

# The *YOUTH'S* INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

April 30, 1918

No. 18



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

It stands apart — alone — supreme,  
A shaft of stone — matchless — sublime;  
It marks a nation's grand esteem  
For one, "our father for all time."  
Plain, unadorned, immaculate,  
It rises high toward heaven;  
No name is graven, neither date;  
All know the history so unwritten.

This peerless pile of solid stone  
Is not a sphinx, nor yet a tomb;  
It speaks; it lives, and beckons on  
The generations yet to come.  
Fit monument of one so great —  
His country's pride and boast;  
His spirit banishes all hate  
And binds the States from coast to coast.

— Rev. Jabez Backus.

# From Here and There

Coal brings thirty-eight dollars a ton in Switzerland.

Gas masks for army horses are being used extensively in the war zone.

The famous John Redmond died in London March 6. He had been the Irish Nationalist leader in the House of Commons since the time of his election to Parliament in the eighties.

Hudson Maxim claims that he has invented a device for making any ship nonsinkable. The Shipping Board pronounces the device "to possess many points that seem practicable." The device is soon to be installed in a test ship, and if found ineffective can be readily removed.

To swell the fund which was being raised to buy baseball equipment for the jackies at the Great Lakes naval training station, Lieut. John Philip Sousa, the noted bandmaster, offered at auction his baton which was given to him forty-eight years ago by the band of which he was then leader. The historic stick was finally knocked down to a bidder for \$120.

President Wilson has received a petition signed by twenty-eight presidents of national organizations, representing nearly 6,000,000 women. The list is headed by the name of Mrs. Frances Cleveland Preston, at one time mistress of the White House. The petition urges the President to stop the manufacture of beer by an executive order, and thus conserve food materials.

The large Billy Sunday Tabernacle in Washington, D. C., has been taken over by the Y. M. C. A., and will hereafter be known as "The Liberty Hut." After a few anticipated alterations it will be the largest structure of its kind in the United States, and rival a similar one now in operation in London. It is to contain a large entertainment hall, dormitories, shower baths, gymnasium, and quarters for transient sailors and soldiers.

The United States is to raise a new army of 5,000,000, known as the United States Garden Army. Secretary of the Interior Lane is to be its commander in chief, and its members the 5,000,000 school children throughout the country. They are not to see service abroad, but will raise at home food for home consumption. Each member will wear a badge, and such marks of merit as may be earned. Every home with a boy or girl in the garden army may display a distinctive service flag.

The task of resetting clocks all over the country was one of magnitude when the daylight-saving law went into effect March 31. The telegraph companies, which have electrical clocks, found it a mechanical task. Large corporations having hundreds and thousands of timepieces scattered throughout their plants ascertained that the labor cost of resetting clocks meant money. There is, however, one timepiece of such a character that it cannot permit itself to join in the national deception even to the extent of "lying" one minute. It is the primeval sundial. That will ever be true to the "sun" time, and nothing can change the shadow which its finger casts across its face by the rays of the sun. For the next six months all the sundials in the country will simply be "conscientious objectors" to the new era of daylight saving.

Carpeting the bottom of the Mississippi River near Memphis, Tennessee, with gigantic mats woven of willow trees is the extraordinary feat accomplished by Government engineers. The mats were found necessary in order to keep Memphis on the river, inasmuch as for several years the stream had been cutting a new channel near the city, threatening to leave it high and dry a mile from the channel of the stream. The willow mats, some of which were a mile long and two hundred feet wide, were sunk into place by means of heavy loads of stone placed on them, and were then pinned to the bottom with piles.

Experts of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry say that it will take 160 pounds of wool a year to clothe every soldier we send to the trenches, and that it will keep twenty sheep working to supply that amount. This is supposing that each sheep gives a fleece of eight pounds. So you see that for every million men we send over the ocean we must have 20,000,000 full-grown sheep here at home, or in some other parts of the world, and this in addition to the vast amount of wool we need to clothe our own people.

Governor Whitman of New York invited Mrs. Wilson, the President's wife, to attend a military and naval benefit to be held in New York City, on March 15. Mrs. Wilson could not attend, and sent her regrets in a novel way. Her message to the governor was given as if written by a child, passing Mrs. Wilson's nonacceptance on to the governor. It was signed by the five-year-old daughter of Secretary of War Baker, Peggy Baker, and was carried to the governor by a trio of pigeons.

Madame Paderewski, the wife of the noted pianist, since the war began has made thousands of dollars for the Polish refugees through the sale of rag dolls made by a Polish artist, Miss Mickiewicz, of Paris. Madame Paderewski has given her life to this war relief work. She is now gathering funds to establish a home in Warsaw for women and young girls made homeless through the devastations of war.

A Eureka, California, gardener has succeeded in crossing the potato with the dahlia and securing what is claimed to be a new sort of potato which is of superior quality, and is blight-free. The potato and the dahlia both belong to the tuber family and are closely allied.

The last letter penned by Mary Queen of Scots, a sad, brave epistle, written to her brother-in-law, the king of France, a few hours before her execution, was purchased a short time ago by a Scotsman who will place it on exhibition at Edinburgh.

## Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
The Little White Chapel .....	3
Practical Jokes .....	4
Among the Mountains of Peru .....	5
Different .....	5
Prayer the Source of Power .....	6
Abraham—a Man Who Obeyed .....	6
Dju Mei Dju .....	7
How to Make Things—No. 4 .....	8
One Girl's Experience .....	9
How They Did It .....	13
Beside All Waters .....	14
General Conference Gleanings .....	16
SELECTIONS	
Premonitions (poetry) .....	3
Waiting for You (poetry) .....	4
The Answer (poetry) .....	9
The Jonah Pie .....	10
The Light on the Wall .....	16

# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 30, 1918

No. 18

## Premonitions

THERE'S a bud on the bush by the lilac gate,  
And a bird on the bough in the lane;  
And, upon my soul, I can hardly wait  
For the bloom in the valley again!  
There's a knock at the door of the beautiful hill,  
And a shadowy, far-off note  
Of a song on the stream from the lips of a dream,  
And the robin is clearing his throat.

The eaves are adrip, and the sod grows warm,  
And the trees are beginning to sigh;  
The spirit of bloom's in the wake of the storm,  
And there's infinite sweet in the sky;

Tomorrow, perhaps, when I wake I shall see  
A catkin in velvet and brown;  
And little Miss Daffodil, golden in glee,  
Astroll through the heart of the town!

Oh, whisper it, Wind, to my heart once more,  
"There are snowdrops open," you say,  
"And the streams are cleaning up house with a roar,  
Each moment expecting Miss May!"  
"I know it, I know it," Sir Tanager cries,  
"And the meadows are waiting for me,"  
And the earth is in infinite love with the skies,  
And the skies are in love with the sea!

— Author unknown.

## The Little White Chapel

HAZEL WORDEN ROTH

YES, boys, I've been here before, but this little island doesn't look much as it did four years ago," said Louis de Rougemont, a lieutenant in the French army, to his two companions early one morning as they were spending a much-needed furlough in Haiti.

"When I was here before, the voodoo dancers used to make almost as much noise at night as cannon booming in the trenches. Now it's so quiet you never could imagine they had been like that. And the people! Here in the interior many of them wore only nature's garb at that time, but now they are all dressed, and seem to be prospering. The Americans have certainly wrought wonders for this little island."

As he finished speaking, he drew up his broad shoulders, and breathed in, with the pure air, the beauty of the mountains that towered above him. His whole soul seemed to partake of the joyousness of the little stream that was sparkling at his feet. After a moment he continued:

"Yesterday the officer in charge told me that now they have a people here who go to church all day, and on Saturday at that. They have a church up on top of that mountain," he said, pointing to a mountain with a little white building on the top, just barely distinguishable from where they were standing.

"It's Saturday, too. What do you say to spending the day visiting them, and finding out a little about them? They have surely aroused my curiosity. This same officer told me they were the best citizens in Haiti."

As he finished speaking, the young men mounted their horses, and rode away up the mountain. Just as they reached the top, they heard a little bell ringing from the only building that could be seen. The walls of the chapel were made of thin strips of wood interlaced, and the roof was of dried grass. It was neatly whitewashed, inside and out, and looked pure and clean in the sunlight. No sooner had the bell finished ringing, than from here and there, seemingly almost from the ground, people began to come, all going toward the little white chapel.

It was evident that the people were poor, but their clothes were all clean, neatly starched and ironed. There were men, women, and children. The old women had freshly ironed kerchiefs tied around their heads, and over them large straw hats, which were promptly removed as they entered the chapel. As each person took his seat, he silently bowed his head, and absolute silence reigned.

Soon the services began. All the people sang with a great deal of spirit, but only a few had books, and it was soon evident that the majority had memorized the songs. After an earnest prayer, one of the members arose, and without Bible or any notes began to ask the people questions about the "sanctuary in the desert." The audience was prompt in responding. One man had just said, "The Lord hovered over the sanctuary in a cloud," when a small white cloud which had been softly floating across the sky settled over this little place of worship.

"I have a feeling that we are treading on sacred ground," said Louis de Rougemont.

"Never felt more out of place in my life," said one of his friends, "but as we are here, let's see it through. Anyway, you couldn't get a prettier view of the surrounding country than from the top of this mountain."

As he finished speaking, the leader in the little church was saying, "We will now take up our collection for foreign missions."

"Well, I never saw the like," said one of the boys; "we thought Haiti needed missionaries worse than any other place, and if they aren't giving money away to help others! See, they have represented, on the chart, a missionary going to Africa with the money they are giving."

In a few minutes this meeting closed. Then the elder of the church arose, and with the aid of his Bible told in simple words the story of God's love for man. He told it so earnestly that his hearers knew he believed it, and had felt its power in his own life.

"Boys, I can't stand it any longer, and I'm going," said Lieutenant de Rougemont. So he and his friends took the trail that led down the other side of the mountain. After eating lunch, and taking some pictures, they turned their horses back, and again climbed the mountain to the little white chapel.

"I think those people must be through with church for today," said one of the boys. "It's already four o'clock, and everything is still around there. Let's look, anyway." But the place was not empty. The people were all there, and praying that God would make them more active in missionary work.

"I do believe they are missionaries themselves," said one of the boys.

The leader announced that the secretary would collect the reports of missionary work. Most of the members had reported something. One had given away some meals, another had lent a book, and one

dear old woman had saved a postage stamp that would be sent to the United States to be sold, and the money would be used for literature for their missionary work. Another had been holding Bible readings, and had his reader at church with him.

"We shall now have the recitation of the Morning Watch verses," the leader announced. One by one the people arose, and repeated seven verses about Christ's second coming. They had learned them during the week. The leader had a typewritten copy. The rest had their verses written on little scraps of paper taken from here and there, but oh, how carefully they were guarded!

One of the members then read some notes of what was being done by missionaries in other parts of the world. He would read a paragraph in French and then translate it into Creole. By the appreciative nods of the heads, and the reverent "Amen's," it was evident that many understood the Creole much better than the French.

After this the people arose, one by one, and told their own experiences. These narratives were simple but sincere. Some repeated only a verse; others told how they knew that Jesus was soon coming and said they were doing all they could to be ready.

As the people sang the last hymn, and slowly filed away to their homes, the sun was casting his last purple and gold rays over the scene. The young men stood as if riveted to the spot. Louis de Rougemont had once believed in a soon-coming Saviour, but that was many years ago. He looked at the little white chapel, and then at the gold medal on his breast, which he had received as an award for bravery. Turning to his companions, he said, "I should rather have the simple faith of one of these people, and the courage to obey my convictions, than to have won a thousand medals like this."

Our little chapel, with its hovering cloud and faithful members, is still at Beaujoint. The scene which the soldier boys saw is a real one. Is it too much to give our lives, our money, our consecrated hearts, to lead souls like these to Jesus?

#### Waiting for You

The world is waiting for somebody,  
Waiting and watching today,  
Some one to lift up and strengthen,  
Some one to shield and stay.  
Do you thoughtlessly question, "Who?"  
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,  
Somebody brave and strong,  
With a helping hand and a generous heart,  
With a gift of deed or song.  
Do you doubtfully question, "Who?"  
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,  
This sad world, bleak and cold,  
Where wan-faced children are watching  
For hope in the eyes of the old.  
To your wondering question, "Who?"  
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,  
And has been years on years,  
Some one to soften its sorrow,  
Some one to heed its tears.  
Then, doubting, question no longer, "Who?"  
For, oh, my friend, 'tis you!

—Sabbath Recorder.

So sweet the blush of bashfulness  
Even pity scarce can wish it less.

—Byron.

#### Practical Jokes

A WASHINGTON paper recently contained the following news note from Camp Meade, Maryland:

"With both his feet amputated, Private Tony Valisko, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, a member of the 316th Infantry, lies in the base hospital critically ill, the victim of an unthinking jest on the part of his comrades, which temporarily crazed and sent him wandering off the reservation last January when the mercury was hovering around zero. When captured, his feet were badly frozen, with the result that surgeons were forced to amputate them to save his life."

Such jests are criminal, and should be treated as such. The least that can be said of them is that they are coarse and utterly tabooed by all well-bred persons. It is only the ignorant, unthinking, or ill bred who indulge in practical jokes that may result in physical or moral injury.

#### Rice Throwing and Other Rude Jokes at Weddings

Akin to the jest practiced on Private Valisko are the coarse jokes sometimes played on bride and groom at weddings. Last year, on the same evening, there were two weddings which took place in the national capital. One was celebrated in a popular church in the city of Washington; the other in a suburb of the city, in a private home. The former was of a young couple who were evidently members of that church and workers in the Sunday school. The latter was of members of our own church. The former ceremony was simple and impressive, and after the couple was introduced to the guests, congratulations and good wishes were extended. Even strangers looking upon the scene were deeply impressed with the unusual good sense, love, and kindly feeling manifested for the young couple as they were starting out in life together. Not a thing marred the simple, unaffected beauty of the event. No coarseness nor lack of good sense was shown by any one. But how was it at the other place? Invited guests were so rude that they did much to mar the good feeling of both bride and groom, and occasioned annoyance to others. If the coarse efforts at fun making had been made by uninvited guests, they would have excited the resentment of sensible, refined people; but since they were perpetrated by invited guests, they were to be doubly regretted and censured.

Marriage is a sacred institution, and it is not expected that church authorities will allow members to bring reproach upon the church by unbecoming actions. Those who engage in unconventional acts at weddings do themselves great injury, even if they cause no personal harm to bride or groom. They lose the respect of many persons, and bring the church of God into disrepute.

We wish our young people would positively refuse to have any part in making a jest of the beautiful and sacred institution of marriage. The mayor of one of our Pennsylvania cities told the young people he would have none of it so long as he was mayor. Should not our parents and church officials have as high a sense of propriety and of regard for the marriage institution as a worldly mayor?

#### Maintain High Standards of Conduct

Young people will follow wise leaders and directors. They can readily be convinced of the impropriety of a certain course of action, but older people in these times seem to be lowering their ideals and standards to meet those of the less experienced, instead of edu-

cating the young people to meet the higher standards. Let our young people do even more than their part in maintaining high standards among the people of God. Of all people in the world we should be the most exemplary in celebrating the marriage institution. We profess high ideals and demand much in some lines, but by carelessness and coarseness in one thing we may bring reproach upon ourselves and our work in the eyes of all right-thinking people. Shall we not all demand of ourselves strict adherence to the highest of standards?

#### Among the Mountains of Peru

ONE day in early spring, accompanied by a friend, I started for a little village up in the Andes Mountains of Peru. The first day we crossed a twenty-mile desert, then followed a rushing mountain stream, gradually climbing higher and higher, till a little after sundown on the second day of our journey we reached the summit of the mountain range we were to cross. As we struggled up the last steep incline, weary and worn, a sight of wondrous beauty met our eyes.

The great snow-capped peaks of the main range of the Andes appeared in the foreground, and in the light of the setting sun they looked like great lumps of silver. The reflection was beautiful indeed, for a huge black cloud formed a background for the giant peaks. The highest peak in this range is El Huscaran. It is twenty-five miles in diameter at the base, and has an altitude of 25,000 feet. No pen can describe the beauty of such a sunset, no artist can paint its grandeur, and although the wind was cold and we had nine miles of rough mountain road to cover before we reached our stopping place, this scene of beauty filled us with new courage.

I have often wished that we might all form characters as beautiful as this picture of the sunset in the Andes. While these mountains are nothing but giant hills, barren of vegetation and seemingly forsaken, yet the God who rules above can use them in an exquisite picture. Just so we, living in a world of sin, may live so close to God that he can reflect the beautiful rays of his character through us, thus cheering many a traveler along life's dusty way, and brightening the path that leads to our home above. Let us live that life.

E. H. WILCOX.

#### Different

WHEN Christ began his ministry, the people were "astonished at his doctrine." It was different from anything they had ever heard. The things he taught touched the very springs of life. His teaching was practical, simple, and thoroughly sincere. It was satisfying. There was life, helpfulness, and a genuine uplift to his words. Few came in contact with this

youthful Teacher and went away without new impulses being born within their hearts, pointing toward a better life. "Never man spake like this man;" "and all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth;" "they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion," are some of the testimonies of people who came in contact with Jesus.

And why was this? It was because the life of the Teacher bore witness to his words. It found its source in hidden springs on high. Heavenly grace was being dispensed to souls perishing for the words of life from God.

Privately, to his disciples Jesus said: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." They were to be different from those in that day who professed to be children of God, but who in fact possessed not the character of God. Jesus taught that which he possessed. When

on the mountain side he said, "Love your enemies," he loved the men who hated him. When he said, "Bless them that curse you," he was doing this very thing. When he told his hearers to "pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," he was praying for the wicked professors of religion who were planning to take his life.

What Jesus did we can do. He said it was the Father dwelling with him that enabled him to do the works of God. The same power is within our reach. It is the Christ dwelling with us that enables us to be and do that which is different from the world. Genuine godliness was conspicuously different from the world in Christ's day, and genuine Christianity is as markedly different today.

David was unlike all other kings that ruled over Israel, for he "did that which was right in the sight of the Lord his God." "Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him." He was different from his companions. He was trustworthy. The business of the king prospered in his care. He was painstaking and thorough. No one needed to watch him. The accounts intrusted to his supervision balanced with cash on hand, or he found out the reason. And wherein lay the secret of his success?—He had a place of prayer, and three times a day he was found in communion with God, even when he knew a den of lions awaited him. Genuineness and sincerity shone forth in his life. Joseph likewise stood the test. He showed that he was different. Egypt bowed to his integrity.

The Christian is surrounded with temptations; but these only offer opportunity to show that while we are in the world we are not of the world. Let us be different. Let us be Christlike. It was the keeping of his Father's commandments that made Christ's character stand out as distinctly different. The keeping of the same commandments will make us different



The snow-capped peaks of the Andes photographed from a moving train

today. The company that shall inhabit the golden city above must be different. Their lives must ring true, or they will not be permitted there.

Jesus revealed to his disciples the secret of his life just before he left them. "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." John 14:10-14. Realization of this experience makes the genuine Christian. And the genuine Christian is different from the mere professor or worldling.

T. E. BOWEN.

### Prayer the Source of Power

I SAW another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him. . . . And there followed another angel, saying, Babylon is fallen, is fallen. . . . And the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God." Rev. 14:6-10. These few terse words clearly picture the closing scenes of this triumphant message. It closes with power! Those who are carrying this message of warning, must have this power continually flowing from their lives to the lives of others.

Power follows earnest prayer. God can never accept prayers similar to the one which the Pharisee offered. He prayed "with himself." We are to offer humble, sincere prayers to the Lord. Solomon, at the beginning of his prosperous reign, prayed for guidance. The responsibility of his work caused him to come as a little child to the Father, and ask for strength to go in and out before the people. So let us cast our pride and selfishness aside, and come humbly to the Lord for strength.

How few really know how to pray! A lack of growth is the inevitable result. The work can never be finished by weak efforts. It demands men and women of character and power. These essentials are not attained in a moment, nor are they put on and off as apparel. If we expect to have a part in this closing work, triumph when it triumphs, and pass over into the reward of the faithful, we must be preparing now. We shall not experience some wonderful transformation of character when Jesus comes. We shall remain just as that day finds us!

Let us grow up into Christ by daily, earnest, humble prayer. Spasmodic efforts can never accomplish anything; neither can we sit still and wait for the Holy Spirit to wrest us from our selfish course. Showers of blessing are falling all about us. What an eternal loss will come to every soul who does not firmly lay hold on this enduring experience! The day will soon come when our feeble prayers will be shouts of praise; our wavering faith will meet its earnest expectation in glorious sight. But now is the hour for preparation. Our sins will either go beforehand to judgment, or they will follow after.

The time of theoretical Christianity has long since passed. If we would live a life of power, then we must live a life of prayer. And the prayer life will find its outlet in practical Christianity. Let us continually pray to God for guidance through these evil hours, and for an eternal home in the earth made new.

J. WILDER SALISBURY.

### Abraham — a Man Who Obeyed

THE call, or divine summons, came to Abraham while he was living quietly in Ur, protesting against the idolatry of his times and suffering bitter persecution for conscience' sake. At this time, as we are told in Acts 7:2, 3, the God of glory appeared unto Abraham, and said, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall show thee."

This call was accompanied by a promise. God's commands and calls are not always accompanied by reasons, but always by promises, expressed or understood. To give reasons might arouse a discussion as to whether it were best, from the human viewpoint, but for God to give a promise, shows that the reason, though hidden, is all-sufficient.

The promise to Abraham was: "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing." Did Abraham obey this call? The eleventh chapter of Hebrews and the eighth verse says that "by faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed." But before he received the promised reward, Abraham had to be tested, so that God would be sure of his faithfulness. He passed through a greater test than perhaps any other man has had to stand or will have to stand, for the Lord said, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering." The twenty-second chapter of Genesis gives the story of the patriarch's obedience. One writer says of this severe trial of Abraham's faith: "There is only one scene in history by which this one is surpassed; and that is where the Great Father gave his Isaac to a death from which there was no deliverance." The Spirit of prophecy says the trial was far more severe than that which had been brought upon Adam.

Abraham's reward for all this obedience, or at least a part of it, was the fact that in his line the Redeemer of the world came; and had the Redeemer of the world not come, Abraham could never have fully realized the promised reward. The patriarch's life was one long story of absolute obedience to the calls of God. He was blessed and became a blessing because he obeyed God, and we, too, can be blessed and be a blessing to others if we will obey the calls of God. Calls await every one of us, if we will live so that God can speak to us.

MELVIN D. HOWARD.

### Two Troublesome Travelers

WORRY and Fret were two little men  
That knocked at my door again and again.  
"O, pray let us in, but to tarry a night,  
And we will be off with the dawning of light."  
At last, moved to pity, I opened the door  
To shelter these travelers, hungry and poor;  
But when on the morrow I bade them "Adieu,"  
They said, quite unmoved, "We'll tarry with you."  
And, deaf to entreaty and callous to threat,  
These troublesome guests abide with me yet.

—Selected.

## In Other Lands

### Where Christians May Not Go

ALTHOUGH one of the most inaccessible cities on earth, Mecca each year has visitors in such numbers that it must be ranked in this particular with London and New York. Even the world's metropolis can boast no such cosmopolitan character as is imparted to this mysterious city in the wilderness of Arabia by the myriads of pilgrims who, at the cost of incredible pains, annually crowd into its confines.

This city is the oldest place of resort in existence, yet of all the millions who have visited it not a score of Christians are known to have come out alive. No flag of citizenship would save a man's life were he known to be a Christian within the sacred precincts of the city, where the prophet himself decreed that no unbeliever should set foot.

Of the 225,000,000 Moslems in the world, only 15,500,000 live under the Turkish flag; yet most of them acknowledge the sultan of Turkey as their caliph, the successor of the prophet. As Mohammed shrewdly foresaw, the Mecca pilgrimage binds together his disciples into a unity which could be effected in no other way.

"Mecca," says Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, of Arabia, "has become the religious capital and the center of universal pilgrimage for one seventh of the human race."—*W. Walters, in Detroit News Tribune.*

### Dju Mei Dju

DOWN in south-central China, in the province of Hunan, in the city of Li-ling, lived a farmer who had two sons. His children were to him a cause for great thankfulness. When he died there would be these two sons to worship his departed spirit and offer incense and sacrifice to his name. That would insure him a happy hereafter. The older brother was a devout heathen, but recently a peculiar change had come over the younger boy. He no longer cheated the old man who sold vegetables to him, and they could not persuade him to falsify to his customers regarding the wood he used in making their furniture. At last the news leaked out that he had heard of the religion of the foreigner, and was worshipping the "heavenly God."

The father was troubled when his younger son no longer united with the family in their worship of the Chinese gods, nor took part in sacrificing to the idol enshrined at the family altar. But what could he do? Dju Mei Dju was always respectful, obedient, and helpful.

Through a friend the young man learned that a foreign pastor was preaching at the chapel on South Water

Road, and at his invitation went to hear the sermon. When they entered, the people were singing a Christian song, and Dju Mei Dju joined in this part of the worship. The preacher was Lin Mu Si (Pastor C. P. Lillie), and he preached about tithing. Another night he listened to a discourse on the law of God, and later heard about the true Sabbath. The gods of the Chinese had no such day; and then tithing, this "ten-parts-give-one," was a new phase of Christianity to Dju Mei Dju. He resolved to study over these wonderful truths, and did so for two years. At last he decided it was right to keep the Sabbath day holy and to pay tithing.

This was too much for the old father and his brother. Money lies very close to the Chinese heart, and the matter of refraining from work one day in seven they could not understand. Coaxing and threatening did no good, so they proceeded to chastise Dju Mei Dju. After submitting a few times to such punishment, he ran away and came to Changsha, where he is now working at his carpentry. He is honest, and his work is perfect. His face shines with happiness and peace. He is proving faithful in every way. Not long ago I heard a heathen call him "*Ni shih-fen-dz-ih-dy,*" "You ten-parts-give-one-er," but he stands firm as a rock, and cannot be moved.

O. B. KUHN.



DJU MEI DJU

### Mistakes in Postage

MISTAKES are frequently made in the amount of postage affixed to mail matter, not so often too much as too little. There are some countries usually considered as being foreign to the United States, but the same rates of postage prevail. Porto Rico is a part of the United States, and therefore uses domestic postage. The newly acquired Virgin Islands and Santo Domingo have the same privilege.

A very common mistake that is made, and that in the eye of postal authorities is a serious one, is that of sending two classes of literature together at the rate which should be paid for that which costs the least. For instance, literature that is published quarterly or oftener goes at one cent for four ounces, and is properly called periodical. Tracts and other printed matter not published at stated intervals require one cent for each two ounces. Hence it is readily understood that to combine the two must cause a loss either to the sender or to the Post Office Department.

Should any writing be found in a package of literature, the whole might be legally subjected to letter postage.

Quite a serious loss in postage is occasioned by not wrapping literature sufficiently, thus causing it to be so worn and soiled as to be unfit for missionary uses.

Mrs. D. A. FITCH.

## For the Finding-Out Club

### Name the Republic

**N**AME the republic which is known as "the cradle of American civilization." The island on which it is located was discovered by Columbus on his first voyage, who took possession of it in the name of the king of Spain, calling it Hispaniola. The inhabitants, a peaceable race of Indians, were easily subdued and enslaved.

The republic has an area of about 19,000 square miles, and a population of 795,432. The climate, although tropical, is tempered by a mountainous interior and almost constant sea breezes which make it pleasant and healthful. Its capital is the oldest European city in the New World, founded in 1496. This republic has a representative form of government, with a president, a cabinet of seven secretaries, and a national congress. For administrative purposes it is divided into twelve provinces. The country has 87 post offices, 690 telephones, a telegraph mileage of 352, and 150 miles of railroad.

It is a land of varied contrasts. Half its area is wilderness, yet its forests are rich in rare woods, and its soil in many sections is wonderfully fertile. It is a land where poverty abounds, yet its rivers hold a wealth of gold. It would seem that here civilization should have had her perfect work, yet there are bandits in its mountains who live in fourteenth-century fashion, and its forests are as wild as when Columbus found them. It is a republic of "turbulence and trouble, of health and beauty and charm — a land with a pitiful past and a wonderful future."

### Who Is He?

**O**NE night, about the year 37 A. D., several men carrying a large basket and some cord, crept softly across deserted housetops and through dark streets to the wall of Damascus. One of their number had been preaching to the people of the city that Jesus of Nazareth was the promised Christ, and this night the angry Jews had sworn to kill him, hence this cautious journey. The gates of the city were closely guarded to prevent his escape, so the disciples climbed to the top of the wall, and after an earnest season of prayer the preacher was let down "by the wall in a basket," and hurried away southward to Jerusalem.

Three years previous to this time he had left Jerusalem under circumstances differing widely from those attending his return. Then he was a member of the Sanhedrin council, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," a zealous Pharisee hating the name of Jesus, and persecuting his followers even unto death. Now he himself was a servant of the lowly Nazarene, persecuted and oppressed and driven from city to city, but glorying only in the cross of his crucified Christ and Lord. He went back to tell the story of his marvelous conversion which had taken place near the city from which he had just fled.

Courageous in the face of personal danger, through the length and breadth of the land he journeyed, telling everywhere of the loving-kindness of the Lord. His ministry was one of power, and in answer to his defense before Agrippa that haughty Roman said: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." In prison oft for Jesus' sake, facing death itself, he did not despair, and when taken a prisoner to Rome he rejoiced

in his bonds, and in the wider opportunity for missionary labor which this journey afforded him.

Facing death at the court of Nero, he left this testimony: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." L. E. C.

### Answers to Questions Printed April 2

Woodrow Wilson.  
Col. Edward M. House.  
Saul.

### How to Make Things — No. 4

**I**T is possible that some day you may become a missionary, and so it is desirable that you now make a practical application of what you have learned, or it will fade from your memory as time passes. I ask you, therefore, to build a house or shop 12 x 10 with 8-foot posts, one window, and a door.

You will make mistakes, but you will learn by the mistakes you make. This is one reason why I ask you to build a house now, so that you will make your mistakes when it will not be a very serious matter, and avoid them at some future time when they would make a material difference. Besides, this building will be all "rough" work, and it will be possible, through forethought and care, to avoid a serious error.

This building being small, needs no heavy timber in its construction; 2 x 6 for the sills is heavy enough, and the studding, the plates, and the rafters can all be made out of 2 x 4 studding. The corner posts must be double, or 4 x 4, or two 2 x 4's spiked together.

The building should rest on something solid; concrete blocks are best, three on the sides and one in center of each end. After you have cut the side sills exactly twelve feet long and the end sills nine feet eight inches (as they must be placed inside the side sills, remember), and have spiked them all together, you will be ready to "square it up."

Procure a seasoned strip that will trim to twelve feet, one inch or one by two inches square, and cut it to exactly twelve feet. Then mark it off into feet with a half mark at each six inches. This is to be your measuring rod, and should be marked accurately and kept where it will not warp or be trodden upon. It is a handy rule to have.

Beginning at the handiest corner where you will have plenty of room, using your steel square, measure off on the outside of the end sill six feet from the corner, and mark it on the top of the sill. Beginning again at the same corner, measure along the outside of the side sill eight feet, and mark it in the same way. Lay your measuring rod from the outside of each mark, and if your building is square it will measure exactly ten feet. If it varies, move the back-end sill to the right or left as needed, and the other side sill to the front or rear until the corner "squares." Try it with your steel square, and if nearly true fasten pieces of weather strip across the ends of the sills about four feet from the corners to hold the timbers "true." Next take the diagonal corner in the rear and true it, and when this is finished the building ought to be nearly square.

Now put in the two inside sills. These should be placed four feet from each end. Measure off that distance on the top of each side sill and draw lines one inch each side of these marks. Inside the lines will be just two inches, and the sills are to be placed so that



their centers will be at the mark with the sides inside the lines. You can extend one of the lines down the side of the sill as a further guide if you wish, and keep the sill to that line as you spike it. Use two or three spikes in each end.

Your frame is now ready to "level up." Borrow or buy a fair-sized spirit level, and with pieces of shingle placed under the corners wherever needed, get the frame "sitting level." When this is accomplished it is ready to receive the studding.

Remember that it will pay to go slow, and to be sure you are right before you saw a board or drive a nail. And it is important that you visit and examine sheds and small wooden structures before building your own.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

#### Why France Wants Back Alsace-Lorraine

TO the east of the solid boundary line between France and Lorraine are some of the richest iron mines in Europe, those of Lorraine. Farther east are the coal fields of Saarbrücken and Saarlouis. Germany got the greater part of these fields from France in 1815, and another section in 1871. In the territory to the south, above the boundary line, are great potash salt deposits, which helped to give Germany, before the war, an almost world monopoly of many essential ingredients in chemicals and explosives. These great conquered mines are linked together and to the industrial centers of Germany by a network of railway lines. They are the source of Germany's greatest strength, and have helped to foster her dream of economic and political domination of Europe.—*Selected.*

#### One Girl's Experience

YOU must help me watch for father tonight, Cynthia."

It was a cold winter night in the State of New York many years ago. A mother and daughter were putting the little ones to bed in the old log house.

"Yes, mother," replied Cynthia, who was taking off little Tonie's shoes; "but it is very cold tonight. Don't you think we would better let the children keep on most of their clothing? Oh, how I dread going out to the stable to sleep such a night as this! But of course we'll have to. I know how father will be when he comes home,—he'll half kill some of us before morning if we don't get out of his way."

"Yes, Cynthia," said the sad-eyed mother, "I know too well how he will act. I tried my best to keep him from going away today, but you know Mr. John paid him five dollars this morning, and of course there won't be any left when he gets home. And we need so many things the money could buy. . . . No, we mustn't take off the children's clothes," she added, as a gust of wind blew the snow against the window pane. A few moments later she laid aside the stocking she was knitting, and said, "Oh, I am so weary I shall have to lie down! You keep up the fire, and watch for father, and I shall rest for a little while."

Under other conditions Cynthia Souls would have been called a pretty girl, with her golden hair, brown eyes, and clear complexion; but the cruelty and privation and fear that marked her life had given her an unhappy expression. Even when not under the influence of liquor, the father was cross and irritable, and seemed to take special delight in being unkind to Cynthia. Only a few weeks before this he had com-

manded her one morning to build the fire. She did her best, but for some reason the sticks would not burn. He watched her in anger, and Cynthia, becoming more timid and fearful, made mistakes. Suddenly he sprang from the bed, seized a stick, and struck her such a blow over the head that she instantly fell to the floor. Many years later she could show to her grandchildren a four-inch scar on her head, the result of this blow. This was only one of his many acts of cruelty toward the poor girl, who now crouched before the fire, her head in a chair, too sleepy to stay awake, and still too frightened to sleep.

Suddenly she sprang from the floor. "Mother! Mother!" she called, shaking the weary woman. "Awake! Hurry, mother! He's coming now." Quickly they gathered up the little ones in their arms, with what bedding they could carry, and leading the oldest child, they fled from the house while he who should have been their protector was trying to enter the other door, with terrible curses on his lips.

As the man entered the warm, light room the mother hurried her little ones to the stable, and tried to make them comfortable in the hay. But oh, how very cold it was! The wind blew so hard that the children wept with cold. The mother told them a story, and Cynthia sang them a song. Thus an hour passed, but soon mother and daughter, who had given nearly all the bedding to the little ones, realized that something must be done, or they would all freeze before morning. Then Cynthia said, "Mother, I believe I could crawl through the west window and get the quilts from the bed beside him without his knowledge."

"Do you think you can?"

"Well, I'm going to try it."

"Wait a moment." So saying, the mother knelt down and in a few simple words, pleaded with their heavenly Father to protect the girl from the demon made by drink, and help her to get that which would keep them from further suffering.

When they arose from their knees, Cynthia went quickly to the house and the mother continued to pray. Soon the girl returned with her arms full of heavy quilts. They slept the rest of the night undisturbed.

This is a true story. Many times this noble girl saved her brothers and sisters from suffering, and perhaps death, at the hands of one man, their own father, who was made a demon through drink.

MRS. L. A. NEWELL.

#### The Answer

I PRESSED the button at my neighbor's door;  
But when I heard no sound, I turned and stood  
Irresolute. If I had moved a bell,  
I must have heard it. Should I rap, or go?  
But in a moment more my neighbor came.  
"The bell is far, and very small," he said.  
"You may not catch it for the walls between;  
But rest assured, each time you push the knob  
We cannot choose but hear the bell inside."

And what was told me of my neighbor's bell  
Has cheered me when I knocked at some hard heart  
And caught no hint of answer. Now and then  
I poured my soul out in a hot appeal  
And had no sign from lip, or hand, or eye,  
That he I would have saved had even heard.  
And I have sighed and turned away; and then  
My neighbor's words came back: "We cannot choose  
But hear inside."

And after many days  
I have had answer to a word I spoke  
In ears that seemed as deaf as dead man's ears.  
— Roy Temple House, in *Sunday School Times.*

## The Jonah Pie

IT was Lorena, setting the table in the dining-room, who saw him first, and called out:

"Here comes Reuben Thorpe!"

Agnes was standing by the range frying pies in a kettle of boiling grease; the cooked ones were on a platter on the large shelf, and she had just begun to turn the last batch.

"O mother!" she cried. "Which is the Jonah pie?"

The girls heard their mother laugh merrily somewhere in the depths of the pantry.

"Put an extra plate on the table between your place and mine, Rena. You know quite well I myself couldn't tell which is the Jonah pie now they have risen in the grease, Agnes. Frying changes all the personal marks of a pie completely."

Agnes's answering voice was tragic.

"What if Cousin Reuben Thorpe Johnston should happen to get the Jonah this noontime. I shall try the bottom of every pie with a fork."

"No such thing!" declared her mother. "Wearing overalls for an hour would do Reuben Thorpe a sight of—"

The mother broke off her sentence abruptly as a quick step sounded on the back doorstep. The next minute Reuben Thorpe Johnston was in the kitchen. He was tall and ruddy-faced; good nature shone in every line of his handsome features, and he gave impartial greeting to his aunt and cousins.

"Hello, Aunt Martha! I see you've got the extra plate on already, Rena. I tell you, Aggie, those pies look good enough to eat."

Just then another young man came into the kitchen by the doorway which the first had entered, and he was a fellow so like in features to Reuben Thorpe that they might have been taken for brothers. But the newcomer was heavier limbed; he wore a blue shirt loose at the neck, the sleeves of which were rolled snugly above his elbows, showing a pair of work-trained arms; his blue, patched overalls were splashed with the good red earth of a forenoon's following of the plow, and his hands were hardened with years of gripping plow handle and hoe and scythe.

"I was pretty sure that was you I saw coming up the road five minutes ago, Thorpie," he welcomed with outstretched hand.

"Heard you geeing-up the horses, Reub," was the laughing answer.

Both of these handsome cousins had been named Reuben from their paternal grandfather, and the middle "Thorpe" of the city-bred cousin was habitually used by the family to distinguish the one from the other. The paternal Johnston acres had passed from father to son to grandson, and Reuben was glad to find his life work on them, living in the big farmhouse with his widowed mother and two sisters, and Jimmy, the youngest of the Johnstons.

While they were talking, Agnes made a surreptitious attempt to hunt for the Jonah pie with her long-tined frying fork, but Jimmy's bright eyes spied her.

"Mother said Reuben Thorpe was to fare like the rest of us, Aggie," he protested openly.

"I hope so," declared Reuben Thorpe as he followed Agnes and the platter of hot, brown pies into the dining-room.

"What's the doings I'm to share particularly?" he added.

Reuben, in his father's place at the head of the table, explained.

"It's a kind of drawing-lots proposition that's always run in the Johnston blood, Thorpie. We have a Jonah pie made up in the batch of fried ones when there is some particular piece of work to be done that no one is hankering for."

"Or when it is so desirable we all want to do it," added Lorena.

"I'm in the game today," cried Jimmy.

"What's a Jonah pie?" asked Reuben Thorpe.

"A Jonah pie is filled with sawdust instead of edible filling. Mother makes them, but one of the girls does the frying, which so changes the appearance of the raw pies that mother herself has lost track of the Jonah, so the game's perfectly fair for all of us."

Reuben lifted the platter of pies, and they went from one pair of hands to another around the table amid a babble of jolly talk. Each one chose a pie, and at a signal from Reuben, each one took a bite. Apple and mince and cranberry were found, but no sawdust Jonah for which forfeit must be paid.

"Escape one," laughed Lorena.

"I wouldn't mind getting it," declared Jimmy bravely.

"Make you feel like a grown-up to do the little stunt at the end, eh?" questioned Reuben Thorpe.

And Jimmy nodded.

"I'll help you on the job if you get it," he volunteered.

"Same here. Is the forfeit picked out?"

"Yes."

"Office work slack with you, Thorpie?" asked Reuben.

"Sure not. But this morning looked so fine I telephoned to Uncle Dan for a day off. The office gets to be a grind sometimes."

Reuben Thorpe dismissed the subject of his absence from their uncle's office nonchalantly. He really did consider the office work a grind to be shifted to other fellows' shoulders as much as possible, and he knew that this morning a particularly disagreeable piece of work was to be done. He felt that his relationship to the head of the firm gave him the privilege of perquisites which he was not slow in claiming. To be sure, he had always to make his peace with Uncle Daniel after one of those careless escapades, but from continued successes he had grown confident of his powers in that line. Old folks were so apt to be fogyish in their demands on a fellow.

"Your Uncle Daniel is coming out to the farm some day soon," said Mrs. Johnston.

"I didn't tell him I had a notion to come today," laughed Reuben Thorpe.

"Is everybody ready for another fried pie?" asked Jimmy.

"I am."

"And I."

Again the platter made the round of the table until another pie had been chosen for every plate.

"One! Two! Three! Bite!" said Reuben.

Jimmy, half hoping for the honor of a grown-up duty, found red cranberry inside the crust; mother's was cranberry too. Lorena bit into apple, and Reuben's was mince. Agnes, sitting opposite Reuben Thorpe and fearing the Jonah pie for her fastidious cousin, saw his face change as his white teeth bit through the crust; there was revealed to her his momentary disgust at the taste, and then a rallying of good humor as he realized the joke was on him.

"I'm the Jonah," he said.

Lorena laughed merrily.

"I'm so glad you came, Reuben Thorpe. It's such a messy job to clean the cupola," she cried.

"What about cleaning the cupola?" questioned Reuben Thorpe.

A degree of soberness had settled over the Johnstons, and it was the mother who undertook to answer him.

"That is the duty of the one who got the sawdust pie today. Once each spring one of us goes up in the barn cupola and cleans out the year's accumulation of cobwebs and flies and hornets, which has gathered there. It has to be broomed out and the windows washed."

"And it's up to me to clean the cupola?" jested Reuben Thorpe, trying to keep any distaste he might feel for the job out of his voice.

"I'm game," he said, as he accepted another edible pie, in place of the sawdust Jonah.

After the meal was eaten, Reuben Thorpe went up to his cousin's room and changed his own faultless clothes for an outfit of farmer apparel. He rolled the coarse shirt sleeves over arms that struck him suddenly as disgustingly pale for a strong man. The blue overalls were patched even more than those his cousin wore, and they hung loosely on his more slender frame.

As he dressed he asked himself an honest question: Had Agnes expected him to take up her offer of declining to play the Jonah game to its finish? Had his quick-witted cousin marked him for a quitter?

Going downstairs he found that Aunt Martha had a broom ready for him to use.

"Kill all the blue flies and drive out the wasps, and broom the place clean of webs," she directed. "Then come down for cloths and a bucket of hot soapsuds to wash the windows."

"I'm going too," said Jimmy, who was carrying a hand brush.

"Come on," laughed Reuben Thorpe as they went out into the yard.

In the barn there was a ladder by which they climbed to the level of the haymow. Then by a pair of rude stairs they mounted to a higher loft that had been loaded with hay earlier in the season. From that loft another rude stairway led to the cupola above the tiptop of the barn roof. It was a tiny room some four feet square, with windows on every side. It was messy with a year's accumulation of dust and insects: A network of cobwebs was festooned from the dark rafters overhead. A dozen blue flies buzzed with an angry sound against the dirty window glass, with a score of noisy wasps in their company. And the smell was a stuffy, warm, cowy odor.

Jimmy, who had gone up ahead, was already busy catching the flies. Reuben Thorpe set to work at another window with disastrous results. The wasps were warm and lively and resented unskilled human interference. Reuben Thorpe did not succeed in evading them as he hunted flies. There were angry stabs at two fingers and a bolder wasp ran a big stinger into the stranger's forehead.

"The wasps are an awful nuisance," said Jimmy sympathetically.

And Reuben Thorpe agreed with him right heartily as to that. He felt again that flush of a new determination that had swept over him at Agnes's words half an hour before. Discomforts were not to oust him from a game he had undertaken with good faith to play.

By the time they had opened the windows and cleared the cupola of its undesirable tenants, and swept down the cobwebs, Reuben Thorpe's appearance was grotesque. There were grimy streaks running in all directions on his handsome face; dark, broken bits of cobwebs ornamented his blond hair; and his moist arms had gathered a coating of blackness.

"Soap and water takes all this off, I suppose," he said dryly to Jimmy, whose physical appearance was like his own.

"Sure," said Jimmy, undisturbed.

Reuben Thorpe saw Lorena titter over the dish pan when he went into the kitchen for the bucket of hot water.

"Didn't you think I could clean the cupola, Rena?" he asked.

"I didn't think you'd like to," she answered truthfully.

Reuben Thorpe did not answer as he took up the heavy bucket of steaming suds and an armful of soft cloths, and went out. For the third time within an hour he was roused from his habitual easy-goingness. Agnes had gone so far as to suggest that he be let off from fulfilling his luck at the lot drawing; the hornets had given him keen physical pain; Lorena had told him quite frankly that she did not think he would do a thing he disliked to do.

Up in the cupola he and Jimmy washed and wiped and polished. The windows on one side after another took on a brilliance that did credit to the workers. Sitting on the broad sills they managed the outside without a tremor at their height from the ground.

"You 'most wouldn't know the glass was there at all!" cried Jimmy, standing back to admire the result. "See that automobile coming way down at Will's Corner."

Reuben Thorpe could see the motor car Jimmy meant, coming rapidly along the turnpike toward the Johnston farm. It had a familiar look to him, but he dismissed that with the mental explanation of coincidence. But when the gray roadster turned in at the farmyard gateway he admitted its identity.

"That's Uncle Dan," he said.

"Hurry up and finish this last window so we can go down and see him," cried Jimmy.

Reuben Thorpe twisted his mouth into a grim smile. "I'm not in the least bit of a hurry to see Uncle Dan," he said under his breath.

They washed and polished the last window as well as any they had done before. When it was finished, Jimmy slid off down the narrow stairs, fireman fashion, without a parting word.

Reuben Thorpe did not follow him. Instead he leaned against a window jamb and looked away over the hills where the green of the pines met the sap-colored patches of the leafless trees. Nearer, he could see the field where his cousin Reuben was following the plow as it turned under furrow after furrow of brown sod. And everywhere the sunshine was chasing the shadows toward the east.

Reuben Thorpe was physically tired. Unaccustomed to such bodily exertion as the last hour had held, his muscles ached; and the pain of the wasp stings was still sharp. His hands were painfully blistered too, and he was alertly conscious that his personal appearance would not stand critical inspection. He was trying to figure out by what detour he could reach the house and his own clothes, unobserved by Uncle Daniel.

"What a mess I got into playing that Jonah-pie game!" he groaned.

There were voices in the barn below, Jimmy's and a man's heavy bass—the heavy bass was undoubtedly Uncle Daniel Johnston's. They seemed to come nearer, and Reuben Thorpe caught words that made him groan again.

"The windows shine so I can see through them?" queried the bass.

"Yes, sir," answered the triumphant treble of Jimmy. "I tell you Reuben Thorpe polished them fine. He's got the muscle when he gets in practice."

Reuben Thorpe was filled with a momentary panic. Uncle Daniel and Jimmy were coming up the last ladder to the cupola. The only means of escape he could think of was to crawl from one of the open windows and hang to the ridgepole by his fingers. But there was not time to put any such preposterous scheme into operation. Turning, he faced Uncle Daniel's twinkling eyes as nonchalantly as he could.

"Hello!"

"Hello, Thorpie," laughed Uncle Daniel, a man grown so portly with sixty years of living that he had to pause and catch his breath from the unaccustomed exertion of the climb. "I like the way Jimmy and you have done your sky-parlor job."

Reuben Thorpe grinned as sheepishly as a youngster caught at mischief.

"I got the Jonah pie, and this was the job," he explained.

Uncle Daniel laughed.

"That Jonah pie is part and parcel of the old home place. Your grandmother used to put in a Jonah sometimes when we were boys, and I've had to do some queer stunts on that proposition before now," Uncle Daniel chuckled.

"It really wasn't so bad as you might think," said Reuben Thorpe, on the defensive for what he had done.

His uncle drummed on a shining windowpane.

"See here, Thorpie," he said abruptly. "I've put another man in your place at the office. Couldn't stand your shirking when you took the fancy. And now I'm trying to think I'll give you the chance at that shipping-room job Fred's promotion will leave vacant."

Reuben Thorpe's jaw dropped. His job had really been taken from him. He knew there was to be some such vacancy in the shipping-room, but he wasn't hankering after that job.

"It would be a sort of Jonah-pie drawing to you, I know, but I need some one of about the caliber of you at your best in that place just now, and there'd be a chance to develop your muscle." Uncle Daniel paused an appreciable instant. "Will you try it, lad?"

Reuben Thorpe watched the sunshine chase the cloud shadows across the Johnston fields. For almost the first time in his life he had finished a piece of work that looked distasteful to him at the outset; and there had proved to be a keen satisfaction in the doing of it well. Would this shipping-room job be another such to rouse his mettle? If loyalty to a game compelled him to rise to an emergency, what must not a task of life accomplish? A glimpse of the truth came to him, the truth that a fellow picking here and there at the things he thinks look pleasant is going to fail of the best expression of himself.

He threw back his head and smiled.

"I'll take the job, Uncle Dan," he said.

To have put up one life-fight that had made him the stronger for a harder task was to have won indeed.—*Ruby Holmes Martyn, in Young People.*

---

I WOULD cut off my own head, if it had nothing better in it than wit; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better disposition than to love only myself, and laugh at all my neighbors.—*Pope.*

---

LISTEN not to a talebearer or slanderer, for he tells thee nothing out of good will; but as he discovereth of the secrets of others, so he will of thine in turn.—*Socrates.*

---

THE conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem, but it is the benevolent man who wins our affection.—*From the French.*



AT THE GATEWAY OF LIFE

# Missionary Volunteer Department

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

### Consecration

"God, make my life a little light  
 Within the world to glow;  
 A little flame that burneth bright  
 Wherever I may go.  
 God make my life a little song  
 That comforteth the sad;  
 That helpeth others to be strong  
 And makes the singer glad."

### How They Did It

RUBY and Bethel went softly up the wide stone steps and rang the bell. "Suppose she won't do it," whispered Bethel. "Suppose she should think it was too much trouble, and—"

The door opened, and a sweet-faced, smiling woman greeted them cordially. "Well, girls, this is a treat to have a visit from you," and she led the way into the sunny, cheerful living-room, where a bright fire blazed warmly in the open grate. Drawing up comfortable chairs, she invited the girls to be seated; then seating herself she said in kind, inviting tones, "Now we can talk, can't we? Tell me what is on your minds. I can see from both your faces that you are thinking about something quite seriously."

"Well," began Ruby, coming directly to the object of their visit, "we have a favor to ask of you. It will take some of your time,—more than you'll want to spare maybe,—but we do want you to do it so much. You've always been so good to us that we decided to ask you even if you refused. It's to—" and she just barely whispered the request.

Mrs. Irwin could hardly believe her ears—but she made it a point not to show her surprise. "That would be a splendid plan," she agreed brightly, "but do you think that you can do it with only six boys and girls in the whole church?"

"Oh, yes, at least we want so much to try. We talked with Wilton and Donald about it, and both think it could be done if you'll help." Then followed a long talk in which Mrs. Irwin and the girls discussed plans and suggestions without number. It was such an interesting visit. At last the girls rose to go, with happy faces, and a parting promise from their friend that she would do her very best to help them.

That evening Bethel wrote a letter—a business letter. It was just short and to the point. It ran something like this: "Please send me one-half dozen Junior membership cards, one pad of Missionary Volunteer report blanks, one record of attendance and work (blank No. 15), and six Morning Watch Calendars. Will you also kindly send to Mrs. H. D. Irwin a yearly subscription to the *Church Officers' Gazette*? Inclosed is a money order for \$1.17 to pay for these supplies."

That same evening, about the time Bethel was busy writing her letter, Mrs. Irwin was calling at the home of the church elder, Brother Waggoner.

"And you think," said he, with a note of enthusiasm in his voice, after listening carefully to all that Mrs. Irwin told him, "that six is enough to begin with?"

"Yes, I really do," she replied, eagerly. "I was doubtful about it myself at first; but when I saw how in earnest the children were over it, and what possibilities for good there would be in such a society, I was completely convinced."

"It is an excellent idea," he agreed, "and I know that the church will think so, too. We will present the matter at prayer meeting on Tuesday evening, and you, of course, will act as junior superintendent, will you not? I can assure you that the church will desire it."

And so it all came about that Ruby and Bethel set the ball rolling which finally resulted in organizing a Junior Missionary Volunteer Society in Summerville. And what a good society it was! Even though there were only six members at first, the number grew until within a year their attendance had doubled. Of course, no more Adventist children joined, for there were no more in the church; but other boys and girls, friends of the original members, were invited in, and after attending a few times, they liked it so well they wanted to come right along.

The weekly programs were taken from the *Church Officers' Gazette*, and each one attempted to do whatever part was assigned to him, just the very best he could. Of course, some did not do so well as others, but all were willing to help whenever asked, and every one tried to make the meetings as interesting as possible. The books of the Bible were learned, the commandments and several psalms were memorized, and you should have heard the way they could repeat the Morning Watch texts. It was fine; and when the parents would visit the meetings, as they sometimes did, they always went away saying, "That Junior society is certainly a blessing to our children."

And of course, the meetings were not all there was to the society. No, indeed! The members were a regular missionary band, and the many papers they wrapped and sent away, and the numberless kind things they did for people in need were surprising. They made scrapbooks for the hospitals, and bound copies of *Our Little Friend* for children's homes, and ever so many other things. If you could have taken a peep into the secretary's record of attendance and work, you would have found that each member had some missionary work reported every week.

"And don't forget our reading circle at my house tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock," the Junior superintendent would say at the close of the Junior meeting on Sabbath. You may be sure nobody forgot; for that was one of the pleasantest hours of the whole week. Of course, it was the Junior Reading Course books which they read in the circle, and each member set for himself a goal, which was to earn at least one Reading Course certificate every year.

Each Sunday afternoon, after the children had read the chapters assigned for the day, they would all gather around the piano, and have a lovely time singing songs; then, sometimes they would be asked to stay for a game or two. "Isn't Mrs. Irwin good to us?" one of them would often be heard to say gratefully. "Why, I wouldn't do one thing to make her trouble for anything; she's so kind."

Ruby and Bethel were never sorry they found courage that wintry afternoon to call on Mrs. Irwin and ask her to assist in starting a Junior society in Summerville. It proved to be a real success. "I just wish that every church would have a Junior band," they would often remark; "for it is one of the nicest things there are for boys and girls."

ELLA IDEN.

## Beside All Waters

WHILE traveling by steamer from Cape Haitien, where we have our headquarters, to Port au Prince, I fell into conversation with a young man from Wilmington, Delaware. He told me he had heard a minister near there use the Bible to interpret and explain prophecy. This minister laid great stress on keeping the commandments, declaring that a person could receive remission of sins only through repentance and confession. "I attended these meetings and enjoyed them," the young man added. One evening the speaker exhibited the map of the world, dotted with mission stations, and told his audience that one could hardly find a port on the great ways of travel where Seventh-day Adventists did not have missionaries or believers. This, the young man said, he could hardly believe. Now he was going to Haiti on business, and he was certain no Seventh-day Adventist missionaries would be found in that dark island.

I said nothing for a moment, but it being late and cool, I suggested that I retire to my cabin. He thereupon desired my name, to be used as an introduction to a hotel keeper in Port au Prince. I handed him my card, containing my address and the following in the left-hand corner: "Superintendent of the Haitien Mission of Seventh-day Adventists." He read, and seemed perplexed. "Are you of that denomination?" he asked. I said I was, and then explained that our mission was organized in 1905, and that he could not find a port at which our steamer landed that did not have some of our believers and churches. I told him we have four hundred fifty-two believers scattered in Haiti, and that in Jamaica we have over two thousand. Likewise hundreds in Cuba, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, and the Lesser Antilles.

The young man expressed himself as feeling glad to receive this confirmation of what he had heard. As the steamer plowed through the water, we could see faintly the lights of St. Marc in the distance, I said to him, "In that city we are now building a little church." He looked, nodded, and said, "It is the truth."

ALBERT F. PRIEGER.

## Light in Dark Places

Since the United States' occupation of Haiti, several lines of missionary work have opened up to our workers. A young lieutenant with whom we became acquainted was appointed warden of the civil prison in Cape Haitien. As his mother and sister were believers in the message, he gave Mrs. Roth and me permission to visit the prison every week to distribute papers, tracts, Bibles, etc. As a result several of the prisoners are interested in the message, and a few have accepted it fully. Many of these men are serving long terms or life sentences, but they are more cheerful and contented since they have found comfort in the Bible.

Three companies of marines are stationed in the city, and we have found several opportunities to work among them. Many copies of "The World War," "Our Paradise Home," "The Return of Jesus," etc., have been sold to them. The commanding officer had a copy of "The World War" on his desk, and was much interested in its contents.

MARGARET E. PRIEGER.

## A Living Witness

Brother Don Felipe Rodriguez, of the little town of Aguadilla, is a living witness to the power of God to help a man overcome the liquor habit. He came into the tabernacle during a series of evangelical meetings

so drunk that he had to be assisted to a seat. After the services he expressed a desire to speak to the minister, so several of our brethren gathered about him to hear what he had to say. He said he had come to the meeting to get over the liquor habit, and asked that prayer might be offered for him. Our brethren gladly petitioned our heavenly Father to remove from this poor man the desire for drink. He then prayed for himself; and when he arose to his feet, he was a changed man. From that day to this he has not touched liquor.

His neighbors and friends express astonishment at the wonderful change in him, and say that there must be something to a religion that will transform a hopeless drunkard into a quiet, respectable citizen.

## Overcame the Tobacco Habit

A sister living in Moca is another example of God's power to deliver from evil habits. She had chewed tobacco since she was a child. She began the study of the Bible with one of our workers, and it seemed a hopeless task to teach her. However, little by little the truth began to dawn upon her darkened mind, and she gladly accepted each point. Soon she began to pray for victory over the use of tobacco, and the Lord gave her complete victory. Then her faith began to grow, and she reasoned that if God was able to take away the desire for tobacco, he was also able to restore her eyesight. It would do one good to hear her tell how her eyesight came back. Now she can read fine print, and spends every moment she can spare in the study of the Word.

MRS. CLARENCE MOON.

## Our Counsel Corner

WHEN one is sure that his opinion is correct, should he be expected to give it up, just for the sake of "keeping the peace"? For instance, cannot the members of a young people's society think differently, if their judgment leads them to do this?

B. K.

That all depends. If a matter of principle is involved, one should be true to his convictions, always; but if possible, avoid antagonizing others. There is a little quotation which answers your question so well that I shall give it here:

"In essentials, unity;  
In nonessentials, liberty;  
In all things, charity."

Wouldn't that make a good motto for a young people's society?

E. I.

Do only Standard of Attainment certificates earned by Missionary Volunteers count on the Goal? or are those received by workers and adults counted also?

C. P.

All certificates are counted on the Goal, no matter who earns them. However, a special effort should be made to get young people to become members of Attainment. It ought to be the ambition of every society to have every member become a member of Attainment.

M. E. K.

Should the young people report to both the Missionary Volunteer Society and the church missionary society? or is the report of the young people sent in alone?

J. C. H.

The young people should report all their missionary work to the Missionary Volunteer Society. Then, at the close of each quarter the local Missionary Volunteer

secretary sends to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary a full report of work done by the young people. At the same time a *duplicate* of this report should be handed to the church missionary secretary, who adds it to his report of work done by the older church members, and sends the sum of the two reports to the State Home Missionary secretary. This may seem like duplicating reports, but it isn't in the least; for it is understood that the report of the church missionary secretary will include the work of the Missionary Volunteers. You see it is a *church* report; and of course the young people are a part of the church. E. I.

*The Junior church school societies are out in June; then when and on what are the goals apportioned?*

S. K.

The goals are based on the average membership for the year. A Junior society that does not run during the summer should plan to complete the Goal during the school year. But every effort should be made to provide a leader for the children during the vacation months, for then is the best time of all the year to do missionary work, take the Reading Course, etc.

M. E. K.

*Why are so many of our young men and boys remiss about lifting the hat, as an act of courtesy?*

P. R.

Nobody knows! Perhaps it is due to a lack of training; perhaps, to carelessness; possibly it is just merely indifference to the gracious small courtesies which are expected of the twentieth-century knight, and which are so becoming. Whatever the cause, true it is that a reform in this direction would be most welcome and refreshing. E. I.

"O, MANY a day is dark and cold,  
And many a day is drear;  
But ever the gray light turns to gold  
At the sound of a word of cheer;  
And warm good will can banish the chill  
That settles about the heart—  
O, the sunshine days are the loyal days,  
When we take a comrade's part!"

## The Sabbath School

### VI—Joseph's Dreams; Sold into Egypt

(May 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 37.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." 1 John 3:15.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 209-214; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 109-111.

"From bitterness preserve me, Lord;  
From jealous thoughts protect my day;  
Against the stroke of envy's sword  
Help me to hold my way.  
And grant my soul sufficient grace  
To gladden at another's prize,  
And look upon his eager face  
With sympathetic eyes."

—H. Palmer.

#### Questions

1. Where did Jacob continue to dwell? What work was given to Joseph? How old was he at this time? Which of his brothers worked with him? To whom did Joseph report their evil deeds? Gen. 37:1, 2. Note 1.

2. Which of his children did Jacob love most? What did he do to show his love? How did this make his other sons feel? Verses 3, 4. Note 2.

3. What did the Lord give Joseph at this time? To whom did he tell what he had seen? Verses 5, 6.

4. What was the dream? What did his brethren say when they heard it? Verses 7, 8. Note 3.

5. What second dream did Joseph have? To whom did he tell it? What did they all understand this dream to mean?

How was it regarded by his brothers and by his father? Verses 9-11.

6. Upon what errand did Jacob afterward send Joseph? How did he succeed in finding his brothers? Verses 12-17.

7. When his brothers saw Joseph coming, what did they say? What did they plan? Verses 18-20.

8. What did Reuben suggest? Verses 21, 22. Note 4.

9. What did they do with Joseph when he came up to them? Verses 23, 24. Note 5.

10. While they were eating, whom did they see coming? What did Judah propose? Verses 25-27. Note 6.

11. When the merchantmen came near, what transaction was completed? To what country was Joseph taken? Verse 28. Note 7.

12. When Reuben returned to the pit, what did he find? How did he manifest his sorrow? What did he say to the brothers? Verses 29, 30.

13. What was done to hide their guilt from Jacob? What did Jacob say when he saw Joseph's coat? Verses 32, 33.

14. How did he mourn for his son? Who tried to comfort him? What did he say to them? Verses 34, 35.

15. To whom was Joseph sold when he came to Egypt? Verse 36.

#### Side Lights

Learn the relationship of the Ishmaelites and Midianites. Gen. 25:1, 2, 4, 12, 13.

Study the price of slaves. Ex. 21:32; Lev. 27:5.

Read the experience of a prophet who was once cast into a pit. Jer. 38:6-13.

To what is sin compared? Ps. 40:2.

#### Notes

1. Let us get acquainted with Joseph. He was the eleventh son of Jacob, the first-born son of Jacob's favorite wife, Rachel. He was born in Haran, while his father was serving Laban. He returned to Canaan with Jacob, and as a little lad, with the others had made obeisance to Esau. Perhaps he had the privilege of sitting at the feet of his blind grandfather, and listening to the story of his experience on that eventful day on Mt. Moriah. From all that we can learn, we know that as he attained to young manhood he loved to obey God. He was gentle, faithful, truthful.

"As Joseph witnessed the evil conduct of his brothers, he was greatly troubled; he ventured gently to remonstrate with them, but only aroused still further their hatred and resentment. He could not endure to see them sinning against God, and he laid the matter before his father, hoping that his authority might lead them to reform."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 209.

2. "Though not necessarily implied in the Hebrew words used, it may have been of 'many colors,' for in the tomb at Ben Hassan, Semitic visitors are seen dressed in robes of white, red, and blue, apparently made of a patchwork of separate small pieces. It is, moreover, usual still in the East to dress favorite children in this way.—*Geikie*."

3. A writer familiar with the customs of those days describes the probable circumstances thus: "It was the harvest time. They had all been at work in the fields at Mamre, cutting down the yellow wheat, the strong men taking armfuls with sharp sickles, while Joseph and the younger ones with the women, made bands of straw and bound the wheat into sheaves, which they laid on the ground. After such a day Joseph dreamed that his sheaf had stood proudly upright in the field, while his brothers' sheaves came around it, humbly bowing down to the ground."

4. "In those days the eldest son of the family was held responsible for the welfare of his brothers and sisters; hence the desire of Reuben to save Joseph if possible." It was no doubt Reuben's plan to rescue Joseph, and send him safely home to his father, as soon as his brothers had left him. He probably went into another part of the field to attend to the sheep, as he was not there when Joseph was sold.

5. An explorer of Palestine writes: "The numerous rock-hewn cisterns that are found everywhere would furnish a suitable pit in which they might have thrust him [Joseph]; and as these cisterns are shaped like a bottle, with a narrow mouth, it would be impossible for any one imprisoned within it to extricate himself without assistance."

6. "The heartless barbarity with which the brethren of Joseph sat down to eat and drink the very dainties he had brought them from his father, while they left him, as they thought, to starve, has been regarded by all later generations as the height of hard-hearted indifference. Amos, at a loss to describe the recklessness of his own generation, falls back upon this incident and cries war upon those 'that drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief ointments: but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph.'"—*Dr. Marcus Dois*.

7. While Joseph was on his way to Egypt he could see the hills where lay his father's tents. He thought of his loving father, of his cruel brothers, and of himself, friendless and alone. For a time he was filled with grief and terror. Then he thought of the God who had been with his father on his lonely journey to Haran. He then gave his heart to the Lord, and prayed that he would go with him to Egypt.

# The Youth's Instructor

Issued Tuesdays by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - Editor  
LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - - Associate Editor

### Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription	\$1.75
Six months	1.00

### Club Rates

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

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

### Lean Hard

CHILD of my love, lean hard,  
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.  
I know thy burden, for I fashioned it,  
Poised it in my own hand, and made its weight  
Precisely that which I saw best for thee;  
And when I placed it on thy shrinking form,  
I said: "I shall be near, and while she leans  
On me, this burden shall be mine, not hers;  
So shall I keep within my circling arms  
The child of my own love." Here lay it down,  
Nor fear to weary Him who made, upholds,  
And guides the universe. Yet closer come—  
Thou art not near enough. Thy care, thyself,  
Lay both on me, that I may feel my child  
Reposing on my heart. Thou lovest me?  
I doubt it not; then, loving me, lean hard!

—Selected.

### Narrow the Entrance

THE castle of Hyrcanus, not far from Heshbon beyond Jordan, was built of white marble, and was elegantly adorned within and without, but its doors were only wide enough for one man to enter at a time. That was a precautionary measure against the possibility of being surprised by an enemy. It might well be emulated by all who wish to avoid being taken unaware by an assault upon the soul. The approaches to the citadel of life should be so guarded that no flood of evil could sweep in. One temptation at a time is about all the average human being can successfully confront."

### The Light on the Wall

A YOUNG girl had slipped away early to bed one night, weary from the strain of the winter's gayety. She had not yet closed her eyes, when suddenly a light shone on the opposite wall, revealing a beautiful copy of Ploekhorst's "Good Shepherd." The picture stood out sharply and clearly from the darkness of the room. The girl raised herself and looked out through the parted curtains to see whence the light came. It was just the kitchen lamp in the little cottage of a day laborer across the garden. Night after night the light shone, revealing the face of the Saviour of men on the wall of that dainty upstairs room in the luxurious home. But the owner of the lamp never knew it. So do many lives, following the humble daily routine in the spirit of their Master, often send a revelation of the Saviour to those who have great wealth or high position, and of whose lives they know nothing. Many a humble worker has unconsciously given a great man an inspiration to better living.—Selected.

### General Conference Gleanings

THE Conference reports a remarkable growth in every phase of our work since the last session. The great increase in membership, in tithes and offerings, and in educational facilities is encouraging; but the most cheering feature of the meeting is the intense desire manifested to receive, as a conference and as individual workers, that spiritual power that should characterize those who believe the end of all things is at hand.

The saddest note that has been struck at the Conference is the fact that while in the North American Division 38,372 persons have been baptized since 1912, or an average of 21 persons every day since the beginning of 1913, yet in that time more than 15,000 baptized members have been lost to the cause.

The president of the North American Division said that had the Methodist denomination, with its large membership, given during 1917 as generously as did our people, that denomination would have had \$176,000,000 with which to carry on its work.

Some one has said that "God gave to us as if we were kings; but we give to him as if we were beggars." However, this condition changes when the heart is thoroughly in love with the work the Lord is carrying forward in the earth.

In Tierra del Fuego, the Land of Fire, and the southernmost limit of the inhabited earth, the truth of God for this time is being carried by our missionaries.

One church in West Virginia last year gave more than the whole conference up to that time had ever given on a thirteenth Sabbath.

One message given to the conference was that of Peter: "Above all things have fervent love toward all."

In the Northern Illinois Conference the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for a recent quarter was \$1,834.

### Educational Notes

In our school at Fuchau, twenty-five members banded together to pray for the conversion of an equal number of their fellow students. As the result of their lives and prayers more than fifty boys were baptized. This is an example worthy to be followed in all our own American schools.

The goal of the Department of Education is: "All the children of all the churches in our own schools." The goal has not yet been attained, for only about one half of our young people of school age are now enrolled in our schools.

The Claremont College of South Africa, established more than twenty-five years ago, is to be removed to a more rural locality, that of our mission farm near Ladysmith.

Within three weeks one of our canvassers in China sold enough books to earn a scholarship in our China Missions Training School.

The enrolment in our Chinese schools has increased more than five thousand in less than two years.

We have twenty-five schools in India and Burma.