit to master it, even with the Lord's help. Surely God greatly blessed the missionaries who lately left the homeland, for in less than a year the majority were actively at work. But we are not perfect in the language and shall have hard study ahead of us for some years to come if we ever reach the high standard of fluency which is desirable. Pray for us."

Giving

HAST thou plenty? Then rejoice,
Rejoice and freely share.
Hast thou scanty store? E'en then
A little thou canst spare.
And hast thou only bit or crumb,
A donor yet thou may'st become,
Since morsel from thy less or least
For bird or insect makes a feast.
Be thy portion small or great,
Thy loving, generous heart
Will always find it large enough
To give away a part.

—Norwegian.