

# *The* INSTRUCTOR

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LOT FLEEING FROM SODOM

"But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt." Gen. 19:26.



# From Here and There

There are no nursemaids in Japan, we are told. No matter how many servants there are, the nursing and care of the baby belong solely to the mother.

Earl Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, has been appointed British High Commissioner to the United States. He will take over the work of the embassy and of the war mission.

Major C. J. Vincent shares with Major Hall the distinction of creating the famous liberty motor for airships that is expected to prove an important factor in winning the war for Uncle Sam. He declares the liberty motor the most powerful engine ever manufactured.

At an altitude of 3,000 feet the pilot of an aëroplane has from four to five miles' range of vision. A special telescope, with a stabilizing device, enables him to sleuth out camouflage, no matter how wily, and a remarkable pilot compass will guide him safely, even though he is out of sight of earth for several hours.

The British Cunard liner "Tuscania," with 2,179 American troops on board bound for France, was torpedoed off the Irish coast on February 7. Latest reports show 160 soldiers unaccounted for. Most of the men on board were from Michigan and Wisconsin. The British admiralty reports fifteen other vessels sunk during the week.

The buffalo is not noted for sagacity, alertness, intelligence, or docility; in fact he is regarded as a rather stupid animal. Perhaps his size militates against his mental capabilities. However, a former United States marshal has spent five years in an effort to train a pair of buffaloes, and he has succeeded in training them to trot to wagon and do other unheard-of buffalo stunts. They have no liking for the saddle, yet they have been trained by Major Yokum to race with horses, and they can outdistance their competitors.

When Italy in 1911, during her war with Turkey, militarized the aëroplane, not even the bloodthirsty Ottomans lifted a scimitar against it, because they felt sure that Allah or a defaulting motor would do the business. Engine trouble has been practically overcome in the aëroplane. There is no record of any German aëroplane's being forced to land within the enemy's lines because of engine trouble. Nevertheless, the life of a war machine is only two weeks, even though 16,000 men in England are working night and day and Saturday afternoons to reduce the mortality rate.

The crow does eat corn and otherwise makes trouble. But he also follows the plow as closely as he dares, and is death on worms and destructive insects. "A remarkable example of how crows sometimes aid farmers was witnessed near Treesbank, Manitoba, in September, 1915. There was a destructive outbreak of army worms at this time, which, having eaten all the available vegetation in the close vicinity, were marching over a roadway in enormous numbers to attack a field of oats. Here it was that the crows found them, and soon caused a very appreciable reduction in their numbers. This flock of crows, which was estimated at 3,000, had previously been frequenting a locust-infested area, which they speedily forsook for the more palatable army worms. Apart from their value as destroyers of noxious insects, crows also kill mice and young rabbits."

We make 40,000,000 tons of iron and steel, but one ton in every three is made out of scrap junk!—12,000,000 to 15,000,000 tons of it. About twenty-five per cent of all the scrap is produced by the railroads, and forty per cent by mills and factories in the form of pieces cut off from plates, billets, and rods, and borings and punchings. The other thirty-five per cent comes from the junkman proper; but even half of that is railroad and industrial scrap, leaving only fifteen to twenty per cent collected from farms and houses. You see the junk peddler going through your alley; but there are single waste trade companies doing a business of from \$10,000,000 to \$50,000,000 a year in scrap iron.

## What Freezing Water Does

BOYS in the colder climates of our country are familiar with the fact that, when all the stones on an acre of ground have been cleared away during the summer and there follows a hard winter, there will appear a crop of new stones to contend with on that same acre. This is how it happens: there are rocks just underground that the plow passes over without touching. Below some of these rocks there will be openings of little "pockets," perhaps dug there by some burrowing animal or formed by the water filtering down to some rocky stratum below, whence it flows along to join a spring on the hillside farther down. When the winter comes on, this hole will be filled with standing water, which, as the cold increases, will turn to ice and increase in bulk one eighth. The power of the swelling ice is so great that it would lift the rock even though it weighed several tons. Suppose the rock is raised six inches, with the one foot of earth above it. When the warmer days come, this earth above the rock gets washed off to some extent. The ice beneath the rock is the last ice to feel the melting rays of the sun, and thus the rain and melting ice above trickle down, carrying the earth with them, which finally packs the hollow below the rock and takes the place of the disappearing ice, forming a new base that holds it up several inches above its original position.

In this way new rocks are continually coming to the surface, and the soil, in being carried away in the rainy weather of summer, is very much changed in a single year. The expansion of freezing water may be ranked with the greatest forces of nature that operate to change the surface of the earth.—*Maude Lawrence Westcott, in St. Nicholas.*

If I could get outside myself and listen to my own tones and words, I should soon wish to reform and do much less of nagging, fretting, and scolding. I should wish to return to my former state, and use pleasanter words, thus making others happier as they associate with me. Then would the angels better love to live with me.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

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# The Youth's Instructor

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NO. 10

## Reverence in the House of God

**Y**E shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord." Lev. 19:30. The chosen people of God are a reverent people. They are distinguished not only by reverence for the true Sabbath, but also by reverence for the sanctuary, or house, of God. The psalmist says: "God is greatly to be feared

need to be taught how to conduct themselves in the house of God." It is therefore appropriate at least to review the explicit instruction which has been given us in this important matter.

### Personal Appearance

"I am often pained as I enter the house where God is worshiped, to see the untidy dress of both men and women. If the heart and character were indicated by the outward apparel, then certainly nothing could be heavenly about them. They have no true idea of the order, the neatness, and the refined deportment that God requires of all who come into his presence to worship him. . . .

"Some will enter the place of worship with their hats on, in soiled, dirty clothes. Such do not realize that they are to meet with God and holy angels. There should be a radical change in this matter all through our churches. . . .

"All should be taught to be neat, clean, and orderly in their dress, but not to indulge in that external adorning which is wholly inappropriate for the sanctuary. There should be no display of the apparel, for this encourages irreverence."



SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH, TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him." Ps. 89:7. And Solomon has handed down to us the caution, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools." Eccl. 5:1.

That there is a growing tendency on the part of many to regard the house of God with less respect and reverence than formerly is an obvious fact, and we are admonished by the servant of the Lord to read often the "directions given by God himself to the Hebrews, that we who have the light of the glorious truth shining upon us, may imitate their reverence for the house of God."

We have reason to be even more thoughtful and reverential in our worship than had the Jews, for we are soon to stand in the presence of our God and be at home in his courts. Surely, then, instead of slackness, there should be a most earnest seeking of God for that solemn reverence and faith with which angels come into his presence. But how solemn is the statement: "Because of irreverence in attitude, dress, and deportment, and a lack of a worshipful frame of mind, God has often turned his face away from those assembled for his worship."

Paul says: "These things write I unto thee, . . . that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." 1 Tim. 3:14, 15. While this text refers to more than the behavior of a person in the church building, it evidently embraces this also. And again, in the writings of Mrs. E. G. White we read: "Nearly all

### Entering the House of Worship

"When the worshipers enter the place of meeting, they should do so with decorum, passing quietly to their seats. . . . Ardent, active piety should characterize the worshipers."

"Parents should not only teach, but command, their children to enter the sanctuary with sobriety and reverence."

Teach them "to understand that when they enter the Lord's house, it should be with hearts that are softened and subdued by such thoughts as these: 'God is here; this is his house. I must have pure thoughts



TABERNACLE, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

and the holiest motives. I must have no pride, envy, jealousy, evil surmising, hatred, or deception in my heart; for I am coming into the presence of the holy God. This is the place where God meets with and blesses his people. The high and holy One who inhabiteth eternity looks upon me, searches my heart, and reads the most secret thoughts

and acts of my life.' Let all be reverent.

### Waiting for the Service to Begin

"If some have to wait a few minutes before the meeting begins, let them maintain a true spirit of devotion by silent meditation, keeping the heart uplifted to God in prayer that the service may be of special benefit to their own hearts, and lead to the conviction



and conversion of other souls. They should remember that heavenly messengers are in the house. . . . If when the people come into the house of worship, they have genuine reverence for the Lord, and bear in mind that they are in his presence, there will be a sweet eloquence in silence."

"We all lose much sweet communion with God by our restlessness, by not encouraging moments of reflection and prayer. The spiritual condition needs to be often reviewed, and the mind and heart drawn toward the Sun of Righteousness."

#### **During Intermission**

"Common talking, whispering, and laughing should not be permitted in the house of worship, either before or after the service. . . .

"The whispering and laughing and talking which might be without sin in a common business place, should find no sanction in the house where God is worshipped."

"If there is a stove in the room, it is not proper to crowd about it in an indolent, careless attitude."

"All the service should be conducted with solemnity and awe, as if in the visible presence of the Master of assemblies."

#### **When the Minister Enters**

"When the minister enters, it should be with dignified, solemn mien. He should bow down in silent prayer as soon as he steps into the pulpit, and earnestly ask help of God. . . . Solemnity rests upon all, and angels of God are brought very near. Every one of the congregation, also, who fears God, should with bowed head unite in silent prayer with him, that God may grace the meeting with his presence, and give power to his truth proclaimed from human lips."

#### **During Prayer**

"When the meeting is opened by prayer, every knee should bow in the presence of the Holy One, and every heart should ascend to God in silent devotion."

#### **Singing**

Sing with heart and voice. Make it a joyful service. "The melody of song, poured forth from many hearts in clear, distinct utterance, is one of God's instrumentalities in the work of saving souls."

#### **Be Attentive**

God wants attentive hearers. "Listen attentively. Sleep not for one instant, because by this slumber you may lose the very words that you need most,—the very words which, if heeded, would save your feet from straying into wrong paths."

#### **Disturbing Elements to be Avoided**

"Sometimes a little child may so attract the attention of the hearers that the precious seed does not fall into good ground and bring forth fruit."

While disturbance by children is at times unavoidable, greater care needs to be exercised in keeping them quiet, and they should be quickly removed from the audience when crying.

"Sometimes young men and women have so little reverence for the house and worship of God that they keep up a continual communication with each other during the sermon. Could these see the angels of God looking upon them, and marking their doings, they would be filled with shame, with abhorrence of themselves."

#### **The Benediction**

"When the benediction is pronounced, all should still be quiet, as if fearful of losing the peace of Christ. Let all pass out without jostling or loud talking, feeling

that they are in the presence of God, that his eye is resting upon them, and they must act as in his visible presence."

If favored with a postlude by the organist, all should remain standing and in prayerful attitude until the subdued strains of music are heard, which should be the signal quietly to pass into the aisle and out of the church.

#### **Leaving the Church**

"Let there be no stopping in the aisles to visit or gossip, thus blocking them up so that others cannot pass out. The precincts of the church should be invested with a sacred reverence. It should not be made a place to meet old friends, and visit and introduce common thoughts and worldly business transactions. These should be left outside the church. God and angels have been dishonored by the careless, noisy laughing and shuffling of feet heard in some places."

#### **Those Who Do Not Have Church Privileges**

Those who are isolated, and others who do not have the privilege of assembling in a church building dedicated to the Lord, may, like Jacob, establish a Bethel even by the wayside which will be "none other but the house of God," and "the gate of heaven."

"Happy are those who have a sanctuary, be it high or low, in the city or among the rugged mountain caves, in the lowly cabin or in the wilderness. If it is the best they can secure for the Master, he will hallow the place with his presence, and it will be holy unto the Lord of hosts."<sup>1</sup>

How marvelous that the sinner is permitted to worship in the presence of Jehovah, before whom the sinless angels delight to bow in adoration; and how careful should we be to meet his loving requirements, that we may be refreshed by his blessing!

#### **A Few Things to Do and a Few to Avoid**

The following suggestions for proper behavior in God's house should be read often, and put into practice:

"Be on time. No one has a right to disturb a congregation or preacher by being tardy. If from some unavoidable cause you are late, do not pass up the aisle to your accustomed seat during the Scripture reading, prayer, or sermon. Take a seat near the door.

"Be devout in your attitude. A young girl when asked what led to her conversion, replied that it came as a result of the devout attitude her Sabbath school teacher maintained during the church service.

"Find the hymn and share the book with your neighbor.

"Allow no stranger to pass from the church un-greeted and unwelcomed. Cordially invite visitors to return.

"Listen sympathetically and prayerfully to the discourse. Watch sincerely and interestedly throughout the sermon for some special message sent directly to you by the Father, whose thought is ever toward his children.

"Do not congregate on the steps or in the vestibule of the church, and thus compel others entering to pass in review, as it were, before you. Such a course occasions embarrassment.

"Never sit still and allow three or four persons to squeeze past and over you in the church pew rather than rise and pass to the farther end of the seat. If it is important for any reason that you retain the end seat, rise and step out into the aisle, and allow those wishing a seat to pass in.

<sup>1</sup> The preceding quoted paragraphs are taken from Volume V of the "Testimonies for the Church," pp. 491-500.



"Conversing with one another during the Sabbath school recitation is a great discourtesy to the teacher. Such behavior on the part of a pupil is often as a sharp arrow piercing the teacher's heart."

"Never put on overcoat, wrap, or overshoes during the closing song of a church service. Leave all such matters until after the benediction."

M. V. DEPT.

#### A Visit to One of Japan's Beauty Spots

IN early August we took a trip to Nikko, about eighty miles north of Tokio, to see something of the wonders of that place. There is a proverb current among the Japanese that "one should call nothing magnificent until one has seen Nikko." In their language there is a pun on the words "Nikko" and "gekko." The latter word means magnificent or wonderful. Whatever the proverb may say about the place, I will say that it is about the best thing that I have ever seen in all my little trips. It would take a week to describe the place, and then it would not have had fair treatment.

The first thing that we discovered about it was that we were not perspiring as we had been doing in Tokio. Coming from the city in August was like coming out of a Russian bath into a cool breeze. Nikko is cool most of the time, even in the very hottest weather. Immediately after this discovery we were able to limber up and look around. First and foremost of the

wonderful things one can see in Nikko are the trees. These are called cryptomerias and are gigantic things. They are somewhat like cedars in appearance, and grow straight and tall. It is queer that they should be able to grow so close together as they do; in places they simply crowd together. They are the property of the temples, and for this reason are considered sacred.

#### Water Seen and Heard Everywhere

Nikko is high in the hills and built on the hillsides, so that water runs down each side of the streets. A regular torrent of water runs in what corresponds to our gutters, only these are deeper. These streams make a pleasant sound all the time. They help to keep the place cool and clean, for the people just slop water around all day long. There is no need to be afraid of a wetting here, for it becomes second nature to paddle around in water.

We saw some of the hydroelectric plants that are numerous in this section of the country. It is a pretty sight to see the water running along so fast and yet so quietly until it takes the tumble down the long flumes. There are many streams from the mountains, and about every one is turned into an electric plant for power and light. The only way in which this has marred the natural beauty of the place is in the numerous power lines that are strung everywhere. However, these lines are to be preferred to a lot of smoking chimneys scattered over the otherwise fair landscape.

In the evening of the day of our arrival we took a



A SCENE IN TOKIO, WHERE THE WISTARIA ABOUNDS





A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN JAPAN

walk around the place where some of the most famous temples are located. It was restful to be able to walk about and not be bothered by mosquitoes. Although there are plenty of electric lights around, there is no glare. The trees are so thick that the light is largely confined to the ground. The effect is pleasing and much to be desired to the white lights of Broadway. There is something very soothing in the mellow light and in the sound of the water running along the side of the roads.

When it came to sleeping we had a jolly time. Three men occupied the front balcony of the house where we were staying. It was exactly 6 x 12 feet in size. We had separate beds of *futon*s on the mats, and had to square ourselves around so that our heads did not break down the doors. One man was more than six feet tall, and he had to lie diagonally to avoid serious discomfort to his neck. Well, the sleeping was excellent. It got pretty cold before morning, but this was something one could stand after having had such warm weather in Tokio.

#### Lake Chuzenji Our Goal

About nine o'clock we started for the real object of our visit to Nikko. This was a place named Lake Chuzenji, situated away up in the mountains about 5,500 feet. A street car runs part of the way, but the major part of the trip has to be made on foot or in a *jinrikisha*. We carried our own food, as we are not too fond of the Japanese food that is offered at hotels and lunch houses along the way. We soon decided that the walking looked good, and so took a *jinrikisha* only for the children.

There is a splendid road up the mountain, but it cannot be used by any kind of carriage except the *jinrikisha*, as the turns are too sudden. The whole road climbs the face of the mountain by a series of zigzags. At many places one can take a peep over a sheer fall of several hundred feet or more. Naturally there are many picturesque views to be obtained along the way. The number of waterfalls is surprising. Some are small, while others have a tremendous drop.

After about four hours we reached the last fall of the series. This is called the Suicide Fall on account of its being a favorite spot for unfortunate people to make an end of things. It is said that it takes months for their bodies to come to the top of the water at the base of the fall. One could

well imagine that they would make a deep dive, for the fall is three hundred fifty feet or more. The water breaks up into a mist before it strikes the bottom; that is, the outer part of the water does. It is possible to get a front view of this fall if one will take the trouble to climb down and up the path provided for viewing it. Recently the officials have erected a fence some distance from the fall so that one cannot get to the top of it without deliberately doing some fence climbing. This is done in the hope of stopping the deadly jumping over the fall.

About a mile from this fall one gets the first view of the lake. This is a beautiful sheet of water from which all the power plants get their supply. It is possibly seven miles long and runs very cold. It is said to be well stocked with fish, and makes a good place on which to practice sailing and motor boating. There are many boats for hire, and a trip around the lake would doubtless be a very pleasant experience. On account of fatigue, however, we made no trips of this nature. All we did was to sit around and rest during the afternoon until the sun went down and the temperature dropped like a ball. Then we went to the hotel and got into the bath. This bath was made of wood, and was about 9 x 5 feet in size. It was heated from outside the building, and was so hot that it made the room very warm. When it came time for us to get into it, after sundry washings and scourings outside, we found that it was *hot*. Here I learned a secret. If one can control one's emotions when entering very hot water it is possible to get in and stay in



SHINTO SHRINES OF JAPAN





MR. A. B. COLE AND THE OFFICE FORCE  
Mr. Cole Has Charge of the Publishing Work in Japan.

as long as one wishes. The secret is to keep as still as a log and think of something that will give you cold chills. After some time we all three got in and had a good bath. If you want a treat, take a bath as hot as this was. By the time we were ready to get out we were warmed for the rest of the day and night. Such things have to be experienced to be believed and enjoyed.

In the morning, after a short look around we started to walk back over the road we had come up the day before. It is a question in my mind as to which part of this trip is the better. Coming down one has no work to do and has more time to see the beauties of nature. Going up one has to work, and gets the exercise that we all need.

#### Visiting the Temples

After dinner we started out to visit the wonderful temples of Nikko. These have some beautiful work in the way of decoration. Though I should rather see the beauties of nature than any number of heathen temples, at the same time one can hardly go through the world and keep one's eyes shut to these things.

The better part of this morning trip was the walk through the grounds of the temples. Everything was so very fresh and cool that it reminded me of England in the springtime. The grass was in good condition, and there were plenty of flowers and bushes. Japanese gardens are always pretty, no matter what season of the year one may see them. The only thing that spoiled these beautiful things was the presence of the serpent in two forms. Real snakes were there, as we saw two dead ones. The footprint of the serpent is discernible in all the multitudinous forms of idolatry. A strange thing about these places is that the Buddhists and Shintoists seem to get along well together. The Buddhists worship Buddha and many forms of idols. The Shintoists do not worship idols, and have no form of such in their temples. They have a large disk of bright metal, sometimes silver and other times plated brass or even plain brass. They worship their ancestral spirits and, through the mirror, themselves. After all, they are not alone in self-worship, for many of us often do that very thing.

Our visit over, we came back to the heat and steam of Tokio, a charming city nevertheless. We felt the good effects of even three days in Nikko, and wished for a longer stay.

A. B. COLE.

#### To the Top of Old Gray Back

DURING our Christmas vacation another medical student at Loma Linda, California, and I felt the need of diversion from our studies. We decided that a trip to the mountains was the surest and pleasantest way of getting a great deal of recreation out of a short time, so we planned to ride our bicycles as far as possible, then push them until the roads got too bad, and finally, discard them, and carry our packs on our backs.

Accordingly 6:45 A. M., Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1917, found us starting on our journey, pedaling bicycles loaded to the limit. Behind our seats we tied our blankets, and to the handlebars secured supposedly enough food for nine meals, a complete repair outfit for our bicycles, and various camp accessories.

Having a good road, although much of the time a steep one, by ten o'clock we had made fifteen miles. Having eaten an early breakfast, we decided to lunch. As enjoyment and recuperation were the primary objects of our trip, after having eaten, we took a nap. Waking much refreshed, we pushed on, getting to a large mountain resort about sundown. Starting for the place where we wished to camp, we were forced, after going only about a mile, to leave our bicycles, carrying our luggage the rest of the way. Of all the roads I have ever seen, the last three miles to camp seemed the longest. The moon was kind enough to shine brightly, but under the tall trees our toes disturbed many a rock from its cozy bed in the middle of the road. Great was our rejoicing when we saw a signpost pointing the way to "Vivian Trail to Summit of Gray Back," and knew that the place for our camp was only a few rods across the bed of a stream.

It was not long before we were enjoying a savory warm supper by a glowing camp fire. And again it was not long before we had spread our blankets upon a pile of pine needles, put a hot stone to our feet, and were fast going to sleep to the music of Mill Creek as it tumbled over the rocks below. By the way, let me emphasize the value of the stone to our feet: on our return twenty-four hours later it was still warm.



GRAY BACK AS SEEN FROM WHERE WE ATE DINNER

Our bed was in a deep valley with a high range of mountains, the Galenas, to the south, and the lesser hills on the way to Gray Back to the north. After breakfast the next morning we started up these hills, working up what are called "switchbacks."

The path was exceedingly rocky. We were glad more than once that we had profited by previous experience and had our shoes "hobbed," for on a previous trip to this same mountain my shoes gave out and I had to walk about twelve miles with a piece of canvas around one shoe.



Up the path the scenery was always changing. At first the pines and spruce towered high in the air, but they soon got shorter and shorter. The creek along which we traveled for some distance would occasionally disappear and then reappear as it flowed over and under the ground. The most beautiful of views would appear when we rounded a point and saw the valley stretching out for miles and miles before us.



GRAY BACK TIMBER LINE

By eleven o'clock we were so high that our heads began to ache. Notwithstanding this we were hungry; so we stopped and had lunch, and then finding a sunny spot, took a short nap. After this we were able, by resting at brief intervals to get our breath, to reach the summit, where we found a pile of rocks with this sign, "Mount San Gorgonio [that is the geographical name of Gray Back, but the mountain is always called Gray Back], 11,485 feet." We had climbed up approximately two miles since starting on our journey.

Standing there by that pile of stones, the view over the mountains and valleys was something grand. We could look down on Mts. San Jacinto, San Bernardino, and Baldy, each of which is more than 10,000 feet high, for we were on the highest mountain in Southern California. Away to the west was the Pacific Ocean, and the Santa Catalina Island, probably one hundred twenty-five miles away. To the south was Salton Sea and Imperial Valley. To the east was the desert glistening in the sunshine, and to the north a large lake with range upon range of mountains. And there in the midst of all this grandeur were just we two. Surely there is nothing like this kind of view to reveal one's insignificance and the grandeur of God's creation.

But it was afternoon, and as we were twelve miles from camp, we could not tarry. Do the best we could, the sun set when we were only about halfway down; but we had a good moon, and when it would not show the path to advantage, our flash light did good service. Indeed, one of the best views of the day was in store for us. When we were about 1,000 feet above camp, the moon shining on the range south of us brought it into relief as the sun had failed to do. Standing there, a sheer, steep slope probably three to four thousand feet high in the moonlight, it made an indescribably impressive scene.

We reached camp tired, hungry, and sleepy, but happy nevertheless. Our food for nine meals having lasted only six, we had to wait until our early return on the next day to satisfy our hunger; but we proceeded at once to dissipate our other ills by a refresh-

ing sleep of eleven hours. Surely there is nothing better than a mountain hike to make one appreciate the God-given blessings of food, water, and rest.

C. A. HAYSMER.

### A Bible Reading in a Mine

THE mines of Butte, most of which are on the famous "richest hill on earth," consist of vertical shafts of varying depths connected on each level by lateral crosscuts and drifts. These levels are from one hundred to two hundred feet apart, and are widened out at each shaft into stations to permit the assembling of the ore cars which are hoisted to the surface to be emptied. Most of these mine shafts have three or four compartments to enable the operation of two or three cages at one time. One compartment is reserved for electric wires, water columns, and manway. The cages consist of three or four decks, upon which a corresponding number of cars may be run and hoisted at a time. In the larger mines from five hundred to one thousand cars are hoisted in each shift of eight hours. In sinking a shaft one compartment only is used to pull rock from the bottom. This is done by means of a large iron bucket swung under the cage. A ton of rock can thus be hoisted at a time. In the mine at which I was employed this rock was dumped into the cars on the 1800 station in order that it might be caged and sent to the surface. The shaft men were working four hundred fifty feet below me.

On the night of which I write I was on what is called the "graveyard" shift, which began at 11 P. M. My partner, the station tender, and I were kept busy the first two or three hours of our shift with the loads. As soon as I had three cars full he would cage them and send them to the surface. Gradually the intervals between the buckets grew longer as the men in the shaft began to tire. We entered into conversation to pass away the time.



THE FIRST MUSIC LESSON

"It must be nearly supper time," I remarked.

"No, I think not," Art replied; "Tommy hasn't gone up yet." Tommy was our night-shift boss. He went off shift at 2:30 A. M., and we could not eat till 3 o'clock.

"I pity poor old Dick on top tonight," Art continued. "He won't have a chance to keep the 'dog house' warm if those fellows keep mucking like this."



We laughed as we imagined the state of mind Dick, the other station tender, must have been in, for he had chosen the surface work that night for himself, thinking it would be an easy job.

Squawk! Squawk! Our chatter was suddenly interrupted by the squawking of the electric buzzer, a contrivance placed on every level to call the station tender. The signal flashed was 1-5-5.

"That's Tommy now, on the two thousand," Art exclaimed. "I suppose he wants to come up." Stepping over to the buzzer he flashed one squawk in reply to Tommy's signal, and clearing one deck of the cage, descended for his passenger.

Instead of going through, as we expected him to, he stopped at our station for a few minutes. As he stepped off the cage the light of his carbide lamp was lost in the glare of the station electric globes.

"Hello, Harry, how's she working?" he asked in his characteristic way.

"Just right," I answered. "They've been keeping us awake tonight."

Our further banter was cut short by the arrival of a 'can' from below. As I closed the shaft doors and climbed on the stand to fill my car, Tommy said, "I see by the paper that this war that we are in is mentioned in the Bible. It says that the kaiser's number is 666 and that President Wilson is the lamb that is going to overcome him; and after the war is over we shall have no more wars for two thousand years, when we will have a religious war. That will be the end of the world."

I began to see why he had got off on the eighteen instead of going through. He knows something of my religious convictions.

"Well," I replied, "if the Bible says so, I certainly will believe it. Where do you find that prophecy?"

"It's in the Bible, they claim," he answered.

Seeing how hazy was his understanding, I decided to try to enlighten him. "I think some one must have the thirteenth chapter of Revelation badly twisted. By the way, I have my Bible with me, and I'm especially interested in the prophecies. In fact, I have made a special study of them, because I've found that they point forward to the conditions in the earth today."

Going behind a station post, I brought out my Bible and Johnson's "Bible Textbook." This is the first time I remember taking my Bible with me to work, but this time I desired to look up a particular subject for a friend of mine. The lapses of time between cages sometimes afforded an opportunity to read or study.

Both Tommy and Art looked at me curiously when I brought out my Bible, for neither of them were inclined to be religious. Instead of the coarse jest which I expected to hear they merely smiled as I began an explanation of the thirteenth chapter of Revelation. As I briefly hit the high points of the prophecy they were attentive and seemed to be impressed with the truth of the Word. As I tried to show them the futility of private interpretation and the superiority of letting the Bible explain itself, they nodded their heads at each point made, and I closed with a promise to lend them a magazine exposing the fallacy of the newspaper article which they had seen.

Tommy said no more, but stepping on the cage and closing the safety gates, he snapped the engineer signal bell three times and rose to the surface, I trust, a more thoughtful man.

Thus it was that at two o'clock in the morning I came to give a Bible reading under such strange sur-

roundings, a third of a mile below the earth's surface, amid the dripping of water and the rattling of cages. Surely the Lord through whom all prophecy came was with us to impress the truth.

An interesting sequel to this incident took place the following night. As we were descending the shaft to our work, Art asked me if I had the Bible again, and I told him that I had. "That's the stuff," he said; "that's what I want to read." He kept his promise.

When the 'fire bug' came through he saw the Bible lying on a plank. He remarked that we must be getting very religious, to have our 'prayer book' with us. Later on an Austrian miner, coming out to the station for timber, also spied the Bible and "The Bible Textbook." He picked up the latter, and began to read. His eyes caught sight of something about the Sabbath. He cried, "Vy, dis book say we won't go to heaven if we work on Saturday."

I could not but feel the Spirit of God was there to impress his heart, and that this might be the only opportunity he would have to learn of God's great reform for today in Sabbath keeping.

Verily it is true that seed must be sown beside all waters, and I am inclined to think that the admonition may include the copper waters of Butte.

HARRY TIPPETT.

### Goals

IN olden times God's young people had goals. A list of these goals is given in Hebrews 11. Subduing kingdoms, working righteousness, obtaining promises, stopping the mouths of lions, quenching the violence of fire, escaping the edge of the sword, being made strong out of weakness, waxing valiant in fight, turning to flight the armies of the aliens,—these are some of the goals. To attain them God's servants had to endure tortures, trials, scourgings, bonds, imprisonments, stonings, temptings, wanderings, destitutions, and afflictions. And in the end there was given the Standard of Attainment Certificate—a good report through faith.

In our Missionary Volunteer work, we are saying much about goals. We plan to raise money for missions, to read the Bible through, to all be reporting members, and to get the Standard of Attainment certificate. The reaching of these goals marks certain progress toward the city of our King. But in our individual experiences, we must subdue the kings of selfishness that would mar our lives; we must stand so true to God that he will stop the mouths of lions to save us; we must reach the goals of Hebrews 11. There will be trials, and scourgings, and imprisonments, destitutions, and afflictions; but soon the blessed result of having a good report through faith will be ours.

The history of God's servants in ages past shows how they reached these goals. Jacob had deceived his father and obtained by fraud the birthright blessing. He was obliged to flee from the wrath of an angry brother. At night, discouraged and alone, with a stone for his pillow, he had in the vision of the ladder with the ministering angels, the assurance of help to win the goals. In later years he walked one day with halting step, for God had touched him. But in the night of wrestling he had got the experience of prevailing with God; and in that prevailing, Jacob could win every goal.

Samson was strong to slay many Philistines and to carry away the gates of Gaza. But one day his breth-



ren bore away from the wreck and ruin of a Philistine pleasure house the bruised and mangled body of a mightier Samson, mightier because that in his closing hours,—though blind, and destitute and afflicted, and a prisoner in a dungeon,—he had come to the place where he prevailed with God, and received the things he asked for.

Time would fail in the recording of the experiences of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah, David, Samuel, and the prophets to show how weak, sinful men came to the blessed greater goal where they could talk to God and be heard of him.

BERT RHODES.

### When Fortune Knocked

MRS. GURNEY looked with interest at the letter which her son Hugh had handed her.

"It is from Uncle John," she said. "I have not heard from him for over a year."

"I can't understand why he so seldom writes us," said Hugh. "It seems absurd to have an uncle one has never seen, living in a city only a few hundred miles away."

Mrs. Gurney looked up from the letter with a sparkle of excitement in her eyes.

"Your uncle is coming to visit us next week," she said. "It seems he has been working too hard, and as business is rather dull at present, he feels he can leave the office for a time. It is seven years since I saw him last."

"That was the time you and father went to New York, wasn't it?" Hugh asked.

"Yes, seven years ago this autumn. Your uncle promised us then that he would visit us soon, but something always seemed to prevent him. He was never able to leave his business for any length of time."

"Is Uncle John rich?" Hugh asked.

"He must be very well off," was the reply. "He lives very simply, but his firm does an immense business. Almost every year they open a new branch factory, and in this letter your uncle speaks of a new scheme for capturing some South American trade."

"I say, mother, it would be fine if uncle were to give one of us boys a chance in his office, wouldn't it?" Hugh asked.

"I hope, Hugh, you will not hint at such a thing," Mrs. Gurney said quickly. "I should not like your uncle to feel that we expected favors from him, and in any case I should be sorry to lose one of my boys."

"But think of the chance a fellow would have in New York," Hugh rejoined. "There's no future in this little town."

"I'm sure your father has always provided well for his family," Mrs. Gurney replied.

"Oh, yes, father has made a good living, but he will never be rich," was the answer. "Father's business will never be larger than it is now; the size of the town won't admit of expansion. He certainly won't be able to find places for all three of us boys with his firm."

Mrs. Gurney sighed; she knew it had always been a sore point with Hugh that his father insisted on his beginning at the bottom of the ladder in a strange office. Hugh had thought that his father might have found an easy place for him in his own business; but Mr. Gurney was rather uneasy at the lad's careless, indolent disposition, and hoped that the stricter discipline he would be likely to encounter among strangers would help him to overcome these faults. At present

Hugh was in the shipping-room of a local factory, where he earned ten dollars a week. His father had promised that when that salary had been increased to fifteen dollars he would make a place for him in his own office. Allan, the second son, was bookkeeper in a general store, while George, the youngest, was office boy, stenographer, and bookkeeper combined for a firm of struggling young lawyers.

Mr. Gurney and his three boys went down to the station to meet Mr. Lindsay, while Mrs. Gurney remained at home to superintend the supper preparations. The evening train had brought more passengers than usual, and the boys were wondering which of the elderly men would prove to be their uncle, when a tall, distinguished-looking man detached himself from the group of young people and hurried toward Mr. Gurney.

"How are you, Fred?" he said, shaking hands cordially. "And these are my nephews? I declare Hugh is as tall as I am."

"I'm George, uncle," was the laughing response. "Hugh is the short one."

Mr. Lindsay turned to his eldest nephew with a word of laughing apology, but that youth looked rather ruffled. His short stature was a sore point.

"A charming little town," Mr. Lindsay said, as they walked down the street together.

"Why, uncle, this town is awfully dull," Allan exclaimed. "There are no opportunities here at all. I want father to let me go to the city, but he won't hear of it."

"I think your father is wise," his uncle replied. "It is in just such towns as this that the real opportunities lie nowadays. You have no idea of the fierce competition you would meet in the city."

Allan was silent, but unconvinced.

A few days after his arrival, Mr. Lindsay planned a picnic. He engaged two automobiles to take his sister's family and a few of their friends to a famous lake some fifteen miles distant. They had arranged to start at half past one, but when the time came George had not come home.

"I wonder what can be keeping that boy," Mrs. Gurney said, as the clock pointed to fifteen minutes to two. "Every one else is here."

"George is too conscientious," said Allan, as he hastily finished his lunch. "I suppose he has found some work he thinks he has to finish; but I say that since he is entitled to a half holiday he should see that he gets it."

"Did you have any trouble in getting off?" Hugh asked his brother. The retail stores observed their half holiday on a different day than most other businesses.

"Mr. Tibbetts did try to make some objections, but I reminded him of the overtime he made me do last week," Allan answered.

"I never work overtime," said Hugh virtuously. "When they first tried it, I told them that overtime work should be paid for at one and a half times the rate for regular work, and they gave it up. There's a fellow in our office, though, who is something like George. Whenever any one has to stay after hours, or on holiday afternoons, he is always the victim, and he actually seems to enjoy it. Some people are never happy unless they are slaving for others."

"But sometimes work after hours is absolutely necessary," Uncle John said. "A considerate employer will always make it up to his clerks in some way."



"How many considerate employers are there?" Allan asked. "I say overtime is the thin edge of the wedge, and I won't stand for it."

"But, Allan, surely you are not entitled to this afternoon?" his uncle remonstrated. "As I understand it, you have earned this holiday by some extra work you did last week."

Before Allan could answer, the telephone rang, and Hugh took down the receiver.

"Not coming? Oh, I say, George, don't be a donkey," they heard him say. "Oh, all right, then, we needn't wait any longer," he concluded, hanging up the receiver. "George is going to work this afternoon," he said. "At least, he is going to stay at the office; I don't suppose there is any work to do. Both his employers have been called out of town, and they don't want the office closed. I think George is foolish; they would never be the wiser if he locked up and went to the picnic."

Whatever Mr. Lindsay may have thought of his nephew's remarks, he only said, "Then we had better start at once."

They all had a very enjoyable afternoon, and Hugh and Allan thought pityingly of George, cooped up in a gloomy law office. When they reached home, in the summer dusk, they found George on the veranda, poring over a book by the waning light.

"Don't read in this light; you'll ruin your eyes," his mother exclaimed. "Did you find anything to eat?"

"Yes, mother, I rummaged through the pantry and did very well," was the answer.

"Well, old man, you missed the time of your life," Hugh said. "But I suppose some rich client drifted into your office this afternoon, with a big case for your employers?"

"No," George admitted, with a good-natured laugh, "nobody called at all except a bill collector."

"Then you might as well have locked up and come with us," Allan said triumphantly.

"I'm paid to obey orders," was George's only reply.

"It seems to me your employers expect a good deal for eight dollars a week," Hugh said sarcastically.

"I can't see that the amount of my salary has anything to do with the matter," George argued. "I accepted the sum they offered in return for certain specified work. As long as I take their money I must give them faithful service."

"Oh, you are hopeless," said Hugh excitedly, as he went indoors.

Mr. Lindsay had heard the dialogue as he paid the drivers, but he said nothing. After this, however, he paid keener attention to the habits of his three nephews, and used often to look at them in a considering way that Hugh, at least, found embarrassing.

"What do you do with your evenings?" he asked them once. "In winter, I mean; of course in summer you want to be outdoors as much as possible."

"Oh, there are quite a few things going on here in winter," Allan answered. "We have a skating rink, and then there are a good many parties."

"But do you not study at all?"

"Oh, my school days are over," said Hugh, with a superior air. George is the studying one of the family. All last winter he spent two evenings a week at the Y. M. C. A., studying Spanish, and now that the classes are suspended for the summer, he spends half his evenings talking Spanish with a couple of Cuban youths employed at the machinery factory. They are a rough-looking pair, and if they can't speak Spanish any better

than they can English—" Hugh finished his sentence with an expressive shrug.

"Their Spanish is pretty bad," George admitted. "But Professor Lanos warned us against learning the language from books only; he said we must also study the idiomatic language of the common people."

"Your friends look common enough," Allan laughed.

"Why should you waste your time studying a foreign language?" Hugh demanded. "Isn't English good enough?"

"I am interested in the language," George replied. "And I think a knowledge of Spanish will mean increased opportunities. I heard yesterday that the machinery factory is thinking of going into the South American export trade, and if they do they will certainly need a Spanish-speaking clerk."

"Why should they not employ one of your Cuban friends?" Hugh asked.

"Because neither of the boys is educated," was the response.

"Well, I'm not going to waste my evenings learning a foreign language," Allan declared, emphatically.

Mr. Lindsay had listened without remark; he now changed the subject by asking if any of them had ever heard of a famous singer, who was advertised to give a concert in the town the following week.

"I think mother heard her once, in the city," George answered. "We have never felt able to afford it, the tickets are so expensive."

"Then will you all be my guests at the concert next week?" Mr. Lindsay asked. "I will telephone now to have seats reserved."

"Oh, Uncle John, that will be great!" Hugh exclaimed, while the other boys thanked their uncle warmly. A love of music was a taste they all shared.

Suddenly, however, George asked, "What day is the concert to be, Uncle John?"

"On Thursday," was the reply.

"Oh, uncle, I am so sorry," George exclaimed regretfully, "but the Y. M. C. A. classes reopen next week, and the Spanish class is held on Monday and Thursday, so I will have to miss the concert."

"Can't you miss a class for once?" his uncle asked.

"I'd like to," George admitted, wistfully, "but you know how it is, uncle. If one once commences to miss classes there are so many temptations. Besides, I mustn't lose a moment in perfecting my Spanish, or I won't be ready for the chance with the machinery people if it comes."

"Perhaps you are right," was all his uncle said.

Some two weeks after this George came home one evening in high spirits, to find a general atmosphere of gloom pervading the family. In his anxiety his own good news was forgotten.

"What's the matter with everybody?" he asked. "You look as if you had heard bad news."

"So we have," his mother answered. "Your uncle has received a letter which will compel him to go home tomorrow; he is needed in the office."

"Oh, uncle, you can't go before we have our athletic sports at the 'Y'!" George exclaimed.

"I'm afraid I must," his uncle answered. "I have neglected my business too long as it is."

"We shall miss you dreadfully, Uncle John," Hugh said; though privately that young man was thinking that if his uncle were to hand over some of his office worries to one of his young nephews he would be free to take as many holidays as he liked.

"I have some good news, father," George said, when they were all gathered around the supper table. "I



heard yesterday that the machinery company was about to advertise for a correspondence clerk with a knowledge of Spanish, so I went in to see them at noon today. They have engaged me at a salary of fifteen dollars to start. They said they would increase this to eighteen dollars in six months, if my work was satisfactory. They wanted me to begin at once, but I told them I couldn't leave my present employers without sufficient notice, so I am to make the change the first of next month."

"That is great news," Mr. Gurney said, while Mrs. Gurney smiled proudly at her youngest son. But Uncle John startled them all by saying, "I think you had better not accept this offer, George."

"Why, John!" Mrs. Gurney exclaimed. "It is a great opportunity for George. He is getting only eight dollars a week now, so that his salary will be about doubled."

"And there should be a good future with the machinery people," Mr. Gurney added.

"But I think I can offer George just as good a future," Mr. Lindsay said. "I need one of your boys in my business," he explained, turning to his sister. "This visit was made with the intention of choosing one of them. They are all fine boys, but I have decided to offer the chance to George. He is diligent, faithful, and above all his knowledge of Spanish will prove very useful to me. I shall give him fifteen dollars to start, and of course he will live with me. His future lies in his own hands."

For a moment George was too stunned to speak, then he thanked his uncle warmly.

"Of course I should rather work for you, Uncle John," he continued. "I shall tell the machinery people tomorrow that I must refuse their offer. But I must give my present employers due notice," he added.

"I quite understand that," was his uncle's response. "I shall expect you the first of next month."

The other two boys tried to look glad at their brother's good fortune, but when they talked the matter over with their mother they both agreed that their uncle had taken an unfair advantage of them.

"Why didn't he say he wanted one of us to work for him?" grumbled Hugh. "I'd have studied Spanish fast enough if I had thought it would mean a position with Uncle John."

"You had as many chances as George," his mother pointed out. "You were not ready when fortune knocked at the door, and he was. That is the only difference."

"Perhaps fortune will knock again some time," Allan said, more soberly than was his wont. "At any rate, I shall be prepared for her if she does. I mean to join some of the Y. M. C. A. classes this winter and improve my general education."

"I think I shall too," Hugh said thoughtfully. "After all, George does deserve all the good fortune that has come to him. He has worked hard for it."—*S. G. Mosher, in the Boy's Comrade.*

A MAN'S true greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life, founded on a just estimate of himself and everything else, on frequent self-examination, and a steady obedience to the rule which he knows to be right, without troubling himself about what others may think or say or whether they do or do not do that which he thinks and says and does.—*George Long.*

## The Name of God

A WHITE officer in one of the colored regiments recruited in 1864 long remembered among his soldiers a colored man of fifty-five, with gray hair, wrinkled face, and somewhat feeble in constitution; for he had been a hard-working slave, and his life had not been free from sorrow.

He had a great desire to read, and when the regiment was in camp he procured a primitive old First Reader, and begged one of his officers to teach him the alphabet. This he successfully mastered, and then went on by painful efforts to acquire the words of two letters and the disconnected syllables, "ab," "ba," which in those days followed the learning of the alphabet. These, too, he learned with tolerable correctness, and in the process of time advanced to a new section in the book, where words of three letters awaited him.

Among these he found one day a word which halted him somewhat longer than the others, for it was spelled in capitals — GOD. He knew the small letters somewhat better, and so labored longer over this word than those that had gone before.

"That is the name of the Being you sometimes preach about," said the officer, for the grizzled old Negro was a preacher among his people. The old man dropped his book and held up his hands in surprise, exclaiming with deep emotion: "Is that the name of God? Is that the way it looks when it is printed?"

The officer could not for some time understand the old man's emotion; then he considered the days of painfully slow progress which had been consumed in the learning of the alphabet and the syllables, and the words of two letters, and that now suddenly he had come upon the first suggestion in the course of his education of the use to which his study might be put; and it came as a kind of revelation, sweeping and wonderful in its suddenness — the name of God in its arbitrary place in the column of words of three letters. Evidently to the old man it was, in one sense, like seeing God himself.

"You can't understand it, Captain," said the old Negro. "You've always knowed how to read, but I've been preaching about it all the years and all the years, and now, thank God! these old eyes have lived to see and read the name of God."

It impressed the officer at the time, then dropped into the background of his mind among the many memories of the war, but in the long years afterward it came up again, and among the memories which he cherished in his later years was that of the radiance of the grizzled, wrinkled black face when first he was able to read the name of God he loved.—*Youth's Companion.*

## Smiling Silence

"HERE'S a motto well worth while —  
Keep your mouth tight shut and smile!  
Makes small difference what may be  
In the way of misery,  
If you smile and silence keep  
Spite of aggravations deep,  
You'll discover 'mid the hum  
Of your woes your day will come,  
And you'll never have to eat  
Observations indiscreet.  
Swallowed silence past all question  
Never hurt a man's digestion.  
But a swallowed word or two  
Brings an aftermath or rue  
That in days that are to be  
May impair some victory."



## Missionary Volunteer Department

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### The Testimonies Reading Course

CAN any one who desires take the Testimonies Reading Course?

Yes. There is no age limit. The course is for all who desire a deeper Christian experience, and who long to become more efficient soul-winners.

How shall I enroll in this course?

Send your name and address to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, and tell him you desire to join the Testimonies Reading Course.

How long will it take me to finish the course?

You will have to answer this question yourself; however, the Department recommends that you complete it in two years. If you will read eight to ten pages every day of the week except Sabbath, you will complete the nine volumes (now published in four) in two years. Should you fall behind some week you could catch up on Sabbath. Many who enroll will probably finish the course in one year.

Is there an outline which I must follow in this reading course?

No, there is no outline. You are merely asked to sit down with the Testimonies and let them talk to you. These precious volumes contain much help for you, and you can ill afford to delay getting it.

Can you not give me a few suggestions for getting the most out of this course?

Begin today. Allow time on your daily program for this reading. Read carefully and prayerfully. Pray before you read and pray while you read. Pray that you may get definite help from each day's reading. Read with a desire to obey. Have a notebook and pen with the volume you are reading. Mark especially good passages, and in your notebook jot down these special thoughts briefly, giving the reference each time. I have a friend who has just such a notebook, and she finds it indispensable. She often refers to it, and never has to turn many leaves until she finds the help she seeks.

I suggest that you have a loose-leaf notebook, and arrange your quotations under topics. Then when you finish, you will have all your selections on the same subject together. All on prayer will be under "Prayer" in one place; all on criticism under "Criticism" in another place; etc. Such a quotation book will be a key to the list—a key that you will know just how to use; and it will be of inestimable value to you in your work.

I have not a complete set of the Testimonies. Where can I get them?

Order them from your tract society. You can now get the Testimonies (all nine) bound in four beautiful volumes. The four volumes, in cloth, cost \$8; in limp leather, \$12.

But how will taking this course help me to be a stronger Christian?

Let me ask you a question. Do you know of one person who diligently studies the Testimonies, in order to live in harmony with them, that is drifting away

from God and the church? Is this not all the recommendation they need? There is only one better recommendation for you, and that is to study these volumes prayerfully for yourself, that they may help you, as they have helped others, to be true to God and his Word.

O that all our young people years ago had made friends of these precious books! I verily believe that if we all had studied them as we should our Missionary Volunteers would today be ready to "set the world on fire."

M. E.

"Be not too busy with thy work and care  
To look to God, to clasp thy hand in his;  
Miss thou all else, but fail not thou in this.  
Thou needst not all alone thy burdens bear;  
Listen and wait, obey and learn his will,  
His love and service all thy life shall fill."

### Our Counsel Corner

*NOW that so many of our young men have gone into the army, do you not think that a girl would be warranted in marrying a good, upright, moral young man not of our faith?*

L. R.

Statistics to date for the Allied armies show that only one in thirty is killed; two in one hundred wounded. Now, girls, cannot at least twenty-nine out of thirty of you wait until the war is over? It would be very disappointing to the young men to come home from the service of their country, where they have risked their lives to preserve you and democracy in the world, and find you all married.

Think of the position in which you will place our soldier boys, if you marry outside the faith. There will be none of you left when they return; so what will that compel the young men to do?

W. H. ANDERSON.

"Those who profess the truth trample on the will of God in marrying unbelievers; they lose his favor, and make bitter work for repentance. The unbelieving may possess an *excellent moral character*; but the fact that he or she has not answered to the claims of God, and has neglected so great salvation, is sufficient reason why such a union should not be consummated." If our young people will take the teachings of the Bible and of the Spirit of prophecy as a guide in deciding the question of matrimony, they cannot be in doubt as to the right course to pursue. Read Volume IV, pages 503-508.

E. A. I.

*How often should the weekly Missionary Volunteer Society offering go to foreign missions?*

P. S.

An offering for foreign missions should be taken at each first, second, and third meeting of the month (the fourth meeting—and fifth when there is one—is left open for offerings for local society work). Before taking the offering, always state whether it is to be used for home or foreign missions. One gives more intelligently and often more liberally if he knows for what object he is giving.

M. E. K.

*What books would you recommend for supplementary reading at the daily devotional hour?*

K. C.

To those who have never read Sister White's works covering the Old and New Testament periods, I would recommend "Patriarchs and Prophets;" "The Story of Prophets and Kings;" "The Desire of Ages;" "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing;" "Steps to



Christ;" "Christ's Object Lessons;" "The Acts of the Apostles;" and "The Great Controversy." To those who have read these books and desire outside devotional books, I would recommend J. R. Miller's works; Moody's Red Library Series; Myers's Sketches of Bible Characters; Gordon's Quiet Talks; and Torrey's and Alexander's Personal Service Booklets. These are but a few of the many good books that would make splendid supplementary reading in connection with Bible study.

C. S. LONGACRE.

## Just for the Juniors

### When Mary Visited the Junior Meeting

IT was a snowy Wednesday morning. Mary rubbed her eyes sleepily as the clock struck eight, then turned over for just one more little nap. My, how cozy the bed felt this cold winter morning, and how she dreaded to get up!

"Mary Louise," called her grandmother from the foot of the stairs, "isn't this the morning you were to visit the Junior society at the church school? Better hurry up, or you'll be late."

Mary jumped out of bed in a hurry. She had promised Dorothy Wentworth that she would surely be at the school by ten minutes of nine. There was no time to lose; she mustn't miss that Junior meeting for anything, for she had told the girls back home in Medford that while away on this visit to grandmother's, she would find out all she could about Junior societies and tell them when she returned home. "Maybe we can improve our own society by hearing what other folks are doing," Myrtle Eastman had remarked.

The clock was just striking the hour as Mary, arm in arm with Dorothy, entered the schoolroom. The teacher directed her to a seat, and then called the roll. "I don't need to tell you that this is the morning for our Junior meeting," she said, pleasantly, as she laid aside her daily school register. "We will proceed as usual, Ernest." Then she went to the back of the room and took a seat, just as if she were one of the girls.

Ernest Graham, the leader of the society, was a boy of about thirteen. He went forward, and opening his Bible to Psalm 34:7, read, in a clear voice, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Then he told how one of our missionaries, W. H. Anderson, had once proved how true this verse is. While in Africa, he and his wife were sleeping on the ground one night, during a long journey which they were making through the country, when he was awakened suddenly by some of the natives who were accompanying them. He arose to find out what the trouble was, and upon investigation discovered that a lion, who with his companion had followed their wagon at some distance during the day, had come to within a few feet of where the missionaries were sleeping. In the sand were the prints, of his two feet planted close together as if he had been ready for a spring. But "the angel of the Lord," which "encampeth round about them that fear him," had protected God's servants, and the footprints showed where the wild beast had turned and slipped away.

"Now shall we sing that song, 'The angel of the Lord encampeth,' No. 529?" said the leader, when he had finished the story. And you can imagine how earnestly every one sang!

One of the older boys, Mearle Rathbun, had been previously asked to lead in prayer; so he was prepared to respond readily when called upon. It was so still you could have heard a pin drop, as all bowed reverently while he asked God to bless the meeting. He spoke so that all could hear just what he said.

The secretary gave the nicest report of their last Junior meeting. Everybody listened very carefully, because it was so interesting. Then followed reports of work done by the different bands. Some members of the Christian Help Band had been carrying water for a family who had the measles; others had been chopping wood for a poor widow. Two of the girls had done housework for a lady who was unable to work, on account of chronic illness. The one in charge of the Literature Band told how the members had written twenty-five letters and sent out fifty-three papers, besides giving away seventy-five tracts and selling fifteen copies of the *Watchman*.

The leader said there would be time for other band work to be reported at their next meeting, and called next for the Bible reading, which was given by a boy of twelve. You should have seen how quickly every one found the texts. Nobody knew when his turn would come to read, so every one was alert and ready to be called upon at any moment. Mary thought it was just fine to see how familiar every one seemed to be with the Bible.

A recitation was given by one of the youngest girls. She had been well drilled, for she didn't make a single mistake — though she did act just the tiniest bit scared.

A three-minute talk on current missions, called "From the Regions Beyond," was good, too. Then came the *critic's report*. Mary had never heard of such a thing, and she waited with ears wide open to hear what was coming.

"Mr. President and fellow students," said the little critic, stepping to the front of the room, "I was pleased to note that the society sang with the spirit. Those who took part were well prepared, and showed that they had given thought and prayer to their subjects. I should like to suggest that it would be well always to locate on the map any places mentioned in any talks given. I observed the following errors in speech: 'Don't' was used where 'doesn't' was the correct word; 'seen' was used for the verb 'saw'; and 'library' was incorrectly pronounced 'libary.'"

"Isn't that a good idea," thought Mary, as she listened. "I do believe the children in our society would do better if they had a critic's report each week."

The offering was taken up by two little boys who were too small to take very much part on the program; and would you believe it? every child there had at least a nickel to put into the basket, and some had more. Mary learned later that nearly every one earned his own offering.

The secretary gave each member three tracts and two papers to give out during the week. Then she called the name of each one, asking for his individual missionary report, which she recorded in her "Memoranda of Attendance and Work."

"I heard that there was a very poor family living down near the railroad, who were badly in need of clothes," said the leader, "and I should like to ask the Christian Help Band to look into the matter this week and see what we can do to help. I also wish to call a meeting of the executive committee after school today, to talk over further plans for the society work."



My, but Mary was learning! Wasn't that a fine idea to have a committee meeting, and really plan things! "I must tell the girls about that," was her mental comment.

A bright, cheery song was sung at the close of the Junior meeting; then all stood with bowed heads while they repeated the Junior Missionary Volunteer Pledge: "Loving the Lord Jesus, I promise to take an active part in the work of the Junior Missionary Volunteer Society, doing what I can to help others and to finish the work of the gospel in all the world."

The meeting had lasted nearly forty-five minutes, but it was so interesting that it didn't seem more than half that time.

"O grandmother," said Mary, when she came in at dinner time, "it was the best meeting! I'm going to sit down and write it all out,—what they did, you know, and especially *how* they did it. I don't want to forget one single point. I believe we shall have a better Junior meeting back home after this, for I mean to tell the girls everything."

E. I.

## The Sabbath School

### XI—Lot Brought Out of Sodom

(March 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 19:1-29.

MEMORY VERSE: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. 6:21.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 156-170; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, p. 79.

"The warning was spoken; the righteous had gone,  
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone;  
All gay was the banquet; the revel was long,  
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of song.

"Hark! the growl of the thunder—the quaking of earth!  
Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to the mirth!  
The black sky was opened,—there's flame in the air,—  
The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

"Down—down on the fallen the red ruin rained,  
And the reveler sank with his wine cup undrained;  
The foot of the dancer, the music's loud thrill,  
And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly still."

#### Questions

1. What do scholars tell us concerning the location of Sodom and Gomorrah? Note 1.
2. Who came to Sodom one evening? How did Lot greet these strangers who he thought were men? Gen. 19:1.
3. What invitation did Lot give to them? How did they reply? Verse 2.
4. What did Lot continue to urge? What did the strangers finally do? Verse 3. Note 2.
5. How did the men of Sodom show disrespect for Lot's guests? Verses 4, 5.
6. When Lot went out to reason with them, how did they treat him? How was Lot protected? Verses 9-11.
7. What message did the angels then give to Lot? Verses 12, 13.
8. What did Lot then endeavor to do? How did he seem to his sons-in-law? Verse 14. Note 3.
9. In the early morning what commands did the angels give? Verse 15.
10. What became necessary for the angels to do? Verse 16.
11. When they were out of the city, what command was given? Verse 17.
12. For what privilege did Lot then plead? Verses 18-20.
13. What did the angel say concerning this? What did he still urge Lot to do? Verses 21, 22.
14. As soon as Lot entered Zoar, what did the Lord do? What became of Lot's wife? Verses 23-26. Note 4.
15. What did Abraham see in the morning as he looked toward the cities? For whose sake did the Lord spare Lot? Verses 27-29.
16. When will the experience of this lesson be repeated? What are we told to remember? Luke 17:28-30, 32.

#### Can You Imagine

Why Lot "lingered" when the angels were trying to hasten his escape?

Why Lot's sons-in-law "mocked" at his solemn message?  
Why Lot's wife looked back?

Why Abraham should come out early in the morning to look down the valley?

#### Notes

1. We are not told in the Scriptures the exact location of Sodom and Gomorrah. Josephus and other writers believe that these cities were at the southern end of the Dead Sea, and that these waters now cover the site of the cities destroyed by fire. That whole region abounds in a peculiar manner with bitumen, sulphur, and salt.

2. The people of Sodom were so wicked that strangers were not safe upon the streets of the city. "Seeing the abuse to which strangers were exposed in Sodom, Lot made it one of his duties to guard them at their entrance, by offering them entertainment at his own house. . . . He had hoped to conceal his intention from the idlers at the gate by bringing the strangers to his home by a circuitous route; but their hesitation and delay, and his persistent urging, caused them to be observed, and before they had retired for the night, a lawless crowd gathered about the house."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 158, 159.

3. "Lot went out to warn his children. He repeated the words of the angels, 'Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city.' But he seemed to them as one that mocked. They laughed at what they called his superstitious fears. His daughters were influenced by their husbands. They were well enough off where they were. They could see no evidence of danger. Everything was just as it had been. They had great possessions, and they could not believe it possible that beautiful Sodom would be destroyed. Lot returned sorrowfully to his home, and told the story of his failure. Then the angels bade him arise, and take his wife and the two daughters who were yet in his house, and leave the city."—*Id.*, p. 160.

4. The effect of our daily life in influencing others counts for more than any words we can speak. In "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 161, we read: "If Lot himself had manifested no hesitancy to obey the angels' warning, but had earnestly fled toward the mountains, without one word of pleading or remonstrance, his wife also would have made her escape. The influence of his example would have saved her from the sin that sealed her doom. But his hesitancy and delay caused her to lightly regard the divine warning."

#### What to Do While Waiting

AS the months and years go by while we are waiting for the coming of Jesus, each day should mark improvement in our condition spiritually and physically. And if perchance the time passes all too rapidly to suit the convenience of him who has multitudinous duties to perform while waiting, he too should be on the alert to perfect a character free from all blemish. His prayers and efforts should be in the direction of the manifestation of more patience with his fellows and less of petulance and severity with servants and other inferiors.

To have overcome the spirit of criticism and fault-finding is a mark of improvement of character, and one which adds greatly to the happiness of associates.

To exercise more mercy and sympathy for others, and less of commiseration for self, will be pleasing to the angels and give the Holy Spirit opportunity effectually to influence the life.

Greater economy in the use of means for self, which might be used for the advancement of the kingdom of the Redeemer, will not narrow but tend to broaden the sphere of usefulness, aside from the direct benefit the means will be to the missionary work.

Numerous small duties and privileges are constantly coming to us, and it is a wise person who attends to them all. They are what make up the sum of human life. He who does only the great things which claim his attention signally fails of doing all that he might do.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Be noble! and the nobleness which lies  
In other men, sleeping but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;  
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes;  
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,  
And thou wilt never more be sad and lone.

—Lowell.



# The Youth's Instructor

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EACH heart has its burden of sorrow,  
Each soul has its shadow of doubt,  
'Tis sunshine we're yearning to borrow—  
True sunshine within and without.

—The Calendar of Sunshine.

## Punctuality and Regularity

THE smallest division of time has to its credit the making or unmaking of worlds, men, fortunes, and nations. The Giver of time has sought to impress upon us the relation we should sustain to time by the unerring timepieces that he has placed in his created things. The stars run their appointed course and return to their starting-point on the second, after a course of six thousand years. The sun and moon keep to their heaven-appointed schedule. The birds go south or return north year after year at about the same time, or perhaps on the same day of the month. The trees bud and blossom at their appointed time. Seedtime and harvest have been set by the Maker of the world, so we sow in the spring and reap in the fall. Even the blossom of the meadow closes its eyes as the shadow on the dial nears the four-o'clock mark, or the time of sunset. The snows come, the ice melts, the grass grows, the storms roar, the lightnings flash, and thunders roll at their appointed season. Serious tardiness or irregularity in these natural clocks would cause general disturbance and disaster.

## God's Way

Punctuality and regularity characterize God's ways in spiritual as well as in physical matters. If he wants a eunuch instructed in the way of life, he gets word to a Philip in time for the two to meet at the crossroads. A moment's delay and the mission is thwarted. If he wants a widow's property restored to her by a selfish king, he times a conversation between the king and an acquaintance that awakens sympathetic interest in the widow, just as she mounts the palace steps to plead her cause before the king. If he sends his Son into the world to live and die for perishing men, he does it when the fulness of the time has come. When the judgment is set and the books are opened, his angel messenger sounds forth the word, "the hour of his judgment is come." Probably there is no one here but has had personal experiences that show how God orders circumstances so that two events that must occur to produce a certain condition are timed exactly. This is the basis of our confidence in him who ruleth the worlds. If he sets his hand to a work he never fails to accomplish his purpose because of tardiness on his part to meet engagements.

For six thousand years by example and precept the Lord has endeavored to implant within fallen humanity a sense of time. *Now* is the time, he reiterates again and again. "*Today* is the day of salvation."

Time is made up of minutes. There are 525,600 minutes in a year. Each minute brings to some men thousands of dollars, and to all, important opportunities. The Lackawanna Railroad built a twenty-two-mile cut-off that cost \$14,000,000, in order to save twenty minutes in the running of express trains between New York City and Buffalo. To every one the minute has its money value as well as its educational and spiritual value. He who by delay and tardiness robs another of his minutes, robs him of money, knowledge, pleasure, or spiritual profit.

## Time to Learn Promptness

Childhood and youth is the time to learn the value of one's own minutes, as well as the value of another's time. If teachers and parents fail to require a recognition of the value of minutes, there is small hope that the lesson will ever be learned. Parents with children possessing a reliable time-sense are to be congratulated, while parents with children habitually lacking the time-sense, children who are frequently tardy and absent from day school and Sabbath school, are subjects of profound pity; for it is a habit that is a sure precursor of general dilatoriness.

Persons without an appreciation of the importance of meeting engagements and obligations punctually cannot be trusted with responsibility. They fail at the critical moment. They are also a constant source of irritation to those who do value time.

Teachers who do not insist upon regularity and punctuality in school attendance do great injustice to the pupils, to themselves, and to others. They are also untrue to their trust as servants of those employing them. Parents who do not insist upon these two cardinal school virtues, and see that their children are prompt and regular in attendance, are losing a great opportunity in the proper training of their children, and add greatly to the teacher's burden.

Good scholarship accompanies regularity and punctuality. The irregular pupil is usually, if not always, poor in scholarship. Punctuality is imperative if good returns from the school work is received. To the teacher tardy pupils are a discouragement, a perplexity, a burden. No teacher who has to contend with habitual tardiness can give pupils as good service. Children and youth should therefore be trained to see that habitual promptness in meeting life's engagements has a monetary, social, and moral value of infinite worth as a success asset.

A Russian proverb says: "Time does not bow to you; you must bow to time." This is one of the first lessons to be impressed upon children. Parents and teachers must work hand in hand to burn this idea into the brain tissue of the child. Says Rudyard Kipling:

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—  
Yours is the earth, and everything that's in it."

But to fill each "minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run," one must be ready to improve the first second of the minute and not begin with the third or the fifteenth. One will not be prompt to answer the Lord's call to service if one has not learned to meet promptly worldly obligations.

"LIFE at its longest is but like the looking back and reviewing of a single day."