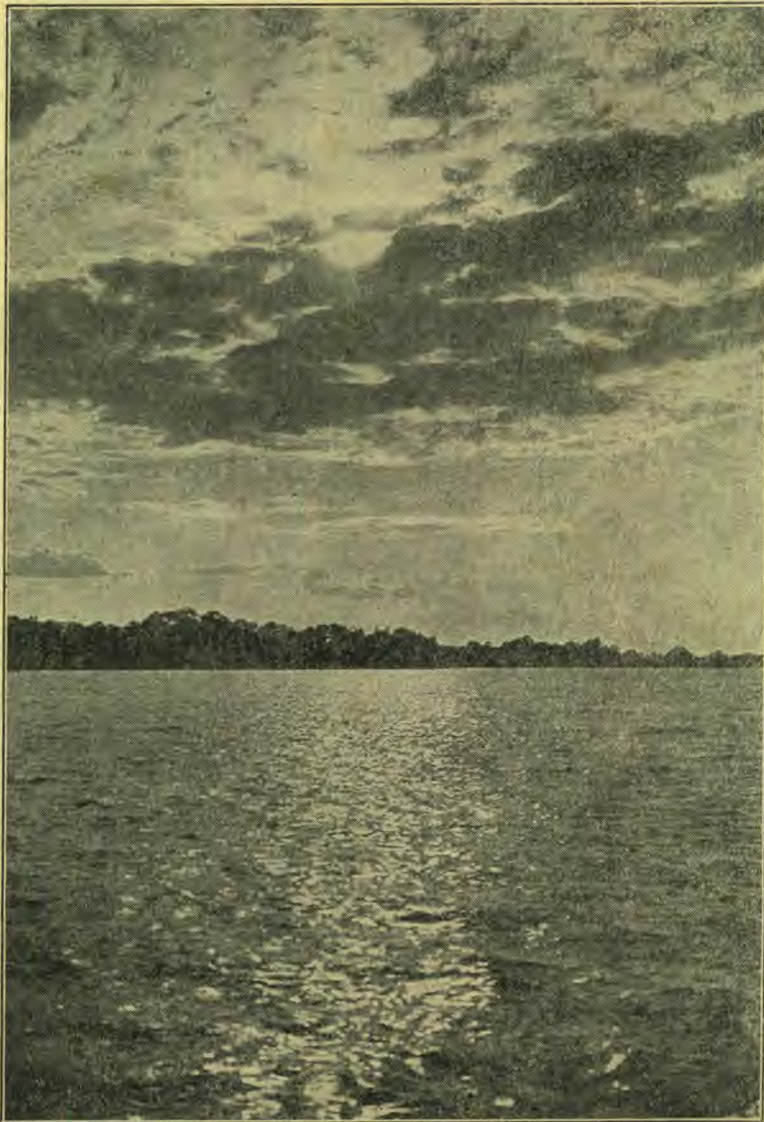


# *The* <sup>YOUTHS</sup> INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

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No. 34



*Photo by C. T. Chapman, Kensington, Maryland*

"MAN HATH HAD NO PART IN ALL THIS "



An interesting dispatch from London promises that material advance may be made in speed of ship-building construction by the substitution of a welding process for riveting. General adoption of this process, it is stated, will speed up production from 20 to 25 per cent, with a saving as well in material. It is understood that the United States shipping board is watching the experiment closely with a view to adoption of the process in this country.

A South Dakota builder has suggested a simple method of saving grain in country elevators from fire. The grain bins should be provided with trap doors in the outer walls of the building. In case of fire the doors are opened and the grain pours out on the ground.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 20, 1918

No. 34

## MY EARNEST PRAYER

JEHOVAH! breathe upon my soul; my heart  
Enlarge; my faith increase; increase my hope;  
My thoughts exalt; my fancy sanctify,  
And all my passions, that I near thy throne  
May venture, unreprieved; and sing the day,  
Which none unholy ought to name, the day

Of Judgment! greatest day, past or to come!  
Day! which,—deny me what thou wilt, deny  
Me home, or friend, or honorable name,  
Thy mercy grant, I thoroughly prepared,  
With comely garment of redeeming love,  
May meet, and have my Judge for Advocate.

—Pollok's "The Course of Time."

## A REMARKABLE CONVERSION

THE occasion was several years ago, in a great outdoor Texas meeting. Conditions religiously were dreadfully hard and bad where such meetings were held. I think I never knew them worse. Men with white locks about their ears were lost, and even their grandchildren followed in forbidden paths; and the few people of God in the community were down, and beaten and defeated, it seemed. One of the causes for such a condition was that a group of men had had a series of little religious debates, with the result that conditions were harsh and hard on every side.

All these things were recounted in the preacher's ears, as he began the meetings. I shall never forget the repeated story of the people there concerning one of their citizens, a man known for a radius of hundreds of miles. I could speak his name, but will not. He would not forbid it, for I could speak it to God's praise. They told me much about this same "Big Jim." They said: "He will come to the meeting once this year; then he will curse you and the meeting out, and curse the churches, and then he will wait another year to come again. That is his style. You need not waste any preaching on him." They described him so that I could not mistake him—he was the largest man in all that section.

One night I stood up to preach, and in came "Big Jim." I shall never forget the emotions that then possessed me. Here was the chief of sinners, so the people said; and what could be done for him?

As I preached, God's Spirit moved on the audience mightily, and men with their white locks and stooping shoulders were like little children, and that night turned to the Saviour. At the call, grandfathers came who had walked the wrong way for well-nigh their threescore years and ten. And their grandchildren also came. The Spirit of the Lord was upon us in marvelous fashion.

Yonder sat "Big Jim" like a granite shaft. And when that service was concluded, a little group of people stayed behind and talked with one another about the hour just past, as men are wont to talk over such an occasion. Ever and anon they would refer to "Big Jim." They said: "He was here tonight, but he won't come back." One said: "I believe he will return; I never saw him look as he looked tonight." Another said, "No;" another said, "Yes." Presently, after I had left the tabernacle to find the cottage where I slept, as I went along through the quiet woods, I heard some one talking in the darkness

of the night. I did not mean to be an eavesdropper. There were two of them talking, oh, so earnestly. They were talking to God. This is what they were saying: "Mighty God, the people are saying that 'Big Jim' is too much for thee. Oh, break to pieces our unbelief, and let all this country know that God is master of the situation, that he can save even the chief of sinners here." They said: "Master, we plead thy promise to thy disciples about two who may agree, and if agreeing concerning anything they should ask, thou wilt hear. We agree that we want 'Big Jim' saved for the glory of God, and to stop the mouths of gainsayers once and forever in this section."

I quietly went on my way, leaving them thus on their knees. They did not know that I heard them, nor do I know who they were. The next day came and wore to evening, and again I stood up to preach, and in came "Big Jim" again. Yonder he sat at the rear of the tabernacle; and then I said, "Father, give me the word of life for this brother man."

I told the story of the prodigal son, that restless, wayward lad who went away from home against the protest of love and wisdom's voice, and went from bad to worse, and down and down, until yonder he is in the swine fields eating of the husks wherewith he fed the swine. One day the prodigal became homesick, and he said: "I have missed it all. I can do better than this as a servant in my father's house; and the very worst of all, I have sinned against my best friend, I have sinned against my father who loved me, and I have sinned against my father's God. I will go back and I will tell him all."

You know the rest. You know how the father, whose heart ached forever with an aching that would not stop because the boy was gone, looked one day and saw him coming, and while he was yet a great way off, that father ran to meet him and to fold that thing of rags and shame to his heart, while the boy wept and said: "Father, I did not come back to ask to be your boy, but to tell you that I have sinned against you and heaven, that I am not worthy to be called your son, but ask only to have a servant's place." And the father said: "Kill the fatted calf, for the boy returned; bring him the best robe; put on his finger the ring—emblem of love that never dies."

That is what I preached. And then I said: "I bring you a gospel to which I have anchored my very soul; I am willing to die by it; I am going to meet God with it when I stand before him in the judgment. I



came one day and surrendered to that Saviour whom God the Father sent. Is there a man here who will surrender to him now?"

"Big Jim" started toward the preacher, and in a moment half a thousand men were behind him and all these rose to their feet. Were they dreaming? Was it too good to be true? They were on their feet, looking, listening, sobbing. Down that long aisle came "Big Jim," and when he reached me, he caught my hand and said: "I will put you on your sacred honor — will Jesus save me if I give up to him?" I said: "On my sacred honor, I answer that he will." And then he looked at me again while the men, who stood all about us now, were begging him to yield to Christ.

He spoke again: "But you must remember that I am the worst man out of hell." I answered back: "My Saviour died for the worst man out of hell, and he is able to save you now." Once more he looked at me and said: "When would he save me if I were to surrender myself to him now?" I said, "On the authority of Jesus Christ, on which I have rested my soul for time and for eternity, I declare that he will save you now, and you yourself may be the judge, if you will fully surrender to him now."

Then he turned his great, bronzed face, pitiful in its anguish, up toward the heavens, and gasped this prayer: "Lord Jesus, the worst man in all the world gives up to you right now!"

I cannot tell you all the rest. I don't know that the angels could tell it all. But God unloosed his tongue, and "Big Jim" witnessed for Jesus then and there as I never heard him witnessed for before or since. Old grizzled men came and kissed "Big Jim;" and little children kissed him, for the chief of sinners was saved. And then the word went to and fro as fast as the wind could carry it that God was in the midst of the people forgiving sin.

Gentlemen, one such apologetic as that for Christianity sounds out the gospel word both far and near as can nothing else in all the earth. We will stay by the simple, old-fashioned, supreme vocation of Christ's church, and that is to win men to God. That is the biggest thing in the world. And when that is done, light will spread and darkness will flee, and righteousness will follow. That was the way the gospel of old was made victorious. Men were converted to God, and others soon heard the gladsome news, and themselves were led to ask the way of life.—*Selected.*

## The Social Hour

### A Suggestive Outing

IN these strenuous days, there come times when most of us need recreation, and what form can be found more healthful and life-giving than that spent in the open air in touch with nature, and closer to nature's God?

The Fourth of July vacation offers an excellent opportunity for even our busiest young people to spend at least a few hours in the glens or among the wild-woods in some sequestered spot or sylvan retreat, far from the crowded haunts of men.

Here are a few suggestions which could be pleasantly, entertainingly, and we believe profitably used:

A big farm wagon, with hay in the bottom, and a good strong horse or horses as a means of transportation (instead of automobiles) might serve to make the

day a little more rural, and have a tendency to quiet the nervous tension of the modern life before the destination is reached. The new daylight-saving time will aid in an earlier start.

Be sure to wear loose, comfortable clothing, and easy, low-heeled shoes if you really want to have a good time. It is important, too, that you take along a good chaperon, or if the company is large and a mixed one, two good chaperons — a man and his wife. If you desire your good time to be above reproach, you must not fail in this item.

On the way out, suppose you play an observation game. Decide on some variety of objects, such as trees, flowers, houses, animals, birds, or butterflies. If you take trees, appoint some one who has paper and pencil to keep tally, and the one who succeeds in seeing and naming the most kinds of trees wins the game.

Or, you might with closed eyes, or otherwise, name all the different sounds you could hear in a given time. These games not only are pleasant, but strengthen the powers of observation and make more keen the sense of hearing.

And remember that a bountiful and satisfying dinner does not necessarily mean a rich or expensive one. Fresh air and outdoor exercise lend keenness to the appetite, and "to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet," so plenty of good, wholesome, nourishing food, with an abundance of fruit, is the best picnic dinner.

"After dinner sit awhile," an old proverb runs, so while waiting for digestion to get well started before engaging in any vigorous exercise, play some game which all will enjoy, and which could, of course, be played at almost any gathering.

### A Rhyming Game

A pleasant pastime and one which will be profitable because it gives all a good idea of what rhyming means, and therefore some sympathy, perhaps, with good poets, is the little exercise of making two-line rhymes.

For instance, suppose the word *then* is given to one member of the party. He must make a two-line rhyme, having the word *then* at the end of the first line, and of course making the next line rhyme with it, as, for illustration,

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."

Of course the great idea of the game is, when it comes our turn to give a word, to give one with which it seems impossible to make a rhyme. Here is an example:

"'You can't,' says Tom to lispng Will,  
'Find any rhyme for month.'  
'A great mithtake,' was Will's reply;  
'I'll find a rhyme at wunth.'"

"How many weeks in a month?  
Four, as the swift moon runn'th."

In some cases a four-line rhyme might be given to better advantage when the word is hard, as —

"When the nations doubt our power to fight,  
We smile at every foreign jeer,  
And with untroubled appetite  
Still empty plate and porringer."

It might be better, however, at first to confine the rhymes to easier and more familiar words, for some have a hard time to make any kind of rhyme.

Or, here is a game called "Russian Gossip."

This game will show you how easily a story grows, and the sinful effects of real gossip. Number 1 whispers to Number 2 a short sentence. Number 2 repeats it to Number 3, adding an adjective or adverb. Num-



ber 3, in telling it to Number 4, adds another word, and when the story reaches the last player, he repeats it aloud. You will be surprised to see how the story has grown since it started with Number 1, who should repeat the original sentence.

In all such games, the object of the game, or the lesson to be learned from it, should be understood.

Other games, such as proverbs, might be substituted instead.

A game of "hare and hounds," if not carried to extremes, is really very entertaining, and also quickens the powers of observation. It is no doubt familiar enough not to need description here, as is also the game of pitching quoits, or horseshoes, which could be enjoyed by members of the party not so active.

On the homeward journey, let each one tell some interesting experiences he has had or observations he has made during the day, or, perhaps, some good lesson he has learned from the careful behavior of some other member of the party.

Above all things, do not spend so much time in preparation for the day's outing that you will be too weary to enjoy it; and eat so healthfully and exercise so judiciously that you will not have to "rest up" from your vacation.

KATHERINE BLOSSOM WILCOX.

## THOUGHT STUDENTS

### "He Said" and "She Said"

ONE of the mistakes into which writers are prone to fall is undue straining for variety. This quality, in itself good, may easily be sought to excess. The skilful stylist will never seem to avoid a natural word for the mere purpose of securing variety, even though such a word may involve repetition. The repetition is likely to be less conspicuous than would be the effort to avoid it. Macaulay's most famous writings conspicuously show his adherence to this view.

I have read boasts from writers who claimed that they never employed "said" in any combination in recording dialogue. Many times I have also read their stories and regretted the wasted effort that went into avoiding the offending monosyllable. The substitutes were frequently more objectionable than the avoided word itself, even if this were repeated to the point of monotony.

To the desk of an editor frequently come stories containing such passages of dialogue as this:

"I want you to promise me," he decided.  
 "I am sorry," she disappointed him; "but I cannot."  
 "Very well," he raged. "This ends everything between us."  
 "You are unreasonable," she asseverated.  
 "Not at all," he differed.  
 "But," she particularized, "I told you beforehand that I could make no such promise."  
 "You have been known to change your mind before," he shrugged.

This is no exaggeration. Editors frequently pass upon stories written in similar style in dead earnest. Sometimes, it is true, they accept them—but not often.

The experienced writer is rarely afraid of "said" and its almost equally common variants, "replied," "answered," "asked," "inquired," and the like. As a rule, these permit of sufficient variety, and when its omission does not confuse the sense, the explanatory

phrase may be dropped altogether. The illustrative passage will certainly be improved if rewritten:

"I want you to promise me," he said decisively.  
 "I am sorry," she replied, "but I cannot."  
 "Very well," he said angrily. "This ends everything between us."  
 "You are unreasonable."  
 "Not at all," he answered shortly.  
 "But I told you beforehand that I could make no such promise."  
 "You have been known to change your mind before," he said with a shrug.

A moderate amount of repetition of the words "said," "replied," "asked," etc., is not likely to be noticed by the reader, because they are so familiar. A style that fairly bristles with such words, though it may be capable of improvement, will attract less unfavorable attention than a style in which there is obvious straining to avoid them.

In glancing down a couple of representative columns of dialogue in magazines picked up at random, I find the following series of expressions:

#### Example One

— she asked.  
 — he said.  
 — she answered with a sigh.  
 — he said.  
 — she said.  
 — he cried.  
 — he said uneasily.  
 — he added.  
 — she said.  
 — said Dick.  
 — she said.  
 — asked Korwin.  
 — repeated Korwin curiously.  
 — asked Korwin.  
 — said Ruth.  
 — Ruth added.  
 — said Ruth.  
 — said Korwin gravely.  
 — said Korwin.  
 — said Korwin.  
 — she said.  
 She said:  
 — she said.  
 — he added.

#### Example Two

— she inquired in her soft, careful little voice.  
 — said the young man briefly.  
 — begged Miss Juliet.  
 — breathed Miss Juliet.  
 — suggested the young man, half questioning himself.  
 — said Miss Juliet.  
 — said Miss Juliet.  
 — the young man admitted with the merest trace of affected boredom.  
 — Miss Juliet told him, breathless.  
 — he advised her kindly.  
 — said Miss Juliet softly.  
 — she answered him eagerly.  
 — explained Miss Juliet.  
 — said Miss Juliet.  
 — Henley agreed cheerfully.  
 — she continued, adorably sincere.  
 — said Henley with a small grimace of distaste.  
 — she explained, flushing.  
 — Miss Juliet's lips said primly.  
 — said Henley.

The first example is from an adventure story in an all-fiction magazine; the second is from Fannie Heaslip Lea's "Miss Juliet," in Collier's for Oct. 14, 1916. It will be noted that in the latter there is a much more pronounced effort to convey to the reader fine shades of character drawing—to give just the tone and the manner of the speaker. But in neither case is there a noticeable tendency to avoid the word "said" and its more familiar substitutes. Both passages from which the above examples were chosen read naturally and smoothly. Imagine the "Miss Juliet" passage as it would read if the author had determined that the word "said" should not appear in her work—"briefed the young man"—"soft-pedaled Miss Juliet"—"primmed Miss Juliet's lips"! Positively, there are writers who would commit such atrocities.

It should be noted that in these same columns are many fragments of dialogue in which no explanatory clause occurs, the speech itself being of such a nature as to convey to the reader the identity of the speaker. Note again that in both cases the writer's preference seems to be for the adverbial modifier of the word indicating speech, rather than for a verb that in itself contains the whole meaning. The exceptions are seemingly not sought but made necessary by the sense. "Said Miss Juliet beggingly" would not convey the right thought, hence "begged Miss Juliet" is employed; similarly, the variation, "breathed Miss Ju-



liet" is almost necessitated because the right shade of meaning could be conveyed in no other way. In fact, "Miss Juliet told him, breathless," is employed further on, with entirely different effect. Whenever the sense permits, the author employs the simple form: "said the young man briefly," "she answered him eagerly." Yet there is no monotony of style. Even in example one, with its succession of only slightly modified "said," the reader does not notice the repetition.

This is not an argument against variety, which is always welcome; it is merely a caution against overdoing it to such a degree that the style becomes strained.

Another caution in the same category might be directed against the overdone effort to avoid repeating the names of characters. When a man and a woman are in conversation, it is a simple matter to alternate "he said" with "Dick said" and "she said" with "Ruth said," thus securing some variety; but when two men are talking together "he said" will rarely do, because it does not ordinarily indicate which "he" is meant. The writer is thus forced to employ all sorts of expedients if he wishes to avoid repeating the name of the character. The result is often such a passage as this:

Walter Dale and Homer Jones were talking over boyhood days. "Do you remember the old swimming hole?" inquired the former.

"I should say I do," responded his companion.

The first speaker twisted his umbrella reminiscently. "Many a ducking I've had in it," he commented.

"Yes," said the other, "and I'm afraid I helped to give you some of them."

The man who had acknowledged receiving the duckings looked up with a laugh. "Oh, the score is even," he observed, and the ducker was silenced.

Very ingenious in its avoidance of repetition, but also very awkward and amateurish. The names of the characters may be repeated several times without monotony, and the passages will read much more briskly with the awkward subterfuges eliminated. Thus:

Walter Dale and Homer Jones were talking over boyhood days. "Do you remember the old swimming hole?" inquired Dale.

"I should say I do," responded Jones.

Dale twisted his umbrella reminiscently. "Many a ducking I've had in it," he commented.

"Yes," said Jones, "and I'm afraid I helped to give you some of them."

Dale looked up with a laugh. "Oh, I guess the score was about even between us," he observed, and Jones was silenced.

"The other," "the former," and "the latter," should be banished from the writer's vocabulary. They are awkward as usually employed, because so obviously used to avoid the repetition of a character's name. The best plan is to write the first draft of a story without making the least effort to avoid repetitions of names or of "said." In polishing the story, prune away those that obtrude too much—but as a rule it will be found that very few need be accorded such attention.—*The Student-Writer.*

It is said that Henry Ward Beecher, in the midst of a prayer, caught a glimpse of a red-headed boy bowing devoutly in a gallery, and an impish youngster behind him holding his hands over the former's head in a make-believe attempt to warm them. Mr. Beecher laughed aloud! but those inclined to smile at the brilliant coloring of some heads must remember that Andrew Jackson, Queen Elizabeth of England, and King Frederick Barbarossa had red hair, and Gen. Ulysses Grand had reddish whiskers.



### The Rattler

TWO men were making hay near one of our stony buttes in South Dakota, where great yellow rattlesnakes abound. One man used tobacco; the other did not. After a little friendly discussion as to the merits and demerits of tobacco, they heard that never-to-be-forgotten buzz in the grass. After locating and carefully capturing a huge rattler, the nontobacco user asked his neighbor for just a little pinch of his tobacco, which he carefully administered to the snake, and in less than five minutes it was dead. C. A. DORCAS.

### The Lost Pipe

GRANDPA was very fond of smoking, and for convenience' sake he kept more than one pipe. One of the pipes was laid on the window sill near the porch swing. This particular one was much used during the long evenings of the summer months. A night came, however, when grandpa's hand failed to rest upon the pipe when he reached for it. A careful search showed that it was not on the porch at all. None of the older members of the household knew anything of its whereabouts. Little Virginia, aged five, then said, "I know where it is." Upon being asked where it was, she said, "Out in the street." "How did it get there?" queried grandpa. The reply was, "I threw it there." "But why?" persisted grandpa. "I smelled it, and it was spoiled," she answered.

H. H. VOTAW.

### "Shameful Spewing Shall Be on Thy Glory"

A TESTIMONY borne by a minister in a temperance meeting held in Williamsfield, Ashtabula County, Ohio, near my birthplace, when I was a small boy, so impressed me that I shall never forget it.

A lecture had been given on the temperance question then agitating that part of Ohio. The speaker had brought into his lecture the intemperate habit of using tobacco, and had shown its close kinship to the alcoholic beverage, and condemned the practice strongly. After closing his talk, he opened the meeting for testimonials. A number of persons who had discarded the use of alcohol but yet clung to the habit of using tobacco, spoke freely upon the subject, expressing the feeling that while they were strong temperance people and believed that the use of alcohol as a beverage was a sin, they felt that the speaker had carried the subject too far when he included in the list of intemperate habits the use of tobacco. One brother said he felt that he should not be robbed of the pleasure he had experienced in smoking, and another one felt that he should not be robbed of the enjoyment of chewing tobacco.

Similar remarks were made by a number, and then the pastor of the church arose in a most solemn manner, and said he felt compelled by the Spirit of God to bear a solemn testimony against the use of tobacco. He then related an experience that occurred in his early ministry, of how he had been led to give up the tobacco habit after a *shameful* experience.



The incident which he related was this: One Sunday afternoon he went out into the country where he preached every two weeks in a schoolhouse. He was in the habit of not only smoking but chewing tobacco, and he mentioned the fact that he imagined the need of some stimulant before preaching, and usually took a good quid of tobacco in his mouth just before reaching the country schoolhouse where he was to preach.

On this occasion it was a hot August day. The schoolhouse was packed to its fullest capacity. So much so that little girls, with their white dresses, were compelled to sit around on the small platform about four feet square, on which the teacher's desk stood, and the minister stood behind the desk. Every foot of space in the schoolroom was occupied.

He had gone onto the platform with a large quid of tobacco in his mouth, and after proceeding for a time he found it inconvenient either to spit or to dispose of the quid. To throw it upon the floor would endanger those who were dressed in white about him, and for some little time he pondered on how he could dispose of the quid that hindered the free use of his vocal organs. Finally he decided to take his handkerchief and wipe the tobacco into it and put it in his pocket.

He soon became absorbed in his subject, and owing to the heat and the crowded condition of the room he began to perspire freely. He reached into his pocket, drew out the handkerchief, and began to wipe his face. No sooner had he done this than a smile was produced in the congregation. This had a tendency to irritate the speaker, who reproved the congregation for their lack of reverence, and began again to wipe his face and neck with his handkerchief, of course leaving streaks of tobacco spittle all over his face. This caused the congregation to increase their mirth even to laughter. The more the people laughed the more he wiped his face, and the more he wiped his face the more horrible was the picture he presented. He stamped his foot and demanded that the congregation be quiet. Then a good old deacon arose and said, "My good brother, if you knew how your face looks you would not blame any person for laughing." This, of course, reminded him of what he had done with his tobacco, and led to a quick dismissal of the meeting. He said that as quick as a flash the words of the inspired penman came to his mind with weight: "Shameful spewing shall be on thy glory." Hab. 2:16. He there resolved, God being his helper, that he would never use the filthy weed again. He had kept his word for many years. He told the congregation of the blessing he had received, both spiritually and physically, in discarding the unnatural narcotic poison.

R. A. UNDERWOOD.

#### Word from Michigan

A WOMAN writing to the Review and Herald Publishing Association, gave the following testimony against tobacco, which may be of interest to our readers:

"About two months ago I received the announcement from you stating that September first an anti-tobacco number of the INSTRUCTOR is to be launched. I am very glad to learn this news. Such a magazine certainly is needed. I have been so thoroughly disgusted at seeing our hired men use pipes and cigarettes that I am ready to fight. They care more for an old pipe than a place to earn a good living. The anxiety they cause us in using matches about the buildings and yards is almost unbearable.

"Find enclosed money order for \$1, for which please send me as many copies of the Anti-Tobacco Annual as you can afford to."

## With the Soldiers in France

### A Soldier's Handicaps

A WRITER in the June *National Geographic Magazine* gives an interesting glimpse of the grim courage of the soldier in face of pests, unsanitary conditions, and lack of necessities for decency, that confront him daily, which things are declared to demand greater patience and fortitude than military duties.

This writer in relating the difficulty at times in getting a bath, tells the story of a British colonel's orderly who was anxious for a bath.

"'I got a hot bath yesterday,' said the orderly. He was so extremely set up over it that I asked for details. He had built a small fire between bricks, fed it with bits of twigs he had collected and little parcels of straw and other odds and ends, and heated water in the cup of his canteen and used his mess tin as a bathtub. Many cups of water were heated, and he had bathed himself by fractional parts. But in the end he was entirely clean."

The same writer says, "In the latter months of 1914 I visited a great prison camp in which nine thousand military prisoners of war were herded behind a high wire fence. They had no hot water and no soap and no bathing facilities. Those who wished might wash themselves in an iron trough, such as horses are watered at, which stood in the bleak openness of the prison parade ground."

"The men 'up front' have no chance at all to keep clean. They do not even wash their faces. There is no water whatever in the trenches, except when there is too much water, none of which is fit for use. The little that comes to the men in line is carried in at night, in galvanized-iron containers, by the men who have been told off for that duty.

"Usually the 'carry' is a long one. One may say that it is practically never less than two miles, because of the German guns. The cans are unchancy things to handle, and only the water absolutely needed for drinking purposes is carried in.

"During their time in the trenches most of the men are on duty all night long. By day they are required to stay in the dugout, not only for the sleep they require, but to be out of sight of the enemy and out of danger from his bombs.

"A dugout is, in nine cases out of ten, a mere dirt-roofed hole in the ground. Sometimes it is a luxurious one, with a board floor, on which the musty straw is piled. Sometimes an abundance of straw makes up for the lack of boards. Sometimes there is no straw.

"It is rarely large enough to accommodate the men, and if it were large enough the chill of a damp hole, into which the sun never shines, forces them to lie spoon fashion, each wrapped in his blanket, each seeking the warmth of the other man to add to his own comfort. It is ideally adapted for the furtherance of all insect plagues. No matter how scrupulously scrubbed a man may be when he enters a dugout, he usually comes out lousy."

### The Cootie, the Soldier's Pest

Army officers are making heroic effort to minimize all pests and discomforts. But the difficulty in eradicating the cootie, or body louse, lies partly in the fact that the cootie cannot be coaxed to relinquish his host save by boiling or steaming. Cold water for



bathing or washing of clothes does not destroy the pest, and as a rule cold water is the only available water for these purposes. But its destruction is recognized as a necessity for the health and morale of the army; hence army medical experts are making heroic efforts to restrict the marauder, if not to exterminate it.

#### The Heroic Sixty-Six

Sixty-six of our young American men offered themselves for experimentation to determine whether the cootie, besides occasioning serious annoyance by its nomadic and biting habits, was not responsible for trench fever.

"The courage which these sixty-six boys have evinced differs greatly from that induced by the battle call which sends men shouting 'over the top.' In volunteering to undergo tests which have identified trench fever as a germ disease they knew what they were facing,—months, perhaps a year, of illness, of voluntary imprisonment in a hospital ward, of removal from all the activities and the excitement of the soldier's life in a foreign land, and from the companionship of comrades in arms. They were, necessarily, men in perfect health, many of them wholly unaccustomed to, and therefore dreading, the strangeness of hospital wards, of surgeons, of medicines, of blood injections, etc.

"The knowledge which these heroic sixty-six, by offering up their virile bodies to a disease test, have enabled science to acquire may prove the determining factor in the world war, for it may mean the conquest of trench fever, just as the sacrifices of a smaller group of men eighteen years ago enabled Walter Reed and his associates to identify the mosquito as the insect which carries yellow fever. Once the source of the contagion was discovered the fight against yellow fever was more than half won. The experiments conducted on America's Sixty-six fastened the guilt of contagion-bearing upon the body louse."

The importance of this discovery is recognized when it is known that "when a man falls a victim to trench fever he is, in the average case, unfit as a fighter for six months."

#### A Bird of War

**I**N spite of the enormous stimulus the war has given to aviation and to invention, in some directions it has necessitated a return to ancient and long-discarded methods. Trench warfare, the use of hand grenades, and defensive armor are simply reincarnations of things the spirit of which had almost disappeared. One of the more picturesque revivals at the front is the use of the carrier pigeon.

This bird was employed as a message carrier by the Saracens in the first crusade; and, to take a long leap in history, when Paris was besieged in 1870 by the Germans, homing pigeons proved their usefulness. Their miniature mail bags contained microphotographs of dispatches, some of which contained almost thirty thousand words.

Today the United States Government is searching for 5,000 suitable birds for the Western front. Young birds that had not been previously "flown" would soon settle down in new homes behind the lines, and it is intended that they should be taken right into the firing line to act both as ordinary and emergency messengers when telephone and telegraph communication is interrupted and when smoke and gas attacks prevent the use of signals. The birds will be flown in sets of half a dozen, each one carrying a copy of

the same message. Thus the chance of safe arrival in the dovecot will be increased and the transport of the precious document at the speed of a mile a minute insured. Taking into consideration the modern marvels of telephony and telegraphy, this revival of what was an outgrown method of communication seems all the more interesting, and furnishes yet another illustration of the way in which, by co-operating with one of nature's simple laws, the promptings of instinct, man attains a desired result when his own complex inventions have been thrown out of working order.—*Mark Meredith.*

#### Chinese Coolies in France

**T**HOUSANDS of Chinese coolies are at work in France behind the lines. The *Youth's Companion* describes them as being physically "of a far finer type of Chinese than we commonly encounter in America: lithe, quick, supple, and tall,—often well over six feet,—and enormously strong. They are splendid workers; in loading a train with heavy army blankets done up in sausage rolls, they easily did one hundred twenty to every ninety achieved by European workers, and at high pressure ran the count to one hundred fifty. They are not fighting men, and their contract requires that they shall be employed only at a stipulated distance behind the battle line; but they are courageous, and treat with indifference the occasional enemy shells that come their way. They are gay and good-natured, cheerful under any discomfort, and extremely fond of music. They sing as they work,—strange Eastern songs, often discordant to Western ears,—and have appointed song leaders. To the rhythm of these songs they set their labor, and carry it forward with a swing, much as our old-time sailors were wont to do under the head of a deep-voiced chantey man."

One day during an entertainment of some kind, when all were dressed in their best, and "were listening to a favorite record, an inopportune shell abruptly dispersed the party, scattering the men in all directions, wounding several and tossing the phonograph, uninjured, to the top of a steep bank. An officer who ran up was reassured by a smiling coolie, stripped of everything except a shoe and a few rags by the explosion, and clasping a wounded hand.

"All lite!" said the coolie cheerily. "Clo' gone, cashee gone, li'l finger gone—nem min'. Gottee moosie. All lite!"

#### The Man Who Can

**Y**OU may have wondered when and how the promise would be fulfilled that "the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." See Isaiah 60:1-3.

This question, like hundreds of others, is being answered by the awful war now overwhelming the world with woe, and making greater demands on the love and tenderness and charity of the world than any past ages have ever known.

In Europe we have today a man who stands as a king over more than a million American soldiers; not as an autocrat, but as a loved and honored leader. We like to think of the legendary meaning of the word "king"—"the able man," "the man who can."

This "able man" we call General Pershing. And as you read this message you will almost feel as if it had been written by one of our own leaders:



## Write! Write! Write!

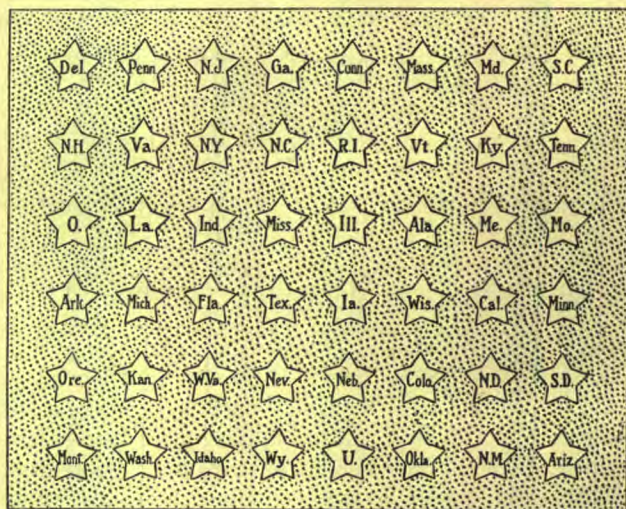
"Let every one who has a loved one in France, write, write, write. Send long cheerful letters to the soldiers, the nurses, any and all who are connected with our forces over here. Tell them, not of great events, but of the happenings in the home; things about friends and all the things that look little to the folks at home, but which the soldiers like to read about. Then, again, don't wait for a reply. Replies may not always be prompt, but let the letters from home be very prompt."

Missionary Volunteers! Young people! School children! What will you say in answer to this heart-stirring appeal? Surely you know some one at home or abroad, now wearing our country's uniform, who will be glad to hear from you. CLYDE LOWRY.

## The Stars in Our Flag

THE stars in the blue union of our flag stand for the States of the Union, one star for each State. You know this, but perhaps you do not know that each star represents its own individual State, and its position on the square of blue is carefully and definitely regulated by law and executive order.

On Oct. 26, 1912, the executive order of President Taft concerning the flag was made, and it provided for the specific arrangement of the stars. They were



WHICH STAR IS YOURS?

to be arranged in six horizontal rows of eight stars each, starting from the upper left-hand corner, each row running from left to right, the star corresponding to each State being named in the order in which the States ratified the Constitution.

Thus, star number 1, in the upper left-hand corner, is for Delaware; star number 48, in the lower right-hand corner, is for Arizona. The following will show at a glance which star is that of your State.

*First row:* 1, Delaware; 2, Pennsylvania; 3, New Jersey; 4, Georgia; 5, Connecticut; 6, Massachusetts; 7, Maryland; 8, South Carolina.

*Second row:* 9, New Hampshire; 10, Virginia; 11, New York; 12, North Carolina; 13, Rhode Island; 14, Vermont; 15, Kentucky; 16, Tennessee.

*Third row:* 17, Ohio; 18, Louisiana; 19, Indiana; 20, Mississippi; 21, Illinois; 22, Alabama; 23, Maine; 24, Missouri.

*Fourth row:* 25, Arkansas; 26, Michigan; 27, Florida; 28, Texas; 29, Iowa; 30, Wisconsin; 31, California; 32, Minnesota.

*Fifth row:* 33, Oregon; 34, Kansas; 35, West Virginia; 36, Nevada; 37, Nebraska; 38, Colorado; 39, North Dakota; 40, South Dakota.

*Sixth row:* 41, Montana; 42, Washington; 43, Idaho; 44, Wyoming; 45, Utah; 46, Oklahoma; 47, New Mexico; 48, Arizona.—*S. Clary, in St. Nicholas.*

## Why It Didn't Move

A GENTLEMAN was walking on the parade at Llandudno, and was watching a pretty little vessel with its white sail shining in the sunlight. "How is it that that ship does not seem to be moving?" he said to a seaman standing by; "her sails are spread, and there is plenty of breeze, but she seems to make no progress." "She's anchored," replied the sailor. "That's just how it is with many of us," said the gentleman in answer, "there is everything to help us on in our heavenward journey, but we can make no progress at all because we are anchored to something here on earth—some sin indulged in, or some worldliness we will not give up."—*Home Messenger.*

## Salvage Work in France

AN enormous salvage depot has been established by General Pershing in a large French city. Everything used by the soldiers in the way of clothing and equipment, for whatever reason discarded, is brought to this place. Although the depot has been in operation only a short time, a great saving in money and material has been effected. The depot started with a force of two officers and four men, but now has a staff of 25 officers and 5,000 men. It covers 200,000 square feet of floor space in five immense buildings, some of which were taken over from the French and the rest of which were built for the purpose by the United States.

Railroad trains run directly into the buildings, bringing for assortment and repair the greatest conglomeration of all imaginable things—shoes, clothing, helmets, masks, rifles, bayonets, blankets, all sorts of equipment—everything that soldiers use.

Some of this stuff comes directly from the battle fields, where it is picked up and sent to the rear. It looks like rubbish when it goes into the salvage depot, but it comes out, nearly all of it, fit for further service. Everything is saved, from an automobile tire or saddle to a shoe string. Ten or fifteen carloads of this material from the front and from the various American camps are dumped into the salvage depot every day.

## Desire of Ages

DESIRE of Ages, mighty name  
Triumphant o'er eternity.

Since man first from thy presence came  
His soul's desire has been in thee.  
Though day by day he outward seeks  
For things that with the day are flown,  
Yet when the inmost being speaks,  
His longing is for thee alone.

Desire of Ages, men of old  
Sought long the glories of thy face,  
And saints declared and prophets told  
The wondrous riches of thy grace,  
While still the multitudes go by  
Like driven leaves when winds are free,  
The fleeting breath, the closing eye  
Speaks last thy name and looks to thee.

Desire of Ages, still I cling  
To thee amid all doubt and fear,  
And night's dark train and morning's wing  
Bear me the nearer year by year—  
The nearer thee and that dear land  
Of fruited hope and answered prayer,  
Where with the touching of thy hand  
Desire shall be fulfilled me there.

EUGENE ROWELL.

"If we dwell on life's hindrances, we may be blind to its possibilities."



## The Hymns Our Soldiers Sing

**C**HAPLAIN TIPLADY, in his book "The Soul of the Soldier," mentions a number of hymns which are frequently sung at religious services "over there," such as "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Fight the Good Fight," "There is a Green Hill," "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and "Eternal Father, Strong to Save." These "can never be chosen too often," he says, "but there are two prime favorites which stand out beyond all others—'Abide with Me' and 'When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.' There is nothing written by the hand of man which can compete with these two songs in the blessing and strength they have brought to our soldiers, especially during an offensive when death has cast a shadow over the hearts of all."

What a generous answer has thus been granted to the prayer of Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, the author of "Abide with Me," who expressed a heart-longing for opportunity to serve his fellows, in the words:

"Might some verse of mine inspire  
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart—  
Light in one dying soul a hallowed fire,  
Or bind one broken heart—  
"Death would be sweeter then."

For twenty-four years, Reverend Lyte presided over a parish of hardy fisher folk in the ancient little town of Brixham, on the eastern coast of Devonshire, England. It was not an easy task, but he loved his work. Finally, in 1847, compelled by failing health to relinquish his charge, he insisted upon spending the last Sabbath of his stay in England with his little flock, and although scarcely able to stand in the chancel, preached a powerful sermon, pleading with them to follow the divine Pattern. He closed the service by celebrating the Lord's Supper with the weeping congregation.

It was a perfect September day, and "in the late afternoon, recovering somewhat from the strain of the service, he walked slowly and feebly down the terrace to the water he loved so well." It was during this twilight walk by the sea that the great hymn "Abide with Me" was born. The frail author died two months later, but his message of an ever-abiding Comforter and Friend has brought courage to thousands of aching hearts. We quote the hymn as it was originally written:

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!  
"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou who changest not, abide with me!  
"Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;  
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.  
"Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;  
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me.  
"Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.  
"I need thy presence every passing hour;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

"I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

"Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

"During the bitterest weeks in the Somme fighting," says Chaplain Tiplady, "there was scarcely a service in which we did not sing, 'When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.' With its assurance of redemption it gave consolation in the face of death." Matthew Arnold holds this to be the "greatest hymn in the English language."

The author, Isaac Watts, first submitted the words for publication in 1710. He designed the composition for use in communion services, and its writing was inspired by the thought expressed in Galatians 6:14.

What comfort there is in this song of faith and self-effacement:

"When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

"See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

These words bring to every heart a new vision of the scenes at Calvary, and a greater realization of the magnitude of the sacrifice made there for all mankind.

May these gospel hymns continue their mission to the boys in khaki who stand upon the very threshold of death. And we trust that every soldier brave may have a vision of the "wondrous cross," and a realization of the Saviour's abiding presence. L. E. C.

## For the Finding-Out Club

### Who Is She?

**G**UESS who has just been to Washington to offer her services in connection with the War Savings Stamp campaign.

She was the first American girl to drive an airplane, and has proved herself mistress of this daring sport. Now, at the age of twenty-three, she is a veteran with six years' experience to her credit, and is the champion cross-country flier of America. She was the first woman flier to loop the loop, and is the only woman flier to carry United States mail. Recently she has been asked to chart new air mail routes for the Government. This well-known aviatrix has made many sensational cross-country flights, and "has distributed Red Cross and Liberty Bond literature from the clouds in many parts of our country."

Her motto is: "Nothing is beyond your reach if you go after it hard enough!" Her name is?

L. E. C.



### New Testament Queries

1. IN what one point did Christ as a man differ from mankind in general?
2. What test of discipleship did Jesus give?
3. Who, being overcome with sleep during a sermon, fell out of a third-story window?
4. Who is called the light of the world?
5. What was Saul's errand to Damascus when he was converted on the way?
6. Whom did the Lord send to restore sight to Paul?
7. When and where, by whom and to whom, was the command given, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel"?
8. Who is mentioned as coming to Jesus by night?
9. With whom did our Saviour spend his last Sabbath on earth?
10. Who had a coat woven without a seam?
11. On the foundation of the walls of what city are the names of the twelve apostles written?
12. How many instances are recorded of Christ's raising the dead to life?
13. Who took Judas's place among the twelve?
14. What epistle does Paul state that he wrote with his own hand?
15. Who was reigning in Judea when Joseph returned from Egypt with the infant Jesus?
16. What emperor banished all Jews from Rome?

### Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of July 30

1. Samuel.
2. Rebekah and Isaac. Gen. 24:59.
3. Daniel, who was appointed by Darius, the Median.
4. In the valley of Moab. Deut. 34:6.
5. Joash.
6. Uzziah. 2 Chron. 26:19.
7. Shammua, Shaphat, Caleb, Igal, Oshea or Joshua, Palti, Gaddiel, Gaddi, Ammiel, Sethur, Nahbi, Geuel. Num. 13:4-16.
8. Moses put on a veil when he came down from the mount, because his face shone so with the glory of God that the people were afraid to come near him.
9. Three thousand.
10. Daniel.
11. Ahijah.
12. Moses.
13. Abraham.
14. Nebuchadnezzar.
15. He that ruleth his spirit.

### A Letter of Appreciation

WE are glad to have our readers write us of their interest in the INSTRUCTOR, and we wish those who can point to a special article in the paper that has been of real spiritual help to them, would take time to do so. The following letter was written by Carrie Teel Thomas of Nan-ning, Kwang-si, China:

"To the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR and its readers:

"I wish to write a few lines to show my appreciation of the INSTRUCTOR and the good work it is doing. It has been a help to me.

"Today the world is full of cheap literature which is of little value to one spiritually. Our young people must decide to read only the best. The text should be: Does this book or magazine influence me to live a better life? Does it make me stronger mentally? Does it give me a desire to work for souls in darkness and lead them to the path of peace, to be ready to meet Jesus when he comes?

"Jesus is coming again! How it should cheer us to think and talk of his coming! This world is not our home. We

shall not always have to live among the heathen. Some day our temptations will have an end. It is our part now to put on the whole armor as strong soldiers in following our Commander.

"I do hope that our young people, especially the Missionary Volunteers, are experiencing the great blessing obtained by observing the Morning Watch. 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Jesus is our best friend. What peace and assurance come to our hearts as we confess our sins and surrender all to him! Through Jesus we come to the Father. Morning by morning we may look up to God asking his help for the day. We dare not walk alone, there are so many snares of sin. Jesus has promised that he will not leave us comfortless, but will come to us; and he has also said that he will manifest himself to us and make his abode with us. See John 14:18, 21, 23. To have Jesus with us moment by moment is indeed a precious privilege. Then we can be happy anywhere. He will carry us through every dark trial.

"I am glad to hear of the renewed interest in Testimony study. What a feast we can have reading 'The Desire of Ages' and these other beautiful books. I want to send my name as a member of the Testimony class. We certainly need all the help we can receive from this study.

"All around us are souls in darkness. We are at this place, especially, surrounded by sin and superstition. The name of Jesus is hated and reproached, while evil spirits are worshiped. However, let us do all we can to bring the comforting Bible message to others.

"May each of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR be among those described in 1 Peter 1:5: 'Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.'

### What Did It?

SOME time ago the editor of the INSTRUCTOR requested the readers of the paper to write what had been the direct means of their surrendering themselves to God. She had in mind the definite text, sermon, experience, or word from another that led one to give oneself to Christ.

There have been several letters received, excerpts of which follow:

"It was the reading of the life of Mrs. E. G. White that gave me the desire to give my all to Christ. When I read how she lived by faith in God's promises, I saw that we have a friend in Jesus, 'all our sins and griefs to bear,' and I saw that it was a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer. I decided that when he is so willing to help us, we ought to present our bodies 'a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God,' which is our reasonable service.

"MARJORIE GLASSCOCK."

"The greatest influence in leading me to surrender my life to God was: The Spirit of God worked upon my heart, and I accepted Jesus, and I am working for him.

"VERNA HORN."

"The love, kindness, and devotion toward one another and toward me, and obedience to God of the family who sought to lead me to him, caused me to surrender my life wholly to God.

"H. AMELUNG."

"Realizing that Christ is soon coming to this earth the second time, I surrendered my life to God that he might lead me by his Holy Spirit so that I might be the means of leading people to see and accept Christ and his promises.

"ADA B. SAULTER."

"I am very pleased to say that it was my mother's teaching me to kneel down at her knee and say the Lord's Prayer every night before going to bed, and singing to me religious songs. It was also due to her teaching me to memorize many scriptures. And as soon as I was six years old I walked three miles to Sunday school. I attended both morning and afternoon sessions, remaining to church services. I was required to take home the minister's text.

RICHARD HOOK, SR."

"My answer is very simple, but I think very true. The one thing that did more for me than anything else was the influence of a Christian home. A Christian home is one of the greatest blessings on earth, and I thank God for this blessing. My heart goes out in sympathy to all our youth who are not blessed in this way.

H. B. HANNUM."

"THIS learned I from the shadow of a tree,

That to and fro did sway upon a wall:

Our shadow selves — our influence — may fall,  
Where we can never be."





### LAFAYETTE AND THE LADY

BRISTOL folk repeat it yet —  
That rare little joke they can't forget  
Of the famous General Lafayette.

'Twas Madam Reynolds, the housewife good,  
Whose generous door wide open stood  
For the general's lodging, an' he would.

The year was seventeen-seventy-eight;  
Swept and garnished his quarters wait,  
But the general tarries overlate;

When a youthful figure at last rides up,  
Worn and dusty, and asks a cup  
Of water and, haply, if he may sup.

Of courteous mien and foreign bred —  
"The general's servant, riding ahead,"  
Thought Madam Reynolds; and he was fed.

Hungrily ate, from first to last,  
The weary stranger that good repast.  
But Madam Reynolds is all aghast;

She wrings her hands and rolls her eyes —  
"Will the glutton ne'er from table rise?  
'Tis an appetite of monstrous size!"

At last she entered the dining-room  
Where the stranger sat in the gathering gloom,  
And an air of sternness did she assume:

"Sirrah! the table I fain would clean,  
That never a crumb thereon be seen;  
For the general soon arrives, I ween."

The stranger rose, and he bent his head  
To Madam's hand as he softly said:  
"Tis the general's self whom you have fed."

And Bristol folk repeat it yet —  
The rare little joke they can't forget  
Of the famous General Lafayette.

— Rose Mills Powers, in *St. Nicholas*.

## FIND A WAY OR MAKE ONE

BETHEL SKINNER BARBEAU

THE day was very warm. I had attended meeting continuously and my head was tired; so I went to my tent, fastening up the curtains a little so that a slight breeze gently fanned my face and made me both comfortable and drowsy. I am sure I should soon have been asleep except that I heard voices, low but perfectly audible. They came from the young people's tent, which was very near.

Our conference president and the State Missionary Volunteer secretary were planning to use some of our young people to help in the tent efforts to be held the coming season. As we were short of trained workers, owing to changes at General Conference time, when so many were commissioned to fields in distant lands, they had resolved to depend on home resources as far as possible.

The president was saying: "Have you noticed how many are here from Greenwood, where Cecil Thomason and Myron Thurber did so well two or three years ago? I counted twenty in the morning meeting. I had not realized there was such an interest there."

Mrs. Carvel replied, "Yes, and that church has one of our most progressive Volunteer societies, and some young people upon whom important responsibilities can be laid during the summer. You know the boys faithfully followed the instruction given to our workers; they erected a church building and helped to get a church school started before they left. It was November before they returned to school. I shall not soon forget their testimony that first Friday night in the students' meeting. They realized that they were late in getting started, and that it would not be easy for them to complete the year's work; but they spoke with faith and courage."

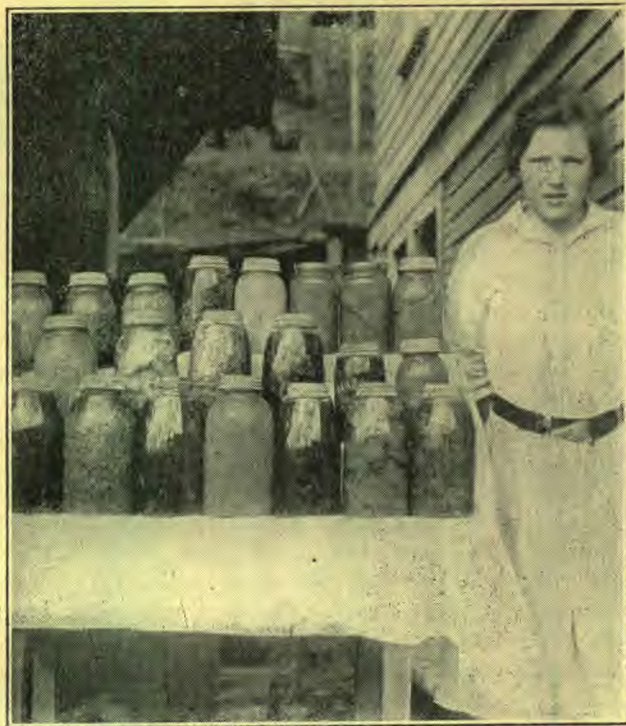
At this point Mrs. Carvel's sister Ada came to tell her that she was due at a committee meeting. I beck-

oned Ada to come in. We were good friends, and she came smiling. I was only too glad to see her, for I knew that a visit with her would be more refreshing than sleep. She was one of those happy, lovable girls, with soft brown hair and rosy cheeks, and with a clear musical voice, as soothing as the murmur of a brook. She was a marvel to me. So generously had nature blessed her with beauty that it was delightful to see the kindness and love she felt for those less fortunate than herself. With a lively imagination she built in her mind for the most perverse natures secret longings for better things. She would often say, "People seldom show the best there is in them. I love to plant the flowers of love upon such barren natures. I have often discovered the most unlooked-for desires and ambitions just by assuming that they were there."

"Tell me, Ada," I said, "all about Greenwood. I used to know Cecil Thomason, and am interested in the result of his first tent effort."

"It is too long a story for this afternoon, and will keep until your promised visit materializes. It would do you good to see that church. Every member is thoroughly in earnest. When I went there last fall to teach, I had little conception of what was ahead of me, and was not prepared for the earnest way all took hold of plans for missionary work. They eagerly seized upon any suggestions for the spread of the truth. I found I had to pray more than I ever had before in my life, in order to be able to lead out with the work of this message. I had to make hasty changes in my easy-going manner of life. After I got their viewpoint, the programs from the *Church Officers' Gazette* that I helped the children give in junior meeting took on a new meaning, and as we worked together my heart became thoroughly aroused to the opportunities and privileges of service.





Nellie Noyes, of Gaston, Oregon, and the Work of Her Hands

"I wanted my pupils, together with their parents, to attend camp-meeting, and the camp-meeting having been appointed for early summer, I agitated the idea with the children and they in turn with their parents. We studied God's will in regard to the children of Israel attending their feasts, and the children with the help of "Patriarchs and Prophets" soon caught the idea that camp-meeting is one of the means God has given us in modern times to keep us in touch with him and in love with our brethren, not to mention the place it holds in the growth and development of the work of God.

"After the question had been enthusiastically discussed both at school and at home, it was suggested that on composition day we take camp-meeting as our topic for the week. All grades accepted the idea cheerfully. If you will come over to my tent after the evening service, I will let you read what one of the older girls wrote on that day."

After meeting I reminded my friend of her promise, and this is what I read:

"A young girl strolled leisurely along the country road. If you had passed her I fear she would not have seen you, for there was an absent look in her eyes. Her mind was intent on a certain subject, and through her brain these words were running:

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay;  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:  
'Tis heaven alone that is given away;  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

"Why was it that when her heart went out to God so truly, she must be denied the thing she so desired? It was not a bubble she was longing for. Her mind took up the other two lines,

"Tis heaven alone that is given away;  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

How she wished that this was only a matter of asking. Still, she mused, if it is our duty to go, there must be some way it can be done. Although she felt sure what her mother's answer would be, she determined that she would talk with her and see if something could not be done; so seating herself comfortably in the swing on the porch, where her mother sat sewing, she said: 'Mamma, are we going to camp-meeting?'

"Mrs. Never-plan-ahead sighed as she answered. 'No, dear, I'm afraid not. I have thought every year that we would go, but you know in these times of high cost of living we never have any money ahead, and papa says it is not so much the actual money we would spend, as the time he would lose.'

"But, mamma,' said Neva, 'the Lord has promised us that he will prosper us that much more.'

"I agree with you in that,' said her mother, 'but really I am sure Brother and Sister Have-a-good-time brought their children home more careless and worldly than they were before they went. Brother and Sister Always-behind were there over the last Sabbath and Sunday, and they came home quite disappointed. After all the time they spent getting ready to take Albert to meet the new principal, Professor Case was there only during the first part of the meeting, and most of the ministers from abroad had to go Wednesday or Thursday to attend another meeting. Then they had looked forward to the Sabbath consecration service, and it was a failure as far as Albert was concerned. They were late in getting up that morning, and Albert went to Sabbath school without any breakfast, and so he lost a good share of the meeting by going back to the tent to get something to eat. When he came to the large pavilion, the congregation was singing, and he decided that the meeting must be almost over, so he went for a walk.'

"O, mamma, I know, I heard her tell about it; but our teacher says it is a shame that Albert could not have gone away to school a few years. He so much needs to form certain habits of life. She says that one of the best things about life in a school home is that one learns to be regular and punctual.



DONALD HAYNES AND HIS POTATO BREAD

The evolution of the bread-making art in this family is unique. Donald, aged eleven, owes his knowledge of bread-making to his father, who obtained his from his mother-in-law. Is there another "Instructor" ad who can measure up to Donald in this culinary art? If so, let us hear from him.



"Hazel Have-a-fund was telling me the other day how they manage always to have offering money on hand. She says they never were sure of money for such things until lately. You remember they brought Mary Make-a-list home with them one year so she could attend church school. On the way home they were talking about what a pleasant time they had had, and Mary said, 'Why don't we write down while we can remember what they are, the things we need, and then we shall not miss so many things again.' 'O, that would be fine,' they all cried, and each had something to suggest. Herbert, a wise little fellow for his years, said, 'Now that is all very nice, but quite likely we won't have the money. I should say that we ought to begin saving now for next year. We might do as my Sabbath school teacher does for her thirteenth Sabbath offering. She saves every dime she gets in her change. If we all did that, it would amount to considerable in a year's time.' Hazel says they lay aside a fund for all such things. I have noticed that she always has her donation ready, and when we went for a picnic up in the Cove last summer Hazel and Mary were the only ones that had not forgotten something. Hazel generously said it was all to Mary's credit.

"Yesterday when I went to town I met Bertha Bring-another. She is the girl who lives with Sister Help-along. She was thinking of camp-meeting too. She walked with me as far as the post office, and asked if I was going. I told her I did not know, but that I should like to go. She said, 'I know that it is early to begin to talk about it, but I am anxious that we have a better attendance this year than ever before. Each of us in our prayer band pledged to do all we could to make it so. There are two young persons in our church that I wish would go this year. One is Thelbert Times-are-hard and the other is Harry Heard-it-all. You know that 'times are hard' is just an excuse with Thelbert; and Harry claims that he can get out of our papers the things that one hears at camp-meeting. Even if this were altogether true, there is a wonderful inspiration in hearing the speaker and seeing the consecrated lives of others, that cannot be obtained by reading. I will talk to those boys sometime when you are around and you can help me out.'

"With that, Uncle Peter Preparation came along and invited me to ride home with him. Bertha said, as he helped me into the wagon, 'Uncle Peter, won't you tell Neva what has made camp-meeting such a pleasure to you of late years?'

"I've gone to camp-meeting all these years," said Uncle Peter, "long before your folks came into the truth. I was on my way that day I passed the depot and your father and mother were getting off the train with you a baby in arms. That must be some fifteen or sixteen years ago. Well, in those days I only partly enjoyed it, and went mostly because my good wife was never content unless we did go. The whole trouble was I hated to hear the calls for money when I had none to give. At last I hit upon a scheme that has changed all that. I began not only to be prepared to go, but to be prepared to give. I set apart some of my crops or a certain portion of them, or, if the year was poor for farming, I set apart a given amount of my work at my trade around town. The plan works fine. Whatever I dedicate to the Lord for my yearly offering, seems to do better than anything else. I am glad to have it so, for now I am anxious to hear the preachers tell of the needs of the mission fields. Of

course I always wish I had forty times as much as I have, and have changed the amount planned on many times since I first tried it out. For the last few years I have each year doubled the amount I gave the year before. Your Aunt Patience likes the plan and follows it in her own way.'

"Mrs. Never-plan-ahead was listening earnestly; there was a misty look in her eyes. She was looking far away across the beautiful meadow to the hills beyond. They were growing hazy. Neva looked at her mother and thought, 'Oh, how sweet and dear she is. It is not her fault that we cannot go.' As if her mother could feel her daughter's thoughts, she turned and looked at her tenderly. Neva said, 'Mamma, do you suppose we can go?' She replied, 'Neva dear, you know my name used to be Martha Make-a-way. I had almost lost heart, I have been disappointed so many times of late, but we will try again, and if we cannot find a way, we will make one.'

Truly Ada had done her work well. There was a reason why there was such a large representation at camp-meeting from the North Greenwood church.

## 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

*I WISH you would tell me just how to study the Bible so that it will build me up and make me a strong Christian. I have asked many ministers, but none of them give any definite answer. They just say, "Study it." I read it, but don't find in it what I ought to.*

M. V.

Our answer to such a big question must necessarily be too brief here to be entirely satisfactory, but these suggestions may help:

1. Study it as a personal message from God to you. Suppose you were the only person on earth, and God produced this book and gave it to you. We are told that "he knows each individual by name, and cares for each as if there were not another upon the earth for whom he gave his beloved Son."—"Gospel Workers," p. 217. Since he cares for you the same as though you were the only one, would he not have written the Book just for you? Then it is *your* Book. Search each verse for the personal message of your Father to you.

2. Study it prayerfully. How often Christ spoke to the people entirely in parables. Those who are too indifferent to study and meditate and pray will never know the deeper mysteries of the kingdom. One who will not pray simply says by his course, "I do not need God. I can get along without him." And one who does not take time to search the Scriptures with earnest prayer, is saying, "Other things are more important or desirable to me than God's Word."

3. Have some system. There is no doubt that one gains much more from Bible study when pursuing some definite plan or system. A few simple books on the subject may help:

"Bird's Eye Bible Study" and "How to Master the English Bible," Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.



"Bible Study by Books," Flenning H. Revell Co., Chicago, Illinois.

4. It is especially helpful to make notes as you study. Get a tablet about eight by eleven inches and rule it in five columns, headed as follows: "Verse;" "Subject, Person, or Event;" "Lesson;" "Best Verse;" "Meditation." Then take one book, perhaps First John or Romans, or one of the epistles to begin with, and study it verse by verse, taking time for quiet meditation and prayer for light and blessing. Get some one else to adopt the same plan, and occasionally compare notes.

5. Give it plenty of time. A man will dig and drill and blast a hole in the earth a thousand feet, searching for a vein of gold, but how impatient we are when it comes to diligent, persevering search for the treasures of God's wisdom and love.

M. M.

*What is the present plan of granting Reading Course Certificates to Juniors?*

L. Q.

The Junior child either reads or hears read a Junior book, and passes either a written or oral review on the book. Then the parents, teacher, or Reading Circle leader certifies to this fact on Blank No. 18, "Junior Readers' Certifying Card," and sends it to a conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. Questions are not furnished any more by the Missionary Volunteer Department, but the parent, teacher, or Reading Circle leader prepares the questions. Blank No. 18 needs some slight changes to conform to the present plan, but can be used all right for the present until such changes can be made. When the conference secretary has received a card for each one of the books in the course, a Reading Course Certificate is issued to the child.

M. E. K.

## The Sabbath School

### IX — The Passover

(August 31)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ex. 12:1-36.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 273-280; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 163-168.

MEMORY VERSE: "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." 1 Cor. 5:7.

"The day is dead, and Egypt's night, returning,  
Is dark and still in death's prophetic gloom.  
The world sleeps on, but Israel's lamp is burning;  
At midnight sounds the oppressor's note of doom.

"The Lamb is slain, the Sacrifice immortal,  
Whose life received creates the soul anew;  
His blood is shed,—but is it on the portal?  
O haste and see! doth it avail for you?"

#### Questions

1. Before the tenth and last great plague was brought upon the Egyptians, what did the Lord say with reference to the year? Ex. 12:1, 2. Note 1.

2. What preparations on the part of Israel were now to be made? How was the number of persons in a family taken into account? Verses 3, 4.

3. What instruction was given concerning the lamb? Verses 5, 6.

4. What was to be done with the blood of the lamb? With the flesh? Verses 7-10.

5. How were the people to be dressed as they ate the Passover? Verse 11.

6. What should that day be to the people? Verses 14, 17.

7. After receiving this instruction from the Lord, what did Moses do? Verses 21, 22. Note 2.

8. What protection was promised to those whose houses bore the mark of the sprinkled blood? Verse 23.

9. What was this feast called? Of whom was the Passover lamb a type? Verses 11, 27; John 1:29. Memory verse. Note 3.

10. How long were the Israelites to observe the Passover? Why were they to observe it? Ex. 12:24-27. Note 4.

11. What shows that the Jews were still observing the Passover when Jesus was on earth? Luke 22:1; John 12:1. Note 5.

12. How did the children of Israel show that they believed the Lord? Ex. 12:28.

13. What came to pass at midnight? Who were stricken in this plague? What was heard throughout Egypt? Verses 29, 30.

14. What did Pharaoh hasten to do? What permission did he give? What did the Egyptians urge? Verses 31-33.

15. What did the Israelites carry with them as they left? What did the Egyptians give them? Verses 34-36. Note 6.

#### Side Lights

Name a half dozen memorial days.

What does each commemorate?

Of what value are memorial days?

Why do Christians observe the Lord's Supper?

#### Notes

1. A new era began with the Israelites when they were delivered from Egyptian bondage. The new year was begun by the celebration of the Passover feast, which was to be a continual reminder to Israel of their great deliverance.

2. "Draw out" a lamb, that is, out of the sheepfolds. "This probably refers to the usual action of a shepherd or shearer, who catches the leg of the sheep with his crook and draws it from the flock."

"Jewish tradition fixes the number of persons at ten for one lamb."

Hyssop was a bushy herb.

"The hyssop used in sprinkling the blood was the symbol of purification, being thus employed in the cleansing of the leper and of those defiled by contact with the dead. In the psalmist's prayer also its significance is seen: 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 277.

3. "The Passover was to be both commemorative and typical, not only pointing back to the deliverance from Egypt, but forward to the greater deliverance which Christ was to accomplish in freeing his people from the bondage of sin. . . . It was not enough that the paschal lamb be slain; its blood must be sprinkled upon the doorposts; so the merits of Christ's blood must be applied to the soul. We must believe, not only that he died for the world, but that he died for us individually. We must appropriate to ourselves the virtue of the atoning sacrifice."—*Ibid.*

4. "In commemoration of this great deliverance, a feast was to be observed yearly by the people of Israel in all future generations. . . . As they should keep the feast in future years, they were to repeat to their children the story of this great deliverance, as Moses bade them."—*Id.*, p. 274.

5. Jesus was crucified at the time of the Passover, and was the real Passover Lamb. As the Israelites had to put the blood of the lamb on their doors that the destroying angel might pass over them, so we must have the blood of Christ applied to our hearts if we are to be saved in the kingdom of God.

Note the perfectness of the fulfillment of the type: (1) The Lamb of God, Jesus Christ, "was perfect, without spot or blemish, or fault of any kind; (2) He was innocent. His death was from no fault of his; (3) He died in the prime of his life; (4) He was slain, a sacrifice for others; (5) He was offered at the season and the hour of the paschal sacrifice; (6) Not a bone was broken. This was true of his body. We are saved by 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world' (John 1:29); 'who knew no sin,' yet was 'made sin for us' (2 Cor. 5:21; 1 Peter 1:19)."—*Peloubet*.

Since the death of Christ the Lord's Supper takes the place of the former Passover feast.

6. "In preparation for their going, and in order to have the necessary support during their long journey in the wilderness, the Israelites were advised to ask (not 'borrow' as in the common version) of the Egyptians, jewels of silver and gold, and raiment, in part payment of their long services. And the Egyptians gave (not 'lent' as in the common version) these in abundance. The whole circumstances of that awful night made them very liberal."—*Ibid.*

"A MINISTER calling on an old Negress found her bending over a washtub, and asked: 'Aunt Dinah, don't you get very tired doing that hard work?' 'Oh, yes, massa!' she replied. 'I haven't got much strength; but I ask de Lord, and he gives me de spirit of washin'!' When the Lord gives us the spirit of service, the heaviest tasks will become doable and enduring."



## Gates of Gold

"If you are tempted to reveal  
A tale some one to you has told  
About another—let it pass,  
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

"Three narrow gates—first, Is it true?  
Then, Is it needful? In your mind  
Give truthful answer. And the next  
Is last and narrowest, Is it kind?

"And if to reach your lips at last,  
It passes through these gateways three,  
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear  
What the result of speech may be."

## When the Minister Sat to Preach

A METHODIST missionary was engaged to teach English in a Chinese school in Borneo. His contract forbade his reading the Bible in the classroom, and he was told that he could hold no religious service outside of the school.

"What do you regard as a religious service?" he asked a governmental official.

The august gentleman replied: "Standing up in a house or under any roof with an audience of ten or more persons."

The missionary thanked him for his answer, and held a meeting that night. He gathered his band about him and sat on the floor to give the instruction.

After this manner he held services for one year and a half, when the government granted religious freedom to missionaries.

## As We See Others So They See Us

TWO thousand years ago we were admonished that it was wise to be reticent in judging or criticizing others, "for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." These words have been proved to be true by the experience of many; and yet somehow those of us who still venture to judge others hope we may be fortunate enough not to have the poisoned bread we cast upon the waters return to us to work our own undoing. But we need not expect to escape this heaven-pronounced retribution.

It is reported that "a private sat on a train with his tunic unbuttoned, for the temperature was high. A sergeant strode up to him and said: 'Button up that tunic! Did you never hear of By-law 217, Sub-section D? I'm Sergeant J. Winterbottom.' A gentleman in the seat behind tapped the sergeant sternly on the shoulder. 'How dare you issue orders with a pipe in your mouth?' he asked. 'Go home and read par. 174, Sec. M, Part 9. I am Major E. Carroll.' Here a gentleman with a drooping white mustache interposed from the other side of the aisle: 'If Major Carroll,' he said coldly, 'will consult By-law 31 of Section K, he will learn that to reprimand a sergeant in the presence of a private is an offense not lightly to be overlooked.'"

This illustrates the delicate position in which we may unconsciously place ourselves as we rebuke or criticize another. Even though no word is spoken revealing the inner counter judgment, there are always those who discern in us the same or a more grievous digression from right than that which we denounced in the other.

It is well, then, for our own sakes, for us to be modest in calling attention to the faults of others, though this is the least generous and lowest reason for being lenient in criticizing others.

## Where Is My Blotter?

THIS question is asked probably a thousand times a day in the offices of every great city in the land. Yet there was a time when blotting paper was unknown. In those days writers used to sprinkle fine sand over their writing to soak up the surplus ink. The modern, convenient piece of blotting paper was wholly the result of an accident. The story of the discovery was recently told by a French journal.

It appears that a workman in a paper mill in Berkshire, England, neglected one day to put the sizing into the pulp from which writing paper was to be made. When the paper was finished, it could not be used for writing, and the manufacturer was at a loss to know what to do with it. As soon as he tried to write upon it, the ink would soak right into the paper and spread in all directions. As writing paper, it was a miserable failure. But just then a happy idea struck the manufacturer. Since the paper soaked up ink so readily, why not use it for blotting instead of for writing? That would do away with the dirty box of sand which was to be found on every writing desk.

The paper was put on sale as blotting paper, and was an immediate success. Soon the orders began rolling in for this new blotting paper, and the paper manufacturer was compelled to make a specialty of blotting paper and abandon the manufacture of other kinds of paper. Today the blotter is a necessity on every writing desk the world around.

Some of the greatest business successes and some of the most useful and labor-saving inventions have resulted from so-called accidents. When James Watt saw the lid of his mother's teakettle raised by the force of the steam, he did not dream of the great railway systems, the mighty ocean liners, and the immense factories which are being operated by that same steam power today. But his active mind was keen enough to take notice of what he saw and put it to practical use. When Thomas A. Edison pricked his finger with a needle point fastened to the diaphragm of the telephone, that accident started a train of thought which resulted in the modern phonograph. It is said that a hen walking with muddy feet over a pile of brown sugar taught the sugar manufacturers how to make the white sugar which we use today. It is by taking advantage of such so-called accidents that men have been able to bless the world by their achievements.—*The Boy's Friend.*

"TODAY is ours, what do we fear?  
Today is ours; we have it here;  
Let's treat it kindly, that it may  
Wish, at least, with us to stay."

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