

The ^{YOUTH'S} INSTRUCTOR

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No. 32



PETER SHINDE AND FAMILY. MR. SHINDE IS AN EVANGELIST OF INDIA

From Here and There

On July 12, a severe hailstorm destroyed the entire crops of a certain part of North Carolina.

On July 15 the council of state of Haiti declared war upon Germany. This is the twenty-second nation to enter the list against the Central Powers.

A large bridge has been built across the River Rhone at Lyon, one of the great cities of France. It bears the name "President Wilson's Bridge."

An exchange telegraph dispatch from Amsterdam states that the people of Berlin are ordered to go barefoot, and they are told that unless this is done voluntarily, compulsion will be resorted to.

According to present plans the war-time prohibition bill is scheduled to come up for consideration in the Senate on August 26. Now is the time to write your Senators for favorable action on this bill.

If kaisers place the value of the lives of men low in the scale, the fact that American soldiers have taken out life insurance to the amount of \$2,073,000,000 shows what value they put upon their own lives.

The Keokuk Dam across the Mississippi at Keokuk, Iowa, is the largest power dam in the world, having nineteen arches and reaching 4,278 feet. The lock lifts boats forty feet, eight feet higher than the Panama locks.

Without any demonstration, "Eagle-1," the first of the submarine chasers to be built by Henry Ford for the Government, was launched on July 11. Several hundred workmen at the submarine-chaser plant witnessed the launching.

Boston, in common with other cities, is dumping into the harbor every year many thousands of tons of grease, fertilizer, ammonia, and glycerine in the shape of waste, which pollutes the water, but which might be extracted at a net profit of \$1,500,000 a year. We need municipal thrift.

President Wilson on July 13 was given authority to take over and operate the telegraph and telephone systems of the country during the war, in a House resolution adopted by the Senate by a vote of forty-six to sixteen. It is an Administration measure, favored by the President and by members of his Cabinet.

China has been added to the list of nations building merchant ships. The shipping board has awarded to the Chinese government yard at Shanghai contracts for four cargo vessels of 10,000 tons each, and has taken option for the building of 80,000 more tons. The entire program will involve the expenditure of perhaps \$30,000,000. Approximately 35,000 tons of steel will be shipped from this country, but the engines and other equipment will be built in China. Deliveries are to begin six months after the steel is received.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, one of America's foremost writers, responding to the nation's call for 25,000 nurses, has enrolled with the department of nursing of the American Red Cross, and soon will go abroad. She has closed her home in New York, and packed the nursing equipment provided by the Red Cross. Mrs. Rinehart is a graduate nurse and has had considerable war experience, having spent five weeks with the Belgian army at the front. She crossed No Man's Land, spent several days at General Foch's headquarters, and also visited French and British trenches.

A little colored girl, Grace Parks, aged four and one-half years, is one of the most wonderful of child Bible students. She cannot read or write yet, although she is learning both; but her memory is crystal clear. She has memorized a number of Bible passages, also the names of the twelve apostles, the names of the twelve sons of Jacob, the names of the sixteen judges of Israel, the ten plagues in order, the chain of events in the six days of creation, the fifteenth psalm, and many other parts of the Old and New Testaments. Grace is not a precocious or abnormal child. She is well-grown for her years, bright-faced, with a merry temperament, and gives promise of growing into a capable and useful woman.

The war industries board has requested that shipment of sample cases be cut down to a minimum. It pointed out that in the United States there are today only 9,700 express cars. Last year 724,000,000 sample trunks were checked, representing 30 per cent of all baggage carried without charge. It suggested the substitution of photographs as a means of aiding the railroads.

According to an official statement, "the royal air force during the year beginning July 1, 1917, on the British western front, destroyed 2,150 hostile machines, and drove down, out of control, 1,083. In the same period the air force units, working in conjunction with the navy, shot down 623 hostile machines," making in all 3,856 enemy ships destroyed or disabled.

Mr. Arthur Rhinow tells of a burning coal mine, whose fire could not be extinguished; but whose heat was conducted to hothouses of vast extent, making innumerable plants and flowers to spring up to enrich and bless others. So may success be made to result from failure, and blessing from adversity if one but make the necessary effort.

The first Seventh-day Adventist camp-meeting was held fifty years ago next September. At this meeting the "book tent" consisted of three boards arranged in the form of a triangle between some trees; but with this crude apology for a book tent \$600 worth of books was sold. At one of our meetings this season a \$12,000 retail sale was made.

A soldier at Camp Funston, where there are forty or fifty thousand men, says: "In our barracks are 160 men. Here three bushels of potatoes and fourteen loaves of bread are required for one meal." From this report one can estimate the enormous demands the entire camp menu must make upon the products of the country.

The Youth's Instructor

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

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GODSPEED*

C. P. BOLLMAN

GODSPEED we bid you on your way;
God speed you now and every day;
May every wind that on you blows
Be sent by him who ever knows
What's best for all his children dear;
And may this thought our spirits cheer,
As here and now we say adieu,
To meet, at last, in earth made new.

God speed the train that bears you west,
As in his care you safely rest;
And may no accident befall,
As you obey the Master's call.

God speed the ship that carries you,
And day by day your life renew,
As to the East you gladly go
For love of him who loves us so.

And may bright stars adorn your crown,
Each star a soul for Jesus won.

God speed the truth to every land,
Give strength to every willing hand.
May he be ever shield and sun
To all who with his message run;
And who the sword of truth shall wield,
Either in home or foreign field.
The work is his, not ours alone;
Then let his will, not ours, be done.

God speed the day, that blessed day,
When to his waiting ones he'll say,
"Well done! My children dear, come home,
No more in sin-cursed earth to roam;
No more to bid dear friends adieu,
But live with them all ages through."

The Richness of Heavenly Love

T. E. BOWEN

THE love of heaven can never be fathomed. Eternity itself will not enable the redeemed to comprehend it. The Father's love was expressed and embodied in the gift of his Son. And in the life of that Son on earth is manifested a love that surpasses all human conceptions or exhibitions of this divine attribute of God. Jesus was found among those in greatest need,—the sick, the poor, the needy. At the scanty boards of those called "sinners," he ministered that heavenly meat which brought hope and cheer to many a troubled heart. The poor had the gospel preached unto them. And why all this?—Because he loved us.

We are so likely to love those who love us, and then stop. Jesus went farther; he loved sinners,—the unlovable. His is a merciful love. His heart encircled the one in need, even though that one sensed not his true condition.

Arthur T. Pierson speaks of the love of complacency, also the love of benevolence, and then defines them thus: The former "dwells on the lovable traits in others," the latter "loves most abundantly when there is no merit." It is this love that Jesus manifested. He loved us while we were undeserving, and we may say further that it was the knowledge of our unmeritorious and undeserving condition that drew him to us from heaven with his heart stored with the bountifulness and richness of heavenly love. How should we know of it did he not come? How were we to appreciate that there was something better for us, did he not come and manifest it in our midst?

William P. Pearce, illustrating how undeserving we are of such heavenly love, tells this incident:

"During the Revolutionary War a Dunkard named Miller was grievously insulted by a man named Widman, who was afterward sentenced to be hanged as a British spy. Miller went to General Washington and begged for Widman's life. The commander-in-chief replied, 'I should like to release Widman, because he is your friend, but I dare not, even for that consideration.'"

"'Friend!' cried Miller, 'why, he is my worst enemy, and therefore I want to save him.'"

"'Enemy?' said Washington, 'and you have come to me for your enemy's sake? Then I pardon him.'"

"That was benevolent love on the part of each. How much more God's love to the world! Widman insulted Miller once; the world insults God continually. Widman spit in Miller's face; the world is treating God contemptibly. Widman was sentenced to death; justice has demanded the full penalty of death on the world, but God's love has interceded, God's love has proffered mercy," through belief in Jesus Christ, in taking his perfect life in place of yours and mine, so sinful and unworthy.

Here is another incident illustrating the kind of persons we should be because of Jesus' benevolent love for us:

"Before the Civil War a traveler passing through the South had his pity awakened for a young slave. He purchased her from her master and gave her her liberty. After the bargain had been completed, he found difficulty in making the girl realize that she was actually free. At last that fact dawned upon her in its fulness of meaning; but instead of exulting in her new-gained liberty, she exclaimed, 'Oh, he has set me free! I can never thank him enough! I will serve him all my life!' She thought not of pleasing herself, but her friend; and when any one would speak of her loving service to her benefactor, she would reply, 'He redeemed me! He redeemed me! I will serve him all my life.'"

Can we do less? Shall not we choose to remain continuously in the service of Him who bought us and set us free? Shall we reward our benevolent Benefactor's love with less than a full surrender of our lives in everlasting loving service for him?

"THE heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings—
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er today or morrow brings,
It is His will."

* This poem was read at the farewell service held in the Takoma Park church for Elder and Mrs. I. H. Evans on their departure for China. Elder Evans is to have charge of the work in Eastern Asia.

In Other Lands

The Indian Christian Training School

THE Bible says that a tree is known by its fruits. This is more or less true of a school, too. The school is known by its students, whether they are successful or not. They are the only fruits to which we can point, and though some students do not come up to our expectations for them, others go beyond what we had hoped for them.

I could write very encouragingly about many of the students that have been in the training school; but I have chosen one from each of the divisions of the India Union Mission, and have given their pictures so that you may be better acquainted with them. They are men who have been in the school and are now in active work in the field. I give a brief sketch of each.

BURMA.—Ngwe Zin was converted from Buddhism to our truth. He spent two years in the training school. Since then he has studied typesetting, and will shortly connect with the printing office at Luck-

now to his own people by getting out among them. He was given the opportunity of attending the training school for one year, and now he is preaching in the villages and is telling what Christ has done for him.

I wish all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR could attend the Friday evening prayer meeting at the school. In the prayers you would hear about seven different languages. The students pray in their native languages, for they can thus express better what they want to say than in English. Though you would not be able to understand what was said, you would know that God was hearing, and that those prayers were ascending direct to his throne, and you would say "Amen" because of what you felt rather than what you understood.

I. F. BLUE.

Missionary Volunteer Echoes from the Asiatic Division

ONE hundred Chinese young people promised to follow the Morning Watch and read the Bible through during 1918—a fine resolve for young people to make the world over. May every one who has promised, be faithful in carrying out his good purpose.



Jahann Singh

Protap Gain

Ngwe Zin

D. C. Jacob

now to help in the preparation of papers and books in the Burmese language.

BENGAL.—Protap Gain has been an Adventist for several years. He was in this school during the year 1916-17. At present he is carrying important burdens in connection with the Bengali Boys' School at Calcutta as teacher. He is also leader of the young people's Missionary Volunteer Society at that place, and leads out in all the spiritual activities of the school.

BOMBAY PRESIDENCY.—Peter Shinde spent two years in the training school. He is selling our Marathi papers, and is working in the interests of the new mission station at Manmad, near Bombay.

SOUTH INDIA.—D. C. Jacob was in the training school one year. He had high aspirations in the world and was making his way to the front. But the "still small voice" spoke to him, and he found that the greatest activities of this world may lead to honor but never to salvation. The truth became so firmly fixed in his heart that he is willing to do all that he can for the Master. He has charge of the tract society for South India, which supplies literature for the Tamil, Telugu, and Malayalam languages.

NORTH INDIA.—Jahann Singh is one of our oldest workers in the field. For many years he worked faithfully in the International Tract Society here in Lucknow. But he felt that he could be of greater service

"I want fifteen Standard of Attainment certificates," writes a worker from Singapore. "We have been preparing some of the students in the school for the examination, and they have passed well." The same plans, the same aims and ideals, the same glowing enthusiasm is seen among our young people in foreign lands, as in the homeland.

Some of the young people in Shanghai, China, go out on the streets and hold services for the people. There is no trouble at all to get an audience who will listen. Would our American young people have courage to work in this way?

At the close of a tent effort conducted by Bibiano Panis, a young man from the Philippine Academy, twenty-eight persons were baptized. Other young men in the islands have had excellent success also. Altogether about one hundred were added to the church membership of the Philippine Conference as the result of the tent efforts recently conducted.

There are three good Missionary Volunteer Societies in the Philippine Islands, one conducted in English and in Tagalog. The English society received ten Standard of Attainment certificates this spring, and they plan to take up the Reading Course this summer if their books come in time. Do not these reports make our Missionary Volunteers in the United States feel like working harder than ever?



MINISTERIAL BAND AT THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST PHILIPPINE ACADEMY

SKETCHES FROM THE PHILIPPINES

ELLA IDEN

I AM sure you would fall in love with the Philippine Islands, and with our Filipinos," wrote Prof. I. A. Steinel, principal of the Seventh-day Adventist academy at Pasay, in a recent letter to the homeland. "Mrs. Steinel and I are very happy in our work, and we would not be anywhere else."

It is a blessed thing when the missionary's heart is so thoroughly given to the country for which he labors that he feels that it is home, and prefers it to any other place in the world. Professor Steinel's letter contains so much that our Missionary Volunteers will be glad to know, that we quote from it here:

Missionary Effort at Home

"Our young people are great missionaries. They love to do missionary work. Although we have had only about 130 or 140 Missionary Volunteer Society members in the Philippines, a large amount of work has been done, especially in giving away literature. This is all paid for by the societies from their weekly collections. Besides this, the Manila society paid for the pulpit for the Manila church, and the school society bought the chairs to go with it. Each of these societies has also given money to start a circulating library for the young people of this conference.

A Leaky Roof and White Ants

"I am so glad to learn that some of the Missionary Volunteers in North America are raising money for our girls' new dormitory this year. If they could only see how badly we need it, I am sure they would be very happy in giving their money to this cause. And if they could see the great sacrifices that some of our young people are making in order to get to school, I am sure their hearts would be touched.

"This year we have had to house our girls in an

old building that was on the property when it was purchased. It was in bad condition at the beginning of the year, but now it is almost uninhabitable. It has a thatched roof which leaks badly, and the white ants, which are very destructive here, have nearly ruined the whole structure. It is really very unsatisfactory and quite insanitary. But the girls have been very glad to have even this, and I have heard no complaint from them.

"I wish we could have our new dormitory for them before the beginning of the next school year in May, because I dislike very much to put them back in the old place. But I have told them that for the first part of the year, they will probably have to stay there again, but that we hope to have the new dormitory before the close of the school year.

Earning Scholarships

"More than twenty of the boys are canvassing for scholarships during the vacation. The canvassing work is having a great boom now, and I believe quite a number will be able to earn scholarships. I hope so, because it will be a great help to the school. Beginning next year, all schools in the Asiatic Division are supposed to be self-supporting. I think we shall have several students next year who will be able to pay their entire expenses. This year a large number were not able to pay anything. However, I have told them that next year everybody will have to pay something.

"At the close of the school a few weeks ago there were many very touching scenes. The students seemed to have become so attached to the school and to each other that they wept when the time of parting came. The girls fell on each other's necks and cried as if their hearts would break.

"It looks as if we were going to be overcrowded next year. Almost every one who was here at the close of school was planning to come back, and many said they were going to bring others with them. Very soon we shall have to build an addition to our boys' dormitory, because we were crowded there this past year."

Pictures Worth Studying

The accompanying pictures from the Philippine Academy show a fine, intelligent company of young people, many of whom have already demonstrated their love for the message by actively engaging in preaching and teaching it.

What an alert, earnest expression upon the faces of the young men and women! With such a devoted,

I not only tried to learn how to deliver a speech, but I tried to commit to memory the Morning Watch verses. I endeavored to develop well every subject that was given to me. As a result I have learned many precious things from the Bible that I had never known before. I also received much benefit from the different subjects discussed by my fellow students.

I have learned also from this society that each of us has a great responsibility for the souls of others. Many people are waiting to be reached by this precious truth, but we have no one to send to them.

As we are young men and women preparing for the Lord's work we must feel that there is one thing to be carried to this world, and that is Christ and his salvation. We are indeed fortunate to have this privi-



BIBLE READERS' BAND AT OUR PHILIPPINE ACADEMY

well-trained band of laborers as these will furnish, what a blessed work for God may be accomplished in the Philippines.

What the Young People's Society Has Done for Me

[At the closing Missionary Volunteer meeting of the year at the Philippine Academy, Antonio Montano, one of the students, gave the following talk on the benefits he had derived from the society. This young man's picture is the third from the right in the middle row of the Ministerial Band group.]

MANY of the experiences which I have had since we organized this society have been new to me. Before the society was organized I did not know how to arrange my own speech, nor was I acquainted with the manner of standing before an audience.

The first time I was given a part, though the subject I had was not difficult, I could hardly express my thoughts or pronounce the words clearly and distinctly. Also many times since when I have been given a part on the program and have stood before you, I have felt embarrassed.

From Sabbath to Sabbath whenever I had a part I endeavored to improve myself, not only in my delivery but in overcoming the embarrassment. As I tried to do this, I perceived little by little that I was improving.

lege of studying God's Word, and to be where we have consecrated teachers to instruct and discipline us and to teach us how to be good Christian men and women in Christ Jesus.

We must not think that these meetings are held simply that we may meet together and listen to the different speakers. We must feel that God is instructing us and examining us so that he may know whether we are able to be his co-workers. We do not know when God may call us to his vineyard to work. Let us prepare and be ready to go any time the call comes to us.

How You Can Help Our Philippine Young People

EVERY reader of the INSTRUCTOR has doubtless been interested in the articles in this issue about the Missionary Volunteer work in the Philippines.

After Elder Daniells returned from there three years ago, he said the young people were very happy when he told them they should have a school. Now they have a school, and the boys and girls have shown their appreciation of it in many ways. Although the girls have had to live in an old house with a thatched roof in very poor repair, they have not complained. The Pacific Union Missionary Volunteers are raising

money to build these young people a dormitory. More than twenty of the boys have shown their appreciation of Christian education by going into the canvassing work during vacation to earn scholarships. The prospects are that the school will be overcrowded next term.

There is one way in which many of our young people in America can help these ambitious young people in the Philippine Islands. They are greatly in need of books for their school library. These students can all read English, and by reading our denominational books in English they can gain a good knowledge of the truth to give to others. As yet there is very little of our literature in the languages of the Philippines.

If books are sent in packages not weighing more than four pounds, the postage will be only one cent for two ounces, or eight cents a pound. Will those who desire to give our denominational books, or other good books, please send a list of them to the Missionary Volunteer Department at once, and we will give you the address and tell you what to send. This will avoid too many duplicates. Let us send them a good library without delay. Address Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C. M. E. KERN.

In Porto Rico

AN American neighbor was invited to attend the prayer meeting. Returning home she said, "Well, those people are not at all backward about testifying." Still later she said, "Those testimonies far exceeded anything we hear in our own church in the States, and I am going to write to the members about it."

Why is it that some persons find it difficult to give a testimony in the congregation? May it not be that they have not the spirit of thankfulness and praise that they might have were they to dwell on the love of God more than they do? To speak more often of the love of God in the family will keep one so in the habit of it that there will be less timidity felt when in the assembly of others.

Another phase of the habit of testifying to the goodness of the Lord either in public or private, is that when we refrain from doing so we are robbing others of the privilege of hearing what they wish to hear, or as may be the case with unbelievers, what they ought to hear, and what might be the means of their conversion.

ONE of our boys was sent on an errand, but was detained by a man who wished to question him concerning his religious faith. After a conversation of reasonable length the boy excused himself, saying, "I must not remain longer because I am working for others." For him to show loyalty to his employer undoubtedly carried more real weight with it than all the statements he could have made or the texts quoted in a longer time could have done. Boys and girls, be true to the trust placed in you. It will be an influence for good.

He was not boasting of his acquirements in English, but expressed himself as almost equal to any one else in that line. He said, "I seldom run across a word of which I do not know the use." The mental query of a listener was, Would it not be as well to say, "I seldom see or hear a word of which I do not know the use"? MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Nature and Science

The Mouse Victorious

A MILD winter and a wet summer in Australia, while they produced great crops of wheat, also produced hordes of mice to destroy them. These humble animals multiplied by the million; hawks, snakes, cats, and dogs have eaten so many of them that they turn from them in disgust; and as for the farmers, they have been fighting for their crops and fighting a losing battle.

The mice eat everything except metals; furniture stuffing, leather articles, harness, groceries, linens, cloth of all kinds, disappear, while of course the wheat crop has suffered tremendously.

The mice are like an avalanche, worse than the locust plague described by Joel. People in the affected districts are sleeping on tables.

In one week an official caught 240,000 mice; in two months 36,000,000 were trapped. Ingenious traps have been devised, wholesale traps, for the capture of large numbers. In one night such a trap netted 120,000 mice in one section; in another section seven tons of animals were caught in two nights.

Since much Australian wheat is exported to America, officials are taking no chances on receiving the mice with the wheat. Every pound of wheat is examined. Prevention is better than cure.

What a vivid illustration all this is of the fact that we are surrounded by spiritual enemies, and that we must fight for our soul's very existence! And sometimes the big enemy is not the worst; the little fellow, the subtle forces of evil, are frequently more dangerous to the soul than the loud-voiced blasphemer.

Australia is poorer in wheat by six hundred thousand pounds sterling (about \$3,000,000) because of this plague. But no one can estimate the moral losses that occur in the struggle against small vices which, like the mice, seem unconquerable.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Mars, the Red Planet

THE great literature that has grown up about the planet Mars within the past ten years, and the disputes concerning it, demonstrate the hold that the question of the habitability of other worlds possesses, not only upon the mind of the average man, but upon the minds of many who are engaged in scientific study of the heavenly bodies. But long before it became possible to discuss the nature of the planet and the conditions existing upon its surface on any other basis than that of a pure hypothesis, and even in ancient times, Mars had attracted universal attention. While he is never so bright as Venus or Jupiter, his startling color, his enormous changes of brightness, and his frequent returns to a prominent position in the heavens early excited the ancients to wonder. When glowing like a red beacon light in the midnight skies, Mars fixes the eye as no other celestial object.

Mars, a Planet of Names

The ancients gave to Mars names based upon his fiery color. In Egypt he was called the Red Horns; in Greece, the Fiery One. The Chinese called him the Red Planet; the Hindus, the Ember; the Hebrews, the Burning One. He was invariably associated with the god of war because of his sanguinary color, and

for the same reason the ancient astrologers ascribed to him a malign influence over all those born when he was in the ascendancy. The name which the planet now bears is that of the Roman war god, who was the same as the Greek Ares.

Mars ranks in size between Venus and Mercury, his diameter being 4,200 miles and his surface area about twenty-eight per cent of that of the earth. Gravity on his surface is thirty-eight per cent of terrestrial gravity; in other words, a body weighing one hundred pounds on the earth would weigh but thirty-eight pounds on Mars, if it were transported to that planet.

The Moons of Mars

Mars is accompanied by two toy moons, the diameter of neither exceeding ten miles. These minute satellites are very close to the surface of the planet and revolve at great speed. They were discovered by Asaph Hall in 1877, and were named Deimos and Phobos, or Flight and Fear, which is a return to mythology, Flight and Fear having been the horses that drew the chariot of the war god.

Location of Mars in Solar System

The mean distance of Mars from the sun is 141,000,000 miles, and he is the first planet outside the earth. The relative distance of Mars from the earth varies more than that of any other planet. When he is on the opposite side of the sun this distance may amount to as much as 267,000,000 miles, while on the other hand he may be as near to us as 35,000,000 miles. This, of course, has a great effect upon his apparent size and brightness. His orbital period, or the length of his year, is 687 days, or nearly two of our years. The oppositions of Mars to the sun occur once every 780 days, at which time he is the nearest to the earth and therefore the most favorably situated for observation. The inclination of Mars's axis is $24^{\circ} 50'$, a trifle greater than the inclination of the earth's axis. Because of this similarity of inclination the Martian seasons are much like our own. Moreover, Mars's rotation period is very close to our own, his day and night covering twenty-four hours and thirty-seven minutes. These two facts would cause conditions on Mars to closely resemble those upon our own planet, were it not for the rarity of the Martian atmosphere which does not appear to be more dense than that found on the summits of our loftiest mountains. It has been suggested, however, that slight excess of carbonic acid in the atmosphere of Mars would serve to keep the planet's temperature sufficiently high to sustain both plant and animal life.

Physical Features

The most prominent physical features of Mars are the white polar caps which appear during the Martian winter, and disappear wholly or almost so in summer; the canals which radiate out from these frigid poles in all directions and in geometrical order; and the knots of oasis, as they are called, which appear very

faintly at the juncture of two or more of these canals.

The canals appear only in spring and summer, when they are of a dark color; later in the season they seem to fade out. Soon after the polar caps commence to melt, the canals appear, *but not at once*, some time elapses before they appear. This being the case, it is more plausible to suppose that it is not the water flowing through the canals from the melting snow fields which we see, but the vegetation springing up along the canal banks as the result of the on-coming water. Thus the dark line of the canal moves on toward the equator.

The great question in the mind of man is, Is this not an immense irrigation system, worked out by intelligent beings of some sort? And why not? If, as seems probable, Mars supports plant life, then why not animal life as well? The two are dependent upon each other for their mutual welfare; the hydrogen needed by plants is exhaled by animals, the latter in turn needing the oxygen produced by plants. Thus



THE CANALS OF MARS

the waste of one is the want of the other. Deprived of the ministrations of insects, which kill their enemies and weed out their competitors, many plants would die. The plant buys with honey the services of the bee in carrying pollen from flower to flower, thus making possible plant reproduction. On the other hand, all animal life depends on plant life for its food. So we see the two are mutually dependent.

It is impossible, however, to detect the presence of the lower orders of fauna. Only a highly developed, intelligent order, whose works would alter the natural appearance of the surface of the planet, could be detected. In this respect the appearance of Mars is startling, because of the unnatural aspect of the surface markings, and the geometrical arrangement and order of the canals. We may well suppose them to be the handiwork of highly intelligent beings whom God has placed upon this planet. Supposing this to be so, then in this system, which extends more or less over the whole planet, we see a marvelous manifestation of planet-wide co-operation on the part of the Martians in uniting in this stupendous task. How impossible such a feat would be on this war-cursed earth where all nations and governments are so fiercely antagonistic one toward another. It bears out the words of the Spirit of prophecy which say that although many worlds throughout the universe are inhabited, ours alone has fallen into sin. The brotherhood of man must be a fact upon Mars. As in the beginning God gave Adam a task to perform, thus

showing that work was a blessing, may he not have produced conditions upon Mars making it necessary for the inhabitants to build and maintain this great system of canals making their planet fruitful, and that this was their appointed task as the tending of the garden was Adam's? We know not; though now shrouded in mystery, some day the veil will be lifted and we shall understand the wonders of God's great universe.

KELD REYNOLDS.

Overcoming Life's Handicaps

I HAVE heard of a gardener who, though he had no hands, made a success of his gardening. Some years before he had left both his hands in a threshing machine. With great patience he trained his stumps, and acquired a wonderful skill. He learned to dig and weed, to cut grass and to train flowers and shrubs. His garden became one of the most noted in his district. Doomed to great limitations, he yet turned his little world into a paradise.

With patience and discipline much may be done in spite of handicaps, how much we never know until we try. One newspaper recently had a beautiful story of a gentleman who years ago lost an arm, but who trained himself to do things. "From the first he refused all assistance, and in time became as skilful with one arm as some clumsy men are with two."

The lot of soldiers who have lost an arm naturally appeals to him, and he is consecrating his energies to training some of these. He strives to quicken their determination, to persuade them of the possibilities. And when men say they can't fasten their boots or put on their coats, he tells them that he has been doing these things for years. His very limitation is opening to him the doors of a helpful ministry. Had he both arms, he would be unable to help the men in the same inspiring way. Because he has known loss, and has overcome, his words gain in meaning and in persuasiveness.

So is it in life. Our very limitations may turn out to be opportunities. There is no deprivation or sorrow that cannot in some way be dedicated to the help of others. Only when we have overcome can we greatly assist others in their struggles.—*F. C. Hogarth.*

An Air-Raid Experience

THE following excerpt from an article by Mr. Dan Poling, in the *Christian Endeavor World*, gives the lighter side of one or two air-raid experiences that is amusing. Mr. Poling says:

"Excruciatingly funny things happen during a raid, as for instance the raising of an umbrella by a gentleman who suddenly found shrapnel falling about him. He kept it up, too, while he galloped straight down the middle of the street instead of finding cover.

"A very prominent gentleman, who is a friend of the writer's, had been looking forward with some misgivings to his war-time trip abroad. He found his first night in Paris enlivened by a visit from Germany. He had made diligent inquiry and learned the exact location of the *abri*, had several times traversed the route between his room and the cellar, and had been particular to make himself familiar with the signals of alarm. He was restless when he first retired; but the long and wearisome journey was a sure sleep producer, and it was out of profound slumber that the whistle and cries awoke him.

"You may be sure that he lost no time in getting under headway; he even forgot his dressing gown and

the slippers by the side of his bed. He sacrificed all impedimenta for speed. I do not know whether he used the banisters or not, but I have reason to believe that nothing was left undone to cover the maximum of distance in the minimum of time. Afterward he remembered the amazed countenances of the people in the halls as he flashed by. However, their indifference (indeed, they were not even bound in the direction of the cellar) did not deter him. What he regarded as carelessness due to long exposure and many similar experiences did not blind him to the obligations he owed to his own family and profession.

"The cellar was cold, but he was no quitter! He was the only one in it, but company was not his chief concern! However, even a man of iron needs more than pyjamas and bare feet to hold him steadfast through an unwarmed February night in a Paris *abri*. Before two hours had passed the cautious American was fully decided to risk all for warmth. He was a human iceberg when he crept up the quiet stairs and into his bed. The next morning he discovered that the signals he obeyed were the 'All clear,' that he had failed to hear the warning, and had slept through the raid!"

Give No Hurt to Anything

GIVE no hurt to anything —
To the birds that work and sing,
Rabbit in the grasses wet,
Farmyard beast, or household pet.

Give no hurt to anything —
Butterfly with feathered wing;
Garden toad that aids the farm,
That would never do you harm;

Children of the outdoor sun,
God's own creatures, every one!
Be to them a little friend,
Ever ready to defend!

—*Alice J. Cleator.*

S. O. S.

ON the wall of the room where the Sabbath School Department had its interesting exhibit and held its meetings during the General Conference, was a chart showing a large vessel which was being submarined. From the vessel flashed the wireless distress message, and amid the representation of the wireless waves were the letters S. O. S., which attracted the attention of a little fellow who made several vain attempts to learn their meaning. He was finally told that they indicated the wireless call for help by a ship in distress. His informant should have added that the letters themselves were the symbols used to get attention in a similar manner as the word "Hello" is used in a telephone call. They are more easily understood and more quickly transmitted, according to the *Literary Digest*, than any others.

Some have regarded these letters as the initials of certain phrases, as "Save Our Souls," or "Suspend Other Service;" but authorities say this is mere fancy.

A Forest Hymn

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,— ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

ALL IN ALL TO ME

EUGENE ROWELL

WHEN youth's bright fancies flee
And cares enthrall,
When days grow dark for me
And sear leaves fall,
Lord, be my youth's bright day,
My hope's glad wing,
My full, free joy for aye,
My lasting spring.

When earthly friendships fail
And loved ones go,
When grief's chill breezes wail
And hopes lie low,
Be, Lord, my changeless friend,
Day unto day;
Until my journey's end,
Cheer thou my way.

When from my closing eyes
Earth fades away,
When morns no more arise,
Nor glows the day,
Lord, be thou morn for me,
Fairer than dreams,
Grant me new earth to see
In thy bright beams.

Not the Regulation Sabbath School Report

IF there is a Sabbath school which is so unfortunate as to have uninteresting reports from week to week, the following report, read in the Takoma Park school on June 29, may give the secretary of such a school an inspiration to give greater care to the preparation of the report:

"Some things begin small and get bigger. Others begin big and get smaller. In the first class are diseases, buildings, and sins. In the second class are anticipations, enthusiasms, and resolutions. There is another class of things. You really cannot tell what these are going to do, grow or shrivel, increase or diminish.' In this class may be found our Sabbath school. However, reference is made in this particular to the membership and offerings only. On the first of June, our membership stood at 300, with offerings amounting to \$37.56. You may be interested to hear the following figures, showing our school is really 'diminishing.'

June 8	Membership 297	Offerings \$33.90
" 15	" 295	" 29.07
" 22	" 284	" 27.95

"We have come up to the time of our second thirteenth Sabbath of this year, which calls for \$4,000 more than the previous one, and we cannot afford to allow our offering to fall short of what we gave at the last one, and if possible, we should make it larger to assist in reaching this extra \$4,000. Is it not possible for each member present to do some personal work and encourage those who have lost their interest in the school, to return, and make our school a growing one, in both membership and offerings?

"'Before Jehovah's Awful Throne' was the title of our opening song, following which Elder Dowsett offered prayer. After the song 'Tell Me the Old, Old Story' and the reading of the report of the previous meeting, the superintendent presented an embarrassing proposition, and that is the matter of securing teachers. There are those who have talent and ability to act in this capacity, but refrain because they think others are more capable. It is right here in the Sabbath school that we can receive a training for service, and let us be willing to serve when we are given the opportunity, and thus make the Sabbath school in truth a training station for active labor in the cause.

"An interesting article from the thirteenth Sabbath leaflet written by Prof. R. B. Thurber, formerly connected with the Meiktila school in India was read, and the experiences connected with starting that school were indeed interesting. With all the encouraging reports we have had regarding the field of our offering, we surely will not regret any efforts made to further the message in this heathen land.

"Brother Dowsett brought to us many good thoughts as he reviewed the previous week's lesson on 'The Message of the Sanctuary, and Its Cleansing.'

"We appreciate the assistance of those who took charge of some of our classes in the absence of the teachers. And the fact that some of our members believe in the 'daily study' of the Sabbath school lesson was not passed by unnoticed.

"'What a Wonderful Saviour!' was sung in closing.

HAROLD H. COBBAN, *Superintendent.*

FRANCES PERHAM, *Secretary.*

To Think Upon

FEASTS acquire a double relish from hospitality.—*Goldsmith.*

"FEAR is more contagious than most diseases, and more fatal."

"Do not let the burdens of tomorrow break the back of today."

"WHEN God says, 'Go!' there is always a trail that leads through."

"KINDNESS is a language that the deaf can hear and the dumb understand."

"THAT virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel."

How on a rock they stand who watch God's eye, and hold his guiding hand.—*Keble.*

APPLAUSE is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.—*C. C. Colton.*

THE conscious utterance of thought by speech or action, to any end, is art.—*Emerson.*

"I WILL never say in fun that which if said in earnest would hurt another's feelings."

"MANY a man counted a fool by financiers has laid up in heaven a fortune they would envy."

WE cannot become the leaders, the inspirers of men, unless we are men of prayer.—*I. H. Evans.*

THE pain which conscience gives a man who has already done wrong is soon got over.—*Goldsmith.*

MOST people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—*Longfellow.*

HAVE you read "Patriarchs and Prophets"? It holds treasures of more value than the gold of Ophir.

THERE is no power on earth that can neutralize the influence of a high, pure, simple, and useful life.—*Booker T. Washington.*

WHAT is remote and difficult of success we are apt to overrate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.—*Longfellow.*

WE are told that our Bibles will sometime be taken from us, and each will be dependent for strength, comfort, and guidance upon the scriptures he has memorized. How large will your Bible be in that day?

A CAT AND CHILDREN

ONE day unto her cozy flat
A neighbor brought her Persian cat,
And said to her: "Please keep, I pray,
This cat for me while I'm away.
Be good to it, and do not let
It any poisoned victual get.
Watch over it while I'm away,
And do not let it go astray."

She gave that cat the tenderest care,
She fed it on the finest fare,
And worried lest it come to harm;
Once roused the neighbors in alarm
Because that cat had gone astray,
And later on was heard to say:
"So watchful I must daily be.
That cat does not belong to me."

About us everywhere today
Are children running wild in play,
Not getting the attention that
Is given to the neighbor's cat;

It seems the parents fail to see
That they are doubly bound to be
Regardful of the ways they plod
Because the babes belong to God.

Our children are not ours to own,
God merely sends them as a loan,
And says: "Give them your tenderest care
And guard them well while they are there.
Let not their minds be poisoned by
The vices that around them lie;
Watch over them, till that day when
I shall return for them again."

Oh you who guard your neighbor's cat,
Look to your children, fearful that
You miss the obligation there.
The Lord has placed them in your care.
They are not yours always to own,
But by their lives shall you be known.
For God is trusting you today
To see they do not go astray.

— Edgar A. Guest.

When Mary Paved the Way

ALL the morning the first floor of Wright's Bazaar had been in a state of suppressed excitement. If the manager of the store had announced a change in the time schedule or in the wage schedule, he could not have aroused more emotion than did Miss Peters, the little, middle-aged woman who had had charge of the toilet requisites at Wright's for several years.

"For one week beginning tomorrow," she said, "there will be in this department a demonstrator from New York."

A chorus of protests followed her announcement.

"Miss Lane is Baers's best demonstrator," continued Miss Peters, not a whit disconcerted by the protests. "She gets a salary of one hundred dollars a week and expenses. Mr. Sam Wright says that one of Baers's managers told him that she was worth a great deal more, too. It's a splendid chance for you girls to learn more about selling toilet goods. And more than that, Mr. Wright has decided to let Miss Lane choose one of you girls to demonstrate toilet articles for the month after she leaves."

She paused impressively. For a minute the girls were silent, and then little Lottie Martin giggled, "Who wants to demonstrate after she has been here? No one would even look at you or your goods after they had seen her."

Several of the other girls nodded; all of them showed that their interest in the subject was waning.

"You might say that, if that were all," Miss Peters went on quietly, "but it isn't. It means a raise in salary for the fortunate girl—two dollars a week. Also, Mr. Wright said Baers's firm is always watching for new girls to train to be their demonstrators. All any girl needs who wants to get a chance with Baers's is Miss Lane's reference. I only wish I were younger."

This time her speech won instant attention. Lottie Martin's scorn lessened, and she began to ask eager questions. Soon questions were pelting Miss Peters thick and fast. Before she left for luncheon, she knew that every girl in her department longed to be the new demonstrator's appointee.

In the rest-room while they were eating their lunches the younger girls continued their discussion. "I'm glad Miss Peters told us today," said Lottie. "It gives us a chance to make better appearances before the demonstrator comes and sees us. My sister,

who is a milliner, says that first appearances count most."

That night Mary Hewlett told her mother of the coming of the demonstrator.

"Of course every girl in our department is going to try for the place," she said. "And all through the noon hour and during every spare minute this afternoon they planned how they would dress. They have to wear the store's regulation white waists and black skirts, but they're all going to wear their best ones, and some of them bought new, white *crêpe de Chine* blouses."

Her mother smiled encouragingly, and Mary continued: "I wish I had a *crêpe de Chine* waist, mother, or at least something more attractive looking than just my plain linen blouses. I don't feel as if I'd have a chance for that place. I know my linen waists are pretty enough for this little home town, but the demonstrator's from New York, and what will linen waists look like to her?"

Mrs. Hewlett laid her sewing in her lap. "If you bought and wore a new *crêpe de Chine* tomorrow, you wouldn't be natural, dear," she said quietly. "The demonstrator would know it, just as well as every one who bought of you. Besides, your pretty, plain linen blouses are just as expensive and much more tasteful than most of the girls' cheap *crêpe de Chine* are. Remember, you are a worker at the store, not a customer. And you must dress as a worker, if you want the respect of your customers."

Mary assented, but in her heart she was discouraged. She was even more discouraged when she saw the other girls' elaborate coiffures and manicured hands. She knew that her companions would look just like the shopgirls in New York, and that Miss Lane could not fail to notice it. She herself felt so much out of place when the demonstrator came in that she tried to keep in the background.

"She is beautiful," Mary told her mother that night, "very, very beautiful, mother, but in such a quiet way, just like you, dear. She has masses of bronze hair, but she wears it in a simple coil at the nape of her neck. And she wore a plain serge skirt and a white linen shirt waist. I was so glad that I didn't get a *crêpe de Chine*. It made us seem sort of comrades, and she asked me to do more things than she asked any of the others to do."

When Miss Lane left, Mr. Wright told Mary that she was to do the demonstrating for the coming month.

"It gives you a chance to rise even higher than this, Mary," he said as he stood at her counter. "Miss Lane said that when you are a little older she would recommend you to her company. She said that, although there are other girls here who are as quick and intelligent as you are, they have not yet learned the true dignity of simple dress and actions.

"You noticed that Miss Lane sold both to our wealthier customers and to our poorer ones. They all liked to buy of her; they hated to see her leave; they stopped at first to see her demonstrate, and afterward because she had won their respect and confidence—all because she had dignity, the quiet, substantial kind. That's what makes for success, Mary."

That night Mary again talked to her mother. "I love it," she said, giving her plain, linen blouse an affectionate pat and her plain, black skirt a caressing look, "but not nearly so much as I do you, for teaching me to dress this way and just making me do it, when I wasn't an apt pupil. And now I'm ready to take your entire course in dignity and simplicity. After that I believe I'll be ready for Baers's."—*Mabel McKee.*

A Mission Experience

A LITTLE native boy came to us at the time of the famine in Matabeleland, Africa. The little fellow was carried to us on his mother's back, almost starved to death. We took him in. I think I never saw a child of his years that seemed to grasp the doctrines of the gospel quicker than that little fellow did. Day by day you would find him trying to read his Bible and understand it. He was seven or eight years old when he came, and after three or four years he wanted to be baptized. He wanted to be "Jesus' boy."

And then it was with him just as it is with all the rest of us,—as soon as the truth got into his heart and into his life, he wanted his own people to have the message. His mother lived in a village about fifty miles away. One day my wife was sitting at the table writing a letter home, and the little fellow came up and stood beside her.

She said to him, "What do you want?"

"Well," he said, "Missis, I just wondered who you were writing to."

She said she was writing to her mother, across the ocean.

Said he, "Was it your mother that sent you here to teach me about Jesus?"

"Well," was the reply, "she had something to do with it."

"Missis," said he, "won't you put this in the letter, and tell your mother that down there in that village where my mother lives there is no missionary, nobody to teach my mother about this Jesus you have taught me about? And won't you write and tell your mother to send somebody to my mother so that she can have the knowledge of this same Jesus?"

Just to satisfy the little fellow, my wife said, "Yes; I will write that in the letter."

A little while after that he wanted to know about how long it would take for his missionary to come. You know those people, in their simplicity, think that about all one needs to do is to ask for somebody. They have heard that there are thousands over here that know all about Jesus, and they cannot understand how anybody should be willing to let anybody else

live anywhere in the world and not know anything about him. So he said, "How long will it take for my missionary to come?"

We told him it would take about five months before we could get a letter back. And so the little fellow counted the moons. He had a stick, and every time the moon died, as they say, he would cut a notch in the stick. When he had five of these notches on his stick, he said, "My moons are up—how about my missionary?" And we had to tell him that we had no word about it yet.

Six months, seven months, eight months, he waited, and it was going on toward the ninth month. Then one day he saw some people going along through the village, past the mission station. He ran out to see them, and found they had come from his home. Child-like, the first question he asked was, "How is mother?" And the word came back to the little fellow, "Your mother is dead." She had starved to death in the famine that extended over all the country, when the natives were dying by the hundred.

The little fellow came back into the house, and stood up there with the tears trickling down his cheeks, his lips quivering, and said, "Teacher, my mother is dead, and the missionary never came. Will I ever see my mother again?"

I want to tell you that that was about the hardest question I ever had to answer. What shall we say when we come up before the judgment bar of God for all those who have gone down to their graves without God and without hope in this world? What will our answer be when we appear in the courts of heaven?—*W. H. Anderson.*

Four Stories from One Book

[The book from which these stories are taken, "Fifty-two Story Talks to Boys and Girls," by Rev. Howard J. Chidley, is an exceptionally good book for children. It can be obtained from your tract society or from the Review and Herald Publishing Association. Price, 75 cents.]

The Three Fates

BOYS and girls in ancient Greece believed that there were three fates, in the form of three women seated above the clouds, who spun the thread of every one's life, and cut it off with shears when death came.

We no longer believe in such things, but we still speak of fate. Boys and girls sometimes say that they are fated to fail in examinations, and so think they cannot help failing. But that is no more true than the belief about the three women which the Grecian boys and girls held. As a matter of fact, nothing outside of us makes evil things happen to us. We make our own fates. Or shall I say, *We are our own fates?* Some one has said, "Our fates lie asleep along the roadside until we waken them." That is very true, as I think I can show you by a story.

Not long ago I was riding on a train up through Vermont. A boy came into the car selling papers, books, candy, fruit, and other things. There was a boy opposite me in the smoking car who wanted to appear very smart and manly. He was smoking a cigar and looking very much traveled. The train boy offered him a book which had a bad title and worse pictures in it. But in front of this young chap sat two bright-faced, innocent-looking boys who did not pretend to be anything but what they were. The train boy offered them salted peanuts. In front of those boys sat a fine, clean-looking, well-bred man. The train boy offered him a good, wholesome book.

Now, three fates were in that car in the form of that train boy, and each person invited his own kind of fate by what he was in himself. That is true all through life. Be true, and you attract truth. Be evil, and you attract evil. Your fate is what you are.

The Boy and the Turtle

Theodore Parker was one of the greatest preachers America ever had, and this story is told of him as a boy. One day, as he was going across the fields, he came to a pond where he saw a small turtle sunning itself upon a stone which rose out of the water. The boy picked up a stick, and was about to strike the turtle, when a voice within him said, "Stop!" His arm paused in mid-air, and, startled, he ran home to ask his mother what the voice meant. Tears came into his mother's eyes as she took the boy in her arms and told him that it was his conscience which had cried, "Stop!" Then she told him that his conscience was the voice of God, and that his moral safety depended upon his heeding that inner voice.

The same thing is true of all boys and girls. If you obey that inner voice in questions of right and wrong, it will speak to you clearly.

But if you neglect it, it will grow silent, and you will be left in darkness and in doubt as to what is right and wrong.

Some people call this voice the "inner light," and that is a very good name for it. Every time you walk by the light you put fresh oil in the lamp, and the light grows stronger and the way clearer.

When that inner voice speaks to you and tells you that a thing is wrong, don't argue with the voice and give reasons for doing the thing that is wrong. Obey the voice at once, as Parker did, and it will save you endless trouble.

A Hint from a Caribou

This is an animal story. It is about a caribou. A caribou is a kind of reindeer, and lives in Canada.

One day a man was out in a stumpy pasture field beside a woods in Canada, and he saw a mother caribou and her little calf feeding quietly down in a valley near by.

He was on a little hill some distance away, but the wind was blowing in the direction of the caribou. Presently the mother caribou raised her head, sniffed the air, and looked in the direction where the man was hidden behind a stump. She had caught the scent of a human being. That meant danger to her calf. Soon the mother caribou, leaving her calf in the valley, started in the direction of the man. He slipped from his hiding place to another stump. On came the caribou till she reached the very stump behind which the man had first hidden. There she smelled the ground, and then a strange thing happened. She called her calf to her, had it smell the ground, too, so as to get the scent of the man. When that was done, she got behind the little caribou and butted it down the valley as fast as it could go. Why did she do that? It was to teach her calf that whenever it got that scent on the air, there was danger, and it must get away as quickly as possible.

Ever after that, even before the calf knew that this scent belonged to a man, or had seen a man, it would run away from it.

Your parents are constantly doing for you what that mother caribou did for her little one. When they tell you that such and such a thing is wrong, and you must not do it, they are teaching you as that

mother did the little caribou. When they tell you there is danger in going to a certain place, or in chumming with a particular boy or girl, they are again doing the same thing for you. And when they punish you, as that mother caribou did her calf, it is because they know the danger far better than you, and they know that your safety depends upon keeping away from such things.

About Generosity

When we speak of a person as being generous, we usually think of some one who gives his money, or whatever belongs to him, freely to others. But did you ever think that people can be generous with their thoughts, too?

Let me show you what I mean by that. There were once two boys who went to visit at a farm where Shetland ponies were kept, and of course both boys wanted to ride them. So one day they persuaded the man in charge of the ponies to put the saddle on a handsome black one and lead him out in the yard for them to mount. But when it came to actually getting on the pony's back, the younger boy was afraid. Although the older boy urged him, he would not take a ride. Finally the other boy mounted and rode off gayly, and came back beaming with delight. But instead of being proud, and thinking the other boy cowardly, he went over to the younger lad and said: "Now you get on. I know you can ride him." And when at last the other did ride off, the older boy's eyes danced with delight, and he clapped his hands to encourage the younger boy. That is one of the best forms of generosity.

Another illustration of it is when you are on a baseball or football team, or in a contest of any sort, to be able to say when you are honestly beaten that you were beaten by a better team. When you can say that, it takes half the sting out of defeat, and makes those who win admire you more than ever.

Don't be stingy with your thoughts about people. Always think the best about others, and believe the best, and you will grow to be open-hearted, friendly, lovable, and big.

Give Yourself

A MISSIONARY was preaching to the Maori tribe of New Zealanders. He had been telling them of the sufferings of Christ—how he poured forth his soul unto death for them; and as he concluded, the hills rang with the thrilling question:

"Is it nothing to you, all you who pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow."

Then stood forth a plumed and painted chief, the scarred warrior of many fights, and as his lips quivered with emotion, he spoke:

"And did the Son of the Highest suffer this for us men? Then the chief would like to offer him some poor return for his great love. Would the Son of God like to accept the chief's dog? Swift of foot and keen of scent, the tribe has not such another, and he has been to the chief a friend."

But the missionary told him that the Son had no need of such gifts. Thinking he had mistaken the gift, he resumed:

"Yet perhaps he would accept my well-tried rifle. Unerring of aim, the chief cannot replace it." Again the missionary shook his head.

For a moment the chief paused; then as a new thought struck him, suddenly despoiling himself of his

striped blanket he cried, with childlike earnestness, "Perhaps he who had no place to lay his head will yet accept the chieftain's blanket. The poor chief will be cold without it, yet it is offered joyfully."

Touched by love's persistency, the missionary tried to explain to him the real nature of the Son of God; that it was not men's gifts, but men's hearts that he yearned for.

For a moment a cloud of grief darkened the rough features of the old chief; then as the true nature of the Son of God slowly dawned upon him, casting aside his blanket and rifle, he clasped his hands, and looking up into the blue sky, his face beaming with joy, he exclaimed: "Perhaps the Son of the Blessed One will deign to accept the poor chief himself!"—*Selected.*

For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHAT do we get from Japan to eat, drink, wear, play with, walk on, use as medicine? (Name at least one of each.)
2. Does a Japanese lady's best dress belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom?
3. What kind of knives and forks are used in Japan?
4. Why cannot Japan have high buildings?
5. What part of a Japanese house is built first?
6. Who was Commodore Perry, and what did he do?
7. Who was the runaway Japanese boy who founded a university?
8. What habits have you in your home and school which would seem queer to the Japanese?
9. What is the Japanese girl's favorite day? How does she celebrate it?
10. What is the Japanese boy's favorite day? How does he celebrate it?—*Every Land.*

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of June 11

Part I

A *tank* is a heavy armored motor car, propelled usually by a "caterpillar drive," and used to break through enemy defenses, and prepare the way for an attack. Tanks were first used by the British army on Sept. 15, 1916, in their operations on the Somme.

Blighty is the name for England in the language of the trenches.

Barrage is a new word in military vocabulary, applied to gunfire directed to a certain point which forms a complete screen of projectiles. Behind this screen troops advancing to an attack are safe from the enemy. The barrage fire demolishes wire entanglements and trenches in the path of the attacking force.

No Man's Land is the name applied to the strip of land between the trenches of opposing armies.

The *fine arts* are usually considered to be painting, drawing, architecture, sculpture, poetry, and music.

The *Marne* is a river in France.

Liberty Bonds are promissory notes from the Government of the United States of America that are sold to help meet the expenses of the Government in this time of war.

Amiens is a French city.

Sing Sing is the name applied to the New York State prison.

Mare Island is in San Pablo Bay near San Francisco, California. On this island is situated one of the largest Government navy yards.

A *War Savings Stamp* is a stamp worth five dollars at maturity, sold by the Government in order to raise funds for the promotion of the war.

A *Thrift Stamp* is a stamp issued by the Government and sold for twenty-five cents, as another means of enabling citizens to aid the Government in raising money for present needs.

Ypres is a town in Belgium frequently mentioned in war dispatches.

Liberty Loan is the name applied to three great war loans placed among the American people by popular subscription in

the sale of Liberty Bonds. The money thus contributed serves the double purpose of protecting the country from its foes and contributing to the nation's trade and commerce.

An *embargo* is a prohibition imposed by law upon commerce in general, or upon specific articles of export or import.

Shanghai is one of the chief seaports of China.

A *cantonment* is the place, as in a town or village, assigned to a body of troops for quarters; a more or less permanent shelter or place of rest for an army.

The *Marine Corps* is an independent branch of the military service of the United States, used in garrisoning navy yards and naval stations at home, and in performing duties beyond the seas in the protection of American interests. The corps is under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy.

Herbert Hoover is the Food Administrator of the United States.

Pershing is the American general in command of our expeditionary forces abroad.

Foch is the generalissimo of the Allied armies in France.

Pétain is the commander-in-chief of the French armies.

Jeannette Rankin is the first woman to hold a seat in the National Congress. She is a member of the House of Representatives, elected from Montana.

Champ Clark is the speaker of the House of Representatives in the National Congress.

"*Over There*" is the name of a popular song.

The *Mayo Brothers* are two well-known surgeons who have founded a large hospital at Rochester, Minnesota.

Raemaekers is a Dutch cartoonist.

"*Keep the Home Fires Burning*" is a popular song.

John Gutenberg is generally recognized as the inventor of modern printing.

Ruth Law is a daring aviator.

Part II

Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of the first practical system of wireless telegraphy.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

HOW can one learn to make a good public prayer?
Is it right to think beforehand what you will say if called on?

A BEGINNER.

It is said concerning the students in the schools of the prophets that "not only were students taught the duty of prayer, but they were taught how to pray, how to approach their Creator, how to exercise faith in him, and how to understand and obey the teachings of his Spirit."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 596.

While chief emphasis was doubtless placed on the spirit of prayer, the exercise of faith, etc., very likely attention was also given to the proper form in which to address the deity.

At one time the disciples said to Jesus, "Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples." Luke 11:1. In response the Master gave them a form of prayer and instruction regarding the proper condition of the heart in genuine prayer.

The best preparation for acceptable public prayer is personal communion with God in secret prayer. The habit of talking with God in secret will prepare one to take part in public prayer.

In secret prayer we talk to God as to a friend. To him we tell our joys and sorrows, our hopes and fears, when no curious ear is listening. In public prayer we voice the petitions of the believers bowed together. Such a petition cannot, of course, pertain simply to oneself.

It is perfectly proper, it seems to me, to think beforehand what we should say. If you were going to present a petition to an earthly ruler, you would study just what to say and how to say it. If you were asking for others as well as yourself, you would study to know just how to represent the desires of those for whom you asked.

Taking the Lord's Prayer as our model in directness, brevity, and reverence, why is it not perfectly proper for one to study what language to use in his public petitions? Your prayers need be no less from the heart on account of this. You will, of course, vary your prayers to fit the occasion, but this definite preparation will have given you confidence, even though you may not use the exact words you have thought of.

As you become more accustomed to praying before others, and as your Christian experience deepens, you will often become entirely oblivious to any set form of words. Nevertheless, the faithful preparations you have made when alone, entirely free from any excitement or nervousness due to the presence of others, will give you poise and assurance.

Young people often lose much in their Christian experience because of failure to take part in public prayer. However, one must constantly be on guard lest public prayer become formal, and we have our mind more upon men than God. There is little danger of this if you have daily communion with God in secret.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

VII — The Ten Plagues

(August 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ex. 7: 14-25; 8; 9: 1-12.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 265-267; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 155-159.

MEMORY VERSE: "Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked." Ps. 91: 8.

"Doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great Love unseen, the still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil."

Questions

What was the real point of difficulty between Pharaoh and the people of God? Note 1.

First Plague — The Waters Turned to Blood

How was the first plague brought upon Egypt?

How extensive was the plague?

What was the result?

What did the magicians do?

What was the effect upon Pharaoh?

Ex. 7: 19-23.

Second Plague — The Frogs

What message did the Lord next send to Pharaoh?

How severe was the plague of the frogs?

What did the magicians do?

What did Pharaoh ask? What did he promise?

How was the plague stopped?

Then what did Pharaoh do?

Ex. 8: 1-15.

Third Plague — The Lice

What did the Lord then say to Moses?

When Aaron smote the dust with his rod, what was the result?

What did the magicians try to do?

When they failed, what did they say to Pharaoh?

How did he receive what they said?

Verses 16-19.

Fourth Plague — The Flies

Where did Moses next meet Pharaoh?

What warning did Moses give him?

What difference did the Lord make between his people and the Egyptians?

What permission was Pharaoh now willing to give?
Why could not Moses and Aaron accept this?
What request did Pharaoh make?
How was it granted?
With what result?

Verses 20-32.

Fifth Plague — The Murrain

Upon what was the fifth plague poured out?

What difference did the Lord again make between the Israelites and the Egyptians?

How did this affect Pharaoh?

Ex. 9: 1-7.

Sixth Plague — The Boils

What was Moses commanded to do in the bringing of the sixth plague upon Egypt?

Who are specially mentioned as suffering from this plague?

Verses 8-12. Note 2.

How did the plagues strike at the idolatry of Egypt?

Note 3.

Notes

1. The real question at issue may be briefly stated thus: The Lord says: "Let my people go." Pharaoh replies: "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go."

"We now come to some of the most dramatic scenes in the Bible. We are watching a contest between two great opposing forces. It is all the more fascinating because, in God's providence, there have recently come to light inscribed monuments which have been hidden for thousands of years, which place before us the surroundings in which the contest took place, and even statues of some of the actors. A contest is always interesting. Men go hundreds of miles to see a two hours' contest between two universities. But here we are studying a contest that lasted for months between two great nations, and that changed the course of the history of the world."—*Peloubet*.

2. The magicians acknowledged their own defeat when the third plague came upon Egypt. They knew the power against which they were setting up their puny strength. When they were smitten with boils, "the whole nation was made to see the folly of trusting in the magicians when they were not able to protect even their own persons."

3. Each plague was connected in a marked way with the idolatrous worship of the Egyptians

a. The Nile River was worshiped as a god, and it was turned to blood. They worshiped fish in the river that was held sacred, and they were killed.

b. The frog was regarded as sacred by the Egyptians, and they would never kill one, but now they were overrun with them, and they became a curse.

c. No one on whom were lice was allowed to come near their altars, so they could not worship while the plague of lice lasted.

d. Beelzebub, the fly god, was supposed to protect them from swarms of flies, but now he was unable to do this.

e. They worshiped cattle, and now a terrible disease was killing off these gods.

f. It was the custom of the Egyptian priests to take ashes from altars where their sacrifices were burned and throw them into the air to keep away plagues, but now when Moses threw ashes into the air, it caused boils.

Does It Still Hurt?

IN the early days of the war, when we were raising our first great fund for the Red Cross, some one started the slogan, "Give until it hurts!" and ever since then it has been going the rounds and doing duty in every money-gathering campaign.

Not a bad sentiment, but "Give until it doesn't hurt!" is better. Giving is like physical labor: if you have not been used to it, the unaccustomed exercise hurts at first; but if you keep on, the soreness soon passes, and in place of it comes a new sense of well-being and exaltation.

If it hurts you to give, it is because you are unused to it or out of practice. The best cure is to keep on giving.—*Youth's Companion*.

MARY was seven, and she did not want to take her music lesson. "Why, Mary, don't you like your music?" asked her mother anxiously. "No," sobbed the little girl, "I hate those little black things sittin' on the fence!"

Live for Something

LIVE for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a keelless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have long been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide.

— Robert Whitaker.

Test of a Good Speaker

A GOOD lawyer when beginning an argument or presenting a case states what he purposes to prove. This enables the listeners to interpret each argument with reference to the point to be proved. Any speaker who thus places definitely before an audience at the beginning of his discourse or address the subject of the address and the main points he wishes to develop, will have more attentive listeners, and at the end a more satisfied and better instructed audience than the one who keeps his hearers guessing as to the real intent of his remarks.

The habit of stating definitely at the beginning of a discourse the intent of the discourse, results in more definite and logical preparation on the part of the speaker. Then, since the speaker is enabled to make better preparation, and the audience receives greater good from such a course, why do not speakers more generally follow the plan? Is it because the slipshod method is easier, requiring less time and energy than the more definite method? We hope not. The work of God demands that each speaker give of his best to those who look to him for spiritual help. "Feed my sheep," is the divine command.

The World Slackers

A SOLDIER boy in writing home about certain hardships he had to endure, and of his having to be on duty for forty consecutive hours without sleep, added, "But I'd rather be a dead soldier here than a live slacker at home."

Slackers at home in these days of our nation's distress and peril, in these days of world suffering? Yes, the slacker is here, and the war slacker is not the only slacker. Whether in time of war or peace, there are always to be found those in the home, church, school, community, and in business, who do not lift in the work of the hour. Such are a burden, for some one is always doing double duty because of their failure to lend a helping hand. Sometimes the one who bears the double burden is the mother or older sister; sometimes it is the father; sometimes it is an associate who has to do the work of two or more.

The need of zeal in every line of service was never greater. The need of religious fervor in service was never more apparent than now. Where is there room for slackers?

The records made by some workers in the shipyards reveal an intensity that is not undesirable in every one who is given any part in the work program of today. Mrs. Wilson and the President's daughters belong to the class of workers who are always busy. "Mrs. Wilson knits almost continuously." Says the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

"Hers are serious duties, duties which at times touch the very nerve and purpose of this war; but, grave and exacting and momentous as these duties are, they do not minimize to her understanding the urgent necessity of making just as many knitted soldier garments as she can.

"All the women who surround her knit. Her mother, Mrs. Bolling, has come in for dinner, and after dinner she knits. Miss Bones is knitting practically every evening, and much

in the intervals of a busy day. Mrs. McAdoo knits when she drops in for an evening call. If Miss Margaret Wilson is not knitting, it is because she is in continual travel on concert tours, in the interest of the Red Cross.

"If there are women from out of town, they, too, are knitting, and that friend who makes a suggestion that will expedite or improve work is gratefully remembered. What would happen to a woman who shouldn't knit is pure speculation, for none has had the temerity to try the experiment. The order of the day in the White House is, "Knit and keep on knitting."

"This makes quite clear the fact that Mrs. Wilson's personal labors in the work of the war are largely in support of the American Red Cross. Every week sees the production of Red Cross garments and knitted articles at the White House and their delivery to the District Chapter of the Red Cross.

"Down in the basement of the Treasury Building there is a little stone-floored, low-ceilinged room which opens out through barred windows on the courtyard of the big building. With rough pine shelves and rude pine tables piled high with miscellaneous dry goods which transform its cloistral bareness into the aspect of a trading-post store of the Hudson Bay Company, it is the last place in Washington where one would seek the daughter of the President of the United States and the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury; but it is exactly where Mrs. W. G. McAdoo is to be found every morning of six days of the week.

"For it is the Red Cross workroom of the women of the Treasury division of that organization, and her service there is the first duty of Mrs. McAdoo's war-work day. She comes to it, sometimes as early as nine o'clock and seldom later than ten, and remains there until her other branch of service, the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, takes her to executive session at noon. Sometimes, if her other duties permit, she returns there in the afternoon.

"It is real work that Mrs. McAdoo does, for she is really the storekeeper for the division. The Treasury women work at their Governmental tasks from nine in the morning to half-past four in the afternoon. During their noon hour, which is really but half an hour, and after closing time in the offices, they take from and bring to the Red Cross room the work allotted to them.

"In order to get this work in shape and to pack it when it is finished, it is necessary that some one should take charge of the room. Mrs. McAdoo and the small group of women who serve as her committee have undertaken this service. In the performance of it she keeps records like a chief clerk and packs boxes like a shipping clerk, besides doing the hundred and one odd jobs that fall to the lot of the director of a miscellaneous industry.

"The size of the job may be gleaned from the fact that the Treasury division reported on March 1, 1918, the completion and sending of 4,115 knitted articles, 816 hospital garments, 17,350 surgical dressings, and 18,645 miscellaneous articles for the Red Cross."

Are you doing all you can through your Red Cross work for the mutilated and suffering ones of Europe? Are you doing all you can to bring a knowledge of the gospel message to lost humanity? Everywhere there is earnest work to do. Ask not to be excused.

ALAS! we make

A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot; our high resolves
Look down upon our slumbering acts.

— L. E. Landon.

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