

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

July 30, 1918

No. 31

The Land of My Heart's Desires

E. F. Collier

How oft in the fathomless hours
That summon a day's repose,
When knights of the purple twilight
Their mystical portals close,
My soul like a swift-winged eagle,
Its eye on the heavenward fires,
Has climbed to its place of longing—
The land of my heart's desires.

A land of infinite treasure,—
Pearls from the ocean of love,
Gems from the mountains of goodness,
Gold from the God-mines above;
Beacons that guide me in sorrow,
Hope-beams that shine through the day,
Songs for the soul's weary watches,
Blessings that cheer me alway.

Memories divinely pictured,
Heaven-born fancies renewed,
Perfumes and spices from dreamland
Where roses and incense are strewed;
Heartbeats and handclaspings that thrill me,
Prayers that draw me to Him,
Friendships forever unbroken,
Love-light that never grows dim.

Vespers and sacred oblations,
Whispers of holy content,
Visions of Christlike devotion,
Garlands of righteousness sent;—
Author and Voice of my longings,
Perfect each hope that inspires;
Lead me forever to Jesus,
The land of my heart's desires.

From Here and There

Mohammed V, sultan of Turkey, died in the early part of the present month.

The German ambassador to Russia was assassinated on July 6 at Moscow.

"Silver queens" are what the soldiers call the great British aluminum dirigibles.

The governor of South Carolina has appointed Christie Benet to complete the term of the late Senator Benjamin Tillman.

The mottoes of the Union College graduates for 1918 were: "Prayerful Progress," "If I Rest, I Rust," and "Building for Eternity."

The bombing biplane which carried two passengers from New York to Washington for luncheon, returning them to New York in time for dinner, opened an interesting window into the social possibilities of the future.

Largely through the intercession of Mrs. Wilson the President signed an order recently providing that whenever a rural free delivery mail carrier enters the army or the navy it will be permissible to appoint any member of his family to his post, without reference to the Civil Service rules.

Major H. C. Emery, formerly a professor of Yale University, and a member of the Root commission to Russia, was seized on the Aland Islands by German officials, and taken to Germany, in violation of international law, which does not permit the seizure of representatives of even a belligerent nation in a neutral country.

On July 5 the steamer "Columbia" carrying 500 passengers on a return trip from Peoria to Pekin, Illinois, was wrecked when driven against a sandbank scarcely ten feet from shore. The vessel broke in two and immediately settled on the bottom of the river. The loss of life is now reported as being nearly two hundred.

Major John Purroy Mitchel, ex-mayor of New York City, was killed on July 6 when he fell from his airship. It seems that the major neglected to buckle the strap that fastens the flier into the machine, so when he attempted a nose dive, he fell out and was killed. His machine went skimming on without a pilot for half a mile, then fell to the ground, being demolished.

Archduke Eugene of Austria, who, entertaining a horror for the kaiser, for the Hohenzollerns, and for Prussia, summoned two months ago a meeting at Vienna of all the agnates or adult members of the house of Hapsburg to protest against Emperor Charles's abject surrender of every vestige of his authority and of the independence of the dual monarchies to Berlin, has been placed under restraint in his own palace at Vienna as insane.

A white flag with a blue cross, has been adopted by the General War-Time Commission of the Churches, in agreement with the National Catholic War Council and with the consent of the Government, as a flag for all the churches to be used as a symbol of their patriotic faith and zeal. It may be retained and used after the war as a flag representing the church, a flag of worship and service to be used wherever it is deemed appropriate by the churches. When a religious service is being held on board ship, the flag will fly above the Stars and Stripes.

A German submarine 70 miles from the Irish coast on the night of June 27 torpedoed the 11,000-ton hospital ship "Llandovery Castle," which had been chartered by the Canadian government and had been in the service of carrying wounded and sick from England to Canada for many months. The ship was then on her way to England. She had on board 258 persons, including 80 men of the Canadian army medical corps and fourteen female nurses. Up to the latest reports only 24 of those on board, including the captain, have survived the attack, which came without warning. One of the boats of the hospital ship containing twelve nursing sisters, was seen to capsize. The nurses were drowned.

The snake must not be killed, we are now told. As a matter of fact, we are asked to breed it, and Boy Scouts, the Y. M. C. A., and other organizations are asked by the Government to do away with the popular belief that all snakes are harmful, and to make boys protectors of snakes. Of 111 known species only 17 are poisonous. The others are valuable. They kill rats! The task is to spread a knowledge about snakes and not kill off the harmless ones, as they are a valuable asset in farming.

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium crossed the Channel on July 10, in Belgian seaplanes, to attend the silver wedding anniversary of King George and Queen Mary of England. The distance was covered in less than one hour, and marked the first time in history that any ruler has ever made a flight from one country to another. The royal couple traveled in separate machines, each operated by a Belgian army aviator.

What a Woman Should Do

THE FINEST THING SHE CAN DO. The finest and fullest service she can render her country is to use no wheat at all until September first, anyway. Then the new harvest will be in and we can see what the crop is and the necessity for the future.

THE NEXT FINEST THING. The next finest service that a woman can render, if she feels she cannot do without wheat altogether is to use just a quarter of what she used before the war — 25 per cent.— Selected.

A Missionary Volunteer Prayer

"MAKE us strong in true endeavor
Firm to stand,
Hand in hand,
Christ's glad servants ever!"

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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

LXVI JULY 30, 1918 No. 31

Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription - - - - - \$1.75
Six months - - - - - 1.00

Club Rates

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

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

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

No. 31

Consolation—Psalm 103:2

MRS. J. W. PURVIS

I VIEWED the East with rosy blossoms sown,
As Dawn before the Sun walked, strewing flowers—
Fair morning-glories of the wakening hours,
Pink as the rose in summer gardens grown.

All day the Sun rode royally through space;
No cloud obscured the track by which he passed
To sink into the arms of night at last,
Where western crimson curtains hid his face.

Then I remembered what the psalmist taught:
"As far as east is from the west," said he,
"So far hath he removed thy sins from thee;"
And cast them in a sea unknown, unsought.

Now when the East proclaims a day begun
I think of that sweet promise, unoppressed
By sins that now are buried in the west,
And still as distant when the day is done.

And in my heart a little hope is born:
That he who bears sin's burden for my sake
And comforts me, some day my hand will take
And lead me, wondering, o'er the hills of morn.

And if too high the hope, yet would I be
Content, if I might follow him afar
From morning land, to distant evening star,
And all the wonders of his work could see.

So if the day be gloomy or most fair,
The east is still as distant from the west,
And trusting in his promise I find rest,
For I am free, and happy in his care.

Round Table: Pictures from Japan and Korea

Jane Nott, of Korea

SIX years ago a lady canvasser entered the one-room home of Jane Nott, and presented to her literature that was the means of leading her to the Saviour. She studied the Bible carefully for one of her age, and frequently walked twenty-five miles to Seoul to attend services.

Jane Nott is seventy years old. She has been a widow for some years, and has no children or near relatives living. She lives alone in a little room six by seven feet. Having none of this world's goods, she is entirely dependent upon her daily labor for her support, yet is faithful in giving to God his own, accompanied with thank offerings. As I accepted her offerings I could but think of the poor widow and the two mites, for I knew that she had given her all. Together in that little room we sought God for his blessing which he abundantly gave. We trust that God will give us many more souls with the spirit of Jane Nott.

C. L. BUTTERFIELD.

The Old Korean Woman's Gift

At times when the calls for funds are set before the people in a land of plenty like the United States, many feel they are suffering a hardship in denying themselves in giving for the foreign mission work. Some do not realize that just across the ocean in Asia there are many converted heathen who are struggling under conditions and circumstances far less favorable, but who are faithful in giving for the mission work.

Recently a letter came from an old woman in southern Korea, containing one single yen bill (fifty cents) for Sabbath school offerings. As she has never learned to write, she had a friend write for her, saying she was sorry her contribution was so small, but that it was the most that she could lay by; and no doubt, as the weeks passed, she looked forward with pleasure to the time when she could send in her yen to the office. Surely there is a reward for such faithful ones. These loyal natives all want a receipt for their remittance, and many prize it as much as does a young doctor his State board certificate.

R. B. OWEN.

Won by Strategy

"IN a country village a Korean coolie was taken ill. He came to Pyeng Yang, and a kind pastor allowed him to stay in his *quang* (gatehouse). This coolie was a man of constant prayer, rising early in the morning and praying a great deal. He grew better in health, and returned to the country.

"In his village there was an old gentleman who was a very able scholar. The old man kept a cow, and rose early each morning to feed her. One day the coolie made a proposition to the scholarly old man for an exchange of labor. The old man said, 'What kind of work could we exchange?' The coolie replied, 'It must be hard for you to get up early on these cold mornings to feed your cow. I am ignorant, and cannot read, while you are a great scholar. I will come every morning and do that work, if you will read a chapter in the Bible every day.' The old man laughed, but was so glad of the assistance that he accepted the offer. Of course, the coolie was praying for him all the time. At the end of the first month the old scholar had become so much interested in God's Word that he began reading the book for himself. He shortly became a believer, and identified himself with the church. The coolie was full of joy over the success of his strategy in winning the man to Christ."

"Two of Us"

PICTURE to yourself a scene on the seashore, not far from Osaka. There is one straggling street. A little child comes running along, and says, "Sensei! Sensei! may I go with you?"

I say, "Come," and together we go from place to place, until it grows late, and realizing that the little girl is far from home, I say to her, "You had better run home now. You are alone, and it is growing late."

But she answers, "Oh, no."

And I say, in surprise, "Why, did any little friend come with you?"

She answers again, "No; but don't you know, Sensei, that there are two of us, God and I?"

What a beautiful work had been done by her Sunday school teacher, a faithful young woman of Japan, one of the products of our Christian schools! She had put into this child's mind that fundamental idea, "God with us."—*Sallie Alexander.*

Led to Jesus by a Child

IN An-ju, Korea, there is a little girl named Hak Nee E. She had never been to church, and her parents worshiped the devil. When our tent-meetings started last fall, this little girl with smiling black eyes and uncombed hair came to all the meetings. And when we passed her house she would beg us to go in. So some Bible women went to see her mother. The mother listened to the gospel story, and began coming to the meetings. The father came, too. The mother decided to be a Christian. The father said it would never do to have the family divided, and he decided to be a Christian, too. So then one day the things which had been used for devil worship were burned.

This little family of five are now rejoicing in the gospel. And such a happy family! Instead of having worship twice a day, they have it at noon as well. Their love for Jesus shines in their faces, and this love makes them love every one else also.

HELEN MAY SCOTT.

God Is Like That

A LITTLE brown-eyed, six-year-old child came into my room one day and said, "Tell me a story." And that request is symbolic of the attitude of Japan today in its eagerness to *know*. I told the child the story of the invisible, the unseen, ever-present God. He listened with down-dropped face and knitted brows, and then said, "But, Sensei, I cannot understand. How can God be here and see me when I cannot see him?"

I said to the child, "He is here; truly, he is," and the child began to look about my room. He looked at this side and that; he looked everywhere. He gazed upward, looking for the god shelf. Then he repeated, "I cannot see him anywhere. Where is he?"

"Shigeto-san," I said, "is there a wind?"

"Why, yes," said he, "anybody knows there is a wind."

"How do you know there is a wind?"

Again the brow was drawn in thought. He was a bright child. He was trying to solve the problem, and a moment later, joyfully as a discoverer might, he cried, "Oh, I have found out! I have thought how for myself. I have found out how there is a wind. I see it shaking the leaves of that tree"—a little pomegranate tree in my garden. So then it was easy to inculcate the idea of an Unseen Power of powers; and I said, "God is like that. We cannot see him with these eyes of ours; but we can recognize him by seeing what he does."

I did not know, however, whether the child had really understood. A moment later a Japanese girl came into the room. He turned to her and said, "Matsui-san, there is a God; and he is here right now with us."

As he spoke, I wondered what his conception was, but I knew he had caught some idea of God.

"Oh, is that so?" said the girl; "how do you know?"

"Why, that is not strange," he replied; "it is like this."

I listened for my own illustration, but he had his own thought, in which God was his teacher; for he said, "It is like this: I am speaking to you, am I not?"

"Yes."

"And you understand, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You cannot see my words, can you?"

"No."

"Well, God's like that. You cannot see him, but you can understand that he is there."

The child of that day is now a Christian young man in the high school.—*Selected.*

Found Joy and Satisfaction

ONE day last winter I ventured into a temple compound. As I was hesitating what to do, a woman, poor, emaciated, and clothed in rags, came out of a little, dark room of a house near. I spoke to her, and handed her a tract, and she passed on. But I could not get her out of my mind; and a few days later, I called upon her.

I found that she was a widow, and that her only means of support was sewing. I called frequently, and tried to interest her in Bible study; but she would not lay aside her work long enough to give attention to what I was saying. All that she could earn, except the very poorest living, went to the Buddhist priests at the temple, for prayers and offerings.

One day when I went to call upon her, she was not to be found. I inquired, but no one would tell me where she had gone. Mrs. Kuniya and I had become very much interested in this devout heathen woman, and we made her case the subject of special prayer, asking the Lord to send her to us if we could do her good, as we could not find her.

At last, one day she came to our house, and then she began to attend the Bible readings in the *kigisho* (preaching place), and she did not miss a meeting until she fully accepted Christianity. The Lord had impressed her that here was something which would satisfy her heart as it had never been satisfied through her offerings to the priests. I called upon her a short time ago, and found the god shelf and all the idols gone from her house. Her rags have given place to decent dress, and she is both clothed and in her right mind, and happy in the Lord. She no longer gives her money to the idle, dissolute priests, but has already begun to pay tithes to the Lord, and is earning enough to be comfortable, and is happy to have a part in the grand work of the gospel. H. KUNIYA.

An Experience in Tithe Paying

I WISH to tell you of a family that I know here in Chosen. There are four members in this family,—father, mother, a son aged nineteen, and a daughter of seventeen. Before they were Christians, they were very poor, nor can they be called wealthy now; but they have a house of their own to live in, and always have good, clean clothes to wear to church on Sabbath. Do you ask what made this change? Let me tell you. Before they were Christians, they used tobacco; now they do not. At church they learned that of all the money they earned one tenth belongs to Jesus, and is to be used to send teachers to give the gospel to those who have never heard it.

They rent barley and rice fields, for which they pay one half to the owner; but Jesus, the owner of all the world, asks only one tenth.

They were so glad to know of Jesus' love to them, and how he came to this world and died to save them, that they wanted to help send the good news to others; so the father said, "Let us see which of us can pay the most tithe." And while they increase their tithe, they have more for themselves. The mother and

daughter cull rice or pull weeds, and the father and son work the fields, and between times hire out to do farm work or anything else they can find to do. And God, according to his promise, has blessed them.

When Sister Wangerin returned to Korea, the young people of the Missionary Volunteer Society in her home church sent a package of little gifts to the members of the church here. We arranged to distribute them at Christmas time, and there was something for every one. The men each had a lead pencil, the women a bar of soap, the boys a pencil and a book, and to each of the girls was given a towel, a handkerchief, soap, a comb, or some such trifle. These were little things, but they delighted the Koreans. They were so pleased to know that some one so far away had taken thought of them in this way.

MRS. W. R. SMITH.

"Rama Krishnan" Becomes "Raja Christian"

SOME months ago a Hindu brought his son to our boarding school at Nazareth with the request that he be admitted, but that we should not teach him Christianity. I replied that no student would be admitted unless willing to attend all the meetings. After long hesitation he decided to leave the boy with us.

A month later the father called to buy a Bible, saying that his son declared that he could not get along in the school without it. A month or two later I saw a post card written by Rama Krishnan (for that was the lad's name) to his father, which read as follows: "Father, I am going to become a Christian, and follow the Bible teachings. The Bible teaches to pay tithe to the Lord of all our income; so, father, please tithe all your income hereafter. And also I am getting ready to be baptized."

Soon after this our school was dismissed for vacation. After the holidays were over the old man brought Rama Krishnan back to the school. I spoke to him about his son's desire to become a Christian, and to my surprise and pleasure he replied: "You may baptize him. I have no objection. My son is now entirely changed. During this vacation we have certainly enjoyed his company at home. The Christian teaching has done him so much good that I am not afraid to see him embrace that religion and identify himself with your church. I hope that he will continue to be such a good boy all his life."

Rama Krishnan was buried in baptism a few weeks ago. He is now Raja Christian. He already shows a care for the souls of others. I have reason to believe that he will some day be a strong worker in this part of the Master's vineyard, winning many souls to Christ.

E. D. THOMAS.

EVERY congregation is divided into saved people and unsaved. I call them trees and posts. When you put in a tree it begins to grow. When you stick in a post it begins to rot. We pastors have a delightful time watching trees grow. But it is a sad business watching posts decay.—A. C. Dixon.

South India Training School

IN the South India Mission Territory there are about 60,000,000 people, speaking numerous languages and divided up into countless castes and divisions. Mission work has been carried on in this part of the country for the last two hundred years. More advancement along the lines of education and civilization has been made in the southern part of India than in any other section of the whole country. And as a result of this, greater success has attended the efforts of mission societies in working for the people. In some places thousands have been converted to Christianity within a very short time. A very large per cent of the people of South India have been influenced more or less by Christianity.

If you should visit some of the large cities of South India, you would be impressed with the well-equipped schools and colleges that have been built up for the benefit of Indian people. Thousands of students flock annually to these schools. The Indian is thirsty for knowledge. To obtain that he will sacrifice everything in the world that he has. One Sunday while waiting at a railway station for a train, a young man came to me and said that he was a student of the high school, but very poor, and wanted me to help him to raise the money to pay his school fees. He said that his mother worked at coolie work to pay for his board, but that he, unable to get any work to do, went out on Sundays and Saturdays to solicit money enough to pay his tuition. This shows how anxious the young people of India are to get an education. Even in the small villages one will often find young men who have been through college and have their degrees. A few decades ago this could not be said of India. Only just recently the people seem to have awakened out of a long sleep. I believe that God had a hand in bringing these conditions about, in order that the people of India should have a chance to hear the message that is due the world today.



RAJA CHRISTIAN

The school which is the subject of this article, is at Bangalore, a city of 170,000 inhabitants, in the very center of the South India mission field. Bangalore is the most beautiful city in the south, and comes the nearest furnishing every requirement of a human being of any city in the land. Every sort of vegetable, fruit, and grain that you will find in the East or West you can find in the bazaars of Bangalore. The climate is good, neither too hot nor too cold, and just about the same the year round. Four languages, Kanarese, Telugu, Tamil, and Hindustani, are spoken here. We are at present conducting the school in rented quarters, but hope soon to purchase our own property, and erect buildings that will more nearly suit our requirements.

Reason for Its Establishment

The South India Training School has not been established simply to help along the work of education in a general way in South India. It was established for the same reason that our training schools are established in America and other countries. It seems to me that there are even more reasons why we should have special schools for our young people in India

than for having them in America. For although the educational system followed in India is, as a whole, very good, and the work done is thorough, the spirit of Christianity, to say nothing of the spirit of the message that we represent, is almost entirely lost sight of. In former years it was not so. In the good old days the missionaries took a great deal of interest in teaching the fundamentals of Christianity to the students. Men of prayer they were, and godly men. As a result of their efforts many were converted. But today such efforts are not seen in the schools and colleges, and as a consequence, conversion from heathenism as a result of instruction received in school is seldom heard of. Many teachers have told me that even though they have worked in the schools of India for ten, twelve, and fifteen years, they have not yet seen a single boy converted from heathenism. More than that, nowadays the very idea of Christianity is hooted at in many of the schools, and higher criticism is taking the place of old-fashioned Bible study.

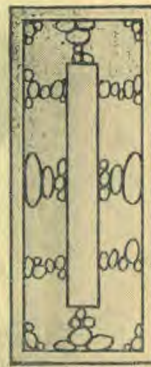
To save our young people from such influences and to train them for efficient work in this message, we felt that we must have a school of our own. Consequently we called for the money to open such a school. The money was granted and the school was opened. It was small at first, for the idea of a private school without government recognition and without aid from the government, was not popular. In the fall of 1912 we began the school with fifteen students, nearly all of whom were baptized members of our mission. Others soon joined the school, until at the present time the enrolment is about seventy. We have opened our doors to those not of our faith, and many heathen as well as students of other missions, have joined our school. We have always tried to use our influence to draw such students to Christ.

Work up to the tenth grade is given in the school. Five teachers besides myself have been employed. I have usually confined my work to Bible teaching. The students are given thorough work in history, mathematics, language, and Bible. Old and New Testament history, prophecy, and Bible doctrines form the principal studies in Bible. The students who have finished their courses in the school have, without exception, been able to pass the Standard of Attainment examination as set by the Educational

Department. I think that this speaks well for the Indian students.

Aside from the regular class work the students are given instruction in methods of doing mission work, and are also taken out at intervals for actual missionary work. During the three years of the school the students have visited many villages, holding open-air meetings, selling literature, and visiting the people. In this way many seeds of truth have been sown, and the students have had many experiences that will help them in their future work. The missionary idea is held up continually before the students.

This school and the results that have been accomplished, have been possible only because of the faithfulness of our people in the homeland. The money you have given has been invested in these young men and women, and now you are beginning to see some of the effects. It may be impossible for you to come to India or go to China as a missionary. It may be that God has not planned your work in that way; but you can help to prepare and support these young people out here and let them do the work that you perhaps cannot do. There are hundreds of good boys and girls who ought to be in this school, and they



OPEN-VIEW MISSION SCHOOL, DWARIKHAL,
GARHWAL DISTRICT, INDIA

The pictures show the principal and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Smith, the school buildings, and seventh-class boys of the school.

would be here if they were able to support themselves. But they are not able to do so, and that means that they will not be able to do much in this

cause unless some one helps them. So if at any time you are asked to give in the interest of the educational work, kindly remember the work of the South India Training School, and know of a surety that the dollars and dimes that you give for this grand work will be a good investment and will bring you good returns in the future.

G. G. LOWRY.

The Chinese Missionary Volunteer Aim and Motto

IN every land where the advent message has gone young people have accepted it. In doing so the Lord puts into their hearts the same great purpose that dominates the lives of our faithful Missionary Volunteers everywhere.

Here is the Chinese Missionary Volunteer aim and motto:

宗旨
 把耶穌再來的信息
 傳遍這代的人
格言
 基督的愛激勵我們
 哥後五章十四節

Translation

Aim: The advent message to all the world in this generation.

Motto: The love of Christ constraineth us.

And here is the reverse side of this card:

◎ 第一章二十道傳主的你造念記幼年着趁當你 ◎

我要叫你得人的漁夫太四章十九節
 按人或配進天國不配乃是在乎他的品
 性而造就完美的品性最良好的方法就
 是往學堂讀書從前美國赫赫有名的總
 統林肯說我現願讀書預備一切等到
 機會來了我就可以進行這樣看來試
 問你曾預備往學堂裏去讀書麼因為
 知識不能傳授人除非那人自己所有
 往學堂讀書在青年時為最合宜因為這
 是最重要時候又盼望我們在青年時
 立志為上帝和他的真理效力日日行走
 天國的路徑這樣到你老的時候可說
 白髮猶如華美冠冕行善道的方可得
 着箴言十六章三十一節

孔宗道

◎ 第四章一言箴略謀有識知有人年少使 ◎

Translation

Our character determines whether we can enter heaven. A good way to develop good character is to enter our schools. Are you preparing to go to school? Lincoln, America's famous President, said, "I will study and prepare; perhaps my opportunity will come." To go to school while young is a very important matter, also to decide to work for God. Every day we should travel on the road to heaven, then when we become old it may be said of us: Prov. 16: 31.

M. E. KERN.

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals and forts.

—Longfellow.

True and False Pride

CAROLINE, can you not come and help me with my work? Now that Evelyn is sick and Beth at school, I am in great need of help. I will pay you well and be a mother to you."

"My mother did not want me to do housework. She wanted me to work in a printing office," said Caroline.

"But housework is as interesting and honorable work as printing, Caroline. All honest work well done is creditable. You would make more helping me than you could folding papers."

"I know it; but it's different, working in an office, from doing housework."

"Yes, it is different. With me you would have a home, companionable associates, and a friend or foster mother, now that your own mother is dead, to help you prepare for a place in the world of service. I promise to do by you, as far as I can, as I do by Evelyn and Beth. If you go to the printing office, you will have no real home and you will have serious difficulty in making ends meet."

"But, Mrs. Scott, I couldn't look the girls in the face if I became a house girl. I guess I can get along at the office."

Caroline had absorbed her mother's ideas of propriety and impropriety,—ideas as fixed as they were distorted and moldy with age. The girl could appear on the street, and apparently be at ease, with the sleeve of her dress ripped almost out, her hair toggled up in some fantastic way, and a hole in her stocking, satisfied if her dress was bright and had some semblance of being up-to-date; but she could not help an acquaintance with her housework lest she lose her standing with the girls.

Caroline went to the printing office. She barely eked out an existence. Since she was not naturally adept with the needle and had not been trained to make or mend her clothes, she was never attractively and neatly dressed, and she never had time or money to continue her education.

Coral Fisher, hearing that Mrs. Scott was in desperate need of help, clapped her hands in joy, hoping that here was a chance to ward off the interruption to her educational scheme which otherwise seemed inevitable. Coral was a wholesome, sensible, attractive girl who had been thrown upon her own resources in her last year of grammar school. She had, however, early hitched her wagon to Emerson's star, determining to finish high school and go to college, in the meantime deciding upon her life vocation.

Coral was not a Micawber. Her keenness at scenting pennies gave her chums a chance to jolly her; but every one of them appointed herself a committee of one to watch for and report pecuniary opportunities. So effectively had they all worked together that Coral owed no man anything but her good will and everlasting gratitude for courtesies and opportunities that had come her way. However, just now the financial skies were lowering; so as soon as she had finished her classes for the day she ran over to Mrs. Scott's. An agreement satisfactory to both was soon reached, and Coral was settled in her new home before the sun set,—"nevermore to roam," as she told the girls.

The five years of her stay with Mrs. Scott proved of unexpected worth to herself financially, socially, and educationally,—her Ph. D. course she always called it. Mrs. Scott was herself a college graduate, and a practical and progressive woman. Her intelligent and scientific methods of cooking and housekeep-

ing awakened Coral to the value of domestic science. She therefore specialized in that work. On graduation she was offered the department of domestic science in a Western college.

Caroline still folds papers.

F. D. C.

Nature and Science

Balloons Drop Literature as Far as Berlin

THOUSANDS of specially devised rifles for sending propaganda over the enemy lines now are in use in the Allied armies. From these rifles grenades are discharged, by means of which tracts and pamphlets may be scattered along enemy trenches with considerable exactitude at a range of more than two hundred yards.

For greater distances small balloons made of cloth are used. Each of these lifts twenty pounds of propaganda literature and by means of a mechanical device drops a quarter pound of these documents at fifteen-minute intervals. The radius of action of these balloons in a 25-mile wind would be Hamburg, Berlin, Vienna, and Trieste. The balloons travel at a height of from six thousand to eight thousand feet.

Paper balloons capable of lifting four pounds also are used by the American army for the purpose of distributing literature in trenches and enemy billets for distances up to one hundred miles from the starting-point. These balloons drop a half pound of material at five-minute intervals. They use a fuse release, consisting of a slow-burning match, which is consumed at the rate of one inch every five minutes. The first release is effected five minutes after starting to make sure of compensating the balloon for the loss of gas.

The latest devices are planned to employ clockwork for their releasing mechanism, and the use of trench mortars, with a cardboard projectile containing literature, is being considered for the future.

Airplanes are used occasionally for this purpose, but there are many objections to their employment.—*Washington Post*.

A New Use for the Telegraph

WHEN Western civilization first began to make its way into the Ottoman Empire, it provoked some very interesting reactions upon the Oriental mind. One story that Sir William Whittall tells in "Turkish Stories and Parables" shows how unquestionably even the wisest of the Turks attributed the triumphs of Western invention to magic or diabolism.

During the Crimean War, says Sir William, the first telegraph was established in Turkey. This wonderful invention created tremendous astonishment among the Turks, who were quite unable to understand its workings. Among the more intelligent the discussions were not concerning the scientific principles that lay behind it, but whether it was a good or a bad thing for humanity.

To solve the question it was at last decided to have a full debate by the ulema of the province of Smyrna, over which at that time a very wise old mullah presided. The meeting was held, and fierce was the contention. Half the ulema declared that the telegraph was a good thing, because it quickened communications; the other half asserted that it could not be good, because it was an invention of the devil.

There seemed to be no way of arriving at a conclusion, when some of the Turks perceived that their chief, the old mullah, had not yet expressed an opinion. Both parties, therefore, eagerly pressed him for his view on the subject and agreed to abide by his decision. The old mullah replied:

"My children, the telegraph is a good thing."

"What!" said the conservatives indignantly. "Do you mean that it is not a work of the devil?"

"Oh, yes," replied the old man. "Assuredly it is a work of his; but why are you so dull of understanding, my children? Can't you see that, if the devil is occupied going up and down the wires with each message sent, he will have less time to trouble us mortals on earth below?"

All the ulema acknowledged the wisdom of their chief.—*Youth's Companion*.

"Cheer Up, Honey!"

I WAS but a little child,
Overwhelmed with sudden sorrow,
Torn by grief and anger wild,
Blind to any gladsome morrow.
Dear old mammy, soul of grace,
Laid her hand upon my head,
And, with heaven in her face,
Softly, musically said:
"Cheer up, honey! Doan' yo' fret!
Pow'rful good times comin' yet!"

Mammy's wrinkled ebony face,
Long ago was hid from me,
But her counsel still has place
In the heart of memory.
When grief tells me o'er and o'er,
"Thou wilt nevermore rejoice!"
When I dare not look before,
Then I hear a loving voice:
"Cheer up, honey! Doan' yo' fret!
Pow'rful good times comin' yet!"

—Emma C. Dowd.

Meaning of the Ribbon Bars

THE ribbon bars you see on the breasts of men of the army and navy tell a story, if you know how to read it. They represent medals given for valor of service—medals that are worn only on dress occasions. A light-blue ribbon with white stars shows that the wearer possesses the Congressional Medal of Honor, awarded for unusual bravery. It is the highest award in the gift of our Government, and is held by very few men.

The other ribbons are for the various campaigns in which the army and navy have taken part. A blue and gray indicates the Civil War campaign badge; a blue, yellow, and blue ribbon with narrow blue edges is for the Spanish-American War; red, blue, and red with narrow blue edges, for the Philippine campaign; red with narrow edges of red, white, and blue, for the Cuban Pacification; a yellow ribbon with blue edges, for the China Relief Expedition; and blue, red, and blue with narrow red edges, for the Nicaraguan campaign.—*Selected*.

"THEY have supervised the eating,
One by one our joys take flight;
But they cannot spoil the dinner
When you have an appetite."

To resist with success the frigidity of old age one must combine the body, the mind, and the heart; to keep these in parallel one must exercise, study, and love.—*Bonstetten*.



LIFE'S PROBLEM



JANETTE BIDWELL SHUSTER

BEFORE every youth is placed a problem, to the solution of which the entire life is devoted. In many instances, even after years of toil, the answer is still an unknown quantity. Some feel confident that they have solved the problem, only to find at last that they have used a wrong method, and therefore the result is wrong. But there are a few who do the work correctly, and the sum of their effort is recorded by the Great Teacher in the record book of heaven. The problem is, "What is success, and how may I attain to it?"

What Is Success?

The question stares us in the face; we meet it at every turn. Where shall reliable information be found? On every side placards blazon this or that as the greatest thing, the only thing for which to strive; and no two agree. In theory there seems no answer.

From theory we turn to fact, to the examples of those who are trying to solve the complex problem. There is the wayfarer: what is his aim? Apparently he has none. The problem seemed incomprehensible, and he has given it up. He no longer lives, he exists. There is the anarchist. He has pondered theories until all else has deserted his brain. He lives to dream, and in his imaginings he forgets that there are others besides himself in the world. There is a multitude of toilers, and what is life to them?—The striving for actual necessities. The problem of success, still unsolved, has long since been pushed into the oblivion of their almost forgotten youth.

Then there is another class, one which dazzles the eyes of the inexperienced and often lures him on, until satiated he drifts into one of the former groups. To this class belong the pleasure seekers. At first, life seems one bright dream; but like other dreams, this one fades and leaves the dreamer of all men most miserable. Closely allied is the phantom wealth; a phantom, for today it is here, but tomorrow it is gone. Striving for riches and riches alone, as an aim, dwarfs the soul, until it is as hard and as cold as its idol. The appreciation of beauty is lost, love of fellow men is lost, even self is disregarded in the ever-increasing struggle for money. And aged, with money but no friends save those who desire his wealth, he leaves the world, the years of his life wasted. Is this an attractive picture? What young man wishes thus to be?

Then there are the honored of the world, those who have won high positions of trust. This seems attractive; why not be one of them? But wait; look beyond the cheering of the crowd. How would it be one hundred years hence, were time to last? Dust to dust. The name is recorded in some obscure history, but the world has forgotten. Who can tell who was governor or senator even twenty years ago, unless by mere chance? Even the greatest men are known only to the better educated of civilized countries.

And this is all. There is nothing permanent to attract. All flesh is as grass. These you have considered are the apparent things, but down deep in the hearts of a few men and women are the real issues of life. It is not the marble monument, it is not the books written about us, it is not what men say of us, that shows success; it is what we are between ourselves and God. No matter what your occupation, no matter what station in life you occupy, the life in tune with

God is the satisfied life. Says the psalmist, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding [margin, "good success"] have all they that do his commandments." The greatest helper to success is the little word that helps another. That word is immortal. The world may forget your name, but that heart does not. Said Horace Greeley, "Fame is vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer today will curse tomorrow; only one thing endures — character."

How May I Attain to It?

The problem, What is success? having been solved, a greater presents itself, How may I attain to it? There is much which influences success,—early opportunities, disposition, aptitude, and attitude of friends. Nevertheless there is but one factor that counts, that is yourself. No matter what your environment is; if it does not suit you, change it. Say with Napoleon, "There shall be no Alps." Others have done so, why not you? Abraham Lincoln came from the poorest of families; but amid difficulties, with almost no opportunities for advancement, he fought his way up. Booker T. Washington did not find an elevator to carry him to success. Examples might be multiplied of men who have won; not because of luck, for there is no such thing, but by sheer determination and stick-to-itiveness. It was once said, "Everything comes to him who waits," but many have waited a whole lifetime in vain. It has been revised to say more truthfully, "Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits."

It is all-important that you know the real issue, that you know what is success; but what will that knowledge profit, if you know not the method of achieving it? Many fail in that they see only the result; do not discern a difference in methods. Real success and apparent success are not attained in the same manner; it is true there are many points of resemblance, yet there is as wide a chasm between the means as between the results.

Strive for the true always, and success must follow as the night follows the day. "No man can serve two masters:" no one can follow two aims at once, nor can the time be divided. A good motto is, "All at it, and always at it." The one who sees a mark, who never removes his eyes from that mark, who never doubts for a moment that he will reach that mark, who never relaxes his efforts to attain that mark,—for that one, failure is impossible. Said Burke, "The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders,—these are the masters of victory."

God has put in the heart of every man a conception of true success and the means of attaining it. He may disregard that vision and seek a lower plane of living, until finally he has lost sight of it. The keynote of the universe becomes discord to him. He could not enjoy a different world, so when this ends he too must cease to be. But he may foster that vision, and it will grow loftier and grander, and with its growth he too will grow until his character approaches the character given in Eden, until he is in harmony with the Source of power; then that power will change mortality into immortality, and the growing mind will have opportunity to expand during the ages of eternity.



A HINDU VILLAGE BARBER



MRS. L. G. MOOKERJEE

WHILE visiting our Sabbath keepers in a village in the district of Barisal, east Bengal, the village Hindu barber came to our boat to visit us. He is the only barber for the Hindu community of this village, numbering about one hundred families.

Although a very insignificant-looking person, he is one of the most important men of his village, and is called upon at all hours of the day and night to perform his duties. His working outfit is meager, consisting of a pair of scissors, an iron razor made by a blacksmith, which cost him eight annas (sixteen cents), and two long slender probes, we might call them; one is used for removing earwax, and the other for manicure work.

In all of these hundred families, the barber goes to the homes to cut the hair, and shave the men as often as desired, averaging about twice a month per head for each operation. But he does not receive his pay each time, as we would expect. He receives very little in the shape of money, as his customers are poor and cannot pay very much in cash.

In this part of the country there are two rice crops every year, one crop being reaped in August and the other in December. These are the two months when the barber receives his dues. He is paid at the rate of forty-eight pounds of paddy (rice in the husk) yearly per head for the people for whom he has worked.

When there is a marriage, the head of the family gives the barber a present of forty-eight pounds of paddy and four pounds of rice, also eight annas to two rupees (16 to 64 cents) in cash, according to circumstances. He is among the people who accompany the bride to the home of the bridegroom. Upon reaching the bridegroom's home, the bride takes off her new sari (a cloth five yards long and nearly a yard and a half wide, used as a dress by Indian girls) and gives it to the barber.

After a child is born in a family, the barber is called upon to cut the finger nails of the nurse before she returns to her home. The day the child is born, the father of the baby gives the barber fourteen pounds of rice. On the eleventh day after the birth, if the child is a boy, the father again gives the barber fourteen pounds of rice; if the child is a girl, he receives eighteen pounds of rice and one quart of mustard oil (cooking oil). You may wonder why when a baby girl is born the barber receives a larger present than he would if the baby were a boy. The reason is this: The girl will probably be married to a man of another village where she will go to live with her husband by the time she is about thirteen years of age, but the boy remains in the village and is a lifelong customer to the village barber.

At the time of a death, the barber is called upon to cut the finger nails of the persons who have carried the dead body to the burning ghat (the Hindus always burn their dead). This must be done first, then they must bathe before entering the house again. Eleven

days after the death of a man or woman, the male members of the family must have their heads shaved by the barber, and he must also cut the finger nails of the female members. On this day, the relatives of the dead person give the barber eleven days' food ration, that is, twenty-two pounds of rice, and eleven annas cash (22 cents), to buy salt, oil, vegetables, etc.

In addition to the aforementioned ways of receiving food and clothing, the barber has his own little hut where he lives. He also has a vegetable garden where he grows country vegetables for his own use. In the garden he has a number of coconut and betel nut trees. These nuts he sells in the near-by village markets in order to have a little cash money in hand for clothing, land rent, or any other need he may have.

"Teach Him Character"

AN old Egyptian came to the master of a school in Egypt and said: "I have brought my boy to you, and ask you to teach him character. I will pay."

"Character?" said the school-master. "What do you mean by that?" The old man tried to explain: "The English have it," he said. "They are not kicked about like the poor Egyptian. They stand up and speak straight. They command. I want my boy to be thus." He did not realize that character cannot be taught or bought. *It comes by living rightly.* It is of importance what one does with one's life, whether, for instance, one remains a workman, or tries to get an education and rise to power and influence; but nothing that we can do with life is worth while if we do not also develop character. Life is our

opportunity to develop character. If we fail in that we fail in everything, no matter how rich we may become. And Christ alone can help us to grow character. Without him we shall surely fail.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Do You ?

AT the first Missionary Volunteer departmental meeting of the General Conference, Elder Meade MacGuire told of having a talk with a young woman who did not pray. Here is the experience, in his own words:

"Do you pray?" I asked.

She said, "No."

"Not at all?"

She shook her head.

"When did you stop praying?"

"Well, I don't remember," was her reply.

"But really, is it so long ago as that?" I said.

She answered, "I suppose I have prayed four or five times in the last ten years."

I asked another, "Do you pray?"

She said, "Yes, sir."

"How often do you pray?"

"I generally pray once a day," she replied.



Reading the News While in a Barber Shop, China

"Do you pray in the morning or at night?"

"At night."

Then he continued: "I have had that answer many times — praying once a day, and at night. Now we have such conditions all over the field — very generally, at least. There is a lack of prayer, a lack of Bible study, and more or less worldliness. There is a peculiar condition of discouragement coming over our young people; and what is possibly more startling, there is becoming apparent an insensibility to spiritual things that I have never seen in my experience before. I cannot account for it in any other way than that gradually the Spirit of God is being withdrawn from the earth. When an effort is made to waken the young people, they seem paralyzed."

How is it with you? Do you pray? or do you just say prayers occasionally? Perhaps you are like the young friend who once said to me, "I do pray when I get into a tight place." Well, you should pray then; but, my dear young friend, God wants prayer to mean more, far more, than that to you. He desires that you shall know for yourself that he hears prayer — that he hears your prayers. He loves you; he sympathizes with you; he feels every heartache you have; he knows that you can never succeed and be truly happy unless you learn *how to pray and receive*. He wishes you to learn how to draw from the bank of heaven enough to supply all your needs liberally. He longs for you to enjoy the privilege of prayer to the fullest extent, that you may be all that you would like to be.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

If

If you and I were soldier lads or sailor boys in blue,
In training camp or land remote, where all was strangely new,
I wonder in the lonely hours, the time when thoughts will roam,
How much we'd give for just a note, a friendly word from home —

A message bright, a jolly joke, a bit of news to cheer,
With not a hint of anything to make a moment drear.
I wonder if from a gloomy trench or battleship at night,
We wouldn't long to telegraph this one request, "Please write!"

If you and I were sailor lads or soldier boys in brown,
On ship of war, in training camp, or some queer foreign town,
I wonder if there'd come to us in moments dark with fear
A message from some one at home — a message fraught with cheer —

No gloomy word, but glad some, brave, no hint of worried mind,
A glimpse of friends about the hearth, a bit of gossip kind;
Or would we wait with aching hearts the stern command to fight,

And vainly long to telegraph this one request, "Please write!"

If you and I were soldier lads and home was far away,
If you and I were sailor boys afloat both night and day,
I wonder in the hours of pain if we would miss the touch
Of hands that long had toiled for us, if we would miss it much.
A tender word, a soothing stroke, a look on some loved face,
What treasures there to think about away in strange, lone place.
I wonder if somewhere a lad in camp or trench tonight
Is wishing he could telegraph this one request, "Please write!"

— Alice Annette Larkin.

'Manda Jane

NONE of us liked 'Manda Jane. We all said so the first day she came to school. Her dress was sort of old-fashioned, and too long for her; but it wasn't just how she looked that was the matter. I guess we thought there were enough of us without her, and we didn't want any more. You see, there were nine of us girls who brought our dinners — just enough for the three playhouses out under the trees; and, besides, we all knew each other, and it's so much trouble to get acquainted with strangers.

"Well, we don't need to have her," said Delia Kelly. "We didn't ask her to come to our school, and we can go on just the same as if she wasn't here."

So when noontime came, and the teacher and the other little children went home, we hurried off and left 'Manda Jane to herself. She looked up as if she expected we'd ask her to come too, but we didn't, and after a few minutes she sat down on the steps and opened her basket. She sat there nearly all noontime, and we couldn't help seeing her while we played. Little Kitty — she's always so tender-hearted — wanted to ask her to come.

"Whose playhouse can she have a part of, then?" asked Maria.

Well, none of us wanted her; and Kitty couldn't do anything without the rest of us, though she looked sorry. That's the way it went for four or five days. We found 'Manda Jane knew as much about her lessons as any of us, though her dresses were too long; and the other children liked her in games at recess, but we girls wouldn't pay her any attention. Our schoolhouse is in the country, in a nice woody place; and so we thought 'Manda Jane was going to look for wild flowers when she didn't stop on the steps one day, but walked right past where we were, farther in the grove. By and by we saw her moving about as busy as she could be, as if she was making a playhouse all by herself.

"I think that would be awfully lonesome," said Kitty; and I think we all felt sort of mean, only we wouldn't say so.

The next day 'Manda Jane hurried off just the same way, and the day after that, too; and we could see her flying about and fixing something. We pretended we didn't care what it was; but, really, we could hardly play at all for watching her. But the next noon, when we were getting ready to go for our baskets, she stopped us.

"There's a new store started down near where you folks keep house," she said; "and if you want tea, sugar, soap, or — or anything, the woman that keeps it'll give good measure and sell cheap."

"Store?" we all said at once.

"Yes, I've started a store," she said, "and I should think you housekeepers would need to buy lots of things."

We began to crowd around her; but she wouldn't tell us much, only to "come and see," and we didn't wait to have her ask us twice. She had fixed up the prettiest place with moss and green branches!

There was a nice, smooth stump for a counter, and scales of strings and birch bark. There was white sand for sugar and pebbles for coffee, and she had made cunning little paper bags to put them in. Oh, it was such fun! We bought and bought; and she gave us some real gingerbread — such good gingerbread that her grandmother made — because, she said, storekeepers gave things when they had an "opening." We forgot all about not wanting her, and almost forgot to play keep house at all, because we were all the time running to the store. She had so much custom that she said one of us might be clerk; but everybody spoke for the place, and so we had to take turns. It was the very nicest noontime we'd had, and nobody ever thought of leaving 'Manda Jane out after that; we couldn't do without her.

"How did you ever come to think of anything like that?" Delia asked her one day.

"Grandma made me think of it," she said. "You see, I felt a little bit lonesome, and I thought" — her

face grew red and sober, and she stopped a minute; then she said the words right out—"I thought you girls didn't like me, and wouldn't ever be friends; and I told grandma there wasn't any place for me. 'Make a place, then,' she said. 'All the world wants the ones that are willing to make themselves wanted.' So then I stopped thinking how you ought to make it pleasanter for me, and began to plan how I could make things nicer for you."—*Kate Hamilton, in Sabbath School Visitor.*

How Lila Went to the Picnic

LILA had not been invited to the picnic that was to be held not far from her home, and she felt very unhappy about it. She had heard that there would be swings and games and ice cream, and she felt that she could not stay away.

"I'll hide behind a tree and watch, anyway," she said.

"They would see you," her mother answered, and promised her a dolls' party, with lemonade and crackers, if she would forget about the picnic; but Lila could not forget.

She lived in a little white house at the top of a hill, and the picnic grounds were in a level meadow at the bottom of the hill. The night before the picnic she stayed awake a long time trying to think how she could watch the fun even if she could not go. After a while she had a plan.

The next day, an hour before picnic time, she was very busy. First, she put on her oldest clothes; then she put Don, the big shepherd dog, into the woodshed, and went into the barn for a while. After about ten minutes she came out rolling a large sugar barrel on its side. Under her arm she carried a bundle of hay, and she had a big splint basket turned down over her head.

When she reached the top of the long hill, at last, she turned the barrel up on end beside a stump and put the hay into it. After that she climbed over the edge, pulled the basket down on the barrel like a cap, and waited.

Back in the woodshed Don barked and begged, but down in the meadow the picnic people began to gather. A broken place in the side of the basket gave Lila a lookout place for one big blue eye.

Ten minutes passed, then twenty minutes, and there was more and more to watch. Games began down below, and grown people unpacked baskets and spread tablecloths. Lila felt that she just *must* go down.

All at once Don's barking seemed to grow louder. Before very long there came a sound of panting and scuffling feet; the barks drew nearer every moment. Lila knew what it meant: Don had somehow broken out of the woodshed. She held tight to the rim of the basket as he scampered up barking like mad.

"O Don, Don!" she groaned.

But there was no way to stop him. When he heard Lila's voice he jumped at the barrel joyfully. It tilted, then settled back into place. A second time he pounced upon it, and that time over it went, girl and all, and began to roll down the long hill, slowly at first, then faster and faster.

Down on the picnic grounds a little girl looked up and pointed. "What's that coming?" she cried.

"A runaway barrel!" two or three other voices exclaimed, and some one else said, "Head it off!"

Two boys stopped the whirling barrel, and with pulling and pushing set it up and pulled off the bas-

ket. A red bow bobbed up and then ducked out of sight.

"A girl! A girl!" they cried. Every one came running.

Lila stood straight up in the barrel and shook the hair out of her eyes. She was shaken but not hurt, and she was winking hard to keep back the tears. "I wanted to watch the picnic," she said.

"We didn't even know that there was a little girl in the house on the hilltop," the mothers said, when they understood, and they lifted her out and brought pink ice cream in a blue bowl. All the little girls stood round and smiled at Lila, and offered to swing her, and she was very happy. And after a while Don, who had run away when he saw the people, came wagging back and had a plate of bones, which was more than he deserved.—*Virginia Stanard, in Youth's Companion.*

PORTO RICO would be a good place for a self-supporting teacher, since there is not sufficient public school room for all the children. This year in one medium-sized town more than one hundred children were denied school privileges for want of seating capacity.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

For the Finding-Out Club

Old Testament Queries

1. WHO said, "To obey is better than sacrifice"?
2. Name the bride and groom of the first bridal procession that entered the land of Canaan?
3. Who was the first president mentioned in sacred history, and by whom was he appointed?
4. Where was Moses buried?
5. Who was made king of Judah at the age of seven years?
6. What king was smitten with leprosy, and why?
7. Name the twelve men sent to spy out the land of Canaan.
8. What prophet wore a veil, and why?
9. How many were the proverbs of Solomon?
10. What distinguished Bible personage was arrayed in scarlet and gold, with a chain about his neck?
11. What prophet tore the robe of a mighty man in twelve pieces?
12. Who was borne away by angels after his death?
13. Unto whom did God say, "I am thy shield"?
14. By whom was Solomon's temple first destroyed?
15. Who does the Bible say is greater than he that taketh a city?

Answers to Questions in "Instructor"

June 25

MUSICIANS: Frédéric Chopin and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Island: Kauai, in the Hawaiian group.

July 2

What Am I?—A bee.

Men: Dr. Alexis Carrel and F. W. Woolworth.

July 9

What Am I?—A frog.

Hidden Proverb: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

It Pays

ONE of our soldier boys in a Western camp was connected with the base hospital of that cantonment. An army physician in the hospital took special notice of this young man, as he seemed unusually attentive to his duties, respectful, and carried an air of quiet dignity and earnest Christian courtesy. This physician one day noticed the young man reading the *Signs*. Later the physician read it, and became so much interested in it that he sent in a year's subscription, and soon afterward sent in fifteen yearly subscriptions for his friends. Shortly after this, on account of failing health, the doctor went to Chicago for rest and some research work. Upon arriving in the city he made inquiries concerning Seventh-day Adventists. For some time he was unsuccessful in locating any of our people, but finally he got in touch with Elder St. John, who held a few studies with him. A short time ago this man and his wife arose in response to the call to surrender all for Christ. They have fully identified themselves with the people carrying the last gospel message of mercy to the world. It surely pays to witness for Christ and stand stanchly for the truth wherever one is placed.

At a camp in the Southeastern Union two of our boys arrived on Friday, and it required what time they had that day to get settled. The next morning when the company was called out to do some work, these young men told their captain that they were Seventh-day Adventists and could not work on the Sabbath. The captain became angry, and when he found that they would not work on that day, he told them to go to their barracks and to consider themselves under arrest. He also said that those who would not work could not eat.

"The boys felt very thankful that they were let off so easily. They went to their bunks and had a joyful day reading their Bibles and studying the Sabbath school lesson. About two o'clock in the afternoon the captain came to the barracks and asked them where they had been. They told him they had been up in their barracks. He asked them if they had had dinner. The boys replied that they had not, having understood that they were not to have anything to eat. By this time the captain had lost all his anger, and he told the boys they were no longer under arrest, and that he would see that they had some dinner. The mess sergeant was ordered to fix dinner for the boys. The captain became their friend instead of their enemy."

Rules for Making Sunshine

WHEN you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to a man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles in themselves light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours. You send one person, only one, happy through the day—that is, three hundred sixty-five during the course of the year; and suppose you live only forty years after you commence that practice; you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."—*Sydney Smith*.

Did you do a kindness to some one today?

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Preparedness

THERE is no trouble at all to get the people to stop and listen. The trouble is in the young people's having something worth while to give them."

Thus writes a Missionary Volunteer secretary concerning the work in a certain great city where the members of the Missionary Volunteer Society were holding street meetings each Sabbath afternoon.

And how well those words apply to almost every place. The multitudes are hungering for the words of life, and many are anxious to know the meaning of the events of our day. Jesus is saying to our young people as he said to Philip and Andrew and the other disciples that day on the grassy slopes of Decapolis, "Give ye them to eat."

Have you brought a lunch for yourself only? If you will only pity the people as Jesus does, and then ask him to bless your food, you will be able to feed the hungry multitude.

How sad that those who are longing for the truth should go away empty, because we are not prepared to serve them. Will God hold us guiltless if we are indifferent to their needs, or if we are too indolent to study the truth that we may teach it to others?

Are you willing to stand on the street corner or sit at the cottage table and talk to the people, when you are not really prepared to give a clear exposition of the truth? God will help you to improve, if you are willing to do your part. He expects every worker to do his best.

Have you seen the Senior Standard of Attainment Manual? It contains 41 lessons on Bible doctrines, giving simple and clear outlines of the great truths of the Bible, as well as 125 questions in denominational history. This book has been prepared for the special purpose of enabling every Missionary Volunteer to become an efficient worker. No member of a Missionary Volunteer Society should be satisfied until he has become a member of Attainment. The little book mentioned above costs but fifty cents, and should be ordered from your tract society.

M. E. K.

Our Counsel Corner

HOW often must a Missionary Volunteer report missionary work done to be considered a "reporting member"?

E. A.

It depends on what kind of "reporting member" you wish to be. There are various grades, you know. A friend inquired of a young soldier who is a private in the army, the meaning of the band of braid across his coat sleeve. "That stands for first-class private" was the answer. Then he explained that when a private shows special faithfulness in his work, and is courteous and obedient, he receives this decoration. Later when his efficiency increases he is again promoted, and other insignia are placed upon his uniform with each advancement.

Some men are in the army for years and never rise any higher than a "buck" private, as the beginners are called. It rests with them whether they progress or remain at the bottom.

Is there not a lesson in this for us? Are we going to be content to remain on the lowest rung of the ladder of Christian growth, or are we going to become "first-class" Missionary Volunteers? Now to come back to the question: All who report missionary work once in three months will be counted as "reporting members." That is the minimum. But no earnest, loyal Missionary Volunteer will ever be satisfied to stop with that. To hand in a report once a week, is none too often. Let us make that our aim. E. I.

One item on the Missionary Volunteer report blank calls for "approximate value of foods given." Does that include meals given to workers who drop in, and also needy Adventists? or does it mean only food provided for individuals not of our faith?

A SECRETARY.

One would hardly feel justified in reporting as missionary work, meals provided for their friends, or for workers whom they are so fortunate as to be privileged to entertain; for the expense and extra work caused is more than repaid by the pleasure which such visits afford. But gifts of food and clothing made to the poor and needy, whether they be Adventists or otherwise, should be reported as missionary work done.

E. I.

What is your opinion regarding the organization of basket-ball and baseball teams by members of the society?

J. H.

The Government is discounting games and sports today and is encouraging men and women, boys and girls, to spend their spare time in helpful pursuits, such as raising gardens and doing Red Cross work. The Boy Scouts are helping the Government in every way possible. The world needs the gospel today as much as the nations need men to fight. Should we not plan ways and means to spend our time in helping humanity? However, harmless games, under proper supervision and environment, are not to be condemned.

C. L. B.

Just for the Juniors

Vacation Reading

MA SLESSOR was sitting out in the warm sunshine of the clearing watching the work on the new house. Suddenly there came from the forest a cry of terror which brought her to her feet in an instant. What could it mean? The next moment she sprang into the woods and disappeared.

It was soon discovered that the son of the chief, a lad of about twenty years of age, had been struck senseless by a falling log, and would probably die from his injuries.

Ma carried the lad to her hut, and nursed him, day and night, but in spite of her constant care, his life at length ebbed away.

"He has been killed by sorcerers, and they must die!" cried the natives on hearing of his death.

The witch doctor came, an evil-looking man with cunning eyes, and decided that the people of the village near where the accident occurred, were to blame for what had happened. "Off! seize them!" called the chief to his freemen.

About a dozen men and some women and babies were captured. After being loaded with chains, they were imprisoned in a large yard.

Ma felt that things had reached a critical point. Something must be done at once. "I must prevent these people from being killed, no matter what the cost," she said bravely.

First she went away by herself and knelt down and prayed; after this she came back calm and strong. She sought out the chiefs and told them that they must not do such a wicked thing as to kill these poor prisoners.

"Let us alone," they cried. "What does it matter? Your God will not let the innocent die."

Ma's reply was to look at the chiefs sternly as she seated herself near the prisoners. "I will not move from here," she said firmly, "until you set all these poor people free."

It was night. Stealthy steps came into the yard. In the darkness Ma saw two men take away one of the mothers. She looked at the woman going to her death, and at the others who pleaded with her to remain with them. What should she do? She wondered.

Do you think that God heard Ma's prayer for wisdom to know what to do? Were these poor natives saved from a cruel death? Yes, every single one escaped; and the marvelous story of their rescue, together with other wonderful experiences, is told in chapter four of that thrillingly interesting new Junior Reading Course book, "The White Queen of Okoyong." The part of the story which is narrated here is taken from the opening portion of the chapter and given in an abbreviated form.

If you have not already bought a set of the new 1918-19 Reading Course books, you will surely wish to do so at once, so that you can enjoy them during the summer vacation. There are four books in the course, and every one is a treasure. Here they are with the prices:

	PRICE
"The White Queen of Okoyong".....	\$1.00
"Early Writings".....	.75
"The Land of the Golden Man".....	.50
"Outdoors, Indoors, and Up the Chimney".....	.75

Club price, postpaid, per set.....	\$2.65
Camp-meeting price, per set.....	\$2.45

"The Land of the Golden Man"

As you read this little book which is packed full of interesting things, it will carry you in imagination to strange places where you will meet boys and girls of another continent, and see many really remarkable things. It will tell you of the search for the Golden Men, of the Indians of long ago, and finally of the blessed Golden Rule which we must each follow for Jesus' sake.

"Early Writings"

This is a book which every Adventist boy and girl should read, for it is the first book written by God's servant, Sister White, and will tell you a great many things that it is important for you to know. It may be a trifle more difficult than the other books, but it is really the most valuable of the four, and if I were you, I would not feel satisfied until I had read it.

"Outdoors, Indoors, and Up the Chimney"

Suppose you were to take a trip to the moon — just suppose. Would you find people there to greet you at

your journey's end? Would there be good fresh air to breathe and water to drink? Is the climate cold or hot? and do the birds sing and the children play, away up there? One of the many charming chapters in "Outdoors, Indoors, and Up the Chimney," will answer all these questions for you in a most delightful way, and besides that, the book takes up seventeen other subjects of special interest to boys and girls. You will be sure to like it immensely.

This summer there will be scores of Juniors each of whom will read at least a half-dozen books during the long golden vacation days. Be sure, dear boys and girls, that all of the books you choose are clean and wholesome, and do not fail to include our four excellent new Reading Course books. E. I.

The Sabbath School

VI — Moses and Aaron Before Pharaoh

(August 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ex. 5; 6: 1-13; 7: 1-13.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 259-264; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 153, 155.

MEMORY VERSE: "I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God." Ex. 6: 7.

This is what the poet heard in early spring:

"I heard the tree complaining:
"Oh, this incessant raining!
My branches bleak and bare —
So cold! God does not care!"
I heard the tree complaining."

And this is what he hears in the autumn:

"I heard the tree regretting:
"O God, forgive my fretting!
My cup it runneth o'er,
Faith ne'er shall fail me more!"
I heard the tree regretting."

1. When Moses and Aaron went before Pharaoh, what did they say to him? What was Pharaoh's proud answer? Ex. 5: 1, 2. Note 1.

2. How did Moses and Aaron reason further with the king? Verse 3.

3. Of what did the king accuse Moses and Aaron? Verses 4, 5. Note 2.

4. How did Pharaoh plan to make the condition of his bondmen more bitter? Verses 6-9.

5. How did the cruel work go on under the taskmasters? Verses 10-14. Note 3.

6. What complaint did the people make to Moses and Aaron? Verses 20, 21.

7. How did Moses pass this complaint on to the Lord? Verses 22, 23.

8. What encouraging message did the Lord send to his people by Moses? Ex. 6: 6-8.

9. What effect did this have upon them? Verse 9.

10. How did God say he would deal with the Egyptians? Ex. 7: 1-5. Note 4.

11. What were the ages of Moses and Aaron at this time? Verse 7.

12. What miracle did they work before Pharaoh at God's command? Verses 8-10.

13. Whom did the king call in? What did they do? Verses 11, 12. Note 5.

14. What effect did this experience have upon the heart of Pharaoh? Verse 13.

The Lesson in It

What lesson was Pharaoh, the proud king of Egypt, to learn from the Lord's dealings with him?

What lesson were the Lord's people to learn from the same experience?

What lesson should we each learn from difficult and trying experiences?

Notes

1. This Pharaoh was not the king who was on the throne when Moses was in Egypt forty years before. The kings of Egypt all assumed the name or title of Pharaoh. This king is generally thought to be Mineptah, son of Rameses II.

2. Pharaoh accused Moses and Aaron of hindering the Israelites from their work, and of making them rest from their burdens. The Israelites had been driven so hard by the Egyptians that they could not keep the Sabbath. "But Moses had shown his people that obedience to God was the first condition of deliverance; and the efforts made to restore the observance

of the Sabbath had come to the notice of their oppressors."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 260.

3. "M. Edouard Naville discovered (1883, 1884) the ruins of one of the cities which the Israelites built, named Pithom. Ex. 1: 11. Specimens of the bricks can be found in the British Museum, and in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. They are usually from four to eight inches square and one and one-half to two inches thick, unbaked, but very hard. An especial confirmation of the Bible story, and proof that this is one of the very cities that the Hebrews built, is the fact that 'the lower courses of these walls, and for some distance' are of well-made bricks with chopped straw in them; but higher up the courses of brick are not so good, the straw is long and scanty, and the last courses have no straw at all, but have sedges, rushes, and water plants in the mud."—*Peloubet.*

4. God not only desired to teach the Egyptians that he was the Lord, and mighty to do signs and wonders; but his own people needed lessons. "The Hebrews expected to obtain their freedom without any special trial of their faith, or any real suffering or hardships. But they were not yet prepared for deliverance." Many had become very much like the Egyptians around them. These had no great desire to leave Egypt, fearing that greater difficulties would attend their removal to a strange land.

5. "The magicians did not really cause their rods to become serpents; but by magic, aided by the great deceiver, they were able to produce this appearance. It was beyond the power of Satan to change the rods to living serpents."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 264.

"The Egyptian juggler takes up in his hand the *Naja*,—a small viper,—and, pressing a finger on the nape of its neck, puts it into a catalepsy, which makes it motionless and stiff, like a rod; and when it regains its power of motion, the cheated bystanders fancy that the magician's rod has been changed into a serpent."—*Sharpe.*

The Ten Words of Sinai

1. HAVE no gods before me;
2. No graven image make;
3. My name in holy reverence
Upon thy lips shalt take.
4. The Sabbath day keep holy,
For it is sanctified;
5. And honor thy dear parents —
Remembering Him thy guide.
6. Thou shalt not kill;
7. Nor take another's wife for thine.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Beware thee of words untrue, unkind.
10. Behold not with vain longing
The goods another hath;
The "fulness" God bestoweth,
Keep thou the "narrow path."

W. S. MEAD.

The Oil of Gladness

THE "oil of gladness," a "garment of praise,"
The gift of our Maker, the Ancient of Days.
No doleful mourning, no doubting and gloom,
Dwell in the soul where this light findeth room.

This unction, given by the Father above,
Filleth the heart with the warmth of his love,
Glad in the knowledge of freedom from sin,
Strong in the might of the King, all to win.

Precious anointing for service most sweet,
Sounding the joy note in highway and street.
Gladness, O gladness! what gift this to bring!
Hearts bowed in sadness may break forth and sing.

Sing, then, in triumph over thy foe;
Sing, as you forward to victory go;
Sing, till the song unto heaven shall rise;
Sing with the angels the song of the skies.

Singing in service and serving in song,
Pass the blest anthem to others along,
Till from the utmost confines of the earth,
God's purchased children to gladness give birth,—

Gladness that sinners may no longer sin,
Gladness that feeble ones victory may win,
Gladness that Jesus soon, soon will arise,
And with his angels descend from the skies.

The "oil of gladness," what glory is this!
Cast away sadness, Christ giveth thee bliss.
Thou, too, the blessed anointing may have,
Join the glad army still others to save.

Cease then from sorrow, arise from thy grief!
Jesus the Mighty will give thee relief.
Arise, and receive the joy proffered thee.
Shout! for the Mighty One setteth thee free.

ALBERT CAREY.

A Prayer

AMERICA! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

— Katherine Lee Bates.

An Appeal for China

THE following excerpt from a personal letter from Brother J. G. White, secretary of the North China Union Conference, presents in a brief but striking way the needs of this great heathen land, a land filled with millions of souls eager for a knowledge of the life-saving message for this last hour of the world's history:

"We are all well and happy. Our happiness however is not derived from the delights of the land, but from the joy of being in fellow service with God in the most needy spot on the earth. I believe this is true without an exception. If the United States had Seventh-day Adventist workers in the same proportion as the North China Union Conference has, it would have eight families to manage every department of the work from coast to coast. Is it any wonder that we cry out both to God and to men for more workers to be sent? We ought to have at least two hundred more foreign families in this union to supervise the work now going and to open up new stations; and the doors are all open and the field ready, and all that is lacking are the men and women and the homes for them to live in. While I lived in America I never began to realize the need of these fields and how great was the obligation resting upon those who have so much light and education and money. If our dear people could only see the real condition here, I believe they would literally pour the workers into these fields. Of course I know many are coming, and we are so glad they are, but the demand is so far beyond the supply that it seems altogether inadequate. But notwithstanding all this, I say we are happy. God is blessing the work."

Ruby Throat and Mr. Frog

PRETTY Miss Ruby Throat flitted here and there among the flowers, daintily sipping nectar in the early morning hour. In her quest among the sedges and lilies of the lake she came upon Mr. Frog.

"Good morning, Mr. Frog," said Miss Ruby. Greenback rubbed his sleepy eyes, and before he came to himself enough to return the courteous greeting, his early guest had flown to new sweets.

"For the life of me," croaked Mr. Frog, "I can't see why Miss Ruby should be in such haste. The sun is but peering over the hill."

Again Miss Ruby winged past her wondering neighbor. Mr. Frog bade her tarry, but she heeded him not. Greenback was irritated, so he blurted out to his mate: "Humming birds do no good in the world. They are all show. They can't even tell the people spring is coming. The turtle can do that much."

"And pray," said Mrs. Frog, who was in a bad humor that morning, "how much good do you do? you can croak, but how much more?"

"Madam, I am the world's champion swimmer. All take lessons of me. I add to the world's food supply. I am the scientist's servant. My body has led to the discovery of great electrical truths. My vocal concerts are prized by all nature lovers; and through my offspring children are amused and instructed. Madam, is not all this worthy service?"

Madam Frog had heard her husband croak so frequently of his great doings that, forgetting to be courteous, she turned and called to Miss Ruby Throat, whom she spied upon a near-by honeysuckle: "Ruby, what do you do all the day?"

"Oh, I gather sweets."

"But do you not do something worth while?"

"I may, and I may not. When the angel sent me forth to the world, he said, 'Go little friend; though you cannot sing his praise you can win praise for our God by your beauty and skill, for he alone could put so great splendor in so small a thing, or give such exquisite skill to so frail a being. But remember that your beauty and skill last only as long as you feed upon the sweets of life.' So, Madam Frog, being, not doing, is my motto."

Mrs. Frog later confided to her husband that she had great respect for Miss Ruby's quiet industry, and she thought some folks she knew would be more companionable and she hoped handsomer if they should adopt the same rule,—to feed only upon the sweet and pleasant, remembering that—

"The glory of our life below

Comes not from what we do, or what we know,
But dwells forevermore in what we are."

Cures for Fits

FOR a fit of passion: Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness: Count the ticking of a clock one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a slave.

For a fit of ambition: Go into a churchyard and read the gravestones—they will tell you the end of ambition.

For a fit of despondency: Look at the good things which God has given you in this world, and those which he has promised his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for flowers may return to his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity, and fear: Whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—*Selected.*

Who great in search of God and nature grow,
They best the wise Creator's praise declare.

— Dryden.

GREAT minds have purposes; others have wishes.—*Washington Irving.*

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
The Land of My Heart's Desires (poetry)	1
Consolation (poetry)	3
Round Table: Pictures from Japan and Korea	3
"Rama Krishnan" Becomes "Raja Christian"	5
South India Training School	5
The Chinese Missionary Volunteer Aim and Motto	7
True and False Pride	7
Life's Problem	9
A Hindu Village Barber	10
Do You?	10
It Pays	13
Vacation Reading	14
The Ten Words of Sinai (poetry)	15
The Oil of Gladness (poetry)	15
Ruby Throat and Mr. Frog	16
SELECTIONS	
Balloons Drop Literature as Far as Berlin	8
Manda Jane	11
How Lila Went to the Picnic	12
Cures for Fits	16