

# *The* INSTRUCTOR

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Photo by Boston Photo News Co.

**A SCENE IN PALESTINE SHOWING TWO BEDOUINS ON THE ROAD TO JERICO**

They are wearing a white cloth headdress bound with double coil of goat's hair, the use of which dates back to the fourteenth century before Christ



# From Here and There

The Petrograd palace of the deposed czar of Russia will, it is said, be preserved as a museum.

It is estimated that sixty per cent of the adult population of the United States is engaged, either directly or indirectly, in agriculture and its related callings.

Recently eight women attired in army uniforms went from the South to Lansing, Michigan, for the purpose of driving army trucks laden with supplies back to Atlanta, Georgia.

The wool shortage in the United States is estimated at 70,000,000 pounds. Only enough wool is being raised in this country to make one suit for each inhabitant every four years.

One item in the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill now before congress provides \$1,045.25 as the share of the United States toward the upkeep of the Carnegie Peace Palace at The Hague.

Senator William J. Stone of Missouri died in Washington, D. C., April 14. For years he was a prominent member of the Foreign Relations Committee, and his death is a distinct loss to the country at large. Since the declaration of war against Germany seven of our Senators have died.

Thousands of American girls are serving in the telephone unit of the American Expeditionary force overseas, as operators and interpreters. They are under the same rules and regulations as the men of the United States Army, and Mrs. Inez Ann Crittenden is in direct command, under General Pershing.

All wheat products were recently barred from the dining-car service of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Every chef with the company must attend special instruction in cooking, to learn the utmost use that can be made of barley, corn, and rice flour. The action of the company makes "wheatless" about 6,000,000 meals every year.

The city of Baltimore, Maryland, has been asked to furnish 2,000 homing pigeons for military use in France. These birds are invaluable for army service, being able to carry messages under conditions which would prevent the employment of the telephone or wireless. Over ninety per cent of the messages sent out by carrier pigeons arrive safely at their destinations, it is said.

An order has been issued by the Fuel Administration placing, until further notice, every ton of coal mined anywhere in the country under Government control. This means that every contract made for the purchase of coal or coke is subject to cancellation, and fuel is also subject to requisition. No contract for the purchase or sale of coal or coke shall extend more than one year, and under each contract made, deliveries must begin within six months.

George Creel, chairman of the Committee on Public Information, states that since the declaration of war our regular army has grown from a scant 128,000 to 513,000; the National Guard troops in Federal service have expanded from 80,446 to 450,000; and half a million young Americans are in the National Army. That is to say, within a year the army of the United States has grown from 9,524 officers and 202,510 men to 123,801 officers and 1,528,924 men.

The mayor of the greatest city in the United States is worthy of attention. Like many other great men, he rose from the ranks by his own effort. As a boy John F. Hylan worked on the farm; then he became water boy for a section gang, and at the age of eighteen was fireman on a small railroad. Later he became a track layer on one of the New York elevated roads; and then an engineer. He took a course in a business college, and then a law course, graduating in 1897. At this time he lost his job and was compelled to beg a free ride on a locomotive catcher to Syracuse, where he took his examination for admission to the bar. Since that his progress has been steadily upward. He is not brilliant, but he is a plodder, and his undaunted plodding has led him to his present position. Some call him lucky, but luck smiles only on those who apply their energies and their enthusiasm to the work at hand. The man who sticks to his work is the one who acquires success.

A candle more than eleven feet high and weighing over two hundred pounds was made a few years ago to be burned before the altar of St. Biagio in St. Peter's, Rome. The candle, which was made of beeswax, embossed with fine gold leaf and carved by a skilled artist, cost \$950. It was estimated that it would burn continuously for six years. In making it the wick was tied to the arm of a derrick twenty-five feet high and dipped sixteen times daily into a vat of molten wax below. In all two hundred dipplings were required to make it of the desired size. The giant candle is the largest of which there is any record.

German alien enemies before they can change their place of abode or leave the district in which they registered under the President's proclamation, must first present themselves to the registration officer in their district and obtain a permit issued under the direction of a United States Marshal. If a German alien enemy moves from place to place without first having complied with the regulations mentioned, he is liable to arrest and internment for the period of the war. It is the duty of postmasters in towns under 5,000 population to make out the change of residence permits, and of the police in the larger cities.

In India the average income of the native is said to be ten dollars a year. In the government of India's three million people, Great Britain employs only twelve hundred Europeans. The post offices not only distribute mail, but conduct savings departments, in which one may start an account with eight cents. They are also the telegraph offices of the country. Messages of ten words may be sent anywhere in India for twelve cents.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 28, 1918

No. 22

## The Bravest Battle

THE bravest battle that was ever fought,  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not;  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,  
With sword, or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,  
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart —  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently bore her part —  
Lo! there is that battle field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;  
No banners to gleam and wave!  
But oh! these battles they last so long —  
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,  
She fights in her walled-up town —  
Fights on, and on, in the endless wars,  
Then silent, unseen, goes down!

Oh! ye with banners and battle shot,  
And soldier to shout and praise,  
I tell you the kingliest victories fought  
Are fought in these silent ways!

— Selected.

## Holding a Cottage Meeting in the Country

INEZ HOLLAND-STEVENS

OUR Missionary Volunteer Society here at our mission headquarters in Argentina has received many invitations to hold meetings in private homes in the surrounding country and villages; and during the past year much of this work has been done. In answer to one of these calls my husband and I, with some other young people, were asked to hold a service one Sunday afternoon in a home fifteen miles away.

Inasmuch as what we found was very typical of *criollo*, or native, country life here in Argentina, I shall describe it quite in detail.

This country is so peppered with foreigners who bring their own peculiar customs along with them that one hardly knows sometimes what is really Argentinian and what is foreign. Buenos Aires, for instance, has been so Europeanized by the English, French, and German elements there that in many respects it does not seem Spanish at all, except in language.

But the farther away one gets from the big centers into the small towns and country districts, the more he meets the native, and sees how he lives, untouched by the improvements of modern life, and the new-fangled ideas of the *gringo* (foreigner).

Traveling by wagon over the rolling plains of Entre Rios, which are practically treeless in these parts, we arrived at our destination about noon. We were expected, and a few of the neighboring young people had been invited to the home.

The family is a wealthy one, the father being one of several brothers who own all the land for leagues in every direction, and have lived there all their lives; but to look at the house one would think them to be poor, for it is anything but a mansion. Composed of three low rooms of brick, neither painted nor whitewashed within or without, with mud floors,

and a little black kitchen separated from the rest of the house, it is a typical country home of the native.

You may wonder why, being rich, they do not improve their homes, and make them comfortable. But the *criollo's* ambition does not lead him in the direction of modern improvements or a comfortable home. He cares nothing about a modern house or fine furniture. He is comfortable enough as he has always

lived, and prefers to invest his money in more land and more cattle.

But however humble his dwelling, he has a generous heart, and one always finds hospitable welcome to all he has. We were warmly received, and dinner was served at once. First, a meat soup (the invariable introduction to a meal) quite thick

with macaroni and a sprinkling of vegetables. Then roast meat (it happened to be mutton in this case, since they have great numbers of sheep), with *galletas*, or hard biscuits, which is the native bread. The next course was a meat stew, with macaroni. Then came the *postre*, or dessert, very common in all parts of the country. It consisted of a piece of cheese with a square of quince jam prepared quite hard and put up in tin boxes. It is not a bad-tasting combination, either, and is something one can always have on hand, ready for the chance guest. The natives make very few desserts. The last thing was black coffee.

As one can readily see, meat is the principal article of diet among the Argentinians, two or three different kinds often being served at one meal. Needless to say, the vegetarian, especially if he is traveling in the country, will not fare very sumptuously if he adheres strictly to his dietetic principles.

After dinner the table was cleared, and we prepared for the "spiritual meal" which they were expecting. The meeting was held in the one large room,



MAIN BUILDING OF THE COLEGIO ADVENTISTA DEL PLATA, ARGENTINA



which served both as dining- and sitting-room, and which had no adornment save an array of images of various saints clustered about a large crucifix in a niche in the wall.

About twenty in all assembled for the service, the first of the kind that most of them had ever attended, as was evident by the amused and curious expressions on several faces. We sang several songs, in which they did not join, some because they could not read, the rest because the melodies were unfamiliar.

Mr. Stevens gave a short talk on the love of God in the gift of Christ, and all were attentive. The father seemed especially impressed at times, and when pleased would nod his head and say aloud, "Yes, yes, that's true." Although one can never tell how deeply the sown seed is taking root, still from all appearances the young people present, apparently a careless, world-loving class, seemed more amused than anything else. Of course it all seemed very strange to them.

As soon as the meeting was finished, we went outside with the parents to look about the place a bit. Hardly had we left the room when the sound of the guitar was heard. Looking back, we saw the young people coupled off, dancing to the music played by one of their number. Dancing is a very common Sunday afternoon diversion among the young people here.

Of course we were somewhat surprised, but it is what one finds everywhere,—a surprising indifference to spiritual things, and a love for the empty pleasures of this world.

The parents, however, seemed to appreciate the meeting and cordially asked us to return. They are friendly to our work, one of the sons being in our school, and several members of the family having been helped in the sanitarium. So we hope to return soon to follow up the interest.

"FREELY ye have received, freely give."



SCHOOL BUILDINGS OF THE COLEGIO ADVENTISTA DEL PLATA, ARGENTINA

The large building at the left is the school building; the large one at the right is the girls' dormitory.

### "The Melting Pot of the Nations"

AMERICA'S door has always been wide open to true men and women of every nationality. Since the "Mayflower" cast her anchor at Plymouth, an endless procession of immigrants has been coming through the open door, altogether a company 33,100,000 strong. Marching day and night, more than one

year would be required for this company to pass a given point in single file.

"From 1905 to 1914 more than 10,000,000 immigrants came to our land. This means that a larger number came each year than the population of Nebraska or Washington, or the combined population of North and South Dakota. It means that the equivalent of a city of 100,000 has sprung up every month somewhere in this country for 120 months. . . . If we should divide the people that came in 1914 into groups occupying cities all by themselves, we would have an Italian city as large as Minneapolis, an Austro-Hungarian city of the size of Milwaukee, a Jewish city as big as Providence, Rhode Island, a Polish city outnumbering Nashville, Tennessee, and we would still have about fifty towns of some 5,000 to 20,000 people, all without a single English-speaking person in them."

This great influx of foreign peoples presents to us both an opportunity and duty of home missionary work. Should we not search out these peoples and do all we can for them? Is it not as important to make known the offers of salvation to a foreigner in this country as to send a missionary to his native land to bear the news to his brother?

Not infrequently those who leave their native land for a strange land across the ocean are dissatisfied with the home church, and under the new environment are more susceptible to religious influence than they would be in the homeland. Should not our young people make a special effort to show friendship and kindness to all foreigners within their immediate neighborhood, and also to seek earnestly to win them to Christ and his truth for this time?

### The Story of a Polish Jew

FORTY-SIX years ago a baby boy was born in the home of a wealthy Jewish family of the higher class in Poland. Proud of the little son, and very ambitious as to his future, there was much debating as to what name should be given him. In the days of ancient Israel the names of children were thought to be prophetic of their future, and the same thought must have been in the minds of Shapiro's father and



THE 1917 GRADUATING CLASS

Each of these young persons, after graduation, entered some branch of active Christian service.



mother, for they gave him a name that embodied their fondest hopes. They called him Benjamin, "the son of my right hand;" Aaron, "enlightened;" Moses, "drawer-out;" and Alexander, "helper of man." A good name wasn't it?

The boy did not stay in Poland. He went to Germany, and not finding there the opportunities he desired, came to the United States in 1890, aged nineteen years. He did not know one word of English, but finally found his way to the reading-rooms of the Hebrew-Christian Mission in New York. He did not realize that he was placing himself under Christian influence, and at the suggestion of the superintendent of the mission, joined a class of Jewish boys who were learning English. Before the noon hour on the first day he could name in English every piece of furniture in the room, the days of the week, the numerals from one to ten, and write his name in English script. His ready grasp of the language attracted attention, and the officials of the mission did all they could to help him.

Well versed in Hebrew, he followed in his own Bible the psalms that the others read in English, and became deeply interested as he learned the truths of the New Testament.

He soon found employment, and through the efforts of one of the customers whom he served in the shop of Mr. B. Clayton, of Jamaica, Long Island, was enabled to attend school under Christian teachers. Here he was led to accept the Messiah as a crucified and risen Saviour, and united with a Christian church in Brooklyn, New York.

He felt that he must do what he could to bring the light to his own people. They knew nothing of a mediator and his atoning love. How could he reach them? He had no money, no influence, and few friends. "A stranger in a strange land" he was indeed, but he had faith in his Saviour, and zeal in his service, together with a deep conviction that he had been called to this work.

Mr. Horatio S. Steward, who had given Mr. Shapiro a scholarship at Pennington Seminary, again came forward, and with other friends helped the young preacher to secure a small hall in Brooklyn, where he started his meetings. Strange to say, the Jews came in crowds to hear him, and he held Saturday afternoon meetings for two years. These services were well attended, although there was intense opposition on the part of some. A free evening school for Jews was also established.

In June of 1900 Mr. Shapiro began the publication of an illustrated Hebrew-Christian quarterly entitled *The People, the Land, and the Book*, a valuable source of information to both Jews and Christians.

This young preacher also carried on a mission in the eastern district of Brooklyn, and here he encountered stones, sneers, and curses, but he was undaunted. The leader of the crowd of persecuting Jewish boys went into the mission one day, intending to break up the meeting. Mr. Shapiro was talking of the Saviour's love, and before Samuel knew it he was listening with interest to a story he had never before heard. He was converted, united with the church, and is an earnest Christian today.

Aside from superintending the work of his mission, Mr. Shapiro has compiled a book entitled "Christian Obligations to the Jews," and translated several Hebrew works into English, besides sending out valuable tracts and pamphlets. He is still at work for the remnant of the tribe of Judah. S. ROXANA WINCE.

## Interesting Items

**The South African diamond output** in 1917 totaled more than 2,902,000 carats, and was worth in the neighborhood of \$38,500,000. The production shows an increase of more than 550,000 carats over that of the preceding year.

**According to Risner**, pure food labels were in existence as early as 900 B. C. In the ancient city of Samaria, seventy-five labels which were used as seals on jars of wine and oil, have been excavated. These name the vineyard or orchard from which the product came, and the year when it was placed in the storehouse attached to the palace of King Ahab.

**Startling as it sounds, the fact remains that corn** can be heard growing. The cylindrical pith which forms the center of the stalk and leaves sheathed about it grow very fast. The expanding pith pushes against its sheath of leaves, and the leaves in turn push upward and outward. The result is a scraping noise, similar, but by no means so loud, as the sound produced when green corn is stripped of its husk.

**A plumber in a Western city** heard so many jokes about plumbers having to "go back for tools" that he decided he would make a reputation for himself. Accordingly, says Arthur Hallam in *System*, when any of his men are called to a house, they carry a notebook and take careful notes of the position and condition of all pipes and fixtures. Then, when the next call comes, they know exactly what to take; also, they know exactly what fixtures are wearing out, and have a first-class selling talk for the purchase of new fixtures. Isn't there some way that you could use a notebook in *your* business?

**O. L. Moore, of Bluff Point, New York**, says that according to a journal of Augustine Washington, father of George Washington, the tree that George cut when a boy was not a cherry tree at all, but a plum tree, and that it was cut with a saw and not a hatchet. The entry referred to, dated March 1, 1739, reads thus: "A fine day and warm. This A. M. I found my best young plum tree spoiled with a saw. I thought it was some vagabond, and spoke of it at noon. My son George owned up to the deed. First I was excited and minded to whip him, but did not. He was truthful and repentant. He cut it with my small handsaw."

**The greatest telescope in the world** is at Mt. Wilson. The reflector of this telescope is 100 inches in diameter, as large across as the height of an ordinary ceiling. The telescope was in process of construction for several years. The parts were so large that they had to be built in a shipyard. The telescope is mounted in a dome 100 feet in diameter and 100 feet high. The hauling and mounting of this huge "stellar gun" without mishap was an engineering feat of no small importance. It is estimated that with this new and stronger eye 300,000,000 stars will be brought under observation. Who can find out the magnificent works of God?

"Don't complain! Keep your chin up! The courageous soul, no matter in what conditions, is a point of cheer, a lamp of brightness, a tonic draft, to his fellow men."



### Perseverance in Missionary Endeavor

**O**CCASIONALLY I hear from a brave little woman isolated out in a wild and sparsely settled section of the country. She always mentions the work she is doing with our message-filled literature, and all her letters carry a note of victory and encouragement. Out there in that lonely spot, she is holding up the light of truth for those about her.

This little sister reminds me of the wife of a light-house keeper about whom I once read. The breaking ice floes swept away her husband, with both his assistants. The poor widow was left alone through a long, dreary winter. When the supply ship reached the island on its semiannual visit, the captain, in utter astonishment, asked her how she ever managed to get along. "I don't know," she replied with a sob. "I only know I kept the lights burning."

Faltering and hesitating Christian in the midst of the fies of temptation, do not give up. Some sinned brother is depending upon your light, feeble though it may be. Let it shine just where you are. Some one needs it. One light may kindle many. That cottage meeting you are holding may be the nucleus for a church. The little tract you gave away yesterday may start a revival in some home. The papers you distributed last Sabbath afternoon may awaken in those homes sufficient interest to warrant a public effort. Who knows? Just those things have been accomplished by such little agencies.

A young Negro preacher, who was asked to define Christian perseverance, answered: "It means, firstly, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly and lastly, to nebbber leave go." We need that sort of perseverance in our missionary endeavors. "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." 1 Cor. 15: 58. And that splendid verse closes with this assurance: "Forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." There is no such thing as wasted effort in the service of the Lord.

ERNEST LLOYD.

### The Love Letters of a Genius

**J**OHAN FISKE, the philosopher and scientist, met Abby Morgan Brooks in 1861, while he was still a student at Harvard; and they were soon engaged. Looking back at the love letters which *you* received during your engagement, madam, how do they compare with these extracts from the boy wonder, Fiske, to his fiancée? They are quoted in the new "Life of Fiske," by John Spencer Clark.

Miss Brooks had given him a sketch of her educational training, and he comments on it as follows:

"I supposed you must have acquired a familiarity with French, and I am very glad to know that you have studied Latin and German. After all, my dear girl, you have hit upon those dialects which are most useful and most fraught with pleasure. I mean especially French and German, though I would not discourage the study of Latin for young ladies. . . . I can't *talk* in any language but my own: but I read in French, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Latin, Greek, and Anglo-Saxon. Then, with hard study, I can decipher, sentence by sentence, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Sanskrit; and there are some few which I have dipped into without doing much, either because they have little literature or because I have no time for them—Zend, Gothic, Wallachian, and Provencal. Persian and

Arabic I long to know, but I despair of ever having time to learn them."

He laid out a course of reading for her, and checked her up on it from time to time:

"Yes, read your Roman history next, if you like. As a general rule it would be best to read Greek history first; but it is *always best* to read what we feel most in the mood for.

"When you tell me how you are getting along, please tell me by the events, thus: 'I am in the reign of Henry VIII,' or wherever you may be in English history. Similarly in Greek and Roman history, where there are no reigns to go by, tell me at what war or great event you have arrived. Any event or man mentioned at random will do, for I have them all tabulated in my mind."—*Every Week*.

### How Grant Got to West Point

**W**HEN General Grant was a boy, his mother found herself one morning without butter for breakfast, and sent him to borrow some from a neighbor. Going, without knocking, into the house of a neighbor, whose son was then at West Point, young Grant overheard a letter read from the son stating that he had failed in examination, and was coming home. He got the butter, took it home, and, without waiting for breakfast, ran down to the office of the congressman from that district.

"Mr. Hamar," he said, "will you appoint me to West Point?"

"No. So and So is there, and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fail, will you send me?"

Mr. Hamar laughed. "If he doesn't go through, no use for you to try."

"Promise you'll give me a chance, anyhow."

Mr. Hamar promised. The next day the defeated lad came home, and the congressman laughed at Uly's sharpness and gave him the appointment.

"Now," said Grant, "it was my mother's being out of butter that made me general and President."

But it was his own shrewdness to see the chance, and promptness to seize it, that urged him upward.—*Christian Advocate*.

### Reliability

**R**ELIABILITY is one of the most valuable assets of manhood. There is small place in the work of the world or in the work of God for the man who is not reliable. Reliability carries with it the idea of dependability,—some one who is always loyal and in whom confidence may be reposed.

Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo because two of his generals were not reliable. His army was divided into two divisions, one under the command of General Ney near Waterloo, and the other under the command of General Grouchy some miles away. The latter division was ordered to join the former on the day of the battle, but there had been a terrible rain-storm the night before, and Grouchy decided that the roads were too muddy to move his troops. His general depended upon him, and he failed. Ney also disregarded Napoleon's orders, and instead of waiting for re-enforcements, attacked Wellington's forces, thinking he could win alone, and was defeated.

Let us be reliable. Let us be dependable.

C. J. TOLF.



## Gleanings from the General Conference

### The Last Sabbath

THE last Sabbath of the Conference was unlike any other in the history of our people. Elder Daniells gave an earnest appeal for gifts to missions by setting forth what the gospel has accomplished in foreign lands, and enumerating present needs. After this forceful presentation of facts, opportunity was given for the people to supply these needs. The response was intensely interesting. An earlier gift of \$20,000 by one man was now followed by individual checks for \$12,000, \$6,000, \$5,000, \$4,500, \$3,000, \$2,000, \$1,000, \$500, \$300, \$200, \$100, etc., until a total of \$152,000 was given. This amount was supplemented by pledges from conference officers, by gifts of jewelry, and conditional gifts, so that the offering in cash and pledges for the day totaled \$237,000.

Many feel that it is now time to sell their property, and give of their means in an unusual way to extend the work of God to all peoples. This accounts for some of the large gifts made at the Conference.

There was no urging on the part of those in charge of the meeting. The people were anxious to give. And it is evident that this generous offering to missions is but a precursor of what will be done at the camp-meetings to be held this summer throughout the country, when the needs of the cause of God are presented.

### Miscellaneous Notes

Located in College View, Nebraska, is a printing plant conducting a large business in behalf of the blind. Eighty-two tons of literature have been distributed during the last four years. This reading matter is sent out in a monthly magazine called the *Christian Record*, and a Circulating Library. These publications are circulated in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, China, India, Jamaica, and the Bahama and Philippine Islands. The Government sends this reading matter free of postage.

An agent of the American Bible Society addressed the Conference and appealed for aid in furnishing Bibles to the soldiers and to peoples of heathen lands. The \$1,318 given in response to his appeal is said to be the largest gift ever made to the Bible Society at one time by any convention or denomination during the last one hundred years. Officers of the society say that the Seventh-day Adventist Church gives more generously to the society than does any other church.

A cablegram near the close of the Conference from Elders Conradi and Dail was the only word from central Europe. Before the war broke out plans were being made by the European Division for the holding of this General Conference in their territory. It was expected that this would be the greatest meeting ever held on European soil.

Elder S. N. Haskell's eighty-fifth birthday was celebrated one morning near the close of the Conference by the presentation to him by friends who had been attending his early morning services, of a Bible, "The Desire of Ages," and a staff. Elder Haskell, in expressing his appreciation of this kindly remembrance, said that while he prized the staff as a souvenir, he would, as aforetime, use the Word of God as his staff.

New York City has a Noon-Hour Prayer Band. Membership in the band is obtained by praying each day between twelve and one o'clock for oneself and all the members of the band; for kin and loved ones; for isolated persons who are upholding the banner of truth alone; for backsliders; and for all the workers and the world-wide work. Membership throughout the world is solicited.

The facilities of the Oakwood Junior College are to be improved to the amount of \$60,000. The same amount is to be raised for construction work at the Southern Junior College, formerly known as the Graysville Academy.

One dollar a member is the goal set before our churches in this country by the Conference to be raised for extension work among the colored people. September 7, 1918, has been appointed as the day for presenting to all our churches the needs of the Negro people.

The Fireside Correspondence School has been in existence eight years. This school has given instruction in more than fifty subjects to 1,775 pupils. The school has students from almost every State and province in the United States and Canada, besides representatives in Java, India, China, Japan, Korea, the Philippine Islands, Fiji, Hawaii, Australia, Brazil, and Chile.

Twenty-four of our young men attending the College of Medical Evangelists were called for army service in the first draft. These were later allowed to continue their studies for the present year, at the close of which they will be assigned to duties in the medical corps.

One reporter in this country interviewed Elder Daniells on the meaning of the world war, and syndicated the article, which was a column long and attractively put together, to three hundred newspapers.

While our work might have made greater progress than we see today, it is evident that we have advanced greatly since the first General Conference was held. Elder J. N. Loughborough put on exhibition at the Conference just closed a copy of the first bulletin, printed in July, 1859. This bulletin reported the business proceedings of a three-days' session, in three and one-half pages. A call was made at that Conference for \$500 for missionary purposes. Only a part of it was raised. On the last Sabbath of the recent Conference \$237,000 was given and pledged to the work in mission fields. But there is danger that this prosperity may be a snare unto us. In "Gospel Workers" we are told that "the steady progress of our work and our increased facilities are filling the hearts and minds of many of our people with satisfaction and pride, which we fear will take the place of the love of God in the soul."

Since the outbreak of the war twenty-five foreign workers have arrived in India and Burma to strengthen the mission forces; but about the same number have left the field either permanently or on furlough. The General Conference has just recommended that the following persons go to India as soon as satisfactory arrangements can be made to this end: Glen C. Russell, H. E. McWinny, Lindsay



Semmens, Miss Margaret Cady, J. B. Carter, Mrs. Edith Bruce, Loren C. Shepard, Arthur Nelson, Clyde Scanlon, N. C. Nelson, and Harold Reith.

During the air raids over London and its suburbs, not one of our people has been injured. One Sabbath while services were being held, a shell from an enemy airship fell by the side of one of our churches, and buried itself ten feet in the ground, but failed to explode.

Elder Anderson related a novel experience he had with the white ants, which have an omnivorous appetite. One night while en route to a mission, he hung his trousers on the limb of a tree. The wind blew them down, and in the morning he was not a little chagrined to find that the ants had eaten off one leg entirely, and several inches out of the goods. But since the native is often found without either trouser leg, the unfortunate missionary, who had but one pair of trousers with him, was not seriously embarrassed.

#### Sabbath School Offerings

The Sabbath school offering for the second Sabbath of the Conference was \$2,024. 64. The first Sabbath the offering was only \$750.

In the early days of this message our Sabbath schools made no offerings to missions; and when it was proposed to do so, some thought it not wise to divert the donations from the interests of the school to the foreign work. Now that the schools aggregate an offering of more than half a million dollars in one year, none can fail to rejoice that the plan of devoting the Sabbath school collections to missions carried.

How much do the Sabbath schools give? More than \$10,000 each Sabbath passes from the pockets of Seventh-day Adventists into the mission treasury, or one dollar for every minute. This annual gift supports 750 foreign workers in the mission field.

#### The Selfish Family

**T**HIS family includes every member of the human race, for all are selfish. We have all "sinned, and come short of the glory of God;" and in the books of heaven sin comes under the general head of selfishness.

The selfish family is a very loving family. Each member loves himself devotedly, and if he loves another it may be for some selfish reason, such as material gain. If a fellow traveler offers you his seat in a crowded car, he perhaps expects some one to remark: "How polite Mr. — is." If you ask the opinion of an acquaintance on any subject, his pride becomes inflated, and he straightway strives to impress you with his superior wisdom.

We look with contempt upon selfishness which will lead one to take the largest apple, or the most tempting piece of pie or cake, and say to ourselves, "I would not do such a thing!" In less than an hour you may be heard remarking to a friend: "Your trips over the bay must be delightful! I have often thought I should like to go." If a friend wishes my company, she will not forget to invite me. Your friend will do the same. Don't ask to be invited. Don't even hint such a desire. It savors of low breeding, and it is selfish.

We gossip from selfish motives. The incidents under discussion may or may not be true, but is it kind

to hold up a neighbor in an unfavorable light? We frequently do it to draw a comparison with ourselves. But this practice is contrary to the golden rule, and probably there is no class of people more prone to feel grieved when talked about than those very ones who make a business of riddling the reputation of others. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." And don't be selfish!

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

#### "Stand Up for Jesus"

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss:  
From victory unto victory,  
His army shall he lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed."

**I**N 1858 a great revival was held in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, of which Dudley A. Tyng was one of the leaders. He was a young minister of about thirty years, an eloquent speaker and an earnest Christian worker. During the meetings, while resting at his home in Brookfield, he left his study on the morning of April 13 to inspect a corn-shelling machine, operated by mule power, which was running in the barn. He paused to say a kindly word to the animal, and as he patted it on the head the sleeve of his gown caught in the machinery. Before he could be released his right arm was fearfully lacerated, and almost torn from his body. As he was dying, his father asked him if he had any message to send to his fellow laborers who were associated with him in the great revival work. "Tell them," he said, "Let us all stand up for Jesus."

Among the many friends of the young minister was Rev. George Duffield. A few weeks after the sad accident Reverend Duffield preached in his church on Ephesians 6:14, "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness." He closed his sermon with the words of a hymn which he had just composed, entitled "Stand Up for Jesus." This song was introduced into the hymnals, and became a special favorite of the soldiers during the Civil War.

GEORGE S. BELLEAU.

#### Why They Smiled

**E**VERYBODY smiled at me," said the tot who had just returned from the park.

"Bless the child, it was her own sweet little smile, ready for everybody, that made them all smile back," laughed the maid who had been along.

If you give good will, you will receive good will in return. Most people will respond to your good opinion of them by thinking well of you. And not the least pleasant thought will come with the knowledge that your smile is helping others, quite as much as their smiles help you.—*The Comrade.*

The population of Africa is 111,891,068. To minister to this large number of people are but 130 medical missionaries. There are 109,089,220 persons in the United States, and 108,000 physicians are ready to attend them when they are ill. Should we not share our blessings with needy Africa?



## Nature and Science

### National Pests: Whence They Came

#### The Australian Hare

ONE day it dawned upon a certain Englishman living in Australia that there was something wrong with the landscape of his adopted home; it seemed to lack something to which he had been accustomed. For a long time he could not figure out just what was missing, but finally decided it must be rabbits. All his life he had been used to seeing these little animals on the grassy lawns of his ancestral estates, and the manly sport of "hunting the hare" had been the main relaxation of his ancestors for centuries. Even if transplanted to alien shores, the true Englishman must be amused; so he had imported a number of rabbits to give him that homey feeling for which he yearned.

These rabbits at once saw that they had reached their paradise. The climate suited them, the rich herbage was to their liking, the soil was soft and easily tunneled, and their natural enemies were few. So they at once turned their attention to raising families to enjoy the benefits of the new country to which they had been transported. In a short time where there had been one rabbit there were a dozen, where a dozen had sported now fifty were seen, and where there had been fifty there were now hundreds. The whole land seemed to have turned into rabbits, and they spilled out over the landscape like locusts. They ate the foliage that had heretofore supported the flocks and herds, and they actually threatened to exterminate the native animals because of the loss of their food supply.

Like an army of white ants they swept the fields clean of every blade of grass, eating it away clear to the roots. One morning Australia woke up to the fact that she had warmed to life a serpent, and had a problem to solve if she expected to hold her position as a grower of wool and beef. Something had to be done, and that quickly, as the subject was one that brooked no delay. The sheep owners tried burning over vast tracts of country, wholesale poisoning, and hunting the rabbits with trained dingoes, or wild dogs; but all to no purpose, as the rabbits increased faster than they could be destroyed. As a last resort fencing them out was tried, and it looked as if the problem were solved. But in the solving, New South Wales alone has spent the sum of twenty-seven million dollars for rabbit extermination, and since 1891 has built 20,148 miles of wire fence. These fences are made of wire netting three feet high, set four inches in the ground, and topped by a strand of barbed wire. More than one hundred thousand miles of this standard fence have been built in Australia in order to check the ravages of this imported pest.

#### The English Sparrow

A few generations ago another misguided individual decided that the brown sparrow, common in England, would be a good thing to bring over for the protection of the trees in our parks. His idea was that the sparrow would be charmed just to feed on the larvæ of the insects that were doing much damage to the shade trees in some sections. So the first shipment was welcomed to our shores, and New York City and Brooklyn neglected their regular business to build cute little rustic houses for the small immigrants, and fed them out of the public crib.

Grave laws were passed for their protection and comfort, and everything possible was done to make them feel at home. They felt at home all right; but in the meantime they forgot to eat the insects and their eggs, while they ate everything else in sight. Not content to remain in the cities and towns that wanted them, they invaded the country districts and cultivated an appetite for garden truck, grain, and small fruits. Many of our native birds, unable to tolerate their fussy, quarrelsome ways, disappeared before their advance; and where we used to hear the song of the bluebird, the oriole, and the chickadee, our ears are assailed by the noisy chattering of this ubiquitous pest.

#### The Wild Onion

Some fifty years ago still another would-be philanthropist imported the seed of the wild onion, claiming it would be an improvement on our native grasses for pasturage. The wild onion came and saw and conquered. As an object lesson in multiplication it ranks ahead of the Canadian thistle. One tiny white bulb will have increased in a season to a double handful. It will grow in any soil, no matter how poor. When a colony of wild onions take possession of a piece of ground, they are there to stay; the only way to really get rid of them is to sift the soil and then heat in a retort before replacing.—C. A. David, in *the Visitor*.

#### Trees

THE trees are clothed with living green,  
In hill and vale and marshy fen;  
Each branch a thought, each leaf a word,  
They cheer my heart, inspire my pen.

They teach me that if I would be  
A perfect man, I needs must grow  
Like them. I, too, much time require  
To large and full fruition show.

They shoot their rootlets in the ground,  
They spread their branches in the air.  
Each leaf is spread two sides abroad  
To gather food from everywhere.

Like them I'm placed beneath the sun,  
Upon this earth since life began,  
To gather courage day by day,  
And be a help to needy man.

I'm made a channel of good things,  
I'm blessed that I may bless in turn.  
What I dispense I truly keep;  
What I retain is lost, I learn.

Then let us learn to live for man,  
Our service give to aid his need.  
In giving up our lives for him,  
Those lives we save in very deed.

A. W. HERR.

#### A Mouth-Organ Band

A BAND composed of 1,000 harmonica players is being organized at Camp Meade, Maryland. So many soldiers show ability on this instrument that the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities is considering the organization of a mouth-organ band in each division.

One thing that should add to the charm of such a band is the fact that the harmonica these days is rapidly becoming as extinct as the dodo. These small reed instruments are manufactured in Germany, and the only ones remaining are those that were imported here before the outbreak of the war. Even this stock, it seems, has been bought up and are selling for six or seven times their cost prior to the war. So, apparently, in a short while the mouth organ will be no more unless some humanitarian American corporation starts to manufacture them, which seems hardly prob-



able in these days when nonessential industries are being weeded out.

The mouth organ is the oldest known form of musical instrument, even antedating the flute. Its sound-producing properties are twenty reeds, through which the breath is blown, and they bear a marked resemblance to the pipes of the ancient shepherds. It is, in fact, a lineal descendant of and works upon the same principles as the well-known "Pipes of Pan."

— *Washington Herald*.

### True Greatness

**H**E who subdues and conquers self is greater than he who subdues and conquers a nation.

A man may overcome a nation, and at the same time lack the qualities of true greatness.



Photo by H. H. Cobban

### BOATHOUSES DESTROYED BY FLOATING ICE

Washington, D. C., for many years has not had so severe a winter as the one just past. The Potomac River was filled with ice, as the pictures on this page reveal. The ice did much damage to property and occasioned some loss of life.

No man can be really great if the acts of his life are dominated by motives of selfishness.

It is possible for one to be an intellectual giant, and yet lack the qualities of true greatness.

A great man, in the right application of the term, must of necessity be a good man.

Abraham Lincoln was a great man, not because he was wiser than his fellows, but because he was dominated by noble, humane motives.

George Washington was great, not because he was instrumental in securing independence for the Colonies, but because of his stanch integrity.

Aaron Burr possessed great talent and a remarkably strong personality, but he was greatly deficient in the qualities that make for true greatness.

Let no one imagine for a moment that he can be truly great without manifesting in his life obedience to the requirements of the decalogue.

A great man will live out the golden rule in all his dealings with his fellows, and endeavor in all he does to please his Maker. This is the highest duty and privilege.

True greatness is manifest in the life of our Example—the Lord Jesus. We are to study his precepts and follow in his footsteps.

J. W. LOWE.

### What One Woman Has Been and Is

**M**RS. ELLEN SPENCER MUSSEY is the daughter of P. R. Spencer, the originator of the famous Spencerian penmanship, and the widow of Gen. R. Delavan Mussey of the Civil War. She is a member of the United States Supreme Court bar, where she has won five cases. The founder of the Washington College of Law, of Washington, D. C., she was its dean for seventeen years, being the first woman dean of a law school. She is now Honorary Dean, and lectures on Social Service Legislation.

She was the author of the bill which gave married women in the District of Columbia the right to their own earnings, and mothers equal rights with fathers in their children. She secured the first appropriation from Congress for free kindergartens in the District of Columbia. She is now pushing a bill in Congress to allow American women married to aliens to retain their own nationality.

For twenty-five years she was attorney for the legation of Sweden and Norway in this country, was one of the early members of the American National Red Cross, a former vice-president, and was elected a delegate to the International Red Cross Congress at St. Petersburg in 1902. She is vice-president general of the D. A. R., and is now the president of the Woman's Bar Association of the District of Columbia, and an ardent suffragist.—*National Enquirer*.

### "Tomorrow May Be Too Late"

**T**HE steamship "Central America," on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprang a leak in midocean. A vessel, seeing her signal of distress, bore down toward her. Perceiving danger to be imminent, the captain of the rescue ship spoke to the "Central America:" "What amiss?"

"We are in bad repair, and are going down; lie by till morning," was the answer.

"Let me take your passengers on board now."

But as it was night the commander of the "Central America" did not like to send his passengers away, lest some might be lost, and thinking that they could keep afloat awhile longer, he replied, "Lie by till morning."

Once again the captain of the rescue ship called,



Photo by H. H. Cobban

Looking toward the Virginia shore of the Potomac River, showing the Aqueduct Bridge threatened by the ice jam of the past winter.

"You had better let me take them now."

"Lie by till morning," was sounded back through the trumpet.

About an hour and a half later the lights were

(Concluded on page fifteen)

"THE God-filled life the richest fruit shall bear."



## A Friend in Need

IVA SABIN BURGER

WELL, my fine young woman, I s'pose ye know that ye won't have much longer to go to school an' play the lady, while yer hard-workin' father supports ye in yer idleness. Don't ye s'pose it's bad 'nuff fer me to have sech a burden as yer sick mother on my hands, without supportin' a lazy girl that's old 'nuff to earn her own bread an' butter?"

Sydney Merredith, having given vent to his chronic ill humor, sat down to the table and began eating the food which his daughter had prepared.

"I will go to work, father," Joy answered timidly but respectfully; "I have only three weeks more of study, and then I shall be ready to take a position."

"An' if yer mother hadn't put sech foolish notions into yer head about schoolin', ye would of gone to work long ago. I reckon you're no better than other gals that do honest work, an' it would be a good sight more decent fer ye to soil yer white fingers with a scrub brush than let yer old father wear his life out fer ye, to my way o' thinkin'."

Joy made no reply. Since babyhood she had been accustomed to her father's unkind words, but she had never ceased to tremble at the sound of his voice.

As soon as Mr. Merredith had finished his breakfast, he donned a heavy overcoat, placed on his head a large fur cap, and went out, slamming the door behind him.

The home of the Merrediths consisted of two rooms in a damp, poorly ventilated basement, where the rays of the sun never entered. The larger of the two rooms was furnished with a table, a stove, three or four chairs, and a bed. There was no carpeting on the floor, no pictures adorned the bare walls, and one could scarcely imagine a more cheerless abode. On the bed lay an invalid woman, Joy's mother. Her face told a story of long years of drudgery, privation, and abuse at the hands of a drunken husband. But all this could not efface the marks of refinement in every feature.

Fortunately, Joy was so much like her mother that a stranger would not have believed it possible that she was a daughter of the rough, uncultured Sydney Merredith. Her large dark eyes, wavy brown hair, and clear olive skin were the envy of many of her schoolmates who came from homes of wealth.

As soon as her father left the house, Joy hastened to prepare some breakfast for her mother. There were still a few red coals in the old stove, but there was no more fuel with which to replenish the fire, and her father had said that it might be several days before he would be able to get any more, as the supply was not sufficient to meet the demand of consumers. The wind was blowing in around the windows and doors and through the cracks in the bare floor. Joy shuddered as she thought what it might mean to her mother if her father should fail to get coal, for how could the poor invalid survive in such a room as this without any heat?

"Here is some toast, mother, and a cup of hot milk; please try to eat it all," said Joy, coaxingly.

"Thank you, dear," the mother answered, kissing the small hand that offered the food.

While her mother was eating, Joy went about the task of making the room as neat and cheerful as possible. This done, she brought the worn coverlets from her own bed in the adjoining room and placed them over her mother.

"There, mother, I hope you will be warm enough with these extra quilts."

Then, with a good-by kiss and a brave smile, Joy left the house. When she reached the street, the smile quickly disappeared. It was a cold, bleak morning; there had been a heavy blizzard in the windy city, and the snow was still falling, so that it was very difficult for the frail girl to make her way through the huge drifts, which defied all efforts of the men who were trying to clear the walks.

Joy drew her thin wrap more closely about her. In her eagerness to provide nourishment for her helpless mother, she often denied herself the food which she so much needed, and today she had left home without having eaten a bite.

But Joy was urged on by a great hope; she had studied very, very diligently, and only three weeks more of study lay between her and the realization of her hopes, namely, a lucrative position in a business office. For, as soon as she should complete her course, she had the promise of a position that would enable her to furnish her mother with the comforts of life and procure medical assistance, which might bring the glow of health once more to the wasted cheeks of Mrs. Merredith.

Sydney Merredith was a clever workman, and received wages which would have furnished himself and his family with nourishing food, warm clothing, and a healthful abode, but the greater portion of his earnings went into the cash register at the Drayton saloon.

Joy could not forget the unkind words which her father had spoken, and hot tears filled her eyes. But as she approached the school building, she tried to forget it all; for did not all her hopes depend upon the few remaining school days which she was to enjoy?

Quickly she ran up the steps. But in front of the doors stood a large bulletin board upon which were written these words, "School closed until further notice, on account of coal shortage!"

Joy read the notice, once, twice, three times — so here was an end to all her hopes! She knew that she could not pass the examination without the instruction which she was to have received in the following three weeks. She also knew that her father would compel her to go to work at the end of that time, and that meant that she would never be able to finish her course.

How could she go home and break the news to her mother? In her despair she leaned against the cold brick wall and covered her face with her hands, as though to shut out the knowledge of her disappointment. But many of her schoolmates were coming and going, and her pride would not allow her to betray her feelings in this way.

She started quickly down the steps, coming face to face with Glenmore Austin, who had been her instructor in English, a handsome, stalwart young man, whose sterling qualities were reflected in his face.

"Are you sorry that school is to be closed for a time, Joy?" Mr. Austin asked kindly.

"Yes," she answered, "it means more to me than it does to some of them. You see I shall have to go to work the first of next month, and now I shall never complete my course!"

"May I walk with you, Joy?" asked the young man. "Perhaps we can find a way out of your troubles."

"Certainly you may, but I fear there is no way out — now!"

"It is a shame!" exclaimed Glenmore Austin. "Many will be compelled to go to work; others will



go to work, intending to return to school when it reopens, but will never return after they have become wage-earners, because having once known the independence of a wage-earner, they will be unwilling to give it up. In later years they will realize all too well the disadvantages of an incomplete education; but then it will be too late to make amends!"

As they approached the Drayton saloon, they were astonished to see that an immense truck was unloading coal at the saloon. Joy stood still, while a burning anger flushed her usually pale cheeks.

"Do they mean to close the schools and condemn me to a life of drudgery, while at the same time they supply plenty of coal to keep the saloon open?—the saloon that has crushed out my father's manhood and robbed my mother of the comforts of life? At this very moment my invalid mother lies helpless in a cheerless room without heat, and they tell us that they cannot sell us any coal to heat her sickroom; but there is an abundance of fuel to give warmth to the saloon!"

Unconsciously Joy stamped her small foot, and her dark eyes glowed with anger. Glenmore Austin was deeply touched by the young girl's agitation, and resolved to find a way to help her. His own soul was stirred with righteous indignation as he saw the cruel injustice of it all.

"I don't blame you, Joy, for feeling as you do. I promise you that I will use my influence in every possible way to stamp out this evil, which has blighted your young life. There is plenty of coal in my father's bins, and your mother shall no longer suffer with the cold. And now let us see what can be done for you. There is an excellent teacher who lives near my home, and I am sure she will give you the instruction needed to complete your course. Will you come with me to see her?"

"O, I cannot afford to pay a private teacher!"

"But I will lend you the money, and you may repay me whenever you feel able, after you secure a position. I shall be very glad if I can be of any assistance to you."

Joy hesitated, but the young man insisted. They went together to the home of the teacher, and that very morning Joy began studying with her.

Glenmore Austin's father was one of the editors of a widely known newspaper, in the columns of which there appeared that evening an editorial, which read in part as follows:

"Do we call ourselves patriotic citizens while we allow our public schools to close their doors to thousands of worthy students because the school buildings cannot be supplied with coal, and meanwhile we furnish the saloons with plenty of fuel to conduct their business? By so doing we say to the world that we emulate the position which the saloon holds among us, while the work of educating our youth is of infinitely less importance! Thousands of boys and girls will never again enter the doors of a schoolroom. Do we wish to people our State with citizens who begin life in this great working army without the equipment which only a complete education can afford?"

"Will not public sentiment arise to condemn this injustice? Are we willing to give precedence to a business which many of our sister States have condemned altogether as a menace to the public welfare?"

This editorial, from one of America's leading newspapers, stirred the hearts and opened the eyes of thousands of persons who had hitherto been blind to the conditions existing in their own home city.

Joy completed her business course, and is now occupying a position of trust. Her mother, with the aid of proper nourishment and medical assistance, is gaining strength, and Joy has rented a cheery, well-ventilated room for the convalescent.

Glenmore Austin has thus far refused to accept payment for the loan which enabled Joy to complete her course, and has given many substantial proofs that "a friend in need is a friend indeed." A short time ago he took her to look at a suburban lot which he had recently purchased, and he says that some day he is going to present a sunny cottage to the little woman who has become the "Joy" of his life.

### Kogoshima

**K**OGOSHIMA is a nineteen-year-old Japanese boy who loves the gospel for the last days more than anything else. He first heard this message last summer while I was holding a tent-meeting in the city where he lived. He attended faithfully every night. Finally he gave up school and began to keep the Sabbath as a result of the truths he heard.

To reach his home he had to pass my residence, and often he walked home with me after the meeting was over, and asked questions about Bible truths. At first I could hardly understand what he said, as he speaks the dialect of one of the small islands, but at last we became very friendly, and I explained things to him.

One day he brought me two cents, saying that was his tithe, and asked, "Will you receive it?"

"Certainly," I replied. "The Lord will bless you if you are faithful to him in small things."

He loves to tell the story of Jesus and to sell our literature. Through his influence two of his sisters have recently started to observe the true Sabbath. His mother says he has changed very much since joining our church. In telling it to me she added: "Truly the Christian religion is the only power to save men." Sometimes his whole family attend church.

I hope we can get hold of more such boys so that the gospel of the kingdom may go forward with power in these islands, and we may soon be ready to welcome our Lord. Pray for the young people of Japan.

H. KUNIYA.

### A Symposium

**W**HAT is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Always be cool," said the Ice.

"Do business on time," said the Clock.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.

—Selected.



### Did It Pay?

**W**HEN Queen Victoria was a little girl, her mother purposely left the papers containing the line of succession to the throne of England where she would find them. After a while the little queen-elect came to her mother with the question, "Mother, who is to be the next heir to the throne after Uncle William? It just looks as if I am."

"Yes, daughter," said her mother thoughtfully, "it is you."

The little princess answered not a word, but stood thinking deeply as she saw the responsibility of the nation resting upon her young shoulders.

Suddenly she turned, and lifting her sweet young face up to her mother's, she said earnestly:

"Then, mother, I will be good!"

The childish resolve was never forgotten, and Queen Victoria's long reign was one of unusual blessing and happiness.

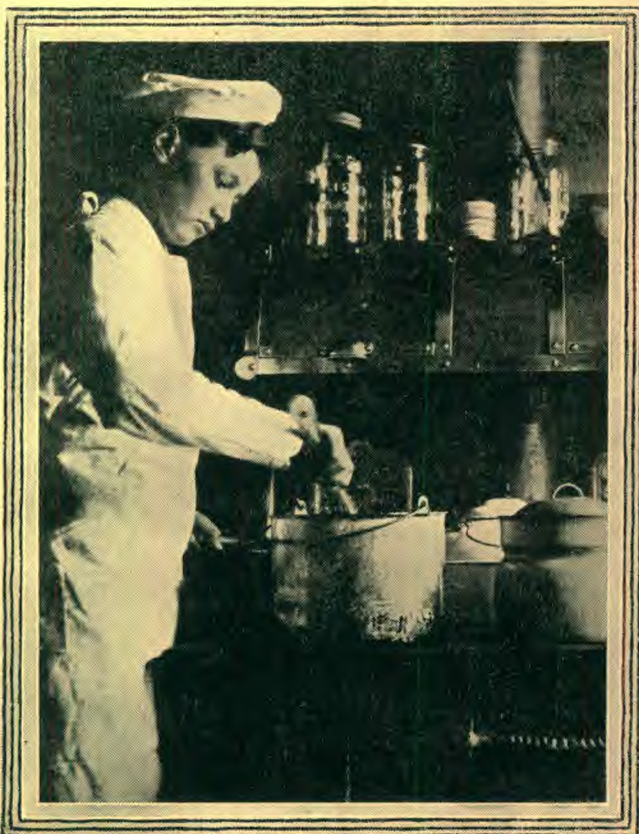
You may never be called upon to be a ruler of nations, but every day you will have to be ruler of your own heart, and no resolve that you can sincerely make will bring more peace, happiness, and blessing into your life than Queen Victoria's motto, "I will be good."—*Selected.*

## For the Finding-Out Club

### Concealed Geography

**E**ACH of the following sentences contains the name of a city, town, or village in the United States:

1. The bold rider refused all assistance.
2. Madam says, you must leave at least one more letter each morning or she will patronize another postman.
3. The new porter dropped ten trunks the very first day.



GEORGE MORRILL, OF GASTON, OREGON, AND THE PRODUCTS OF HIS CANNING SKILL  
We have seen nothing that appeared to excel in quality this display of canned goods.

4. We discovered the bear den very close to the sheepfold.

5. I won't mind this baby longer than today.

6. Now let the doctor see Jumbo's tongue.

7. If you are the curlew I stoned yesterday, I apologize.

8. Frightened by the terrible mob, I led sister away.

9. How Anna polishes the silver when Jack is expected!

10. Just look at that superb Angora cat!

11. When I asked him what time it was, he replied, "It am past two by two minutes."

12. Barnum brought Jumbo on to New York.

13. He was the most comical hound I ever saw.

14. Such little puffs of air have no effect upon the yachts.

15. It took him a whole day to notice her new frock.

16. A discerning critic says that many so-called connoisseurs mistake high art for daubing.—*Selected.*

### Answers to Questions Printed April 16

#### Part II

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Queen of Sheba | 8. Mary and Martha |
| 2. Samson         | 9. Felix           |
| 3. Jacob          | 10. Doreas         |
| 4. Eve            | 11. Nebuchadnezzar |
| 5. Jonah          | 12. Absalom        |
| 6. Moses          | 13. Joseph         |
| 7. Lot's wife     | 14. Haman          |



PHOSA BUTTERFIELD, DAUGHTER OF C. L. BUTTERFIELD,  
PRESIDENT OF THE CHOSEN CONFERENCE

Phosa is twelve years of age, and lives in Seoul, Chosen (Korea). For quantity it seems that Phosa's exhibit stands first, and we feel sure the quality is also first-class, but distance forbids quality tests.





## Missionary Volunteer Department

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ELLA IDEN	
MRS. I. H. EVANS	Office Secretary
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C. L. BENSON	
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### Our Counsel Corner

[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute questions to Our Counsel Corner. The Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department will be glad to answer, through these columns, questions on subjects of interest to young people.]

**W**E have been attending a revival at one of the churches. I should like to know the stand our people take in regard to the altar service in the churches.

E. H.

I know of no better answer to this question than is found in "Early Writings," pp. 124, 125: "I was shown the necessity of those who believe that we are having the last message of mercy, being separate from those who are daily imbibing new errors. I saw that neither young nor old should attend their meetings; for it is wrong to thus encourage them while they teach error that is a deadly poison to the soul, and teach for doctrines the commandments of men. The influence of such gatherings is not good. If God has delivered us from such darkness and error, we should stand fast in the liberty wherewith he has set us free, and rejoice in the truth. God is displeased with us when we go to listen to error, without being obliged to go; for unless he sends us to those meetings where error is forced home to the people by the power of the will, he will not keep us. . . . I saw that we have no time to throw away in listening to fables."

From this emphatic statement, it is very clear that we should not make a practice of attending and participating in such meetings. If we go at all, it should be with a definite purpose of making the present truth known to those who are ignorant of it.

M. M.

*I have noticed as I give reading matter to the young people, they give us books to read. Now, some of these are not unfit to read, but they are of no profit to any one, and on returning them the owners will ask us how we liked them. What do you think we should do under the circumstances?* J. W.

The situation presented in this question requires tact. We may close the door to our efforts by appearing to assume that we are all right and others wrong, that they ought to read our literature but we have no use for theirs. On the other hand, we should never feel under obligation to read fiction in order to induce our friends to read our books. It is well to make it known when discussing the question of reading, that we do not care to read fiction. If what they ask us to read is not injurious, we may at least examine the book sufficiently to discuss with them in a pleasant way things we may approve or disapprove in it.

M. M.

*Should Seventh-day Adventist young people read love stories or other stories in worldly magazines and newspapers?*

H. S.

Aside from our companions there is nothing perhaps that influences us more than what we read.

For as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he." Prov. 23:7. And as a man reads, so he will think. One who habitually reads light, sentimental literature will be light and sentimental. Here is a very solemn warning on this question:

"One of the greatest reasons why you have so little disposition to draw nearer to God by prayer is, you have unfitted yourselves for this sacred work by reading fascinating stories, which have excited the imagination and aroused unholy passions."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, p. 504.

Those who are reading useless and harmful literature should take up our Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses with a determination to break the evil habit before it is too late.

"Say firmly, 'I will not spend precious moments in reading that which will be of no profit to me, and which only unfits me to be of service to others. I will devote my time and my thoughts to acquiring a fitness for God's service.'"—*Id.*, Vol. VII, p. 64.

Those who are interested in this question should read Missionary Volunteer Leaflets Numbers Two, "From Which Fountain," and Thirteen, "Guiding Principles for the Young," and the Reading Course leaflet for 1915-16.

M. E. K.

## Just for the Juniors

### Keeping at It

**A** LITTLE fellow stood, cap in hand, before a well-known magnate who sat at his desk busy with a hundred pressing matters all demanding attention.

"Do you want a boy?" asked the lad respectfully.

"Nobody wants a boy," was the curt reply.

"Do you need a boy?" was the next question.

"Nobody needs a boy."

Nothing daunted, the lad persevered. "Well say, mister, do you have to have a boy?"

Such persistence was too much for the magnate. "I'm sorry to say we do," he admitted, "and I guess you're about what we want."

Plucky lad!

*Persistence is bound to win.* The boy or girl who has learned to persevere in spite of difficulties, has acquired one of the finest habits in the world. Watch such boys and girls, and you will find them succeeding in whatever they undertake. They are in demand everywhere.

But what about that other class who give up at the least trifle, and say, "There's no use. I can't do it"? Would the magnate have hired a boy like that? No, indeed, for he couldn't be depended on. When asked to do a piece of work, likely as not he would drop it before it was half finished. However desirable he might be in other respects, that one bad trait of leaving things half done would always be a hindrance.

Which kind of Junior would you prefer to be, one who perseveres until he accomplishes what he sets out to do, or the one who begins a great many things but leaves them unfinished?

One more question. Did you start out to take the Junior Bible Year at the beginning of 1918? and are you keeping up-to-date?

"Yes!" is the cheery response I imagine I hear from a host of Juniors in reply to that last question. But if any of you have fallen behind, don't be discouraged; begin today to catch up.



"Say 'I will,' and then stick to it;  
That's the only way to do it."

### The Junior Standard of Attainment

I wonder how many of you have been studying for the Junior Standard of Attainment this spring. Since we have such a fine little study manual to help our boys and girls, it is twice as easy as it used to be to become a Junior Attainment member. Haven't you found the manual a help?

It is nearly time for school to close, and no doubt you are very busy; but *don't fail* to take the Junior Standard of Attainment examination before the month of May closes. You know there will not be another examination till next December, so do not miss this opportunity. Your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary sends out the examination papers. If you do not go to church school, but wish to take this test, the elder of your church will be glad to send for the test questions if you will ask him. Wouldn't it be a fine thing if several hundred Juniors should earn Attainment certificates this spring? You can be among the number if you will.

### Hurry Up!

Our boys and girls will be sure to say that the new Junior Reading Course for 1918-19 is one of the nicest we have ever had. You will soon hear more about it. Hurry up and finish the course you are now reading and get your certificate, so that you will be all ready to begin on the new one. It is delightful!

### Why Not?

There is one conference in New England where there are no Senior Missionary Volunteer Societies at all, because there aren't enough young people; but there are plenty of boys and girls, we are glad to say, and seven Junior societies have been organized. Isn't that splendid? If there isn't a Junior society in your church, why not organize one at once?

### Those Empty Chairs

A band of Juniors whose numbers were small decided to have an "empty chair" rally to increase their membership. Empty chairs were placed all ready and waiting for new members, and each Junior tried to bring some one to help fill the empty chairs. It was such an interesting campaign, and how they enjoyed it! But best of all, they doubled their membership in this way. Just try the plan in your society.

E. I.

## The Sabbath School

### X — Joseph's Brethren Sent Again to Egypt

(June 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 43.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good: and whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." Prov. 16: 20.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 227, 228; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 119, 120.

"God rules, who in all seasons and events,  
Through fiery evil and o'erwhelming woe,  
Forever works the good."

### Questions

1. When the supply of corn was gone, what did Jacob again ask his sons to do? Gen. 43: 1, 2.
2. Of what did Judah remind him? Verses 3-5.
3. What question did Jacob then ask? How did his sons answer it? Verses 6, 7.
4. What offer did Judah make to his father? Verses 8-10.
5. What did Jacob then tell them to do? What permission did he give concerning Benjamin? Verses 11-15. Note 1.

6. What command did Joseph give the ruler of his house when he saw Benjamin with his brothers? Verse 16.

7. Why were the brothers afraid when they were invited to Joseph's house? Verses 17, 18.

8. What explanation did they make to the steward? Verses 19-22. Note 2.

9. How did the steward quiet their fears? Who was brought to them? Verse 23.

10. What was done for their comfort? What did the brothers do while waiting for Joseph? Verses 24, 25.

11. Describe their meeting with Joseph. For whom did Joseph make inquiry? Verses 26-28.

12. With what gracious words did he greet Benjamin? How was he affected by the meeting with his younger brother? What was he obliged to do? Verses 29-31.

13. How was the company arranged for dinner? Why did they not all sit at one table? Verses 31, 32. Note 3.

14. What arrangement caused the brothers great surprise? Verse 33.

15. What strange favor did Joseph show Benjamin? What shows that the brothers were not jealous of the favor shown to Benjamin? Verse 34. Note 4.

### Things to Think About

How does this lesson show that the brothers believed that Joseph would keep his word?

What fault did Jacob find with his sons?

Was his reproof just?

How did the steward get the money for the corn which the brothers had bought on the first journey?

### Notes

1. What a struggle it must have been to the aged father to see Benjamin with his other sons start on that journey. "This is the culmination of Jacob's time of sorrow. He was left alone—left in suspense for many weeks—a prey to fears, suspicions, surmises. No intelligence would reach him during this terrible period of waiting. There were no telegraphs—no posts even. Sick with hope deferred, the solitary patriarch waited day after day, longing for the return of his sons, or some of them, and yet dreading what news they might bring."—*Rawlinson*.

"Mounted on strong camels, with camel clothes of brown and green, their camel bells tinkling, and tassels of yellow and blue shaking in the wind, and followed by a string of asses with the empty corn sacks, the ten brothers left the vale of Hebron, riding slowly across the hot desert to the gate of Migdol, in the great Egyptian wall. Again they saw the broad blue Nile as they went along the bank, until they were opposite to the island. They were ferried over to the city, where the temple walls were painted in broad bands of red and green and black, and the walls of the white castle stood highest of all. The camels knelt in the wide market place, where Joseph was sold for a slave twenty years before, to wait while one of the brothers went to the government house to give to the doorkeeper a message for the great Zaphnath-paaneah that the ten shepherds of Canaan had returned with their brother. After waiting for a time, they got word that the great man would see them."—*Robert Bird*, in "One Hundred Bible Stories for Children."

2. Mention is made of the money in the sacks as being "in full weight." The Egyptians, like the Hebrews, weighed their money; it was in the form of rings of gold and was weighed by scribes.

3. "By the laws of caste, the Egyptians were forbidden to eat with people of any other nation. The sons of Jacob had therefore a table by themselves, while the governor, on account of his high rank, ate by himself, and the Egyptians also had separate tables."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 228*.

4. "When all were seated, the brothers were surprised to see that they were arranged in exact order, according to their ages. Joseph 'sent messes unto them from before him;' but Benjamin's was five times as much as any of theirs. By this token of favor to Benjamin he hoped to ascertain if the youngest brother was regarded with the envy and hatred that had been manifested toward himself. Still supposing that Joseph did not understand their language, the brothers freely conversed with one another; thus he had a good opportunity to learn their real feelings. Still he desired to test them further, and before their departure he ordered that his own drinking cup of silver should be concealed in the sack of the 'youngest.'"—*Id.*, pp. 228, 229.

### "Tomorrow May Be Too Late"

(Concluded from page ten)

missed, and though no sound was heard, the "Central America" had gone down and all on board perished, because it was thought they could be saved more conveniently at another time. Let the reader take the lesson to heart. "Now is the accepted time." Tomorrow may be too late. Too late for what?—Too late to be eternally saved.—*Selected*.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Angel Stories

WHAT interesting stories angels can tell when the redeemed of earth gather in Eden! An experience cited by the vice-president of the South American Union is only one of innumerable instances of divine protection that could be related.

Once when Elder F. H. Westphal was visiting interested persons in Brazil, he went to Brusque. Owing to opposition no building could be obtained for holding the Sabbath services, so the friends met, as did Paul and the Philippian believers, by the river-side. However, for the Sunday evening meeting a merchant offered his home. While Elder Westphal was speaking, a shower of heavy stones came through the open window before which he was standing. Although the servant of God stood with his back to the window and in full view of the infuriated mob, not a stone struck him.

"At the close of the meeting, the friends protested against his going to the hotel where he was stopping; but as he wanted to leave the city about midnight for his home, he felt that he must go. After a little further talk and a season of prayer, he bade the brethren farewell and started out, telling them that he would not go alone, having in mind Psalm 34:7, which says: 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.' He went forward alone, saw and heard nothing, and reached his hotel in safety. It was later ascertained through the confession of one of the mob that they were in waiting for him, planning to stone him as he passed a lonely place in the road. Each man was provided with heavy stones, and occupying a place of advantage, stood ready to throw; but as Brother Westphal drew near, they saw two men instead of one. They were seized with fear, and did not dare to throw a stone."

The angels of God are ever near to protect and succor the missionary. The history of missions seems but a record of the marvelous deliverances and opening providences of God. Our superintendent of the Inca Union Mission, when on his way to visit a sick child, lost the path. The night was dark. Suddenly a flash of lightning revealed that he was on the edge of a precipice, hundreds of feet deep. Another step, and he would have gone to his death. The flash of glory from an angel's wing, as it were, saved the servant of God from the fatal step.

Elder W. H. Anderson, of Africa, when pressing his way into new territory, was endangered by an uprising of savage Matebeles. One night he heard a voice saying, "Go back; take the footpath." He

obeyed, and had scarcely reached the path and hidden in the tall grass, when there came rushing past him down the main road a band of the warring Matebeles. Had he not recognized the heavenly command, his life would have counted for little with the hostile savages.

The missionary needs the constant protection of the angels of God, for as he makes his bed often on the ground, wrapped in his blanket, he would become the victim of wild beasts and reptiles but for divine protection. A snake once crawled into Pastor Anderson's blanket, but there was one fold between them, and so neither disturbed the other.

The mouths of lions have been stopped by angels for the protection of our own missionaries as verily as for the saving of Daniel. Brother Anderson has had as many as seven lions at one time stalking about his camp.

It has been said that there is no record of a missionary's having died in foreign lands from snake bite, though thousands of natives die from this cause. Two of our women missionaries in India heard a strange noise one night behind a piece of furniture in their room, and later discovered that this came from a cobra that had been sharing their home, having its abode in the wall. But for the protection of God the reptile could have taken their lives any day, as it had easy access to their room.

## Odd Moments

MOTHER, how soon will dinner be ready?" asked Louise, impatiently.

"In just about ten minutes," responded mother, in cheery tones.

"Oh, dear, I do so hate the half hour before meals! I simply can't get settled to do anything." And Lois proceeded to lounge comfortably in a big chair.

Just then her sister Frances bounded into the room. "Did I hear mother say that dinner would be ready in ten minutes? There, I had planned to use the fifteen minutes before each mealtime for special memorizing in music, and here five of them have gone already!"

To some people the odd moments in the day are a bore; to others they are precious. Splendid opportunities have been overlooked in the odd moments; wonderful results have been accomplished. A great deal depends on the individual.

If there are certain periods in the day which you dread, make up your mind to have some special work for them. Just before dinner is a splendid time to do brain work. Difficult problems have often been solved then; the finer points in education have been mastered. The time that most people throw away, others use for some special advantage.

Try filling these spots with a definite purpose, and you will be surprised how quickly the minutes pass. — *The Visitor*.

At a recent meeting an elderly, feeble woman walked almost the length of the room in a vain attempt to find a seat. There were many younger persons present, any one of whom might have offered her a seat; but no. She was left in her embarrassment to continue her course down the aisle. All young men and women, boys and girls, should be very quick to show this courtesy to older men and women in the home, at church, or on the street car. Respect to the aged is the glory of youth.