

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

August 13, 1918

No. 33



CHINA SALUTES UNCLE SAM

China feels very kindly toward America, and looks to this country for help in the carrying out of its new government policies. One of China's leading men, in speaking of the relation of the two countries, said: "China is the baby brother of the United States, and baby brothers have to be taught to walk."

From Here and There

Why are some workers in this country so fearful lest they work more than eight hours a day? "Over there" twenty-four, forty-eight, and seventy hours of continuous work are not unknown or uncommon.

Forty thousand deserters from the Austrian army fled inland after the Piave disaster, it is claimed. Many of these are armed and hiding in the mountains. Three thousand deserters were arrested in Budapest.

Herr von Rosenberg, one of the German emissaries at the Brest-Litovsk peace conference, has been appointed to succeed the late Count von Mirbach, who was recently assassinated at Moscow while he was ambassador to Russia.

Baron von Dem Bussche-Haddenhausen, German undersecretary for foreign affairs and at one time secretary of the German embassy at Washington, has been appointed minister to Norway in place of Admiral von Hintze, the new German foreign secretary, in succession to Dr. von Kuehlmann.

In order to stimulate the production of more powerful engines and more suitable aircraft, the *Daily Mail* announces the revival of its offer of a prize of £10,000 to the first person who flies across the Atlantic from any point in the United States, Canada, or Newfoundland to Great Britain or Ireland or vice versa in 72 consecutive hours.

More than 200 soldiers were recently arrested and served terms in the guardhouse at the national capital on the charge of failure to salute officers when meeting them. If these young men had early formed the habit of always giving a courteous greeting to those they met to whom such a greeting was due, they might have been spared the embarrassment of a military arrest.

Last fall, before Hog Island became an immense shipbuilding center, it was known only as a mosquito marsh in the Delaware River south of Philadelphia. Now it is a city, rough and ugly, but teeming with the activities of twenty-three thousand workmen. Much of it was built literally overnight. It is here that carpenters have earned \$16 a night when in the mood for night work.

You have seen sailors with the flag or some other design tattooed on their arms. The practice originated, it is said, in religious superstition among ancient seafaring men. One man, Jack H. G. Gould, "has devoted his life and his skin to the tattooing art. His back and arms are completely covered with marvelously complicated designs. Joseph and the Madonna with the Christ-child form the central features of this wonderfully intricate piece of tattooing."

Charlotte Bronte

THREE lonely girls lived on a Yorkshire moor in the first half of the last century. They were oppressed by poverty and inherited ill health.

A hectoring, loud-voiced, angry, egotistical father badgered the life out of them. A vicious, degraded brother drained the meager family purse. They grew up solitary, friendless, kinless. Yet in this very wrestle with hopelessness each one of the sisters developed a definite and curious writing genius that almost took fame by violence, as it were. They were the astounding Misses Brontë of Haworth, who, each in turn, dazzled the literary world of the time.

Two of the sisters, Emily and Anne, died at the moment of success. Charlotte lived to become famous, but was snatched from happiness and motherhood before either had become complete.

The book that made her fame, "Jane Eyre," was published in October, 1847. It stole upon London in the midst of the serial publication of "Vanity Fair," and obtained for its author, in the course of a few weeks, a success such as the creator of Becky Sharp afterward said to her a little sadly, "it took me ten years to achieve." Mrs. Gaskell describes Miss Brontë at this time as "a little set, antiquated old maid, very quiet in manners and quaint in dress, in whom one sought in vain for the knowledge of life, the passion, power, or vividness that her book revealed."

It was almost too late for success. She had drudged out her youth as a governess, as a teacher, as a paid companion. She had fought a losing battle against consumption. Suffering, solitude, and bereavement had drawn from her her strength. As she said of herself: "So many years had my thoughts and dreams consumed me; so many years had my imagination eaten me up. If you knew to what extent you would pity me."

Timorously she enjoyed the great fame that came to her. It was almost as if it bewildered her. Then, to the amazement of every one, she married a curate who had been "calling" upon her for years — an insignificant little man.

A year after the marriage she died. But "Jane Eyre" persists, and Charlotte Brontë today lives in the memory of the world. — *Every Week*.

The Schoolbook of Puritan Lassies

THE hornbook was the first schoolbook used by the children of the early colonists. It was not a book at all in our sense of the word. Its foundation was a thin strip of wood about four and a half inches long by two inches wide. Upon this was placed a sheet of white paper, on the upper half of which was printed the alphabet and such simple syllables as *ab, eb, ib, ob*, and on the lower half, the Lord's Prayer. This printed page was covered by a thin sheet of horn, which was sufficiently transparent to render the letters below legible. The horn, the paper, and the wood were bound together along the edges by a narrow strip of brass, which was tacked down by tiny nails. It was from this hornbook that the little Puritans learned their letters and received their first instruction in spelling and reading. — *Selected*.

The Youth's Instructor

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SERVICE

"BUT I have so little, so little to give
That it's not worth while, in a way."
A woman was heard to utter these words
As the war waged day by day.

"So little to give!" Can we bear to hear
This feeble, paltry cry,
While the ones we love fall hour by hour,
And others go forth to die?

Has she never thought that just one soft touch
Or the glow in a woman's eyes

Can often relieve the sickening pain,
Help still the shuddering cries?

"So little to give!" Is it possible
That she hasn't even a prayer
To give to her God, in confidence
That it puts some one in his care?

"So little to give!" Ah, show her the way,
Dear God, that she consecrate
Thy gifts, while she joins the throng of those
Who serve, though they stand and wait.

— Lenore McCall, in the Christian Herald.

THE BLANK BIBLE

ELLA IDEN

SUPPOSE some morning upon taking up your Bible as usual to read a chapter, you should find that every page was blank; that from cover to cover not one character appeared upon those white leaves. Suppose that you should find, when in consternation you set out to obtain another copy of this Book of books, that there were none to be had — that the Word of God had vanished completely from the earth. How should you feel?

In one of his books, Henry Rogers records a dream which he entitles "The Blank Bible," and in which he tells how he thought that just such an experience had come to him. One morning, as he took from the shelf his Greek Testament, with the intention of studying it for a time, as was his custom, he found that it was filled with blank pages. Thinking that somehow he was mistaken in the book, he took down another Bible, and another; but each was in the same condition — the pages were a perfect blank.

While he was pondering upon this strange occurrence, his servant entered, and told him excitedly that some one had stolen her Bible, and left in its place a book exactly like it in outward appearance, but full of blank pages.

Later, as he went out upon the street, he was overtaken by a friend who had much the same story to tell. Some one had entered his house during the night, he said, and taken every copy of the Bible that he possessed, leaving in their place, books of exactly the same size and appearance, but containing only plain white paper.

On further investigation it was found that this condition of affairs prevailed universally, that even the Bible societies and large depositaries of books had on hand not one single copy of the Word of God — only blank books resembling it in appearance. It looked as if God had become angry with men for so long neglecting his Book, and that he had, in judgment upon them, withdrawn it from the earth.

In his dream, Mr. Rogers saw that as soon as men lost the Bible, they began to place a value upon it which they had never attached to it before. People felt that they would be willing to pay any price, if only they could secure a single copy. Many who had never read or studied it, now loudly lamented the great loss that had come to them. One hardened old fellow said it "was confounded hard to be deprived

of religion in his old age!" And another who was far from careful of his practices in daily life, greatly feared that the morals of mankind would suffer, now that the Bible had been taken from them!

This was only a dream; yet there is a valuable lesson in it for us. How many fail to appreciate the inestimable worth of God's Holy Word, in these days when it is so easy of access! What if our Bibles were to become blank paper! Would we wish then that we had read them more carefully, that we had stored away in our minds and hearts the precious truths they contain? Would we wish then, with deepest regret, that we had given more time daily to a systematic, thorough study of that Book which alone reveals to us the Creator of the universe, our heavenly Father, which alone contains hope for the sinner; the only book which tells us of Jesus Christ and his love for us; the only book which points the way to heaven and eternal life?

What would this world be without the blessed influence of the Bible? "What if all that it has wrought in man could be obliterated from human character and history! all ideas and ideals of chastity and charity, equity and ethics, mercy and magnanimity; all the motives of morality and piety, heroism and martyrdom, which it has supplied! Who could conceive the wreck and ruin that would reach into every heart and home, church and community? It would be found that millions of men, and whole peoples, who have remained unchristian and unbelieving had still owed the very fashion of their civilization to this Word of God, as the moon owes its light to the sun; and that, when the Bible was withdrawn, a darkness that might be felt covered the earth."

Let us make the Bible chief among the books we love, first and choicest among the books we read, and the means of bringing us day by day into closest fellowship with Him who is its author.

"EACH day I pray, God give me strength anew
To do the task I do not wish to do,
To yield obedience, not asking why,
To love and own the truth and scorn the lie,
To look a cold world bravely in the face,
To cheer for those that pass me in the race,
To bear my burdens gayly, unafraid,
To lend a hand to those that need,
To measure what I am by what I see,
God give me strength that I may

In Other Lands

Puerto Cortes, Honduras

PUERTO CORTES is a hot place. This is to be taken literally. It is sheltered from all cooling breezes, but not from the tropical sun. It is shaped like a new moon,—a very new one,—for it is only about three houses wide in its widest part.

When the visitor arrives, he sees gas-light globes every few rods, and thinks that some foreign corporation must have provided the place with a lighting system, and congratulates himself that his evening walks will be pleasant. He is surprised, therefore, to emerge from his room in the evening and find all dark outside; and then he discovers that this is all reserved for festive occasions. In fact, he finds that vines have climbed some of the posts and filled the glass globes. He sallies forth on Red Cross night, and half an hour after dark meets the one lamplighter coming leisurely along with his ladder under his arm, and wonders if he will reach the end of the line in time to begin turning out the lights.

If the visitor should ask a resident, "When is a street not a street?" he might receive the reply, "When it is a narrow-gauge railway with foot-paths on either side." The only vehicles that pass along this highway are railroad cars, gasoline cars, hand cars, and wheelbarrows.

Wishing to telegraph to his friends, the stranger goes to the telegraph office, and asks for a blank. "We do not sell them here," is the response; "you will find them in the two-story house beyond the bridge." He buys his blank, returns with it to the office, fills it out, and hands it to a boy, whose general appearance evokes a fervent wish that he may not go to sleep before he gets the telegram to the sending instrument. If a postage stamp is needed, this is not bought at the post office, but at the place where the telegraph blanks are sold.

By this time the visitor is willing and ready to leave town, so he goes to secure a passport, which is required even though he is to go only into another district of the same country. The secretary is not in his office, although it is half an hour past the time. Since the preceding day was a holiday, he probably has not fully recovered from the effects of his outing. Meanwhile the visitor waits.

After a time the secretary arrives. He leisurely prepares to begin work, sits down, and lights a cigarette, then with due solemnity proceeds to write out the visitor's history and description, and calmly puts down his stature as "round," and his face as "five feet, seven inches." For some small mistake he tears up the first blank, and then writes out a second. Meanwhile the visitor waits. When the second sheet is completely filled out, the stranger is told that it will require a five-cent stamp, which can be bought on the second floor of the custom-house, a block away. When he returns, his passport is sent out somewhere to

be signed by the general. Meanwhile the visitor waits. When it is returned, he is told that when he finds out which boat he is going on, he may come in and get a permit to embark. He leaves, murmuring something to the effect that this is no place for one without infinite patience and a sense of humor, and goes back later for the permit—but that is another story.

E. W. THURBER.

Indian Child Life in Peru

FROM the American viewpoint the lot of the average Indian child is not the most pleasant. About half of the children are illegitimate. A man and woman live together until tired of the arrangement, then separate. Often, however, their lives are spent together in happiness. The reason for this loose condition is that it costs so much to secure a civil license and the priest charges so large a sum for performing the marriage ceremony that the Indians cannot meet these expenses. Usually when there is a separation in the family, the father will leave and perhaps go over into Bolivia, while the mother is left with one or more children to support. For these children the outlook is not promising.

The little girls of the country dress the same as the women, and the boys the same as grown men, with no variety in the dress except on feast days. On such an occasion, for the dance the women add several skirts and the men put on their brightest ponchos. Trousers, shirt, and poncho, with occasionally sandals, compose the dress of the men.

Because of the insanitary way of living, the lack of proper clothing for the children, and the high, cold altitude, a large per cent of the children die when very young. From observation I should say that at least half of the children die,—generally from pneumonia. It is truly a "survival of the fittest" here. We try to teach the mothers to clothe their children more warmly, and thus prevent so much pneumonia.

From the time a child is about three years of age, it is given the care of sheep, llamas, alpacas, or pigs. In the stormy season it is an everyday sight to see these little tots sitting behind some stone wall to protect their backs from the wind, or to keep off as much rain as possible. When they are a little older, they work in the *chacras*, or small potato patches, plowing the ground with their peculiar wooden tools, metal-pointed.

The Indian child does not know what it is to play. Wherever our schools are established we teach them how to play various outdoor games. Though awkward at first, when they once learn the games they seem to enjoy playing them as do American boys and girls. It makes a bright spot in their lives. We feel as if we have done a good work when we have taught these children to see something in life to enjoy.

We also feel we are in a large work when we secure the interest and attendance at school of these Indian children and young people. They are bright and responsive, though never having had until now any edu-



INDIANS OF PERU GRINDING CORN

educational advantages whatever, being reared in total ignorance. Through many of them who attend our schools we later secure the parents and other members of the family. Many,—inconceivably dirty and with hair matted since their earliest months,—to human eyes, present a real problem; yet we know they are numbered among those of whom the Master said, "Suffer the children to come unto me." And we are glad we may solicit divine help in working for them and winning them for his kingdom.

ELLIS P. HOWARD.

Moho, Peru.

Work at Karmatar, India

OUR work is among the Santals and others living in the vicinity of Karmatar, India. This was the first mission station of our denomination to be established in the Indian empire, outside a city.

Three languages are spoken in this vicinity, the Bengali, Santali, and Hindi. The Santals are a race

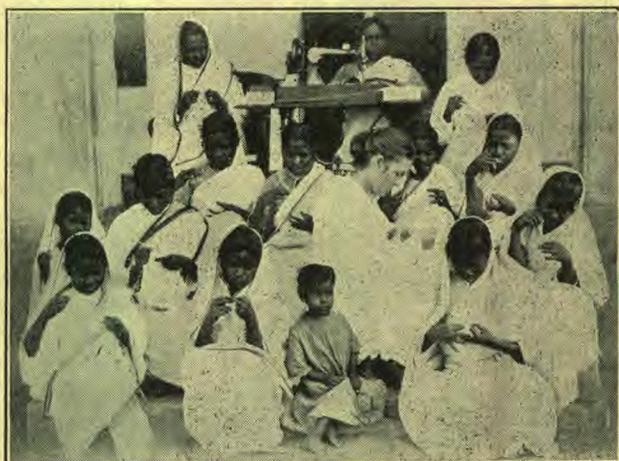


Photo by C. C. Kellar

GIRLS' SEWING CLASS, KARMATAR, INDIA

of aborigines, about two million in number. We are just on the border of their district. Most of the people speaking Bengali and Hindi have immigrated to this section for trade purposes.

At the mission station two schools have been established, one for the boys and one for the girls. We have about thirty-five students in attendance, including the day students who are not boarders. In harmony with the plan for the educational work, that is, to make it self-supporting as soon as possible, the boys and girls are being educated in lines of industry that we hope will be a means to this end.

Recently about five acres of land adjoining the mission property was purchased. We hope to utilize all the tillable land in the production of food, or such crops as can be sold to advantage. In the accompanying illustration some of the boys can be seen threshing and winnowing the dahl and oil seed raised on the new land.

The girls cook the food and do the sewing. In addition to making some of their own clothing and coats for the boys, some of them are very good at lace making. Already a sale has been found for their tatting; and we hope this industry among the girls may become a profitable one.

Last year as a result of the Harvest Ingathering campaign in India, sufficient money was collected to provide a hospital building for this station. The brick has been burned and the work on this building has been started. Within a few months we hope to see it

completed. This will fill a much-needed want in the medical work at this place.

By helping these poor people who come to the dispensary with their diseased bodies, we too have received a great blessing. Recently there came to us a poor Mohammedan woman who had a large abscess on her back. She cried, and kept saying that she surely was going to die; but after a few days' treatment her recovery was so rapid that her fear was turned to joy. In addition to paying for the medicine and treatment, with a grateful heart she brought as a thank offering, from time to time, fresh vegetables for use in the schools.

We ask you to remember in your prayers the people who come to our dispensary, that in some way they may have a desire awakened in their hearts to seek after the remedy for that soul leprosy — sin, that they may find the Great Physician who will be their Saviour.

C. C. KELLAR.

Tinneveli

TINNEVELLI DISTRICT is the most southern part of British India. The Protestant missions in this district date from 1778. The third angel's message was first preached in south India in 1907, when Elders J. L. Shaw and George F. Enoch visited some interested parties in the village of Prakasapman, adjoining the village of Nazareth. Early in 1908 Elder and Mrs. J. S. James were permanently located in this village and began work.

The following year a school was started. The first students were seven small children, and they were taught in the home of a friendly widow in a near-by village. In November, 1909, the mission rented a small bazaar building and opened a school with thirty-two children in attendance.

In those early days we had to cope with many inconveniences, and the mission finally bought a piece of land and erected a school building, which was opened for use June 9, 1911. Since that time the attendance has steadily increased. Students of all castes and creeds have been admitted. At present we



Photo by C. C. Kellar

SCHOOLBOYS THRESHING AND WINNOWING DAHL, KARMATAR, INDIA

have eight teachers. With one exception, all are consecrated Christians, members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. A high spiritual tone prevails in the school. The same system, order, and thoroughness that characterize the best schools in America are found in our school, and we hold before our students the same denominational ideals.

The public is being forced to recognize the influence of Christian education upon the minds of the youth, and those who are prejudiced have taken every precaution to keep their children from attending our school. However, the honest and God-fearing people are in full sympathy with our system of education. Since our boarding school opened, Hindu boys have come to us from a distance of twenty-five miles, passing many other schools on the way here. One hundred students are enrolled at the present time, and thirty-six of these are boarders representing sixteen villages. We give work up to the seventh grade. The higher grades are given at our training school at Coimbatore. We have outgrown our present building, and are greatly in need of additional room.

Object of School

The object of our school is to lay the foundation for a true Christian character in the lives of those who attend; to teach these young people the special truths which we as a people hold; to encourage them to practice these truths and to spread the knowledge of them throughout the sphere of their influence. In other words, we do our best to have each student gain a thorough Christian experience, and to train him as an efficient worker for the Lord in carrying the last message to the eighteen millions of Tamil people in south India. Believing the Scriptures to be the foundation of all true education, great emphasis has been placed upon the teachings of the Bible.

Already we have seen results of our labors. Eighteen of our students have been sent out to the training school at Coimbatore to continue their studies. Nearly all of these are now baptized members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, and are being prepared to take up responsibilities in connection with the Lord's work. Six of our students are at present employed as teachers in various mission schools.

The children in our boarding school came to me one day and said that they had determined to go without some of their meals, if they might have the cost of the food to put in the Sabbath school offerings. This opportunity was granted them.

Five years ago we hired a heathen woman as cook for our boarding school. Under Christian influence she was led to give her heart to God about three years ago, and the day of her baptism was a time of great rejoicing for our boys and girls in the boarding school. Since then she has become a faithful worker, and mothers the children who come to school. We always see a marked change for the better in the lives of Hindu children who come to our school.

A well-organized Missionary Volunteer Society is in a prosperous condition, and this stimulates an interest in personal missionary work, especially among the older students. Frequently teachers and students visit surrounding villages, preaching and scattering our truth-filled literature like the leaves of autumn.

We are anxious to see some paying industries connected with our school. These would be a material help to our students in paying their way, and also teach them to be self-reliant and industrious.

E. D. THOMAS.

YOU CAN DO IT, TOO

BE an opportunist on the trains. Among the leaders in one of our conferences is a brother who received the message through a copy of the *Signs* that one of our sisters gave him on the train. He took it home, read it with his wife, studied its teachings, and they accepted the message as a result. The sister on the train, you see, was "instant in season," and *prepared* to pass out something. Many of our people have formed the fruitful habit of carrying our soul-winning literature to give out when traveling on trains and boats and cars. *You can do it, too.*

Make the automobile extend the message. She lived isolated among the hills for a number of years, away from all social and church privileges. Some one passing her place in an automobile left a copy of the *Signs*. Becoming interested, she read other literature sent her later, and finally joined the church. The brother with the auto simply *remembered* to carry along a few papers, knowing that folks living in lonely spots are always glad to read new things that come their way. More and more our people are making their automobiles help circulate the literature for these times. *You can do it, too.*

Visit the people in their homes. "Calling at a home one day," writes an earnest home missionary, "I found the lady quite interested as I showed her the *Signs*. 'I want to ask you some questions,' she said. We had a little Bible study right there. She and her husband had been praying for light. They had attended one church after another, but were not satisfied. When I arose to leave, she remarked, 'I was not going to let you in, but when you continued ringing the doorbell I was forced to come to the door. Now I know the Lord sent you.' She and her husband soon after joined the church." A splendid work for Sabbath afternoons or Sundays! *You can do it, too.*

Put up more reading racks. In a certain State we have a nice little church with an interesting history. Not many months ago the brother who started this church was waiting in a railway station, and took from the reading rack a copy of the *Signs*. That single copy led him into the light, and he soon joined us. With a few copies of the *Signs* each week he interested others, and within a short time the church came into being. People have time to read in stations and on trains. Some Adventists are doing splendid service caring for racks. *You can do it, too.*

Use the mails more. "A friend sent me the *Signs of the Times*, which we are reading each week with great interest. We believe your teaching and religion is right. . . . We want to move to a Seventh-day Adventist settlement, so that we may join them, and also get church and school privileges for our children, and educate them in the truth."

Another writes: "Please increase my club to sixteen copies a week. I have been taking ten. We are mailing these papers to friends, and we are seeing results in our work. *Three* have accepted the truth through reading the *Signs*." Others are reaching souls with these papers, and *you can do it, too.*

Thus the Lord is working through those who have the spirit of readiness to serve. "Let us remember that if the opportunities for *great* deeds should never come to us, the opportunities for *good* deeds are renewed for us day by day." The passing of a tract, the mailing of a paper, the selling of a magazine, the lending of a book—these are among the *good* deeds that Missionary Volunteers can perform, and they are sure to count for righteousness. ERNEST LLOYD.

An Old Melody

BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,
 And all my passions capture;
 Eternal beauties round me shine,
 Infusing warmest rapture.
 I dive in pleasures deep and full,
 In swelling waves of glory;
 And feel my Saviour in my soul,
 And long to tell the story.

I feast on honey, milk, and wine,
 And drink perpetual sweetness.
 Mount Zion's wonders cheer my mind,
 While Christ unfolds his glory.
 No mortal tongue can show my joys,
 Nor can an angel tell them;
 Ten thousand times surpassing all
 Terrestrial worlds and emblems.

My captive spirit soars afar
 To shining worlds of beauty;
 Dissolved in rapture sweet, I cry
 In praises loud and mighty.
 And there I'll sing and swell the strain
 Of heaven's radiant glory,
 And tell, through one eternal day,
 Love's all-immortal story.

M. A. MORTON.

Proper Hoarding

WHO is satisfied with his present knowledge or mental development? "Not I," "Nor I"—I hear a chorus of voices in reply. No one ought to be.

"If you allow yourself to rest satisfied with present attainments, however respectable they may be, your mental garments will soon look threadbare."

The Bible says, "Wise men lay up knowledge," and surely no one is excused from doing so in this day of books and education.

There are laws against hoarding food, and against certain methods of gaining money, but everybody should be encouraged to hoard useful knowledge. This makes life more enjoyable, and prepares us to be a greater blessing to those about us. Knowledge is one thing we can give away and still retain.

The Missionary Volunteer Department has prepared a feast of good things for the children and young people in this year's Reading Courses. Already many young people have obtained these books at camp-meetings. Many others are planning to get them at camp-meeting in August and September. By all means get them.

The 1918-19 Reading Courses are as follows:

Senior

"Makers of South America," by Margarette Daniels.....	\$.60
"Making Good," by John T. Faris.....	.60
"The Days of June," by Mary Culler White.....	.50
"The Story of Prophets and Kings," by Ellen G. White, plain cloth.....	1.50
Ordered separately.....	\$3.20
Club price, postpaid.....	3.00

Junior

"The White Queen of Okoyong," by W. P. Livingstone.....	\$1.00
"Early Writings," by Ellen G. White.....	.75
"The Land of the Golden Man," by Anita B. Ferris.....	.50
"Outdoors, Indoors, and Up the Chimney," by Charles McIlvaine.....	.75
Ordered separately.....	\$3.00
Club price, postpaid.....	2.65

Primary

"Little Stories for Little People".....	\$.85
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Swedish

"Prophets and Kings" (plain), by Ellen G. White.....	\$1.50
"Makers of South America," by Margarette Daniels.....	.60
Price, for the two books.....	\$2.00

"Our Mohammedan Sisters" (Swedish), by Annie Van Sommer and Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer.....	
"Our Girls and Other Girls" (Swedish).....	
Price of last two books.....	1.00

German

"The Truth in Christ" (German).....	\$.75
"Heralds of the Morning" (German).....	2.50
"Makers of South America".....	.60
"The Days of June".....	.50
Total.....	\$4.35
Special price for the set, postpaid.....	3.25

Franklin said, "An investment in knowledge pays the best interest."
 M. E. KERN.

Hardest Words in English Language

"I do remember my faults this day." Gen. 41: 9.

SOME one has said that the three hardest words in the English language to pronounce are, "I am wrong." Yet these words must be pronounced with an honest and humble heart if we are to secure the favor of God. The prodigal son pronounced them when he said, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight." David uttered them when he said, "I will confess my transgressions unto Jehovah." The Ephesians did so when they "came, confessing, and declaring their deeds" (literally, openly confessing and declaring from top to bottom). It is one thing to "remember" our faults, and another thing to openly and completely confess them.

Ere one declares his deeds from top to bottom he must realize that they are "my faults." The individual in the text did not excuse himself. He did not condone his sin. His pride of position or of profession did not hinder his confession. He acknowledged that it was his sin and that he was accountable for it. He did not seek to divert attention from his sin by pointing to another's sin. He realized that he was responsible for his own sin.

Our confession of sin should be made *this day*—every day. This was Paul's thought when he said, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." If we settled our difficulties with our brother ere the sun had set each day, and made our confessions to another ere the night came, what a fraternity would exist in our churches! If we made full and frank and free confession to God ere we closed our eyes in sleep, how much happier would we be and how sweet our rest!

If we let no day close without taking care of its sins, there would be little danger of sin's fastening its toils about us. Habits grow; and if sins are not corrected today, they will bind us more securely tomorrow. Just as the banker balances his books at the close of the day, so we should never let the day close without correcting the moral ledger. This will enable us to start with a clean page each day, and will prevent us from being hindered by the faults of yesterday. Belle Kellogg Towne wrote:

"Were I you, little lad, I would see that each day
 Was swept clean ere 'twas folded away;
 Aye, so clean that I could say with all truth:
 'Twas a bit of good work done today.'"

—Rev. A. D. Batchelor.

Motto for a Book

"WHEN you've read me through and through,
 Send me off as good as new;
 Boys there are in brown or blue
 Who would like to read me, too."

THE bravest are the tenderest.—Bayard Taylor.



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



A Letter to Girls Who Have Brothers

MY younger brother, who is attending college, was to enjoy a short vacation. He decided he wanted to go "hiking" up to the mountains — all alone. The journey was long, and would take him the greater part of four days.

Of course the lunch had to be prepared, and it was no small task to select those foods which would be most nourishing, and yet light in weight.

Then there must be a few little messages tucked in for "dessert," you know. An envelope marked for each day and containing tiny stamp pictures of the old college left behind, personal messages, and appropriate clippings, were all snugly hidden in the lunch box. Anticipating his mountain appetite, I slipped a little money in, too.

Now, big sisters, the only way I can let you know how much these little attentions were appreciated, is to copy parts of the letters he wrote me.

"ON THE BANKS OF THE — RIVER,
"Not long after sunrise, Thursday.

"Good morning, dear sister o' mine:

"Truly you're an angel in disguise. I've just finished eating the dandiest breakfast, and let me tell you right here that both meals so far have been especially enjoyed because of the wonderfully unique and entirely original little messages of encouragement and good will that accompanied the lunch box — that 'match less' box of many surprises. [I had forgotten to put in the box of matches I had promised.]

"The first part of that beautiful little poem 'Divine Providence,' memorized at sunset supper, charmed me to sleep at a dark hour last night. I never slept more comfortably — curled up around my own little camp fire, on a soft sandy bed (not a 'bump,' mind you). Above me was the blue canopy of sky, studded with its bright cheery stars, and but a few feet away the murmuring mountain stream; all about me were the friendly trees, — the mighty oaks and the picturesque pines, — and the cool air fragrant and invigorating. Yes, I almost feel selfish for enjoying these many nice things all by myself. I wish you, Will, and the children — I wish the whole world — would turn themselves out of doors into the larger, loftier, and healthier home that Father God and Mother Nature intended for their children. I am glad that as a people we are soon to return to our long-lost Eden.

"I sincerely appreciate your kind wishes that this little mountain trip may result in both benefit and pleasure to me. I am happy in the thought of being remembered in your prayers at this time, not merely that no harm may come to me, but that I may have the continual companionship of Him who offers himself as both guide and friend. I want to know him better, and so I trust these hours of solitude will be hours of happiness, will be hours spent with him.

"Your little brother,
"LAWRENCE."

"P. S. I forgot to thank you, or rather scold you (really now, you shouldn't have done it), for that additional Wednesday night message, 'In God we trust' — Eagle with wings spread — u no."

"UNDER THE PINES AT — LAKE,
"Friday A. M.

"The top of the morning to you:

"Just a note before I again 'hit the trail,' to tell you that I spent a most comfortable night on a bed of pine needles, and though the air was cool, 'yours truly,' wrapped up snugly in his double blanket, wasn't a bit cold.

"The waters of the lake are inviting me to a swim this morning, but my companion Better Judgment refuses to accompany me, and I dislike going in alone. I believe you were under the impression that this fellow who occasionally accompanies me had stayed at home this trip, — that trips of

this kind were not to his liking. However, he is telling me to write you that he is genuinely glad he came, that the scenery is beautiful; that sleeping out of doors is invigorating; that mountain air is exhilarating; that the well-selected and nicely prepared 'eats' are a joy indeed to a healthy appetite; that tramping the hot, hard road is not disheartening; that the messages of thoughtfulness and love are as cool, refreshing drinks to a thirsty traveler; and lastly, that there is no such thing as loneliness in God's out of doors, and that trips like these are truly worth taking.

"The road is again calling me. I must be going on.
"Good-by. LAWRENCE."

Dear big sisters, while my brother's letters are somewhat slangy, they abound in good feeling. And after all, that is the important thing in this important time. When we spend a few moments in planning little surprises for our dear brothers, do we not have rich returns? We do not know how long we may have them. Let us encourage and help them whenever we can. Yes, let us plan and study how we can be to them all that big sisters ought to be.

Sincerely yours,
A BIG SISTER.

Opinions of Actors

MANY of the highest minded and sincerest of actors and actresses decry the unwholesome influence of the theater.

Edwin Booth said, "My knowledge of modern drama is so very meager that I never permit my wife and daughters to witness a play without previously ascertaining its character. But while the theater is permitted to be a mere shop for gain, open to every immoral huckster, there is no other way to discriminate between the pure and the base than through the experience of others."

A. M. Palmer, a successful theater manager of the country, said, "The chief themes of the theater are now, and ever have been, the passions of men — ambition and jealousy leading to murder; anger leading to madness; and lust leading to adultery and death."

M. Dumas, the younger, a writer of licentious plays, said, "You do not take your daughter to see any play? You are right. Let me say once and for all, do not take your daughter to the theater. It is not merely the work that is immoral, it is the place. Whenever we paint men, there must be a grossness that cannot be placed before all eyes; and wherever the theater is elevated and loyal, it can live only by using the colors of truth. The theater being the picture of the satire of the passions and social manners, it must forever be immoral." . . .

What, then, should be the attitude of the Christian to the theater and the good play? Of course it is taken for granted he will not think of patronizing any other kind. Many conscientious people say, "Can we not attend Shakespearean plays and others of like character?" No better answer can be given than the following letter:

"DEAR FRIEND: I was one of your hearers when you preached to women on your first Sunday in Mobile.

"You mentioned a woman whose husband had been touched by attending a religious meeting and who asked her to accompany him the following night. She refused, saying she had asked some friend to her home to play cards. You no doubt recall the incident. I trembled for fear I should cry out that I was guilty of just such a sin, and I determined to let you know of it and ask you to use my story as an emphasis to the one you told.

"When I was married, my husband was a clean man, a Y. M. C. A. worker, a Sunday school teacher, and an earnest church member. I was a member of the same church.

"I begged him to go to the theater with me, but he insisted again and again that theatergoing was not conducive to Christian living. Finally I won, and we began taking in only Shakespearean plays, then others and others. Then my husband did not come home early in the evening to go out to the theater or anywhere else with me. He quit attending church, came home later and later, would be absent from home and his business for several days, telling me that he had been called to a neighboring city on business. I never had doubted him until a disclosure made it evident that he had been drinking heavily, had been in vile company, and had spent the time of his absence in small barrooms in the suburbs of the city.

"Just before you came here we had a conversation in which he told me that theatergoing was the beginning of his trouble. He thought he could go to the theater some, smoke a few cigars, and drink a little, until he came to the point where he had no taste for religious affairs, and went from bad to worse.

"I thank God that I had the courage to tell him I had long since known I was wrong. He promised to give up his evil habits and to try to follow Christ. I believe he has done so, for he was one of the most zealous personal workers during the evangelistic campaign.

"Out of the fulness of my glad heart I am writing to you to ask you to urge mothers and wives and young women to make no compromise with evil and to cling close to Christ, and to encourage by every means every good effort of a husband or a son in religious work.

"Through suffering, my heart has been changed, and I trust my message to you may save many of my sisters from a sin like mine.

"With my prayer for your work,
"A PENITENT ONE."

The eminent comedian, Mr. E. M. Holland, verified this very experience when he said to a friend of mine, "The theater is moving down grade. When I have a night off, I go down to the Bowery (New York) and there I see people who used to come to see the Shakespearean plays ten or twelve years ago. They have gone steadily down the line."

Somewhere embedded in the heart of the theater seems to be, in spite of all reformatory efforts, that which is not only not conducive to devotional and spiritual living, but a positive menace to it.

Paul has given a fair and rational rule by which to settle this and every question of Christian conduct: 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil.'—Henry W. Stough, in "Across the Dead Line of Amusements."

Love Makes the Stitches

SHE was a little Austrian woman, and she was crossing the ocean on a great hostile liner. Most of the other women were the wives of Englishmen, and they could not forget that her country was at war with their land. They ignored her, and she was left much to herself. And yet—

One morning as she was walking up and down the deck in her solitary way, she passed the steamer chair of a middle-aged Englishwoman who was knitting at a gray woolen sock. And suddenly she paused in her walk and held out both her hands.

"Oh," she cried, in very good English, "will you not let me knit a few rows on that sock?"

The Englishwoman looked up. And her face was cold and rather hard. "I think," she said, "that you would scarcely want to knit on *this* sock! For it is going to an English colonel—my husband!"

The little Austrian woman looked at the colonel's lady. And there were tears in her eyes. "Listen," she said in a low, shaking voice. "I, myself, have a son. He is an officer in the Austrian army. But if you knew my son, I do not think you would hate him! If I knew the colonel, your husband, I do not think that I should hate him, either—" She paused for a moment before she went on, and then said, "Now that the world is torn by war, we women must do what we can to keep a little love in it. May I, perhaps, knit a few rows on the sock?"

Silently, but with tears in her own eyes, the Englishwoman handed over the gray wool.—*The Christian Herald*.

Queen of the World

"THE mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man;
Then crown her queen of the world."

AND where we love is home—
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts;
The chain may lengthen, but it never parts.
—Holmes.

Put Yourself to the Test

IN Detroit an automobile manufacturer has built a half-mile track for speed tests. In the field is a sand pit. The cars are driven into the sand up to the hubs and then driven out again. Detroit is a level region, so this manufacturer built a steel hill five hundred and forty-two feet long and thirty feet wide. The grades vary, and the car must be able to take the steepest of them on high speed. The aim is to make sure, before a car goes out, that it can meet triumphantly the severest conditions of the roads.

Oh, that mental workers and spiritual workers were as careful to put themselves to the test before embarking on any enterprise! Would you be a preacher? See whether you can gain and hold the attention of Christian Endeavor societies and unions. Would you be an evangelist? Try your soul-winning powers on a Sabbath school class. Would you marry and establish a home? First make happy your mother and father and sister in your boyhood home. Make sure, before you go out on the highway, that you will not stall at the first hill.—*Æsop Jones, in Christian Endeavor World*.

When She Was Prayed For

THE Rev. George F. Pentecost tells of a timid little girl, who wanted to be prayed for at a religious meeting in the south of London. She wanted to come to Jesus, and said to the Christian man who was conducting the meeting, "Will you pray for me in the meeting, please? But do not mention my name." In the meeting which followed, when every head was bowed and there was perfect silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl, and he said, "O Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name known, but thou dost know her; save her precious soul." There was stillness for a moment, and then away back in that congregation a little girl arose, and a pleading little voice said, "Please, it's me; Jesus, it's me." She did not want to have a doubt. The more she had thought about it the hungrier her heart was for forgiveness. She wanted to be saved, and she was not ashamed to say, "Jesus, it's me."—*Mrs. J. E. Conant*.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

PLAYING WITH FIRE

WHAT is happening over there?" Gladys almost let go of Uncle Bob's hand in her excitement, and that would never have done in the crowded city streets.

"It is a parade," cried her brother Bert. "May we watch it, Uncle Bob?"

"Sure enough, it is a parade," said Uncle Bob. "Let's hurry, or we shall miss it. I wonder who is parading today? This is not an anniversary of any kind."

"It is Fire Prevention Day, I heard some one say this morning; but they would not have a parade for that, would they?" Bert looked at his uncle questioningly.

"That is just what it is — the morning paper said the fire commissioner had planned a parade. I am glad you will have a chance to see it."

"So am I," agreed Gladys happily. "It is not every day we get a chance to come into New York, though we do live so near."

Gladys and Bert had come in from their home in New Jersey to spend the day with Uncle Bob, and they were having the best kind of time. Uncle Bob was so full of fun, and always planned such delightful things. Today they were going out to Bronx Park to see the animals, but this parade was an unexpected addition to their holiday. They hurried to the corner in time to see the first float pass, and watched the entire parade with interest.

"Look at the two children," cried Bert suddenly. On the float approaching was a representation of a little boy and a larger girl, playing with a toy stove near a window, with the curtain of thin material flying out in the breeze into the flames.

"Playing with fire cost \$101,582 last year," read Gladys slowly. "I had no idea so many bad fires could start that way."

"That means just in New York City," replied Uncle Bob. "It would be much more if we counted the cost of fires like that all over the country."

There were other floats in the parade showing the danger of carelessness with matches, bonfires, and other things from which a bad fire might start, and the fire department had its engines and other apparatus on exhibit too. But somehow that float showing the danger of playing with fire made more impression upon Bert and Gladys than anything else; and later in the day, when they were at the Bronx Park, Gladys said:

"I am going to be careful about playing with fire, and I am going to tell every one I know how dangerous it is. Mother has always warned us, but I did not realize how much harm it could do."

"There is another way to play with fire that is even more dangerous," answered Uncle Bob.

"What way?" asked Bert.

"To do things that are harmful to your body and mind and keep them from being strong and well," was the reply. "Using cigarettes, for instance. Tobacco stunts your growth, makes your mind less active, takes away your power of endurance, and dulls your tools — your brain and nerves and muscles that you must depend on to succeed in the world. If you start to smoke, it is like starting a fire where there are shavings and other things that will burn easily, for you start a habit that is one of the hardest in the world to break off, and that will do you all kinds of damage. It is the same way with taking liquor — it does you no good, and an immense amount of harm. Most of the crimes are the result of liquor drinking, as policemen and judges will tell you. As you grow older, you may be tempted to try these things 'just once,' but remember what it costs to play with fire, and say No if liquor and tobacco are offered you."

"We've learned in school how harmful alcohol and tobacco are," Bert said thoughtfully. "But I never thought before how hard it would be to stop if one once started to use them."

"The best thing to do is never to start," said Gladys wisely.

All this time they had been watching the animals of different kinds that are kept in the Bronx Park Zoo, and Uncle Bob laughed as he looked at the monkeys.

"We've had a regular temperance sermon, haven't we?" he said. "Here is a little story I read about monkeys that just fits in. They say that in a certain place on the west coast of Africa the monkeys are extremely fond of a kind of beer made by the natives, who use the drink to capture the poor animals. Having placed quantities where the monkeys can get at it, the natives wait until their victims are in various degrees of intoxication, and then when they mingle with them, the poor creatures are too much fuddled to recognize the difference between negro and ape. When a native takes the hand of one of them to lead him off, some other monkey clings to the hand of the first and another to his hand; thus a single native may be seen carrying off a string of staggering monkeys. You may supply your own moral to my story — it is not hard to find, is it?"

"No, sir," replied both children at once.

That was all that was said about temperance that afternoon, but Bert and Gladys agree that they think of it every time they think of their pleasant outing with Uncle Bob, and they have both resolved they will not carelessly play with fire of any kind, either real fire or the fire that harms their bodies and minds. — *Selected.*

"LEARN the truth, live the truth,
Esteem the truth divine,
Grasp the truth, teach the truth,
And truth will thee refine."

The King's Questions

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI, the great Russian writer of many books, wrote also interesting short stories to teach important moral lessons. One of these tells of a king to whom it occurred "that if he always knew the right time to begin everything; if he always knew who were the right people to listen to and whom to avoid; and above all if he always knew what was the most important thing to do, he would never fail in anything he might undertake."

This king offered a large reward to the person who would teach him these things. Thereupon many sought to help him to a solution of his problem, but each one submitted a different answer. The king therefore was as far away from always knowing what was the most important thing to do at a certain time, and what was the right time for every action, and who were the most necessary people, as before he began his search. Having heard of a hermit to whom great wisdom was accredited, he determined as a last effort to consult this man. But the hermit received only common folk, so before starting out on his quest the king laid aside his royal robes for simple clothes.

A short distance from the hermit's house the king dismounted from his horse and left it and his bodyguard behind, while he went on foot and alone. Reaching the hut, he found the old man, frail and weak, digging in his garden. The hermit greeted the king, but continued digging. The king made known his errand, saying that he had come to ask three questions: "How can I learn to do the right thing at the right time? Who are the people I most need and to whom should I therefore pay more attention than to the rest? What affairs are the most important?" The hermit listened, but made no answer, and kept on digging. The king, seeing that the aged man was too frail and weak for such work, begged that he be allowed to relieve him for a while. The digger gratefully handed over his spade to the visitor.

After the king had been at work for some time, he repeated his questions. Still the old man made no answer, except to say: "Now rest awhile and let me work a bit." But the king refused to give up the spade, and worked on till the sun dropped behind the trees. Then he spoke to the old man thus: "I came to you, wise man, for answers to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will return home."

Just then their attention was directed to a runner from the wood who, as he came near, fell fainting from loss of blood from a fresh wound in the abdomen. As the man's hold on the wound loosened, the blood gushed forth. The king quickly washed and bandaged the wound, repeating the operation time after time as the blood continued to flow. Finally the flow was stanching and they carried the wounded man into the hut. The king, wearied by his digging and service to the unfortunate stranger, fell asleep and did not waken till morning.

When the king arose, the wounded man begged his forgiveness. The king said he did not know him and had nothing to forgive. The man then told the king that he was his enemy who had sworn to avenge the injury the king had done his brother. He had heard of the king's visit to the hermit, and had meant to kill him on his return from the hut, but being recognized by the king's bodyguard had himself been brought near death. Only the king's service had saved his life. Therefore he besought again His Majesty's forgiveness, promising future allegiance. The king

gladly forgave his enemy, and promised to send his own physician to attend him until his full recovery.

Before leaving for his home the king again begged the hermit to answer his questions. The old man said, "You have already been answered! If you had not pitied my weakness yesterday, and had not dug those beds for me, but had gone your way, that man would have attacked you, and you would have repented of not having stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds; and I was the most important man; and to do me good was your most important business. Afterward, when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business. Remember then: There is only one time that is important—Now! It is the most important time because it is the only time when we have any power. The most necessary man is he with whom you are, for no man knows whether he will ever have dealings with any one else; and the most important affair is, to do him good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life!"

A Man Who was Proud of His Job

COL. GEORGE E. WARING, Street Cleaning Commissioner of New York City, was this man; and he had reason to be proud of his job, for he changed the metropolis from one of the dirtiest cities of the country to one of the cleanest. He appealed to the people to help in keeping the streets clean. For this purpose the boys and girls were organized into juvenile civic leagues. One enthusiastic youthful recruit wrote the following letter to Colonel Waring:

"DEAR SIR: While walking through Broome Street, on Monday, at 7:30 P. M., I saw a man throwing a mattress on the street. I told him to put it in a barrel, and he picked it up and thanked me for the inflammation I had given him. I also picked up 35 banana skins, 43 watermelon shells, 2 bottles, 3 cans, and a mattress from Norfolk Street."

The following pertinent song was written for the boys and girls of the civic leagues:

"There are barrels in the hallways,
Neighbor mine.
Pray be mindful of them always,
Neighbor mine.
If you're not devoid of feeling,
Quickly to those barrels stealing,
Throw in each banana peeling,
Neighbor mine.

"Look! Where'er you drop a paper,
Neighbor mine,
In the wind it cuts a caper,
Neighbor mine.
Down the street it madly courses,
And should fill you with remorse
When you see it scare the horses,
Neighbor mine.

"Paper cans were made for papers,
Neighbor mine.
Let's not have the fact escape us,
Neighbor mine.
And if you will lend a hand,
Soon our city dear shall stand
As the cleanest in the land,
Neighbor mine."

These admonitions are as pertinent today as ever; and they should be applied to every habitable community, by every one who counts himself a patriotic citizen.

"THE value of this life is in seeking, not in obtaining."

For the Finding-Out Club

UNCLE SAM has representatives at various national capitals of the world. To these he frequently sends messages. These messages, however, are written in code or cipher, so that their contents may not be discovered by unauthorized persons.

The following is a cipher message to every Seventh-day Adventist ambassador throughout the world. See if you can find the "key" by a rearrangement or transposition of the alphabet, and decipher the message.

" . . . JBEX . . . JUVYR VG VF QNL; GUR AVTUG PBZRGU, JURA AB ZNA PNA JBEX."

HENRY DE FLUITER.

Who Is He ?

MANY boys have to quit college because their parents have met with financial reverses. This man is the only fellow we ever heard of who had to quit because he found himself so very rich all at once that he could not afford to finish his course.

He did not want to leave college, with its golden companionships, its splendid memories for after-life: but there were no two ways about it.

The death of the father made it necessary for this boy to put aside his youth and assume the mantle of manhood overnight.

There he was, twenty-one years old, with an assured income of \$10,000 a day, and much besides. For ten hours a day during the next two years he worked learning how to administer his great estate, detail by detail. He learned it from every angle, economically, socially, and otherwise. Meanwhile he married.

The girl he married was not clever or artistic, or ambitious for a career, but she was sweet and gentle and beautiful in character, and an heiress herself. Together they got to work and took stock of their position. It was a position of responsibility. The world had its eyes upon them. They must not make mistakes. The first thing they did was to start a fine experimental farm on the Hudson where scientific problems connected with the production of food supplies could be studied.

Just when he was in his worst quandary as to what career he should follow, the war came upon the world.

So now he is an American flier in France, and his wife is working in a great field hospital. Meanwhile the career waits. Who is he? — *Every Week*.

Answers to Questions Printed in "Instructor" of July 23

1. "F. o. b." means "free on board." That is, if one buys goods f. o. b. Chicago, the seller will place them aboard the cars in that city at his own expense. The purchaser defrays expenses from that point.

2. Andorra, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Ecuador, France, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Liberia, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Portugal, Salvador, San Marino, Santo Domingo, Switzerland, United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela are the world's republics.

3. "Pan" is the Greek word for "all." "Pan-American" means pertaining to all America, that is, North, Central, and South. "Pan-German" refers to the extension of the German sphere so as to include other countries.

4. The name "blacksmith" was originally applied to a smith who worked in black metal or iron, to distinguish him from whitesmith, one who worked in white metal, such as tin. "Smith" is an old Anglo-Saxon word applied to persons who shape metal by hammering, and to artificers and craftsmen in metals.

5. All ships, except those owned by the United States and Panama Governments, have to pay toll when passing through the Panama Canal.

6. Citric acid is obtained from fruits, roots, and leaves of various plants. Among the common plants that yield it are gooseberries, huckleberries, tobacco, grapevines, and sugar beets. It is usually obtained on a large scale from the juice of lemons or limes. The juice is first allowed to ferment, then it is neutralized with lime, filtered, and at length decomposed with sulphuric acid. About one hundred pounds of lemons are required for the production of five pounds of acid. Its most common uses are in medicine, for treating rheumatism, for making effervescent drinks, and to prevent formation of colors not wanted in calico printing.

7. The word "sabotage" is a French term derived from "sabat," meaning a wooden shoe. French strikers would throw their wooden shoes into machinery, thus wrecking it; and from that the term came to be extended to apply to all malicious damage done to stop production or interfere with industry.

8. A studious gent — diligent.
A rebellious gent — insurgent.
An importunate gent — urgent.
A luminous gent — refulgent.
A careless gent — negligent.
A knowing gent — intelligent.
An acrid gent — pungent.
An active gent — reagent.

Caleb Cobweb's Black List

HE takes many magazines and periodicals."

What is a magazine if it is not a periodical?

A periodical is a publication that appears at regular or stated periods.

The term includes magazines, of course; but it also includes daily papers, and weeklies, and — almanacs! — *Christian Endeavor World*.

Proud of His Overalls

AT Greeley, Colorado, there is an electrical shop run by a man who was a member of the Russian Committee of Honor for Comte Lobachefsky, and who went to Russia some years ago as a special guest from America. The French savants issued as a special compliment to him an edition de luxe of his important work on modern geometry.

"Omitting college titles, he is a member of the London Mathematical Society; of the Société Mathématique of France; of the Circulo-Matematico di Palermo. He can also afford to admit that he belongs to the Deutschen Mathematiker-Vereinigung, since he has three sons fighting for the Allies."

Dr. Halstead explains his appearance in blue overalls in the homes of the people, doing electrical repair work, thus:

"Americans are pragmatists. They pay the inventor of useful things, but not the discoverer of principals. I shall not complain — every nation has its particular genius. Besides, the most honorable thing is to give services for which one is not paid."

List Your Faults

I KNEW I had marked ability in my line and could give excellent references. So it was with some confidence that I stepped into the manager's office, that day, to ask for a job. Imagine my surprise when, having heard my recital, he asked:

"But what are your faults?"

I was chagrined, but managed to answer:

"Well, I hardly know. Perhaps one of them is that I never thought to list my faults."

"A lack that is all too common in employees," said the manager. "Our firm can readily discover your ability, but it takes any firm time to list each employee's faults. One man may be jealous, and find himself in constant opposition to some fellow employee because of it; another may be careless in dress, and so lower the standard of our personnel; another may spend his off hours in pleasure that does not make him 'fit' for our careful work.

"When a doctor makes a diagnosis of a case, he doesn't tell you to watch over a sound heart or a normal digestive apparatus. He gives you minute directions how to care for that weakened lung — how to act, to live, to rest, to make your body well again. This is much the way a young man should do — study his weak points and cure them.

"Early in my business life I made out a written list of my faults, and began an effort to correct them. I found that if I quit singing a song of hate, I found myself singing a song of joy. If I quit envying the man higher up, I soon found myself in the place ahead. When I quit doing careless work, I found I was doing careful work.

"In my case this has proved excellent advice to follow. Make out your list today." — *Every Week*.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul"

THE author of this hymn, Charles Wesley, is one of the best-known English hymn writers. He was born at Epworth, England, Dec. 28, 1708.

In his book "Famous Hymns of the World," Allan Sutherland says: "Several incidents have been narrated as having inspired the composition of this hymn. One is, that Wesley's narrow escape from death in a severe storm on the Atlantic inspired him to portray in verse the thoughts and sensations of a Christian in deadly peril. Another is, that as he stood by an open window on a summer day, a little bird, sorely pressed by a hawk, sought refuge in his bosom, and that then and there he conceived the idea of pointing out the soul's one sure place of safety in time of immediate need.

"The Rev. William Laurie, D. D., LL. D., states that Mrs. Mary E. Hoover, long a member of his church in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, and whose own grandmother was the heroine of the story, informed him of the following family tradition:

"Charles Wesley was preaching in the fields of the parish of Killielee, County Down, Ireland, when he was attacked by a number of men who did not approve of his doctrines. He sought safety in a house located on what was known as the Island Band farm. The farmer's wife, Jane Lowrie Moore, told him to hide in the milk house down in the garden. Soon the mob came, demanding the fugitive. She sought to quiet them by offering to get them refreshments. Going down to the milk house, she directed Mr. Wesley to get through a rear window and hide under the

hedge, by which ran a little brook. This he did, and it was while here, with the cries of his pursuers all about him, that he wrote his immortal hymn. Descendants of Mrs. Moore still live in the house, which is much the same as it was in Wesley's time."

It is probable that this hymn was written about 1740. The author lived until he was eighty years of age, dying March 29, 1788. We quote below the third stanza, which is never sung at the present time:

"Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall —
Lo! on thee I cast my care:
Reach me out thy gracious hand!
While I of thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand
Dying, and, behold, I live!"

GEORGE S. BELLEAU.

"You know that fellow joined the Ambulance Corps to avoid going to the front," said one man of another. Had the speaker understood the difficulties and dangers under which the Ambulance Corps work he would know that one does not increase his personal safety by joining the relief work of the ambulance men. Their work is exceedingly trying and dangerous.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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MATILDA ERICKSON } Assistant Secretaries
ELLA IDEN }
MRS. I. H. EVANS Office Secretary
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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.

"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, are 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 the 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 two 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 feel like working harder than ever?

The Testimonies Reading Course¹

A SCOTCHMAN once said to a young friend: "Carl, do you know that if a kitten be taken before its eyes are open and thrown into a pond of water and drowned, its eyes will be open after it is drowned?" His friend replied that he did not, and asked what relation that had to the question they were discussing. "The point is this," continued the Scotchman, "some people get their eyes open too late."

I think perhaps we do not have our eyes open to the importance and to the worth of many things. We need to have our eyes opened to the value and the worth of the things in our possession. Some one has said that the glory and the worth of things near at hand are always escaping us. You remember the story of the artist who sent far and wide for a stone from which to make his Madonna, and found it at his own fireside. It was Agassiz who said he could not go on a long trip because he wanted to discover the wonders in his own back yard.

Now we have right in our hands things that contain wonderful values, and we want to discover them for our associates, for our young people. You remember the two disciples on the way to Emmaus. Their eyes were holden. They did not see the prophet that walked by their side, and I believe that a great many of our young people do not realize that a prophet has walked among us, and a great many do not realize that there has been left to us a remarkable collection of books teaching principles that will lead this denomination on to success and triumph, and unless we follow the principles laid down through the servant of God we shall go astray. There is no question about it. I thank God for the little volume that was placed in my hands twenty years ago by a friend. It was the little book "Christian Education." That book is pretty well marked, and pretty well worn, but I thank God for that gift of a friend.

Sometimes it takes a stranger, some one in the world, to remind us of the value of the things we possess. You perhaps have heard of Dr. Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin College. I was told by the brother who sold a copy of "Steps to Christ" to him that the doctor kept that little book on his desk in the chapel for a year, that he might read from it to the students in the morning. James Wharton James, who is perhaps the greatest authority on Indian life, basketry, etc., here in America, at the exposition in San Diego delivered a series of lectures on the lives of great Western women, and one woman he discussed for an hour in these lectures was Mrs. Ellen G. White. He spoke very highly of her. I went upstairs later and he showed me some of her books he had read and marked. This man of the world who has read her writings saw remarkable value in them, and spoke of Sister White as a "literary conservator of Christianity." Aside from the literary value of her writings, he spoke of the great principles of health outlined in her books, and the opportunities of mind development, and the opportunities of spiritual development — he held them up before the people on that occasion.

The Testimonies Reading Course is to cover two years, and we want to encourage our boys and girls to go through the Testimonies with their pencil and paper and jot down the gems. They will find them all along, on every page. I have found young people who have copied out beautiful excerpts, quotations, gems which have proved helpful to them, and there are many of them who have memorized these.

¹ Stenographic report of a talk given by Ernest Lloyd in one of the Missionary Volunteer departmental meetings held at the General Conference in San Francisco.

Our Counsel Corner

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

I AM an isolated Missionary Volunteer, so have not yet learned what the new Senior Reading Course books for 1918-19 are to be. I should be glad to know the prices also, as I must surely have a set. I. M.

The books in the Senior Reading Course, No. 12, are:

	PRICE
"Makers of South America," by Margarette Daniels	\$.60
"Making Good," by John T. Faris.....	.60
"The Days of June," by Mary Culler White ..	.50
"The Story of Prophets and Kings," by Ellen G. White.....	1.50

We are very glad you are planning to take this excellent course. Many regard it as the best Missionary Volunteer Reading Course we have ever had; and surely none has been better. Every book in the set is good, — supremely good, — and will make a most excellent addition to your library. During the next two months this paper will tell you more about the new Reading Course books. Read what it says about them; and by all means be sure to read the books, and get others to do the same. M. E.

There are a number of glaring faults in my character that even my friends can see plainly. I have made an effort for years to overcome these, and have prayed about them day after day; but I am not improving much. Perhaps it is because I am too old. I know God has the power to change one completely; how can I obtain this power? INQUIRER.

Your experience is not different from that of many others who "tried for years and failed" before they learned that sin can never be overcome by *trying*. There is not a command or exhortation in the Bible to the effect that you should try to overcome. It does say, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, *even our faith.*" Not our works.

Jesus overcame and won the victory on the very points on which you fail. *His* victory is *yours*. That is what he gained it for. You do not have to "obtain this power." Just accept his victory by taking "himself" into your heart. Having him you have all that he is — victory, peace, power, faith, righteousness.

It doesn't make any difference whether you are old or young. Christ is the same. He does not change, and he is abundantly able to subdue all your sins if you let him abide in you. M. M.

Just for the Juniors

The Stolen Ladder Rounds

WELL, what did my little girl learn at church this morning?" asked Grandpa Kingsley as Beth came running into the living-room.

"Oh, the minister drew a picture of a ladder on the blackboard, and said that being a Christian was just like climbing a ladder; and he marked the rounds with words. Charity, or love, was at the top. He said we must have every round before we could reach the top. I don't see why; for I have seen many people with love in their hearts who didn't have the other

things, like patience and meekness. I don't see just what the minister meant, do you, grandpa?"

"Let me tell you of an experience that I once had," said the old man. "It was a very bitter one, and I do not like to talk about it; but if it will help you to see the necessity of having all the rounds in the ladder, I shall feel well repaid.

"When I was about ten years old my father and mother moved onto a farm. The house was two stories high, but a tower was built up another story on one side, and often we boys used to go up there to play.

"One night after we were supposed to be tucked safely in bed, my brother and I decided that we would take three-year-old Ned and go up there to play 'pirates' in the dark. We knew that mother would not approve, but we thought it would be great fun, and that she would never know the difference. We soon grew tired of our play, and before long we were fast asleep.

"In the middle of the night I was awakened by the smell of smoke, and it did not take me long to discover that the house was on fire. I called to Arthur and ran down the stairs. The fire was already burning near the stairway. Arthur came tumbling down after me and we were soon outdoors where we found mother anxiously waiting for us; for she had found our beds empty.

"'Where have you boys been?' she asked, and I was obliged to tell her that we had been sleeping up in the tower room.

"'And little Ned, where is he?' I felt my heart in my mouth, and could only point to the tower. My mother rushed into the house and started for the stairs, but they were already in flames and she could not pass.

"There is a long ladder out by the barn," I cried.

"My father brought it as quickly as possible. It was just long enough to reach to the window, and in a moment my father was climbing up. Then I saw him stop about six feet from the top. Suddenly I felt my blood grow cold; for I remembered that only the morning before, Arthur and I had taken two rounds from the ladder with which to roll our hoops. We had taken them from the top because we thought that it would never be necessary to have the ladder as long as that.

"The space left by the missing rounds was too great for my father to step across, and he was obliged to retrace his steps. Before he could get the ladder fixed to go up again the tower had fallen in, and a few hours afterward we found the body of little Ned.

"It was a bitter experience, but it taught me two lessons. One was obedience, and the other was not to take things that did not belong to me, no matter how useless they seemed. I believe it will show you the necessity of having all the rounds in your Christian ladder. It is true that many people seem to have the virtues that are at the top of the ladder without having some that are placed on the lower rounds; but like the ladder from which we took the rounds, when the really important and testing time comes they will be useless.

"We are living in serious times, and I hope that grandpapa's little girl will begin at the bottom of her ladder of character and Christian growth, and put in every round until she has a perfect ladder that will reach up to any trial or temptation."

Little Beth stepped quietly from the room, with a determined look on her face, which showed that she intended through God to build a perfect Christian ladder.

HAZEL W. ROTH.

The Sabbath School

VIII — The Ten Plagues (Concluded)

(August 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ex. 9: 13-35; 10; 11.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 267-272; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 159-161.

MEMORY VERSE: "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Ps. 91: 10.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:

The eternal years of God are hers."

— Bryant.

Questions

Seventh Plague — The Hail

After six plagues had been sent upon Egypt, what warning did the Lord send Pharaoh?

What should come to pass on the morrow?

What were the people to do?

How were those known who believed the Lord?

How severe was the plague of hail?

Where was there no hail?

What did Pharaoh now say?

How was the plague stayed?

Ex. 9: 13-35. Note 1.

Eighth Plague — The Locusts

What warning did Pharaoh receive of the next plague?

What did Pharaoh's servants now say?

What question did Pharaoh now ask?

What was the answer?

How severe was the plague of locusts?

What acknowledgment did the king make?

How were the locusts removed?

Then what would Pharaoh not do?

Ex. 10: 1-20. Note 2.

Ninth Plague — Darkness

How was the plague of darkness brought?

How did the Lord again show favor to his own people?

How long did the darkness last?

What permission did the king then give?

What reply did Moses make?

With what words did Pharaoh dismiss Moses?

How did Moses reply?

Verses 21-29. Note 3.

Tenth Plague — Death of the First-Born

What did the Lord say he would yet bring upon Egypt?

What would Pharaoh then be willing for the Israelites to do?

What should Israel ask of the Egyptians?

How was Moses regarded?

What would come to pass at midnight?

What would there be throughout all Egypt?

How anxious would the Egyptians then be for the Israelites to go?

Ex. 11: 1-10. Note 4.

A Memory Drill

Name the ten plagues in order.

Which of these did the magicians counterfeit?

In which of the plagues did God make a difference between the Israelites and Egyptians?

How many times did Pharaoh say the people might go, then when the plague ceased, refuse to let them go?

How many times did he confess that he had sinned?

Notes

1. Rain and hail were almost unknown in Egypt, and the people could but look on this plague as an awful judgment from a power beyond any of their gods.

2. The Egyptian god Serapis was supposed to have power to protect the land from locusts.

3. The sun and moon were two of Egypt's greatest gods. During the days of darkness it seemed that these supreme idols were blotted out forever.

4. The last great plague struck terror to the hearts of all Egypt. But in God's plan, Israel, whom he called his first-born son, must be allowed to leave Egypt that he might give them the truths of his holy law, so that they in turn might teach them to all other nations.

In Korea people use some unique phrases. When a Korean decides to become a Christian, he tells his friends that he has made up his mind to "do the doctrine." This is like the Chinese convert who made this quaint confession of faith: "I am now reading the Bible, and behaving it." The Bible is first and foremost a book to read, but in China and in Korea they understand that it is a book to obey.

When Gladstone Made His Greatest Speech

THERE is a reason why Mr. Gladstone was called "the grand old man of England." It was because of the greatness of his life as revealed in little services. His Christian nobility is glimpsed in the following incident, that had many duplicates in spirit. Once when he "was facing one of the great crises of his political life, he sat writing one morning at two o'clock the speech with which he hoped to win a great political victory in the House of Commons the next day. At that hour there came to his door the mother of a poor, friendless, dying cripple, and besought him to come and bring some message of hope and cheer to the hopeless boy. Without hesitation the great Commoner left the preparation of his speech, spent the night leading the child to Christ, staying till morning light, closed the eyes of the dead, went back to his home, and faced his day with a smile of confidence and peace and power. In that hour he said to a friend, 'I am the happiest man in the world today.' He had been able to serve a little child in a tenement house, in the name of the Master. Later he made the greatest speech of his life in the House, carrying his cause to a triumphant success."

The Poison of Self-Pity

GET angry with yourself, pat yourself on the back, commend yourself, praise, blame, love, or hate yourself—do anything to yourself, but don't pity yourself.

Self-pity has a certain septic satisfaction, like picking at a sore, and there is an undeniable "luxury of self-dispraise," but it's as dangerous as getting drunk. It's habit-forming. It grows on one. Quit it.

Pity is a glorious and creditable attribute—when it flows out toward another. Then it is like the mountain brook, sparkling, chattering, leaping, the laughter of the woods, the refreshment of bird and beast, carrying health and joy to all who drink of its cool flood or even gaze upon its happy play.

But pity, when it turns upon self, is like a stagnant pool, covered with hateful scum, and concealing ugly, slimy things in its foul ooze.

One who is sorry for himself is already half beaten.

The self-pitying are abused. Nobody treats them right. People talk about them. Others are promoted over them. They get no proper thanks. They are unappreciated. Alas! Also Alack! and Woe is me! *Exeunt omnes* into the garden and eat worms.

The self-pitiers invite every variety of spiritual microbe to come in and breed.

They are the clouds, mud, and slush of mankind.

They are rarely efficient. No man that hasn't enough healthy egotism to admire himself a bit ever amounts to much.

Bad as egotism is, it is infinitely better than self-contempt.

The self-pitiers are hard to love, trying to live with, and impossible to please.

They cannot enjoy riches, nor appreciate poverty.

When they are well they think they're sick, and when they're sick they think they're worse.

They are gloom spreaders and heart depressants.

Self-pity is the most exquisite form of selfishness, the camouflage of impotence, the acme of disagreeableness.

Self-pity requires no brains, no capacity, no worth. It is sheer and utter no-accountness.

If you pity yourself, you are hypnotized by yourself. Come out of it!

No self-pitying troops ever won a battle; no self-pitying clerk ever rose to be general manager; no self-pitying merchant ever made his business thrive; no self-pitying woman ever retained her husband's love; and no self-pitying human being was ever a help to another human being.

Self-pity is the collapse of all the faculties, it is cowardly surrender in the face of the enemy.

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

In every city there ought to be a public spanker for all self-pitiers.—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

A National Prayer

OUR country, God, we offer thee,
And plead her cause on bended knee;
Her might we know lies in thy will
Whose voice the mighty waters still;
In meek humility we pray,
God bless America today.

God bless our flag arrayed on high,
Its silken folds against the sky;
Her homes, her institutions dear,
From gun-crowned fort to House of Prayer;
Lord, hear her children when they say,
God bless America today.

Look down from heaven in thy love,
And shower thy blessings from above
On snow-capped heights, and sunny vales,
Her wave-washed strands, and flowery dales;
Throughout her land shed freedom's ray,
God bless America today.

May she be just, at home, abroad,
And merciful as thee, O God,
Grant that thy word shall be her guide,
Let wisdom in her midst abide,
That all the world may with us say,
God bless America today.

—*Boston Transcript.*

"THE thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and is worth the most,
Is just a pleasant smile."

THE largest word in four letters, according to Rev. John F. Cowan, is O-B-E-Y.

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