

The *INSTRUCTOR*

Vol. LXVI

June 18, 1918

No. 25



MOSES BREAKING THE TABLES OF THE LAW

"He cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount." Ex. 32:19.

From Here and There

In the single State of New York fifty-five thousand long-unclaimed bank accounts are reported.

It is reported that England has saved 300,000 tons of coal and France \$10,000,000 worth by "saving daylight."

On May 15, the first aerial delivery of New York mail in the city of Washington, D. C., was made, after a flight of three hours and five minutes.

During 1917 approximately 7,000,000 men, 500,000 animals, 200,000 vehicles, and 9,500,000 tons of stores were conveyed from England to the various fronts.

If all the locomotives employed on United States railroads were placed on four parallel tracks, they would form a line three hundred eighty-five miles in length.

Walking in a thunder storm under an umbrella with the modern metal rod is now said to be about the most dangerous of practices, since the metal is an almost certain conductor of electricity.

Columbus discovered the hammock as well as America. In San Salvador he found the natives sleeping in what they called *hamacs*, and Columbus bought several and so introduced the hammock.

Switzerland is considering the feasibility of adopting the twenty-four-hour clock which has already been tried in several European countries. This system does away with any confusion of A. M. and P. M.

Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, introduced a resolution under which all obligations of France to the United States for moneys borrowed or funds advanced since the beginning of this war, including interest, would be canceled.

Governor Whitman signed a bill requiring boys between sixteen and nineteen years of age to attend drill and perform military duties. Compliance with the requirements of the new law entitles the youth to a certificate, without which he cannot attend public or private school or obtain employment.

The smallest church in the world stands on the roof of the St. Lawrence Hospital in New York City. It will hold just forty persons, and in four long steps one can cover the distance from the entrance to the altar. It was built for the convenience of patients in the hospital and of the hospital employees.

The first ambulance for wounded soldiers was introduced on the battlefield by Larret, a French surgeon, in 1792. The British Army did not use them until 1857, after the Crimean War, and Congress did not establish a uniform system of ambulance service in the United States until March 11, 1864, when the Civil War was nearly three quarters over.

Dr. B. J. Cigrand, writing in the *New York Times*, says that the historical painting, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," which is the work of Emanuel Leutze, a German-born American citizen, was actually painted on the banks of the Rhine, and that Germans posed for the leading figures. While in Germany some years ago, he says, he visited Leutze's old homestead at Düsseldorf. The keeper of the place informed him that Leutze came there in 1841 and shortly afterward began the painting, sitting by the Rhine for many days, studying its flow and making an outline of its banks.

The first of the big American hospital trains has been used on the French front with entire success. It is a khaki-colored train of sixteen cars made in England, equipped with an operating-room, a pharmacy, a kitchen, and ten ward cars. The cars are 57 feet long, made of steel, vestibuled, steam heated, and electric lighted. They are painted in khaki-green, with "U. S." in red letters in the center of Maltese crosses on red background at the ends.

Shoes made of tough, coarse fibers of esparto grass are still worn in Iberia and in some parts of Portugal. They are the best wearing shoes known, one pair having the record of outwearing a dozen pairs of the hide variety. They half-sole themselves, that is, they pick up tiny pebbles in the meshes of the sole fiber, and when one pebble is worn out, another takes its place. It is not uncommon for one pair of these shoes to wear many years.

The following figures, compiled by the State Department and published in the *Nation's Business*, indicate the increase in the cost of living over 1916:

Italy	65	per cent
Spain	25	"
Greece	250	"
Switzerland	97	"
Sweden	225	"
Denmark	70	"
France	57	"
Holland	60	"

Miss Hendrica Van der Flier, of Holland, visited Washington recently, and presented to Mrs. Wilson, the President's wife, a gold ring which Belgian children had sent to her as a gift. Miss Van der Flier is in America for the purpose of raising a fund of \$1,000,000 with which to build a garden village near Antwerp to shelter Belgian widows and orphans.

Anthracite culm mixed with about twenty per cent of soft coal makes a good smokeless fuel.

The Genesis of a Quotation

THE expression, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," occurs in "A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy," by Laurence Sterne, who died in 1768. Nearly two hundred years earlier Henri Estienne had written, "Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue," (God tempers the cold to the shorn sheep). It would seem that Sterne simply borrowed from Estienne. George Herbert, who died in 1333, may also have been indebted to Estienne for the same thought, which, however, he varied a little more than did Sterne. Herbert wrote: "To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure."

C. P. BOLLMAN.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 18, 1918

No. 25

Courage

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;
Because I lift my head above the mist
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow,
Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burdens to be borne like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.
And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine.
Grateful I take his slightest gift, no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.
Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding, let me be;
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness — me
The powers of light befriend.

—Celia Thaxter.

Ways to Win

W. E. HOWELL

EVERY boy likes to win out in what he undertakes, and so does every girl. It is born in the blood of every normal young person to want something more than he has, to be something more than he is, and to do something more than he is doing. This is a heaven-born instinct, and if given proper direction will bear fruit in the life to the honor of its possessor and to the honor of his Creator.

One burning desire in the heart of every normal boy and girl is to obtain a good education. Never in the world's history have external circumstances combined to emphasize this desire and to magnify the need of special training as they do at the present time. No young man or woman who does not stir himself to do his very best, may hope to realize many of the laudable aims of life in these times of great opportunity.

There is no greater opportunity in the world than that of having some responsible part in the Great Advent Movement that is to finish the last work this world will ever see done. Positions of worldly honor and gain pale into insignificance in comparison with becoming a coworker with Christ and a joint heir in the great reward of eternal life just before us. The things of time are not a drop in the bucket compared with the things of eternity.

But How?

"How am I to get the education I long for?" is the question many young people are asking themselves and their neighbors. There are so many ways that it is impossible to mention all of them, but a few of the principal ones are suggested here. The youth who is really ambitious for an education will put it this way:

1. I will settle it that I am going to school, whether I see any present way of getting there or not.

2. If I cannot find a way, I will set about at once to make one.

3. I will be in dead earnest and perfectly honest in whatever way I find or make to get to school and to get through school.

4. If I don't see just now the way I prefer, I will take advantage of the way that lies next to me.

5. I will dedicate myself and my plans to God, and keep both constantly before him.

What Are Some of These Ways?

1. I will canvass if I can learn how — and I know I can learn how, because hundreds of other boys and girls have done so. This seems to me the best way, because I am both helping to win other souls to God, and I am winning my own way through school.

2. Until I have opportunity to learn how to canvass, I will work faithfully by the day, or the hour, or the piece, at the first and most paying thing I can find — and I can find something, because every boy and girl has who went about it in earnest.

3. During my spare hours evenings and rainy days, I will study shorthand with all my might, with a teacher if I can find one, but otherwise alone, and I will try hard to get access to the use of a typewriter. I think these will help me to win my way along. I have heard that several of our denominational leaders today got their education through stenographic work.

4. The first chance I get, I will learn to keep books. My mother tells me of a neighbor's son who took a course in bookkeeping the first year he went away from home to school, and supported himself in school the next two years by helping to keep the college books.

5. I think I will finish that nurses' course I started last winter. I heard one of our educators say not long ago that every one of our forty boarding schools ought to have a physician or a nurse on the school staff, to look after the health of the students and the community, and to teach the students first aid and simple treatments. This is both a paying and a gospel occupation. Besides that, I understand it is one of the best qualifications for service in the mission field when one is through school.

6. I will arm myself with a lawn mower, a sharp sickle, and a rake, and do lawns at twenty-five cents to one dollar apiece in the autumn and the spring. For the winter I will arm myself with a snow shovel, and keep up my wholesome outdoor exercise while earning my way as I go.

7. I will learn how to fire a furnace economically, so as to deliver a uniform heat, and make a contract to serve a certain number of houses through the cold weather. This will give me spare time to study in a warm place between firings, and will keep my courage aglow by meeting my bills as they come due.

8. My mother says that I can cook many dishes as well as she can. During my spare hours I will study up on the latest principles of good cookery, and I see no reason why I should not assist in this delicate and wholesome art at the academy. I heard a W. C. T. U. leader say the other day that one of the highest accomplishments of the true woman is to be a first-class cook; that there is more real education in it than in the study of algebra and the piano.

9. It seems to me that Dorcas, the garment maker, must have been one of the most honorable women of New Testament times. She had the love and esteem of her neighbors, and Peter was moved to restore her to life that she might continue to accomplish her deeds of love. Why may I not develop the skill with a needle that I have often been told I possess, and turn this to good account on my education?

10. Printing is one of the greatest and most useful of modern arts. It is one of the chief ways of giving the gospel to the world. It educates both the hand and the mind; and while giving a practical experience that will be of great value in the mission field, it will help save my purse from the aching void.

In short, there are so many WAYS to WIN that I shall not delay another day in setting out for my goal—the very best education I can get in a Christian school.

Courage in the Lord

OFTEN we are hard pressed by the enemy, and sometimes we give way to discouragement. It is hard at such times to realize that the sun is shining behind the clouds. Concerning this state of mind the servant of the Lord says:

“Hope and courage are essential to perfect service in the work of God. These are the fruit of faith. Despondency is sinful and unreasonable. God is able and willing to more abundantly bestow upon his servants the strength they need for test and trial. The plans of the enemy may seem to be well laid and firmly established, but God can overthrow the strongest of these. And this he does in his own time and way, when he sees that the faith has been sufficiently tested.”

“All afflictions and trials that befall us here are permitted to work out his purposes of love toward us, that we might be partakers of his holiness, and thus become participants in the fulness of joy which is found in his presence.”

“He who is imbued with the Spirit of Christ abides in Christ. Whatever comes to him comes from the Saviour, who surrounds him with his presence. Nothing can touch him except by the Lord's permission.”

What real comfort these words bring to the heart of the trusting believer! Then why should we be discouraged?

“God would never send you the darkness,
If he thought you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to his guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

“'Tis true he has many an anguish
For the sorrowful heart to bear,

And many a cruel thorn crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.

“So he sends you blinding darkness,
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to his feet;
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

“Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And—well, if your lips do quiver,
He will love you the better so.”

C. J. TOLF.

At First and Now

WHEN the war began, the people of the country were invited, even by governmental agencies, to express their interest in the soldier boys by inviting them to their homes to meals, to social entertainments, and to spend their leave. The people responded quickly and generously to this invitation. This well-meant hospitality is now regarded by the officers of the army as not only unnecessary under present conditions, but absolutely detrimental to the efficiency of the service. They therefore present the following points to the public as the result of their observation:

“FIRST: That the entertainment of the men in service in private homes has resulted to the detriment of the men instead of to their benefit. The men have been overfed, the camp officers say; they have been kept up too late; and it takes from twelve to twenty-four hours for the men to become readjusted to the sterner camp life upon their return after their entertainment in homes of comfort and plenty. Where they have been kept overnight, the men return to camp or yard long after the fixed early hour the next morning, and give as an excuse that they were allowed to oversleep, they missed their train, breakfast was unavoidably late, and so on. In other words, the plan has not worked out satisfactorily.

“SECOND: That the sending of sweets and edibles of all sorts to the men in service has been disadvantageous to the health of the men. The camp officers claim that the excellent and well-balanced meals provided are all-sufficient for the men, and that where they desire ‘extras’ they can be bought at the canteens at moderate prices.

“THIRD: That as over ninety per cent of the social functions provided for the men outside of the camps have taken the form of dances, kept up until ‘all hours,’ the physical vitality of the men is impaired and they show the results in their work.

“FOURTH: That the sending of unnecessary ‘comforts’ by overanxious mothers and wives has become a serious matter in the camps, where the men have no use or room for them; that while at the first rush the necessary needs and comforts were not all provided, they are now, and any further contributions from home find no place.

“FIFTH: That the writing of doleful letters by mothers and wives has had a seriously depressing effect on the men; that they rebel at the practice themselves, and cannot understand why the folks back home fail to comprehend that they are well cared for and contented—most of the men being better cared for and far healthier, in reality, than in their civilian lives.

“SIXTH: That the ‘godmother’ idea of women writing to boys whom they do not know and whom their fancy pictures as being lonely—which is not true—should absolutely cease, in order to stop revealed graft and deception.”

These official conclusions become an appeal to the public to lessen their efforts to provide physical comforts, delicacies, and entertainments for the soldiers; still there are ways open to all to render material aid to the comfort and well-being of the men in army service. These are:

The writing of cheery, helpful letters by members of the soldier's family and by his personal friends; the sending of current magazines and good books; the giving of work and money to the Red Cross work; and helping your community, if you live in a center adjacent to camps, cantonments, and naval bases, to provide suitable and wholesome accommodations for the men when on leave.

In the Christian Pathway

Sowing

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6: 7.

WHAT kind of seed are we sowing
In this great field of life?
Are we planting deeds of kindness,
Or scattering words of strife?

Every seed that we sow will be fruitful,
Not one will languish and die;
They will be as balm for healing,
Or wound like arrows that fly.

Our record the angels are keeping;
Where will we stand in that day,
When in the final judgment
We reap what we're sowing today?

MRS. GRACE E. BRUCE.

A Story from India

ONE day while making my way as best I could through the crowded reception-room at the recent General Conference, I was accosted by a brother, who said: "I have a story that I want to tell to some of our publishing men when they have time to listen." I replied, "I am ready to listen now." The brother was one of our missionaries from India, and what he told me was substantially as follows:

"One day in Calcutta I received a letter from a gentleman living about fifteen miles down the Hoogly River, at a place called Fort Gloster. In the letter he stated that he and his wife were Christians, but not members of any church. He said that two years previous to this a canvasser had come to their place and had sold them Volumes 1 to 3 of the "Helping Hand" series (Millennial Dawn books), and he was much interested in the subject of the millennium, and requested me to bring to him or send one of our colporteurs with Volumes 4 and 5 of the same series, as he wanted to continue the study further. I could not understand how he connected Millennial Dawnism with Seventh-day Adventism.

"I laid the letter on my desk and kept it there for several days, and the thing kept bothering me, so a few days later I filled my bag with a number of our books and went down to visit the gentleman. I reached there about noon, and found him at home for his noon hour. We had a very interesting talk. I was careful in bringing up the subject. I was trying to find out how he connected us with those books. Finally I had to come out plainly and ask, and he told me that the canvasser from whom he purchased the books said he was a Seventh-day Adventist.

"I had heard of this same canvasser before in India, where he had made the same claims, selling these Millennial Dawn books as Seventh-day Adventist literature. I told this man that we did not publish those books, nor did we hold the views contained in them. Then he said, 'If you do not hold to these views, what is your position on the subject of the millennium and the coming of the Lord?'

"My time was limited and it was nearly time for him to go to work, but I said, 'I have several books with me that will explain all these points.' I opened my bag and showed him 'The Great Controversy.' He was very much interested in it, and said, 'I will take that book.' I showed him 'Daniel and the Revelation,' giving him a brief explanation of the contents of the book. I also had a copy of 'Heralds of the Morning,' and told him that it dealt with the coming of the Lord. He took a copy of both books. He also

purchased 'Here and Hereafter' and 'Steps to Christ,' and I gave him a large number of tracts that I had with me. Altogether I sold him about twelve dollars' worth of books, and before leaving I promised to keep in touch with him by correspondence.

"Later on I visited him again. We had a pleasant visit and also a good Bible study. Then he and his wife came to Calcutta to visit us in our home, and we had another good Bible study. Our acquaintance developed into friendship, and we visited back and forth quite freely. His wife is now a baptized member of our church. The gentleman has paid tithe quite regularly ever since then, and is himself very deeply interested in our truths, and I hope and fully expect that some day he will take his stand definitely with us."

This experience shows how even a deception practiced by the enemy of God's truth resulted in bringing an honest seeker and his family to the light. It also illustrates the effectiveness of our good books when used by our ministers in connection with their work.

W. W. EASTMAN.

Soul-Winning by the Use of Literature¹

I TAKE it that you recognize the fact that literature is a very important factor in soul-winning. The same ministry of holy angels attends the printed page that attends the work of the minister. Therefore, as we give out a tract, a pamphlet, a book, a magazine, or any other paper, angels of God follow it up, the Holy Spirit follows it up. But it must be distributed in the spirit in which it was written. I think a mistake has been made in the past by putting a commercial slant to the work of distributing literature. I want to endeavor to lead your minds away from that idea, and remind you that literature affords an opportunity to introduce a religious subject. It is an entering wedge for personal work.

Our young people and our children ought to be acquainted with the contents of the paper, book, or magazine they use, and realize its value in personal work. Show them how to use the paper in their personal interviews. It will teach them how to talk on soul-winning subjects. As they learn sentences in the book, or read paragraphs here and there, they will soon be using the thoughts of the book unconsciously. They will imbibe the spirit of the book. It will teach them how to do soul-winning work. Surely our literature is a great blessing to those who distribute it, to say nothing of its influence after it leaves their hands. Its usefulness as an introduction by which they may have access to people, is invaluable.

W. W. EASTMAN.

I AM a believer in personal work, but I think it is absolutely essential that God do something for our hearts before we can hope to do anything in a successful way for other hearts. I am thinking of the experience of the young man out of whom the Lord cast the legion of devils, as recorded in Luke 8. That young man desired to return with the Master, and got into the boat fully intending to cross the lake; but the Master observed him and requested him to go ashore. The young man entreated to be permitted to go along, but the Master said, "No; I am obliged to go, but I want to leave you for a witness. I want you to return to your own house and show what great

¹ Stenographic report of talks given in the Missionary Volunteer departmental meetings at the recent General Conference.

things God has done for you." And the Word says that the young man returned and published throughout the city the great things God had done for him, and the result is shown in that while the people came together and invited the Master to leave their shore, it was not long until they welcomed the Master back. On his return, the Word says, the whole country was at the water's edge to meet him. I suppose all were ready and anxious to hear words from the lips of the Master.

Our literature is excellent ammunition for the personal worker. We have soul-winning literature of all sizes, from the small tract up to the magazine and book; and I believe we ought to be armed for the warfare. However, one would hardly feel like passing out tracts until he had read them himself, and the reading of them will be of great benefit to the worker. I do not think we can overestimate the educational value of our literature,—the spiritual uplift that it will bring into the heart of every person who reads it with a sincere desire to know the way more perfectly. And it is when we read it ourselves, and get the spirit of it, that we feel like passing it on.

See to it that the literature you pass out to your friends and neighbors comes to them through consecrated hands and with earnest prayers. Somehow the people look at the reading matter you give them in the light of what they see beaming in your own countenance. The Christian man or woman handling our literature is often to that literature what the front page, with its various colors and figures, is to a magazine. When the people read it, they will be impressed with its truths accordingly as they recognize the truths reflected in the face of the one who offered it to them. Truly, I do not know of any agency more useful in soul-winning than our literature properly used.

But while we labor, we must keep in mind the practical suggestions made this afternoon. I believe our lives, the warm handshake, the kindly interest, will count more in winning souls to a knowledge of this great truth than the arguments in the literature itself. And so we want to bear in mind all the time that there is no agency so effective in soul-winning as a sanctified life; and when the heart is sanctified with the grace of God, we can take our literature as an introductory agency to help in the great work we are endeavoring to do.

Nor do we want to be overconfident, and think that, because of the value of our literature, all we need to do is to take an armful and leave it, and that will do the work. You may take all the books we publish to your neighbors, and if you fail to live what they teach, those friends may never learn the truth. But on the other hand, you may take just one pamphlet or one book, and if you live consistently yourself, it may be sufficient to bring them into the truth.

F. W. PAAP.

Climbing Mt. Hood

MT. HOOD is one of the most visited snow peaks of America. Its glistening summit is a constant challenge to the sight-seeing stranger, and an invitation to the native Westerner, for mountain climbing is a fascinating pastime. In a recent issue of *Sunset*, Hamilton M. Laing describes the start from Government Camp, after a night spent in the open, and his experiences on the ascent and descent of this skyscraper of Oregon. We give an excerpt of his story for the edification of the uninitiated:

"We were off at 2:45 A. M., and toiled up the wood path through the scattered timber. There were six of us, including Hans, the guide. Two parties from Portland had beaten us on the start; a yell or halloo ahead anon broke the mountain quiet; a flash glinted here and there, though the moonlight was so strong that our guide did not light the lantern he carried.

"The first flowers were bidding good morning as we emerged from the timber; then the sky grew yellow; Sol peeped over a ridge; it was morning. Flowers appeared all about us. We had left the tall lupine and the Mariposa lilies and squaw grass down in the timber; but here were beds of phlox, white and pink, fuzzy spraguea, short-stemmed purple asters, and masses of frost-tinted polygonum lying like orange and crimson rugs upon the ash-gray hills.

"The other parties toiled up the snow ahead of us; a far yell or yodel came drifting back with a strange hollowness in the morning air. Then just before we took to the snow fields, Hans mounted a small rock and said, 'Now I will give them a call,'—with a



MT. HOOD, OREGON, FROM LOST LAKE

trifle of emphasis on the 'I,'—took in a barrelful or less of mountain air, threw up his head, and let go. I can no more describe that yodeling melody or its effect on me than I can paint a sunset. I know it sent the prickles running strangely up and down my spine, as music has done but rarely. I had heard this musical juggling before, but I had never heard Swiss Hans yodel in the mountains. It was the proper setting. He gave half a dozen calls, each seemingly better than the last.

"I was charmed; I would learn to yodel or I should know why! During the next hour I myself awakened a whole legion of slumbering echoes. Unheeding the agony in the faces of my comrades—we wore grease paint and amber goggles anyway—and the smiles of the Swiss, I yo-o-o-odel-odeled till I was hoarse. . . . But when I had ended with a throatful of frogs, Hans eased me down with the solemn assurance that it had to be 'borned in you.' I understood then that I had been 'borned' without it.

"Then we tackled the snow fields, . . . and as we toiled toward Crater Rock the going became stiffer. The haul up the wire cable hand over hand brought extra fatigue, and the ascent was covered in short drives. The climb begins to be more real here; the breath comes fast; the heart hammers and pounds; the senses grow dizzy in this light ether, and it needs no guide's warning at such times to hold the climber back. Our trouble now was in getting ahead. . . .

"It is fine to be a greenhorn and get impressions new and first hand. . . . Even in this barrenness there were living things. Grasshoppers, beetles, and moths, mostly dead and long in cold storage, but a few alive, were observed on the snow. Some large buzzing fly that none of us could capture followed us noisily at times. Several butterflies were seen flitting around the sun-warmed rocks; and later as we rested at Crater Rock an able-bodied daddy longlegs was found walking at his grandfather gait over the rocks! It is easy enough to account for the presence of the migrant birds, but the live grasshopper on the snow and the vegetarian spider miles beyond the last sprig of vegetation, were puzzlers.

"The southern ascent of Hood — and mountaineers say that it is a very easy peak to climb; a good one for beginners — passes up through the throat of a great volcano that long ago poured out its material to build the mountain. The southern side of the mountain is missing, . . . but part of the rim remains. This is the sharp tip that pleases the eye of the thousands who see it from the valleys. Crater Rock is the mound in the heart of the old crater left by the last throes of the dying volcano. It is a wild spot. Steam and sulphurous vapor issue from holes here and there. The air is laden with a smell that suggests an interrelation of laboratory, naughty student, and hydrogen sulphide.

"After we had rested at Crater Rock and eaten chocolate and stiffened our knees with a sandwich each from the hamper Hans carried on his broad shoulders, we journeyed upward and along the hogback or snow ridge toward the crevasse. Small bits of rock chased each other down the white slope in such close succession that they seemed alive.

"Then the thing happened that Hans had warned us might befall 'if we were not careful.' Friend J — said that he felt horrible; to look at him was to believe him. Our guide and comforter explained that many climbers got sick, that mountain sickness was a twin brother of seasickness, a harmless ailment but dreadfully unpopular. Friend J — just wanted to lie there in the snow and die. He besought us to leave him; and indicated brokenly that when he could get his stomach back to its old moorings he would start *downward*. It is plainly useless to argue with a man when he has mountain sickness, so we waited till he felt better and said he would try to make the summit. And he did.

"The last hour brought the toughest work of all. At the edge of the ascent we came to the crevasse. A ladder and rope were across the gap, but Hans went ahead and fixed everything securely. A new snow had recently fallen, and the light was dazzling. To remove the amber glasses for a few moments meant eyestrain; to expose the skin unprotected for any considerable time meant sunburn almost as severe as a scald. Hence the grease paint.

"The last thousand feet was the hardest pull of all, much of it being hand over hand on the ropes. A few feet at each drive was quite enough. Up, up, another heave or two, with rests between, and it was over. To climb such a mountain is not an achievement, but it is gloriously good fun. It was now exactly noon. We were on the summit on the edge of this old crater rim, 11,225 feet on high, the loftiest spot in Oregon.

"As for the view itself from this mountain top, words are cheap and impotent. It is easy to tell that the sun shone from a sky that held not a vestige

of cloud; that the glaciers rolled away far below to divide into their respective canyons and feed a dozen rivers in the green timber; that we could look into the famous Hood River Valley and out upon the mighty Columbia; or even turn about and sweep the swelling blue Cascades 7,000 feet below us, ridge on ridge lying in a maze of blue overcuttings and fading off into the mellow haze that intermingled earth and air; that the very world seemed spread out below us, and we saw it now as the eagle sees it; that the white mountain gods of the West lay off in the distance: St. Helena, Adams, mighty Rainier, with their glistening heads high over the haze that mantled the valleys; easy, but all this does not tell what I *felt*.

"We rested a little time while Hans flashed a mirror signal to the watchers at Government Camp, and then we set off downward. Hans knew the short cuts, and led off down the slopes like a wild torpedo. The climber is supposed to play himself on the return, and our guide showed us how. With alpenstock for rudder and drag or brake trailing behind, you sit down or lie down and toboggan. You may slide, roll sidewise, or end over end, but you always get down. It makes no difference whether you are under twenty or over fifty and the father of a family; in four seconds you go down a slope that on the upward journey took an hour of siege. No one would have guessed now by looking at Friend J — as he delightedly bored the snow out of his ears, that scant three hours ago he had voiced a wish to die.

"By 4 P. M. we were back at Government Camp. I bivouacked at a little mountain stream several rods up the trail from the hotel, and had the night with the moon and the glistening ghost mountain, with thrushes for comrades and the chattering water for a lullaby when I dozed; and in the bright morning, after breakfast and a visit from the mountain jays and chickadees, I set off on the back trail and spent a whole golden day on it, as though time in these mountains was simply made to waste."

Helpful and Interesting Books

HOW Boys and Girls Can Earn Money," by C. C. Bowsfield. \$1 net; by mail, \$1.10.

"Graded Exercises in Punctuation and Use of Capitals." 25 cents.

"In Nature's Haunts with Youthful Minds." 75 cents.

"Character Lessons in American Biography." 75 cents.

"Stickeen," a dog classic, by John Muir. 60 cents, cloth; 25 cents, paper.

"Fifty-two Story Talks to Boys and Girls," by Rev. Howard J. Chidley, is an instructive book for children. 75 cents.

"Take It" is a book filled with short suggestions for making the most of life. \$1.

Order from your tract society, or the Review and Herald, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

THE more I study the world the more I am convinced of the inability of force to create anything durable. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded empires; but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? They depended upon force. Jesus Christ founded his empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for him.—*Napoleon*.

SIMPLE duty hath no place for fear.—*Whittier*.

Nature and Science

Alaskan Cliff Dwellers

ALASKA seems a perpetual wonderland. Many of her frozen, interior wilds have never been trodden by the foot of civilized man, while the ever-increasing records of her seemingly inexhaustible resources in the way of coal, oil, gold and silver, lumber, and salmon fisheries are almost beyond our conception. New discoveries continually excite the world's wonder and the greed of unscrupulous promoters. The wisdom and farsighted sagacity of Seward in securing this marvelous land for our own possession has been abundantly vindicated.

It seems queer to think of cliff dwellers in bleak, wintry Alaska. We are accustomed to think of them as belonging to prehistoric races, leaving behind their ruined dwelling as proof of their existence in centuries past and gone. But the Alaskan cliff dwellers belong to the present time, and are found on King's Island in Bering Sea, on Alaska's western coast.

King's Island is a small, elevated table-land of basalt. Its shores are made up of nearly vertical cliffs overlooking the sea. These cliffs vary in height from seventy to seven hundred feet. The ocean rages ceaselessly at the foot of these rocks, and a more desolate, forbidding scene can scarcely be imagined.

Yet here a tribe of about two hundred Eskimos find a home. They make a scanty and perilous living by walrus and seal hunting and whaling. Their marvelous skill in handling their kayaks, or small canoes, in the roughest of water enables them to pursue their game off shore. As may be imagined, there is plenty of excitement and danger to give spice to their otherwise dreary and monotonous lives.

The homes of these islanders through the brief Alaskan summer are on platforms attached to the sides of the sea cliffs, and are made of shoulder-blade bones fastened by thongs of sinew to large pegs of bone driven securely into cracks in the basalt. These platforms are guarded on the outer edge by a rail, and are large enough for the family lodging. No shelter is afforded from the weather, and these platforms serve not only as homes, but also as sentry boxes from which they watch for the walrus and seal, so indispensable to their existence. Fires are kindled upon them for household purposes, and they are made to serve for the varied needs of a habitation.

They find their winter homes in the recesses of these same cliffs. In the shattered and seamed basalt these islanders have hewed out caves, many of which are comfortable and spacious. Here, during the eight months of the arctic winter, they live contentedly, shielded from the inclement winds and tempests that rage around their seagirt island. The rude wealth of the family finds in the cave ample storage room. When possible, the summer platforms are built at the opening of these caves, which makes removal speedy and convenient.

What a strange life! The long winter abode in the semidarkness of the rock-ribbed cavern; the summer residence on the rocky cliff overlooking the sea, with no roof but the sky; no shelter from the winds that sweep abroad in their might! Below them the fierce music of the ocean's roar is a perpetual organ accompaniment to the less strenuous sounds of human industry. The children born and bred among the solitudes of these lofty cliffs must have strange and misty ideas of the world.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

A Unique Exposition

ON May 30 a unique exposition opened in the world's metropolis, under the name of the New York International Exposition. Mr. Frank C. Stillman, the electrical engineer in charge of construction on the exposition grounds, says of it:

"This great exposition, which will be open yearly from May 30 to November 1, possesses more significance than most persons imagine.

"The grounds cover thirty acres lying between the Bronx River and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad line, and the exposition will be permanent in character and operate to cultivate the most intimate commercial relations among nations of this Western Hemisphere.

"In short, the idea is to make these grounds a sort of clearing house for the products of the North American, Central American, and South American countries; and with that object in view, displays will be invited from every section affected.

"Chili, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic have already entered into the spirit of the matter, and sent interesting exhibits. We have promises from other countries, and a feature of the exposition will be the palace of American achievements.

The exposition will be patterned after the Earl's Court and Shepherd's Bush, in London, although on a much larger scale than either.

"Amusements and other forms of entertainment will be attractive features of the grounds, and we are now putting in an immense swimming pool capable of accommodating 10,000 bathers.

"Another attractive feature will be a replica of Jerusalem, with its camels, Jewish street traders, and all—in fact, a reproduction of the Holy City just as it stood in Biblical times."

The Phoebe Bird

WHEN springtime days are bright and fair
And skies are blue and shining,
A lonely little bachelor
Goes grieving and repining;
Among the budding orchard trees
From dawn to dark he's calling,
Athwart the robins' cheery tones
His plaintive accents falling—
"Phœ-be — Phœ-be — where's Phœ-be?"

O cruel must the maiden be
To leave him thus despairing,
The while she loiters on the road
For his distress uncaring!
When other birds are glad and gay,
And blithely they are singing,
He still repeats his pleading cry
As here and there he's winging —
"Phœ-be — Phœ-be — come, Phœ-be!"

He has no heart his home to plan —
That nest of dainty beauty —
Till she has come his toil to share
In wifely love and duty.
So all the day this faithful swain
His loneliness is voicing;
O Phœbe, come, and end his plaint,
And he shall sing, rejoicing,
"Phœ-be — Phœ-be — here's Phœ-be!"
— *Annie Johnson Flint.*

Why King George Doesn't Give His Palaces to the Red Cross

WHY, asks the democratic American, doesn't the king of England let the nation have a few of his palaces for hospitals and convalescent homes? Surely they are big enough, and he cannot live in more than one at a time.

Why, indeed? Because of several good, plain reasons, "notably the absence of effective drainage systems." Not enough bathrooms, to be exact; no running water to speak of. A Park Avenue apartment in New York City would not find a tenant if it had as few bathrooms as are in all the British royal palaces put together, and no American earning \$5,000 a year would live in a flat with the sewerage system and the antiquated bathroom fixtures of Buckingham Palace, St. James's Palace, *et al.*

In August, 1914, King George offered Kensington Palace, where all his relatives live, and St. James's Palace to the Red Cross; but both castles were found to be "unsuitable for hospital purposes."

Perhaps that is not to be wondered at. Henry VIII rebuilt St. James's out of what had been a hospital for "leprous maidens," and Kensington Palace is between two hundred and two hundred fifty years old.

In 1916 Balmoral in Scotland was offered by the royal family, first as a hospital and then as a convalescent home; but its hundred-foot feudal tower and its superb view could not keep it from being "too unsanitary for such purposes."

At the beginning of 1916 the staterooms at Buckingham Palace were held out on a gold platter to the Red Cross; but the Red Cross just sniffed, "Drains," and refused. Buckingham was built in 1705.

So poor King George V must live in his own castles. He gave nearly \$50,000 to the Red Cross last year — perhaps to show that he forgave them for turning up their noses at his palaces — and the money was not unsanitary. — *Every Week.*

"Home, Sweet Home"

THE "Brunswick" was alive with hilarious laughter and ribald song. Groups of young men leaned tottering against the shining bar, gay with half-intoxication. From an alcove of palms came the mellow voices of darkies and the tinkle of the banjo. In one corner a pair of young fellows were striving to execute the latest dance, in spite of unsteady legs and lack of space.

One of them stopped suddenly, and in a loud voice commanded the musicians to cease, and hurrying to the great electric piano, dropped a nickle in the slot, saying, "Now we'll have something to which we can dance."

He stood swaying, waiting for the melody to start.

Soon the soul-stirring strains of "Home, Sweet Home," filled the drink-sodden air. The young man, staring straight before him, heard not the laughing call of his partner nor the gay banter of his comrades. The dear old song touched his heart as nothing else could have done, and brought to his fast-sobering mind memories of his own home, now saddened by his dissipations. Even the most reckless of the wondering crowd forebore from disturbing his reveries. The solemnity of his handsome face awed all who knew his tragic story.

The beautiful refrain ceased, and silence reigned.

Then the young man, pointing his finger at the wondering proprietor, with blazing eyes exclaimed, "You, John Hathaway, dare to play that sacred melody, 'Home, Sweet Home,' in a place like this? You who have wrecked more homes than any one in this city, led more souls astray and into the gates of hell and misery, than you dare count. Have you ever stopped to consider the judgment day, and how you will stand in the eyes of the All Knowing? Ah, I

think that you will be found as truly a murderer and robber of souls as the lowest criminal serving a life sentence in yonder prison."

The burst of his old-time eloquence ceased for a moment. Gasping sobs shook his frame until all were terrified at his vehemence. Then one of his friends stepped up to him, hoping to calm the passionate outburst.

"No, Henry, no," the speaker said, waving him aside, "I am all over with my weeping. My talk I will continue in the hope that it will benefit some one who is not so far gone in debauchery as I."

"Do you remember, John Hathaway," he continued, his dark face quivering, "when I was known as Lawrence Ballard, the most promising lawyer in town, respected by all and the idol of an adoring mother? Do you recollect how you broke that dear old heart, ruined my home, and blasted my hopes, until now I am known as a common drunkard, disowned by former associates and despised by myself?"

"'Home, Sweet Home;' oh, the sadness of that beautiful song! It tears my heartstrings to look about this room and think of the happy families ruined by thrice-cursed drink. Yonder stands Blair Nelson. How well we all know his sweet little wife, striving so patiently, day after day, to reclaim her erring husband! Day and night her prayers are for him, and now at home she lies, a little baby three days old by her side, watching and waiting for the father who comes not.

"Woe to the man who entices a father to his ruin and filches from the mouth of hungry babes! Well you know, John Hathaway, that Homer Leisko's family know the pangs of hunger and are scantily clothed for the winter severity, while your own live in luxury, their every wish gratified through robbery. Not one can afford to be here. Ruined, wrecked, and blasted, see them, men over whom some mother has wept and prayed. O John Hathaway, may that song pierce your heart and bring you to repentance. 'Home, Sweet Home.' O God, the bitterness of my fate!" and with a groan he hurried into the street, leaving the awed and silent crowd.

The proprietor's ruddy face turned a sickly hue as he saw the glances cast upon him. Then with a sudden sweep of his arm he sent the glasses clattering to the floor. Taking his coat and hat from behind the door, he put them on, saying huskily, "Boys, that young fellow's speech has touched my conscience. Never again will I be guilty of the fearful wrong of murdering souls, even if it be under the protection of the law. I will never again help to ruin that most sacred of human institutions, the home. Come boys, let us bid our farewell to the 'Brunswick,' and go home, and pray God to help us in our resolution to down old John Barleycorn."

MARGUERITE KIETZKE.

THE toll of war has now been figured out to be about two killed out of every one hundred men who go "over the top." Since we have been at war, fourteen out of every one hundred babies born passed away before their first year. So that the soldier braving exposure, disease, and danger has seven times the chance of life of every baby. In other words, be it said to our shame that a soldier in the trenches is safer than is a baby in the cradle. And unless we turn our attention this summer to the care of our babies, the mortality figures will go higher. Save the babies!

A Lesson in Wordology

"Splendid"

THE word "splendid" has been so badly overworked recently that we asked the School of Journalism of a State university for a ruling on the use of the word. Prof. Charles Ross sends us the following:

"'Splendid'—is a much-abused word. It really means 'shining,' but it has been extended colloquially to mean almost anything. The consequence is that it has practically been ruined for all those who like to achieve nicety in the use of words. The poet says 'the splendor falls on castle walls.' This illustrates by inference a correct and beautiful use of the word 'splendid.' Certainly it should never be used to describe a ham or a movie show or a school-teacher. I remember that Mr. Innes, news editor of the *Melbourne Herald*, who is an artist in words, used to get fighting mad when any reporter wrote of a 'splendid' speech."—*Holden Progress*.

Our Word "Academy"

Plato, the celebrated Greek philosopher and scholar, disciple of Socrates, about the year 400 B. C. founded a school in a plane-tree grove in a suburb of Athens. As the meeting place of the philosopher and his pupils was on property belonging to one Academus, who later presented it to the city of Athens for a gymnasium, the school at length came to be called an academy. The name was also applied to the Platonic movement with its successive schools, as well as to the Platonic doctrines.

In modern times, schools intermediate between the common school and the college are often called academies. The name is also applied specifically to institutions where training in some special science or art is given, as the United States Military and Naval Academies, at West Point and Annapolis, respectively. Associations of literary men, artists, scientists, etc., working for the promotion of literature, art, or science are frequently called academies. Well-known institutions of this kind are the French Academy, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and the National Academy of Design.

"Okeh"

It is not "O. K." with President Wilson, but Okeh. The President excited the interest and curiosity of the secretaries at the executive offices when he sent back to them the first memorandum which they submitted to him for approval or disapproval, for he had written on it "Okeh W. W." Those interested hazarded guess after guess as to where the President got the word. They knew that Mr. Wilson possessed a wholesome respect for the English language, so finally one secretary, after having received a number of papers marked as was the first one, ventured to ask the President why he did not use the abbreviation "O. K." "Because it is wrong," replied Mr. Wilson; "Okeh is the correct word."

What the Dictionary Says

"There was a sudden search for dictionaries that day, but though some of the lexicons attributed the use of 'O. K.' to Andrew Jackson for 'Oll Korrekt,' none made mention of 'okeh.'

"'Look it up in the latest dictionary,' suggested the President to his puzzled inquirer. And here is part of what was found:

"'O. K.—a humorous or ignorant spelling of what should be "okeh," from the Choctaw language, meaning "It is so;" an article pronoun having a distinctive final use; all right; correct; used as an indorsement of a bill.'

"So it has come about that 'Okeh W. W.' is a kind of symbol of executive power in and about the White House. Most of Woodrow Wilson's decisions are made on paper, and that ancient Indian word conveys the approval of the Chief Executive to many vital acts of Government policy."

Today

THIS is God's day that he lent to me,
That I may use for good or ill;
Fair and fresh as a day can be—
This is God's day that he lent to me.
He took a wave from eternity's sea,
Fashioned a day, all blemish free:
This is God's day that he lent to me,
That I may use for good or ill.

ANNETTE WYNNE.

For the Finding-Out Club

Part I

FIND the words ending in *cate* that are described by the following sentences:

- Kate is a good pleader.
- Kate is very frail.
- Kate sometimes gets out of joint.
- Kate makes everything double.
- Kate loves to teach.
- Kate helps people out of difficulties.
- Kate is perplexing.
- Kate often prays earnestly.
- Kate makes wheels run easily.
- Kate is not always truthful.
- Kate often gets smothered.
- Kate points out clearly.
- Kate will now move.
- Kate uses her teeth.—*Selected*.

Part II

Name the thirteen trees referred to by Master Gerry Morgan in the following questions:

1. What trees are used in speaking, pray?
2. And which its father's name can say?
3. Which shall we wear to keep us warm?
4. And which do ships seek in a storm?
5. Which shows what lovelorn maidens do?
6. And in your hand which carry you?
7. And from their pipes men shake what tree?
8. Which is it bad boys hate to see?
9. Which is a girl both young and sweet?
10. Which like a boy who's trim and neat?
11. On which do little children play
With pail and shovel, all the day?
12. Which tree is never seen alone?
13. Now let us take just one tree more,—
A finished edge and part of a door.

Answers to Questions Printed May 28

Concealed Geography

- | | |
|-------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Dallas. | 9. Annapolis. |
| 2. Easton. | 10. Bangor. |
| 3. Newport. | 11. Tampa. |
| 4. Bearden. | 12. Jumbo and
New York. |
| 5. Babylon. | 13. Calhoun. |
| 6. Boston. | 14. Fairhaven. |
| 7. Lewis. | 15. Dayton. |
| 8. Mobile. | |
| | 16. Hartford. |

HAVE you shown a special courtesy or kindness to some one today? If not, then hasten to do it ere the sun goes down. Shall we not make the motto of the Boy Scouts our own, and determine that no day shall pass without our having made some special effort to comfort or help another?



The Bridge

AN old man, going a lone highway,
 Came at the evening, cold and gray,
 To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
 The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
 The sullen stream had no fear for him;
 But he turned when safe on the other side
 And built a bridge to span the tide.
 "Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
 "You are wasting your strength with building here;
 Your journey will end with the ending day,

You never again will pass this way;
 You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
 Why build you this bridge at evening tide?"
 The builder lifted his old gray head,
 "Good friend, in the path I've come," he said,
 "There followeth after me today
 A youth whose feet must pass this way;
 This chasm that has been as naught to me,
 To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
 He, too, must cross in the twilight dim —
 Good friend, I'm building this bridge for him!"

— Selected.

The Boatman's Message

DON'T tempt me," Father Gynn would say, grasping his staff and bundle. "So long as the Master gives me strength, I must bear his message. I am the one to preach the glad tidings — I have no family, and am welcome on any craft. I can sit with the sailors in the fore-castle, and tell them about Him who holds the waters in his hand. And on the shore there's many a house that would never have the Bible, except I go there. I am grateful to you, friend, but I must be moving on. When my work is done, the good Lord will give this body rest till the morning!"

Everybody on the coast knew Father Gynn, who for long years traveled on foot from house to house, a self-appointed missionary. He was quite old before his step faltered or his energy abated. But still he refused a home, although more than one fisher's hut on the coast offered him shelter for his declining years. In the burning heat of summer, as well as in the bleak winter, the pilgrim was ever seeking to give the word of cheer to those who lived remote from other laborers. He met the fisher folk by the fireside, or on the seashore as they mended their nets, his self-sacrificing life and cordial interest in their welfare giving wonderful power to his words. To many a rude son of the sea he was indeed a father, often helping them in sudden poverty and distress, from his scanty pit-tance.

On one occasion the good man felt impelled to make an excursion farther inland, and continuing his journey in the early dawn, he found himself on the bank of a river. It could be crossed only by a ferry. The boat was moored on the opposite bank, near the ferryman's hut. Father Gynn, familiar with the customs of the region, summoned him with a horn which he found suspended from a tree. At last the man of the ferry came, and gazed listlessly across the stream as if he cared not for a passenger, gruffly asking:

"What's wanted at this early hour?"

"A friend to take me over," said Father Gynn.

The tiny craft came slowly across. Then as the rower scanned the stately figure of the preacher, he spoke apologetically:

"It isn't often I'm roused up by daybreak."

Father Gynn made no reply until he had entered the boat, when he said gently:

"Friend, I am sorry to trouble you at this unseasonable hour, but I had urgent business."

The boatman, who had scarcely taken his troubled eyes off this striking passenger, made no remark; yet it did not seem as if his close scrutiny was prompted by that idle curiosity that Father Gynn often found among those who are isolated from large centers. To the practiced eye of the evangelist he seemed no ordinary man, despite his abrupt way. Father Gynn opened conversation in his quaint way:

"I bear a message, and must not rest until it be delivered."

"Not bad news?" said the other with a touch of interest.

"That depends upon the way it is received," was the grave reply. "My word is from a good Father to a wayward child. If that child will return, he shall be a prince before a King. If he refuses, he will be an outcast; the inheritance will go to another. It all lies with the child," added Father Gynn, searching the face of the ferryman, who evidently had not comprehended; for he said:

"You may be after Ike Stevens. He hasn't written or spoken to his father since he moved into these parts, and that's near fifteen years."

Father Gynn bent upon him a still more intense look, as if he would know whether he was feigning ignorance.

"You're old to travel on such an errand," added the man; "and if it's Ike Stevens, we might as well turn about, for he's a hard case;" but seeing that his passenger was watching him with an expression of painful interest he added: "It is none of my concern."

"Indeed it is," said the evangelist, with sudden earnestness. "I know not the man of whom you speak, but if he is such as you describe, you can present the message as well as I, if you love the Father."

His meaning flashed upon the mind of the ferryman.

"So you've been preaching to me on the sly!" he cried, his voice thick with emotion. "I warn ye it won't do any good. Your talk about the Father and the message won't move me. Look here," he asked abruptly, "if he were my Father, would he rob me of my wife and children in one hour? They were drowned before my eyes; I could not lift a finger to save them." The veins on his forehead knotted with the agony of that hour. "The water closed over them; they were lost to me forever." He bent to his oars in silence a moment till they had passed the swift current, then burst forth again: "I vowed then that I'd done with churches and religion,—my wife was great in those things,—and came here that I might be let alone!"

"God sent me this way, then," said the evangelist, "for till this moment I knew not your urgent need. It was for you I was compelled to come into this region. Don't fret against it, my friend, for the Spirit of God is striving with you;" for in Father Gynn's experience this depth of despair was often the prelude to peace in believing.

"I want to be let alone," repeated the man, avoiding the keen glance that seemed to read his thoughts. "Why should you care what I believe?"

Father Gynn leaned on his staff in silence till they reached the shore, then said, with touching humility:

"Friend, I had no wish to offend you. Be patient with an old man whose time is short. Very soon I shall cross another river, deep and wide. I shall not have to summon the boatman as I did you this morning; the boatman of that river will summon me."

His melodious voice alone broke the silence of the early morning; as he finished, the east became radiant with the dawn. Father Gynn gazed into the glory-crowned clouds for an instant as if he beheld a beatific vision. The ferryman regarded him in silence, a curious blending of emotion on his face. On reaching the shore the good man was distressed to find, after searching his pockets, that he had not a penny to pay his fare. He had emptied his purse for the relief of a poor wanderer the day before, and with his usual preoccupation had forgotten that he was moneyless.

"Never mind," said the ferryman, with grim humor, "we'll call it square, since you brought me a message for nothing!"

"It was poorly delivered, or you would not trifle with me," said Father Gynn, sorrowfully, adding with the simplicity of a child: "But I have a little change in my other coat pocket. I will get it and return to pay what I owe."

And so, feeling that to discharge his debt was his first duty, he recrossed the river, and started for the coast. Several weeks had elapsed when he again summoned the ferryman.

"I did not forget," said Father Gynn. "Here is what I owe you. Now let me rest awhile before I return. The days that were given me to bear the message are numbered."

He seated himself on the gnarled roots of a tree, leaning his head upon his staff in a weary way unusual to him. He did not note the new light on the ferryman's face, which softened his somber features like the rift in a cloud.

"I'm glad you came," was the response. "The message was for me! I was that child, and He was my Father! It was right for him to take my family; they are at rest."

He knelt beside the aged saint overcome with joy. His heart of stone had been softened.

"It was what you said about being summoned by the boatman," he added, "that was in my mind whenever they blew the signal for me. I could not rest for thinking was I fit to cross the dark, fearful river. I knew that though the boatman came suddenly to my wife and children, they were ready. They," he paused to control himself, "they went over the river smiling; I saw the peace on their faces when they were buried. He took them, and left me because I wasn't ready."

Father Gynn could find no words to express his joy. When he did speak, he placed his trembling hand upon the head of the man at the ferry:

"The Lord bless thee, . . . and make his face shine upon thee; the Lord comfort thee, and make thee 'mighty in the Scriptures,' and one to draw many to him. Let us pray."

So, on the bank of the murmuring water, Father Gynn consecrated the young disciple to the work which he himself was soon to lay aside.

"Don't leave me," whispered the young ferryman, as they rose; "live with me and teach me more about Him!"

This came to Father Gynn as a call to duty.

"If the Lord permit, I will shortly return to you. There are men on the seashore, and women and children in their homes, waiting for my last words to them. Then, if strength be given, I will come to you."

After that last visit to the fishermen of the coast, the man of God went to dwell beside the river. Many who crossed the ferry will remember him who sat daily in the door of the cottage, like a prophet of old, with his long silvery beard, and heaven's peace upon his face. And the ferryman, in daily converse with him, and study of the Scriptures, somehow grew wondrously like him in spirit.—*Selected.*

A Sea Captain Accepts the True Compass

IT is the word fitly spoken that wins souls to the kingdom of God. The marvel is that such a simple word as it often is, produces such large results; but it is the ever-present Spirit of God that impresses the mind with the chosen word. The following incident illustrative of the efficacy of the fitly spoken word is of interest:

While crossing the ocean, a Christian gentleman was standing on deck one day with the captain. The Christian unconsciously dropped a book from his pocket, and the captain finding it, handed it to him. He thanked the captain kindly, saying that he valued it highly and that he would be very sorry to lose it.

"What book is it?" the captain asked.

"It is my chart and compass," was the reply. "You have yours for sailing your ship; this New Testament is mine for guiding my life. I wish, Captain, you were always as sure of your way as I am of mine," he added smilingly.

"They parted. A few days later the captain searched out his friend and told him that the arrow shot apparently into the air, had reached its mark.

"If you had tried to preach to me," he said, "I should have given you a rough answer; but the few words you spoke, and the way you said them, took such hold upon me that I could not shake off the impression until I became a Christian."

A COLLEGE president in a recent address to students, said, "The way you live in college will largely determine the way you will live when you are out of college."

Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN Secretary
 MATILDA ERICKSON { Assistant Secretaries
 ELLA IDEN {
 MRS. I. H. EVANS Office Secretary
 MEADE MAC GUIRE Field Secretary

Missionary Volunteer Society at the Solusi Mission

THE members of the Missionary Volunteer Society of the Solusi Mission church send greetings to their white brothers and sisters in America.

A Missionary Volunteer Society among the natives of South Central Africa seems rather strange, but it is a fact, and shows the development and progress of the young people's work throughout the world. The gospel is to be preached in all the world, to every creature, and the young people are to have an important part in it. Even the young people of heathen lands are now included. The Matabeles are learning what it means to volunteer. A description of our society and a few examples of what it can do and is doing, will be of interest to the young people of the homeland.

The Missionary Volunteer Society of the Solusi church was organized a little over eighteen months ago, with a membership of thirty-three; it now has a membership of seventy-six. We have an attendance at the meetings, which are held every other Sabbath afternoon, of nearly one hundred. While only those who are baptized members of the church become members of the society, every one is encouraged to take part in learning the Standard of Attainment texts and in doing missionary work.

Some may ask, "What! do those native boys and girls learn the Standard of Attainment verses, too?" Yes, they do; besides six to ten verses which they learn every week in day school. The natives learn the Word of God very readily.

But they do not have the Reading Course. You will understand why when I tell you that they have no literature in their language except the Bible, "Steps to Christ," "Christ Our Saviour," and a small hymn book of two hundred songs. All these, except the hymns, are in the Zulu language, of which the language of the Matabeles is a dialect. These facts will also help you to understand why we do not follow the regular program as outlined in the *Church Officers' Gazette*.

What would you society leaders do if you had to carry on your work with no printed programs, no report blanks, no Morning Watch Calendars, no Reading Courses, and practically no literature of any kind except the Bible? These were questions which presented themselves very forcibly to me when the organization of a society here in the Solusi church was suggested. But I knew that whatever was done toward organizing a society would be a great help and blessing to the boys and girls; and it has been.

Though these obstacles stood in the way, there were at least two things we could do. We could learn the Standard of Attainment texts and get the fundamental points of the message in the minds of the natives. Being in the midst of heathen darkness and superstition, there was no limit to the missionary work we might do. So these two lines of work are what we are following more than any other. We drill on the Standard of Attainment texts, then have the members

report the work they have done. Usually we have them stand and give their reports, as they like to tell what they have done.

We encourage the boys and girls to do anything that will help some one else, from preaching a sermon to helping a sick donkey onto its feet. Since they had no such word in their language as "volunteer," and are not naturally given to helping others without pay of some kind, it took them some time to learn what it means to give themselves and their time to the service of others. But now they have learned quite well what it means.

Here are a few examples of the many different reports we get, as I jotted them down in the order they were given at our last meeting:

One boy led a blind woman some distance. Another young man helped some women to cross a swollen river. Another restored to the owner a cow and a calf that had strayed away. A young man talked to twenty-three persons about the coming of Jesus. A young woman gave food to three persons. One of the native teachers reported a visit to one of the out-schools the previous Sabbath, where he preached to an audience of one hundred five persons. He also held an after-meeting with fourteen young people who had requested baptism. These conversions are the result of work done by the outschool teacher. Another outschool teacher who was present at our last meeting reported twenty-five at his school studying the truth.

At another of our meetings one of the young men reported, as an act of mercy, the killing of a small animal which he found in a trap near the road. He said he left the animal near the trap, also a little note telling the owner the reason he had killed it, and that it was a Solusi Mission boy who had done it.

Following is the report of our society for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1917:

Missionary visits	85
Bible readings and kraal meetings held	203
Books sold	221
Books lent and given	3
Tracts given	25
Hours of Christian help work	30
Articles of clothing given	5
Food given (meals)	30
Treatments given	8

This is an average report. The literature work was done by our two head native teachers, Jim and Clarence, who occasionally visit the mines and Bulawayo, selling Bibles and the few books and tracts we have in the different native languages.

My experience in the Missionary Volunteer work at home has been a great help to me in pioneering, as it were, the work here; and while it is hard and takes time and patience, I am thankful the great General has given me a place at the front.

R. P. ROBINSON.

The Vital Touch Lacking

FOR four years we had been trying to build up and strengthen our Missionary Volunteer Society; but the way seemed very hard. It was uphill work. Then one winter there came a revival of interest in the work, and we put forth our energies to improve the opportunity afforded by this wave of new life. Perhaps, had we had older, more experienced counselors, we might have been spared some of the mistakes that we made.

We tried to make our programs attractive, and planned several social gatherings, at which dainty refreshments were served. We thought that if we could get the young people interested enough through the socials and special programs to come to our meetings, our problem would be solved, taking it for granted that they would soon take a vital interest in the work.

We found no trouble with the attendance at our gatherings. The young people came to *them* all right, and a few came to the devotional meetings. But save for two or three the results were not lasting.

We tried every conceivable plan to make our meetings interesting, even to obtaining some of the members of a society in a neighboring city to come and conduct an occasional service for us. One time when we secured some of the young people from away to help us, we served some light refreshments and planned for a "get-acquainted hour" before the meeting. But it was of no avail! These alluring inducements lacked the vital force that must bring success to us. They were coming to be entertained — and just so far we succeeded. It was not the desire to receive spiritual uplift which had prompted their coming. Save for the few who were planning the meetings, they had not the vital touch with their Master or the vision of Christian service.

I am sure what measure of success we did achieve was due rather to personal effort than prepared programs. Had we *first* planned a meeting wherein Christ might have been brought before them, and an opportunity given to make him their personal Saviour, there would have been no empty seats or lack of interest in our society meetings. Young people must be brought in vital touch with their Master before they will throw themselves into his service.

O let us exalt Jesus in our meetings! "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." This is the true secret of success in our societies.— *Adapted.*

Our Counsel Corner

[This corner is for our Missionary Volunteers. We shall be glad to receive questions, reports, and letters from you, and promise they shall be given careful attention. Address all communications to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C.]

EXPLAIN the object and duties of the executive committee of the local Missionary Volunteer Society.

H. B. H.

The executive committee exists to direct the society in all its activities. It maps out the society work, explains to each officer his duties, appoints band leaders, and helps them in planning the band work. It plans for the society meetings, either directly or through a program committee. It holds regular committee meetings for prayer and counsel, and endeavors to make the society just what the Master would have it be. All this, and even more than this, the executive committee should do, and does do if the officers are ideal Missionary Volunteers. In fact there is nothing that concerns the welfare of the society that cannot be enumerated among the duties of this committee.

M. E.

What is the King's Pocket League? E. M. P.

The King's Pocket League is an organized effort for personal evangelism. It is based upon the idea

that it is well always to be prepared with gospel literature, to seize every opportunity presented. A leaflet explaining the King's Pocket League may be obtained for two cents from the Review & Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C. The membership card is free. Order from your tract society or your Missionary Volunteer secretary.

M. E.

What can you recommend as a good, suitable book on social purity for a young girl?

C. B.

There are a number of excellent books on this important subject; but since you ask for only one, we would recommend "The Three Gifts of Life," by Nellie M. Smith. It contains 138 pages, and may be obtained from Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. It gives well-balanced information for the maturing girl, discussing plant life, with its gift of dependence; animal life, with its added gift of instinct; and human life, with its three gifts of dependence, instinct, and choice. It is marred only by a paragraph on the evolutionary theory, but aside from that it is especially fine.

M. V. D.

Just for the Juniors

A Good Letter

MILTON, OREGON, April 9, 1918.

DEAR MISS IDEN:

I like the Junior Corner very much, for I am a Junior, too, and I like to hear reports from other children.

We have had a Junior Missionary Volunteer meeting in our school ever since I began to attend, and I couldn't do without it. This year we have a literature band. One year we raised ten dollars, and sent it to help build a school in China. When I put money in the Lord's work, I am never sorry.

I have often wished that I could be a foreign missionary; but the way things look in the world now, it won't be very long till the Lord will come and take his people home. If I can't go to a foreign field, I can be a home missionary, and I guess that will please God just as well.

Lovingly yours,

EVALENA GRIFFIN.

Though She was Blind

ACHEERY, brown-eyed conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, who loves boys and girls as well as young people, made a most interesting visit the other day; you will be glad to hear about it, I am sure. In relating the experience this is what she said:

"I wish that you could have made the visit I did the last week-end. A blind girl, Mary Rebok, had promised me to study for the Standard of Attainment test in May. I went up to give her an oral test. She had certainly worked for it. A friend had read her the texts, and she had them all written out in Braille, and then bound in book form. These she had studied over and over until she had them all by heart. It was a pleasure to give her the test. As soon as a question was asked, the whole text in answer would come like a flash, with its location in the Bible. When we had finished, a disappointed look came over her face as she exclaimed, 'Why, is that all? That was not hard enough. I thought you would ask about the home of the saved and the two covenants.' Now she is going to work with a will to get ready for the denominational history test at the close of the year.

"As her story was repeated to others, they became enthusiastic, and ten have promised to be ready for the next test."

Isn't that a splendid example of perseverance? No wonder others felt that they should begin to study for the Standard of Attainment, after listening to such a story. With two good eyes, an intelligent

mind, and a willing heart, every Missionary Volunteer who sets out to do it, will be able to become a member of Attainment before this year closes. Will you be one?

The Sabbath School

XIII — The Review

(June 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 24 to 45.

MEMORY VERSE: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

TIME: From 1800 B. C. to 1715 B. C., covering the period from about the time of the death of Abraham until the removal of Jacob from Canaan to Egypt.

PLACES: Canaan, Mesopotamia, Egypt.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS: Isaac, Rebekah, Jacob, Esau, Joseph, Benjamin, and the other ten sons of Jacob, Pharaoh.

"Children of yesterday, heirs of tomorrow,
Look at your fabric of labor and sorrow,
Seamy and dark with despair and disaster;
Turn it, and lo! the design of the Master.
The Lord's at the loom;
Room for him! Room."

— Mary A. Lathbury.

Questions

The Marriage of Isaac

Genesis 24

Why did Abraham not wish Isaac to take a wife from the daughters of the Canaanites?

In what way did he plan to secure a proper wife for his son?

What evidence was given that the Lord guided in the selection?

Describe the meeting of Isaac and Rebekah.

The Birthright Blessing

Genesis 27

Name Isaac's sons. Describe the appearance and characteristics of each.

How did Esau dispose of his birthright?

How did Jacob and his mother plan so that Jacob might receive the birthright blessing?

What was the result of the plan?

Jacob's Journey to Haran

Genesis 28

Why was Jacob compelled to leave Canaan?

Where did he go?

What comforting experience was given him while on the way?

Jacob Serving Laban

Genesis 29

What welcome was given to Jacob when he reached Haran? Whom did he marry? For how long a time did he serve his uncle Laban?

Jacob's Return to Canaan

Genesis 31-35

What caused Jacob to decide to return to Canaan?

What did he take with him?

Whom did he fear to meet?

How did he seek to appease Esau?

What experience did he have at the river Jabbok?

What change was made in his name?

What took place when Jacob and Esau finally met?

Where did Jacob finally settle?

Joseph as a Youth

Genesis 37

How many sons had Jacob?

How did he show favoritism?

What caused trouble between Joseph and his brothers?

What did his brothers finally do to him?

Joseph in Prison

Genesis 39, 40

Who bought Joseph when he was brought to Egypt?

What responsibility was given him?

Through a false accusation, what injustice was done him?

What strange experience did he have while in prison?

Joseph Made Ruler of Egypt

Genesis 41

What caused the king of Egypt to be troubled?

What was Joseph called to do?

What did he say was the meaning of the king's dreams?

What advice did he give the king?

What honor was given him by the king?

Joseph's Brothers Go to Egypt

Genesis 42

What caused Joseph's brothers to travel to Egypt?

What prophecy was fulfilled when they met Joseph?

How were they treated?

What did they say concerning themselves?

What demand did Joseph make of them?

Whom did he hold as surety of their word?

What caused them further anxiety as they returned home?

Joseph's Brothers Go Again to Egypt

Genesis 43 to 45

What delayed the brothers' starting again to Egypt?

How was the difficulty finally arranged?

How were they entertained when they arrived in Egypt?

Of what were they accused as they started home?

Who seemed to be the guilty one?

What tender appeal was made in behalf of Benjamin and the aged father?

What did this plea cause Joseph to do?

To whom did he attribute praise and honor for all that had come to pass?

What message did he send to his father?

Memory Test

By whom and under what circumstances were each of the following quotations spoken?

"Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher."

"Think on me when it shall be well with thee."

"What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood?"

"This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

"Bless me, even me also, O my father!"

"Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?"

"Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not."

"I do remember my faults this day."

"I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land."

"I have enough, my brother; keep that thou hast unto thyself."

"Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

"Can we find such a one as this, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?"

"Peace be to you, fear not: . . . I had your money."

"I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him."

"So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God."

"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6.

2. "The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment." Luke 12:23.

3. "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not." Gen. 28:16.

4. "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Gen. 32:26.

5. "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Eph. 4:32.

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

7. "The Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper." Gen. 39:23.

8. "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." Matt. 25:21.

9. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6:7.

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

11. "Thou triest the heart, and hast pleasure in uprightness." 1 Chron. 29:17.

12. "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." Matt. 6:14.

"Be the matter great or small
To thy finite sight,
Do thy best, God asks no more;
Do it with thy might."

WHAT we are is God's gift to us;
What we make of ourselves is our gift to God.
— From Louise Stockton Andrews's Bible.

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.

Courage

THIS life is earnest; we should strive
 To slay or vanquish every foe
 That works within us to deprive
 Of virtue, truth, love's cheerful flow.
 The world is cold, but youthful fire
 Ignores all adverse wind and tide;
 For while Hope's touch is on the lyre,
 Who cares how fierce the storm outside?

B. F. M. SOURS.

"After This Manner Therefore Pray Ye"

WE are selfish in our praying. You are. I am. If you do not think so, consider more carefully your own prayers, and observe public prayers. We pray for *ourselves*, *our* family, *our* friends, *our* work, and possibly for *our* missionaries; but should not our hearts, especially in this hour of the world's great need, be large enough, sympathetic enough, to take in all in need and distress, all without a saving knowledge of God, all who are trying to minister to the world's need, physically or spiritually? Are we not commanded to pray for our rulers? When should we remember them more than now in this hour of the nation's perplexity and need? Should we not constantly bear upon our hearts a petition that God would give wisdom and a sense of justice to men directing the nation's affairs in this hour of its peril?

In "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," page 155, the author says: "The perception of God's love works the renunciation of selfishness. In calling God our Father, we recognize all his children as our brethren. We are all a part of the great web of humanity, all members of one family. In our petitions we are to include our neighbors as well as ourselves. No one prays aright who seeks a blessing for himself alone."

In the first half of the Lord's prayer we are directed to pray that God's "name may be honored, his kingdom established, and his will performed." We are told that when we have thus made God's service our *first* interest, we may ask with confidence that our own needs may be supplied. Then we may pray, Give us this day our daily bread. . . . Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Even the pronoun "us" as here used is not meant to include just ourselves and our immediate family or friends. It includes all in need, the suffering poor, those poor in this world's goods and those impoverished in eternal things.

The selfish prayer so common is largely from thoughtlessness, from habit; but when we possess in its fulness the love of Christ for all humanity, we

shall not pray for the Lord to bless "me and mine," as we are now so prone to do, but the love of Christ will constrain us to reach out to the uttermost parts of the earth, taking in the political, social, and religious interests of nations, communities, churches, schools, and individuals.

This does not prevent one from fixing mind and heart upon a special need, even though it be small and entirely personal. But the Lord is more likely to answer our personal petitions if we have a heart large enough to present to him another's needs as well as our own.

Shall we not often pray as did the disciples, "Lord, teach us to pray," teach us how to present our brother's need as well as our own at the throne of grace? And we have the assurance that whatsoever we ask in his name, shall be granted.

Service

OUR country is at war. Thousands of young men are "in the service," and thousands more will enter with the passing months. It is because men are loyal to their country that they will turn aside from bright prospects, and leave all the heart holds dearest, to serve her interests and defend her Constitution.

"For what avail the plow, or sail,
 Or land, or life, if freedom fail?"

The pride and comfort of many a home today wears the khaki or the blue, and many a window displays a service flag with its star or stars in honor of the men "over there." These little emblems tell to every passer-by a story of loyalty, for service is the complement of loyalty, and service is synonymous with sacrifice.

"Mother, mother, do come and see! God's hung out his service flag, and it has one star in it," cried a little girl as she looked out of a southern window at nightfall and saw Venus shining in resplendent glory. And indeed, our Father first displayed his service flag some two thousand years ago. It hung in the window of heaven above Judea, and contained just one dazzling star—the Star of Bethlehem. This service flag told a story, too, a story of loyalty and love and sacrifice on the part of the only Son of God, who left heaven, and gave his life on the field of battle, that he might serve earth and free mankind from the curse of sin and death.

The call of the present hour is a call to service somewhere,—to service abroad, to service in the home trenches, to service for our fellow men; to service for our God. Each one of us must answer this call, and in going out there is one thing altogether needful,—a vision of the Saviour in the heart so real that it will take possession of the life. With this vital equipment we may serve fearlessly where duty points the way, assured that with the help of the One who first came to lift sin's curse and right earth's wrong, we shall be able to conquer every foe.

L. E. C.

"THE truly converted man will have no inclination to think or talk about the faults of others," says the prophet of God. If a man comes to me and begins to talk about this brother or that sister, I know that something is lacking in his experience. We ought to begin asking ourselves whether or not we are truly converted.—D. H. Kress.

ONLY the good discerns the good.—Browning.