

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

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No. 43



HOW A MISSIONARY'S BABY GOES UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

(See article on page ten)

From Here and There

Fourteen army ambulances were recently presented to the Government by the "Sons of Veterans."

Production of motor cars by the Ford Motor Company has been suspended. The move will enable the company to devote its entire facilities to Government work.

General Pershing says that nothing should be wasted, for "we must feed not only our soldiers at the front but the millions of women and children behind our lines."

A school is being conducted in Washington, D. C., for the training of young women who wish to become passenger agents or freight clerks, or to hold other railway positions.

Great Britain has prohibited the officers or crew of neutral vessels trading with neutral European ports, to come ashore at any of her ports. All business connected with the ship is to be conducted aboard the vessel.

A party of agricultural experts of the bureau of plant industry of the Agricultural Department have been sent to Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco to investigate and advise on the possibilities of increasing the agricultural output of those French colonies. The visit is made at the request of the French High Commission now in the United States.

The Solicitor-General, John W. Davis, has been appointed by President Wilson to succeed Mr. Page as ambassador to the Court of St. James. At the time of his appointment Mr. Davis was in Switzerland, attending the Berne conference between American and German delegations, who are arranging for treatment of prisoners of war.

The largest shipyards in the world in September, 1918, were those of the United States. The Clyde River, in Scotland, historically famous as the greatest of all shipbuilding localities, is already surpassed by two shipbuilding districts on the Atlantic coast and by two on the Pacific coast — by Delaware River and Newark Bay in the East and by Oakland harbor and Puget Sound in the West. One yard, Hog Island, on the Delaware, is equipped to produce more tonnage annually than the prewar output of all the shipyards of the United Kingdom. It has fifty ways.

Secretary Lane has discovered there are approximately 400,000,000 acres of undeveloped land just as good as any in the United States, and it is upon this land that he is aiming to settle the soldiers who return from the European war, and who may not care to settle down to an indoor existence after their experience in the open. Part of this land is in the arid regions where gigantic water reclamation projects will redeem it. But the greater amount of land available is the "cut-over" land of the Northwest and of the Southeast. There are about 200,000,000 acres of "cut-over" land, and in addition to this there is approximately another 100,000,000 acres of swamp land which may be reclaimed by drainage processes. Secretary Lane finds there are hundreds of thousands of acres of other cultivatable lands in the various States.

Sentences for twenty-seven conscientious objectors, with penalties ranging from ten to twenty years, were announced recently at Camp Zachary Taylor, where the men were court-martialed for refusing to obey orders. Twenty-three were sentenced to imprisonment at Fort Leavenworth for ten years; three for fifteen years, and one for twenty years.

Army and navy officers who are addicted to the use of drugs, such as opium, cannot remain in either branch of the service, which demands clear heads and eyes and unclouded brains. This is the attitude of army and navy officials on the report of the special committee of Secretary McAdoo.

Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, will don the uniform adapted to work in the hostess houses and elsewhere. The dress, made with a skirt and jacket, is of blue serge, and the hat, of black straw, a sailor shape. She is an active member of the war work council of the Y. W. C. A.

Companions in misery, the motherless calf on the farm of Gustaf Hallen, near Leicester, Massachusetts, and a mare whose colt died, have joined forces. Just as carefully as she would watch over her offspring, the mare is protecting the calf, even so far as feeding it.

Since July 28 the Allies have taken 325,000 prisoners and 3,600 guns.

Warrior Brown's Potato Crop

A SALVATION Army officer tells of an old Maori woman who had won the name of "Warrior Brown" by her fighting qualities when in drink or enraged. She was converted and gave her testimony at the open-air meeting, whereupon some foolish person hit her with a potato, a nasty blow. A week before, the cowardly insulter would have needed to have made himself scarce for his trouble; but what a change! "Warrior" picked up the potato without a word and put it in her pocket. No more was heard of the incident until the harvest festival came round, and then "Warrior" brought a little sack of potatoes and explained that she had cut up and planted the insulting potato, and was now presenting to the Lord its increase.— *The Lutheran Standard*.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Guest of Mine

I USED to push the door aside
With timid, questioning hand,
And softly tread the sacred ground
Of a dreamed-of Holy Land.

"Christ will come by," I made believe,
And eager there to see
The Lord, I climbed, as he of old,
A spreading wayside tree.

Then waited I his drawing near!
How anxiously I tried
To hear, "Zacchæus, in thy house
This day I do abide."

Alas! how little need it was
To climb, in dreams, a tree,
To see the Lord approach, and hear,
"Today I sup with thee."

In love Christ stands beside the door
Of every human heart,
Which, if we ope, he'll enter in,
And never more depart.

My life is now a Holy Land,
And every day I see
The blessed Lord, who is my guest,—
Who walks and talks with me!

—Adelbert F. Caldwell, in *Sunday School Times*.

Arabia, the Home of the Ishmaelites

ARABIA is a land larger than twenty-six of our States, all those east of the Mississippi River. It is the world's topsy-turvy land. You who have read Dr. Zwemer's little book entitled "Topsy-turvy Land," have found that this strange country deserves this name.

Even now in this enlightened age Arabia is a country without schools, churches, hospitals, postal or telegraph systems. It is a country without railroads, wagon roads, or wagons, the horse, camel, and donkey serving for passenger and freight transportation. The camel is Arabia's dependable. Dr. Zwemer calls it "the topsy-turvy ship" of topsy-turvy land, and his description of it is interesting. He says:

"This ship sails in the sand instead of in the water. It is called the ship of the desert. The masts point down instead of up; there are four masts instead of three; and although there are ropes, the desert ship has no sails and no rudder—unless the rudder be the tail. When the ship lies at anchor to be loaded, it feeds on grass, and the four masts are all snugly tucked away under the hull. In Arabia you generally see these ships of the desert in a long line like a naval procession, each battleship towing its mate by a piece of rope fastened from halter to tail!"

Arabia is without rivers or lakes except underground; it is without postage stamps; it is without pumps, though wells are many; it is woodless, though there are many isolated trees; and the donkeys feed on dates, and horses and cows on boiled fish.

"Arabia has more sultans and princes than any other country of the same size, and yet for centuries it was a land without a settled government. The people never meet one another without saying, 'Peace to you;' yet there has never been any peace over the whole land since Christ's birth, or even since the days of Ishmael.

"Every one carries a weapon, and yet there are very few wild animals.

It is more dangerous to meet a Bedouin than a lion when you are a stranger on the road. The Arabs are a nation of robbers. Now you will wonder how we can also say that Orientals are the most hospitable of any people in the world, for the Arabs are Orientals. And yet it is strictly true that these robbers are more hospitable, in a way, than the people of Western countries. They have a proverb which says, 'Every stranger is an invited guest;' and another which says, 'The guest while in the house is its lord.' If an Arab gets after you to rob or kill you, it is only necessary to take refuge in his tent for safety. He is bound then, by the rules of Oriental hospitality, to treat you as his guest.

"Arabia has no national capital, no national flag, no national hymn, and no national feeling. Every one lives for himself, and no one cares for his neighbor."

Strange Customs and Manners

The priest of the Mohammedan church calls the people to prayer at four o'clock in the morning; so I know our American boys and girls are glad they



THE MOHAMMEDAN DAY CALL TO PRAYER

are not Arabs, though we sometimes hear some of them called "street Arabs."

Another strange custom of the Arabians requires that a boy when entering a room remove his shoes instead of his hat. An Arab boy or man would be considerably inconvenienced if he had to remove his headdress on entering a house or meeting a person,



DESIGNS MADE OUT OF ARABIC WRITING.

for it consists of a large, brightly colored handkerchief wound around the head and held on by a piece of cord.

The Arabs in eating do not use even the chopsticks of Asiatic nations, but realizing that fingers were made before forks, make them do service for all later inventions. A piece of bread serves as plate, but as it disappears before the meal is finished there are no plates, knives, forks, or spoons to wash. What an easy time Arab girls must have! But, not so easy as the boys; for there the boys and men have only to feed the horses and milk the camels. "The Arab girls take care of the flocks while the wife performs all the domestic duties. She grinds wheat in the hand mill; kneads and bakes bread; makes butter by shaking the milk in a leather bag; fetches water in a skin; works at the loom, and is busy all the time. The Arab smokes his pipe, drinks coffee, and talks to his friends; unless he is on the march or on a robbery excursion his life seems very lazy."

The Arab does not want to be entirely unlike every one else, so he reads his book as does the Oriental, from right to left, and the lines in the same way. The Arab boys and girls do not have to bother their heads about capitals or commas, for the Arabs use none. They write their vowels above the consonants instead of between them or in the same line with them. It would require considerable effort for us to learn to read Arabic easily; for this is the way potato, according to Dr. Zwemer, would be written with English letters, o a o
t t p.

The Arabian carpenter sits on the ground to plane a board, and holds it between his toes instead of in a vise. He *pulls* his plane and saw toward him, while our carpenters *push* theirs away from them.

Buttons are sewed on the right side of garments and buttonholes are made on the left. Door keys and door hinges are made of wood instead of iron.

The Arabian man rides a sidesaddle, but the women ride astride as do our men.

It is not "ladies first" there as here, but men first always.

The Christian is told to enter his closet and shut the door while he prays; but the Mohammedan prays openly in the most conspicuous places.

There is at least one thing which the Arab does better than the Westerner. He knows how to care for his horses, and keeps them well groomed; he never uses a whip and seldom a bit.

The Arab prefers a tent to a house, and the home has nothing "homey" in it. Everything is home-made and clumsy.

The children have no pretty picture books, for the Mohammedans claim that all pictures are idols. They sometimes allow pictures to be made out of the letters of the alphabet.

The women have no papers or magazines to read.

Arabia's New Ruler

For many years Arabia was under Turkish rule; but after the great European war began it asserted its independence, and for two years was under the rule of Hussein, an Arab patriot, and a strong supporter of the Allies. At his recent death his son Faisal, who received the greater part of his education in Paris and London, took the throne.

The British and French governments feel that in King Faisal they have a stronger ally even than in his father, due to the fact that the new ruler "is more enlightened, more progressive, and possesses much greater experience with the Western powers than did his father and predecessor." We shall hope that under the reign of such a ruler Arabia may win for itself a place on the map worthy of the world's present enlightened civilization.

The Twenty-five Cents Found

BERNARDO had been called to service and he responded. He was to have practically no expenses at the camp. Bed, board, and clothing were part of the recompense the country would give for his service. Rosa, however, had two babies, both less than one and one-half years old. Bernardo had been canvassing for a living, and had nothing in store with which to tide over the time they must wait for the first pay day, so he left her all but five of the few pennies he had.

He had asked to have the Sabbath off, and that had been granted. He had asked for noncombatant service, and had been made supply sergeant. Sleeping in

the tent where the supplies were kept, he could have quiet for prayer and Bible study as he could not when in a tent with five other men. To have this was the greatest privilege he could ask, for it was not pleasant to be scoffed at and ridiculed by worldly associates. Now if he could only make good, he could not only have this coveted privilege, but would be entitled to an increase of salary, and how comfortable it would be to have all his debts paid off.

He took especial pains to keep his supplies in good order and the tent clean and attractive. A part of his work was to



Bernardo and His Family

stamp the aluminum tags that the men of his company were to wear, on which were inscribed their name and number. Occasionally some of the soldiers would come in, and he would have to leave this work to stamp their clothing with name and company number. On the day referred to two soldiers came in for this attention, and meanwhile Bernardo stepped out for

a moment to raise the side of the tent so there might be more light. Some days before this his commanding officer had handed him a twenty-five-cent piece on which to stamp his name and number. This he had done, and left it on the work table. After these two soldiers had gone, he missed the money. What should he do? What would his commanding officer think of him and his conscientious principles made so prominent by the special concessions he had asked? He was sure one of the two soldiers had taken the money. If his lone five-cent piece were only twenty-five, how glad he would have been to substitute it and say nothing about the matter. What could he do?—Pray, yes, and wait for God to work. God does take an interest in as small things as this, and he did work in his own good time and way. Bernardo reported the loss to his commanding officer, and as no one would confess the theft the entire company of two hundred fifty men were deprived of liberty until the money should be returned. Bernardo was now more anxious than ever, for he wanted to see Rosa and the babies and attend service on the Sabbath. Naturally the men of the camp who had nothing to do with the loss had him singled out as the trouble maker. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" But they do not overlook little things in the army.

It happened, yes, happened, for it was so ordered by Providence, that Bernardo saw one of those two soldiers coming out of the Y. M. C. A. building with some stamps in his hand. Thinking only of that troublesome *dos reales*, he went to the secretary and asked the privilege of seeing the twenty-five-cent piece, and behold there was the identical coin. If he could have done so, it would not have been wise for him to take it with him, and so he reported to his company commander, who sent a witness with Bernardo to obtain the piece, for it had already been marked. Of course the soldier who had purchased the stamps had to confess, and so all the men of the company were freed from suspicion. The guilty man was permanently deprived of liberty.

Bernardo has been in the camp but a little more than a month, but his faithfulness has been rewarded, and he has been promoted. He did not like to annoy his commanding officer by frequently asking leave of absence; so his surprise at being called by him on Sabbath and told he was free to be absent until Sunday night, was so great that he forgot to salute as he left. The officer smiled as he reminded him of his neglect.

The recital of this will show that God not only worked in time past to bring Daniel and others into favor, but is now rewarding the faithfulness of young men in Porto Rico.

D. D. FITCH.

"Over the Top" in the Jungle

THE foreign missionary is indeed "over there," and here in North Rhodesia we are working in the front-line trenches, with obstacles of a varied sort to hinder our advance. Instead of barbed-wire entanglements we have thorns and brush to clear away; there are swamps to drain, wild beasts to guard against, and supplies of every sort to transport from eight hundred miles south.

Some persons think that all a missionary has to do is to sit under a banana palm and teach the natives, but this is a mistaken notion. The native does not speak our language, and we cannot speak his. Native

dialects follow no rules of grammar and are not easy to learn. When we landed at the mission station we were met by a very realistic wall of fire, and it took quick work to save our belongings. The first night we spent in a tent, but the dirt was too much for us, and we put up a grass shed for temporary use. As the rainy season was near, we bent every effort to the erection of a substantial house. There was absolutely nothing with which to start, except a pile of building grass.

We finally secured the help of a sawyer and felled a number of large trees in the forest. As these were cut down, some of the boys placed poles for a tram line, while others rolled the logs in. One log fifteen feet long and two feet thick was brought from a mile up in the woods in this way. The limbs were crooked, and it was no easy task to get it out of the jungle. Then when the boys started to place it across the top of the pit we were preparing for burning the bricks, it fell in, and when I came upon the scene one end of the log was in a pit seven feet deep. I sent some of my helpers to secure a quantity of strong rope bark, probably like that with which Samson was bound in Bible days. After school, taking fifty boys with me, I went up to the pit. We made a skid, putting rollers under the log, and after some diligent work we got things adjusted, to the amazement of the natives, who had never seen such a thing done before.

The boys made sixty thousand bricks. I put them in the kiln myself. This kiln was built with six fire-places, and while it was burning I had to get out in the middle of the night to be sure that the boys had not gone to sleep on the job, for a little carelessness with the fires would have spoiled all our bricks. I made the journey from our hut to the kiln with a spear in one hand and a lantern in the other, for the wild beasts are most attentive neighbors. Our finished house was eighteen by thirty-six feet.

Then came the problem of furniture. This we made out of rude logs and old boxes. Our native carpenter cannot saw straight, and the nails he drives always go in crooked, but he made some very decent chairs and a table, with Mrs. Konigmacher to help him get things together a little bit on the square.

We also built a kraal strong enough to keep out the wild animals, and then imported some European fowls at the fancy price of \$2.50 each.

While the work on our compound was progressing we started the school. We secured books in the vernacular from the Baptist mission sixty miles away, and songbooks and Gospels from Livingstonia, one hundred miles distant in the opposite direction. The boys had to have huts in which to live, and later we built a grass church, which the pupils plastered with mud. This church is still in use. Poles set in forked tree branches, which have been driven into the ground, are used for seats.

It soon became necessary to enlarge our compound. We built five more huts for the boys; also a kitchen, and set up some long tables under the trees for their use. Mrs. Konigmacher made more than forty shirts and loin cloths for the boys, and the boys look very neat, because we see that they keep clean.

We have a night school, and the pupils study with their spears and guns close at hand, for man-eating lions are plentiful in this vicinity. There is a good-sized baptismal class, and the outlook for our work was never brighter. Some of these natives are white at heart, even if their skin is black. Truly the harvest in Rhodesia is ripe, but the laborers are few.

King Jesus calls for volunteers to "carry on" in these outposts of civilization, that the gospel of the kingdom may go to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people in this generation. Who will answer, "Here am I; send me"?
S. M. KONIGMACHER.

We Have Volunteered for Jesus

We have volunteered for Jesus in the cause of truth and right;
We have girded on the armor, and are ready for the fight;
We have pledged our loyal service, and we'll trust his love and might

To make the army strong.

King Jesus is our Captain, and he leads our faithful band;
He has given us a banner and a sword is in his hand;
He will lead us on to victory if we follow his command;
The fight will not be long.

There are wrongs and fearful errors thronging all along our way,
Sin in all its frightful shapes and forms to fight and keep at bay;

Weary, footsore pilgrim friends to help along the way,
And swell the army's throng.

Then keep the banner floating high and never own defeat;
We are fighting for a Captain who will never call retreat;
And we'll keep the warfare waging till we sing at Jesus' feet
The glad, triumphant song.

ISABEL McDONALD.

The Will of an Insane Man

IN the pocket of an old, ragged coat belonging to one of the insane patients of the Chicago poorhouse there was found, after the patient's death, a will.

The man had been a lawyer, and the will was written in a firm, clear hand on a few scraps of paper. So unusual was it that it was sent to a lawyer; and he read it before the Chicago Bar Association, and a resolution was passed ordering it probated. And now it is on the records of Cook County, Illinois.

The will reads as follows:

"I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interests which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"ITEM: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

"ITEM: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"ITEM: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance or without any incumbrance or care.

"ITEM: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"ITEM: To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and grave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"ITEM: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

"ITEM: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Song of the Aviator

THE following poem was read at an entertainment given by the Young Men's Christian Association to five hundred aviators at an aviation barracks in a large camp in France. The author, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, wrote the poem for the occasion. While we may not agree with the entire sentiment expressed, the poem is interesting:

"You may thrill with the speed of your thoroughbred steed,
You may laugh with delight as you ride the ocean,
You may rush afar in your touring car,
Leaping, sweeping by things that are creeping —
But you never will know the joy of motion
Till you rise up over the earth some day,
And soar like an eagle, away — away.

"High and higher, above each spire,
Till lost to sight is the tallest steeple,
With the winds you chase in a valiant race,
Looping, swooping, where mountains are grouping,
Hailing them comrades, in place of people.
Oh, vast is the rapture the bird man knows
As into the ether he mounts and goes.

"He is over the sphere of human fear;
He has come into touch with things supernal.
At each man's gate death stands await;
And dying flying were better than lying
In sick beds crying for life eternal.
Better to fly halfway to God
Than to burrow too long like a worm in the sod."

"No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.—*Lowell*.

Dr. William Duncan's Decease

ADAH SPARHAWK YOUNG

THE death of Rev. William Duncan, on Friday, August 30, removed one of the oldest and most respected landmarks of Alaska. He was laid to rest September 1 with solemnity and sorrow, befitting his honorable life and the esteem in which he was held. And so he sleeps till Jesus comes.

The first services, according to the old native custom, were held the next day after his death, when a few intimate friends gathered in the living-room of his home to witness the placing of his body in the casket. Reverend Van Marter, of Ketchikan, gave an address on the life of the deceased, and native speakers paid tribute to his wonderful work among them. He was laid in state until the funeral took place, and was viewed by many people, both native and white.

On Sunday following, several steamers and boats left Ketchikan for Metlakahla, carrying many prominent business men and a host of friends to attend the public services, besides a small fleet of fishing boats, which sped back and forth, a distance of twelve miles, carrying natives, many of them having come to Ketchikan from surrounding towns and camps.

At 11 A. M. the body was brought out of the house and placed on a pedestal erected in front of his home. Here the procession formed, headed by the famous native band of Metlakahla, and followed by the casket carried on the shoulders of several stalwart natives. About a thousand natives and visitors followed in the procession, which proceeded slowly to the strains of the funeral march played by the band, around the outskirts of the town back to the church.

After the reading of the Scriptures, the mayor of Metlakahla, a native, formally turned the services over to Reverend Van Marter of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Ketchikan. The famous native choir rendered one of their noted anthems, also a hymn composed by Mr. Duncan was sung by the congregation. Several addresses followed.

He was laid to rest, not in their cemetery, but in the churchyard, beneath the shadow of the largest church in Alaska, a fitting monument of his life's work among the natives of the north.

Sketch of Mr. Duncan's Life

Rev. William Duncan was born in Beverley, Yorkshire, England, April, 1832. He was familiarly known to all his friends as "Father Duncan." His marvelous natural powers were not impaired by time. He was endowed with wonderful executive and business abilities.

In the death of Mr. Duncan, the venerable founder of Metlakahla, one of the most noted figures of the religious life of the last half century has been removed. His name will ever be associated with the religious pioneers of Alaska. In the passing of Mr. Duncan is felt a personal loss, not only by the large circle of his friends and acquaintances, but by thousands all over the land.

This man's history reads like a story in which there is a line of pathos crowded out by final triumph and

victory. Mr. Duncan became a world figure by devoting his long and busy life to a cause which at first seemed to give small promise of ultimate success, but which succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations.

Volumes could be written concerning this noble man and his work of sixty-five years among this interesting people. "The Apostle of Alaska," by John W. Aretander, gives a good description of his life.

He was not the representative of a class, but a class in himself. He believed the Word of God with child-like faith, and during the last few years of his life he spent much time reading and studying its sacred pages.

So wonderfully did his whole life adjust itself to the customs and manners of the people whom he learned to love and for whom he gave his life, that he seemed one among them. During the first years of his labor among the Indians, while they were savages, he had thrilling experiences, but his life was miraculously saved.

He early learned the native language, Tsimshian, and what was, perhaps, of more value, he had an intuitive knowledge of the manner in which the Indian should be treated. He often remarked that he not only spoke in Tsimshian, but he even thought in Tsimshian and dreamed in Tsimshian.

He was a most charming conversationalist, and spoke in language which thrilled the hearts of his hearers, both young and old. A masterful mind was his, energetic, keen, and forceful.

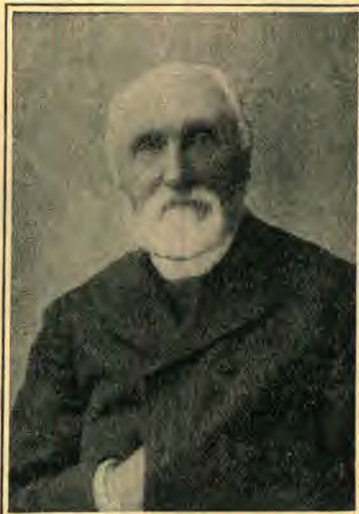
For over sixty years his sayings have been household words among these people, and the story of his missionary zeal has been read at many a fireside on two continents.

He leaves a memory fragrant with good deeds and unselfish acts of kindness.

Ketchikan, Alaska.

Many Follow One

ON one of the warships there was a sailor boy who tried to live like a Christian. One night, as he was on his knees praying, some one slipped down by his side and said, "May I come?" Now there were two, and they used to sit behind one of the guns and read their Bibles and speak of the things of the kingdom. The sailors mocked them, and one, worse than the others, went to the captain, who was a Roman Catholic, and told him of the two who were reading the Bible, thinking that the Catholic would forbid it. But he was a liberal man, and instead of forbidding it he ordered that a place on the deck be curtained off for the two sailors to read in. It was not long before the curtain was drawn aside and another came and said, "May I come?" Then another came, and still others, until many of the boys came to read the Word of God. Should we not live so that others will want to do as we do, and follow our Lord? — *Christian Endeavor World*.



WILLIAM DUNCAN

The Jealous King

AFTER King Solomon turned from worshipping God and sacrificed to idols, he heavily taxed the people and placed upon them other burdens almost too heavy to be borne, so the people of Israel determined, before anointing a new king at the death of Solomon, to learn what was to be the prospective ruler's policy. They therefore waited upon Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, to whom the throne had been promised, and said to him: "Thy father made our yoke grievous: now therefore ease thou somewhat the grievous servitude of thy father, and his heavy yoke that he put upon us, and we will serve thee."

What an Unwise Answer Cost

Rehoboam bade them wait three days for an answer.

During this time he counseled with his father's advisers, men who had grown old solving problems of state, and they wisely advised the young ruler thus: "If thou be kind to this people, and please them, and speak good words to them, they will be thy servants forever."

Somehow this advice was not altogether satisfying to the self-important prince; so he advised with younger men, those who had been associated with him in youth and early manhood, receiving the counsel that "he deal sternly with the subjects of his kingdom, and make plain to them that from the very beginning he would brook no interference with his personal wishes."

When the people came on the third day, in an imperious and rough way Rehoboam announced to them his decision, saying:

"My father made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke: my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions."

This rash speech almost cost the ambitious youth his kingdom; for all but two tribes, Benjamin and Judah, revolted, and appointed Jeroboam, a servant of Solomon, but a mighty man of valor, to be their king.

Rehoboam remained king of the two loyal tribes, and had his capital at Jerusalem, while the seat of Jeroboam's kingdom was at Samaria.

Rehoboam tried to profit by this bitter experience; and for three years prosperity marked his reign; but finally he began to lose his hold upon God, and put his trust in himself and his great works. As a result both himself and his kingdom began to lose ground, and this disintegration kept on until his death.

Jeroboam's Jealous Fear

After Jeroboam came to the throne, he was constantly harassed by the fear that his people would go over to Rehoboam. As many of the most consecrated Jews still went to Jerusalem annually to worship, he determined to stop this migration by setting up in his own territory some golden calves for them to worship. He told the people that it was too much for them to go way up to Jerusalem, and encouraged them to remain at home and worship the gods he had set up.

He tried to persuade some Levites who lived within his realm to serve as priests, but this they absolutely refused to do; so the king took the lowest of the people and made them to serve.

The King Rebuked

The Lord saw all this, and rebuked the king in a strange and impressive way. Jeroboam had called the people together for a great meeting; and while he was dedicating one of the idolatrous altars an old man rode up on an ass. He alighted, and with decision and firmness in his step and bearing he walked up before the king and, in the name of God, denounced him for his idolatry, and cried out against the altar, "O altar, altar, thus saith the Lord; Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, Josiah by name; and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee."

This unexpected but impressive interruption to the idolatrous feast produced a profound silence, and the prophet of God continued. As a sign whereby they might know that he was sent of



JEROBOAM'S DEFIANCE OF GOD AT BETHEL

"The altar also was rent, and the ashes poured out." 1 Kings 13: 5.

God to them he said that the altar before which they were standing would be rent or broken apart, and the ashes would be poured out. The next instant the prophet's words were fulfilled. The people were amazed as the great altar broke apart from top to bottom, and as the ashes poured out upon the ground.

The king was furious, and failing to realize that the God of heaven and earth had placed his hand upon that altar and broken it apart, he stretched forth his arm toward the man and called to the people: "Lay hold on him!"

The King Stricken

Just as they were about to seize the prophet, they beheld their terror-stricken king. His face was blood-

less from fear, and they saw his outstretched arm that the God of heaven had smitten. It was withered, immovable. But in response to the king's pathetic appeal for the prayer of the prophet, the man prayed, and the Lord restored the palsied arm. Still the king's heart remained hard and unyielding. He, however, said to the prophet, "Come home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward."

The Lord knew the prophet would receive the invitation from the king, and probably he knew, too, that the king's motive in giving the invitation was not good, or that the prophet would be wrongly influenced by the visit, or that some evil would result from such a visit. He at least meant to give the people an example of how careful they should be to heed every command he gave them. In accordance with the command of the Lord, the stanch old prophet said to the king: "If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place: for so it was charged me by the word of the Lord, saying, Eat no bread, nor drink water, nor turn again by the same way that thou camest."

The Unfortunate Dinner Invitation

There were young men at the meeting who heard these prophetic utterances of the man of God, and who saw the evidences of power that revealed the prophet's God-given commission; but whose hearts were not properly subdued by what they had heard and seen, else their relation of the strange happenings to their father on their return home would so have awed him that he would never have dared to tempt the man of God to turn aside from his Heaven-directed course.

It may be that these young men cherished a rebellious feeling against the prophet of God for his interference in their idolatrous worship, and they so related the incidents that the father thought it but a fitting finale to the day's events to interrupt, by subterfuge if necessary, the plans of the prophet of God. No doubt the false prophet gloated to himself over his cunning as he evolved the wicked plan by which he did secure the good man's downfall. But if he did, he had just cause for regret ere many hours had passed.

Taken Unawares and Deceived

Little did the prophet of God know what awaited him as he journeyed along alone. Feeling that the day's work was over he was probably off his guard, when he was overtaken by the false prophet, an old man, who told him that he also was a prophet of God, and invited him to go back and eat bread and drink water with him, for an angel of the Lord had appeared to him and bade him give the invitation. The man refused the false prophet as he had the king; but hunger and fatigue finally influenced him to run the risk of accepting his would-be host's oft-repeated statement that he was bidden of God to proffer the invitation.

Disobedience Fatal

This might seem to have been a difficult situation for the man of God; but was it? He *knew* the Lord spoke to him in the first place. He had visible evidence that God witnessed to the righteousness of the message he had borne, in the rent altar and the king's smitten and restored arm. He had no real evidence whatever that the man who was urging him to go back was sent of God; he merely took his word for it. This

misplaced confidence brought fatal results to the man of God; for as the two sat at table together the Spirit of the Lord came upon the evil-doer, and bade him pronounce upon his guest Heaven's death sentence.

The host probably had not thought that any real evil would result from the turning back of the man of God; but as he passed the Lord's solemn message on to the one who sat at table with him, no doubt his own soul trembled with fear; and there was a sudden termination of the unholy repast. Both men hastened to secure the ass that the fatal journey might be resumed. Perhaps the disobedient prophet did not understand just when or how the judgment of God was to be carried out; but he did not dare linger on the enemy's ground. "And when he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him; and his carcass was cast in the way, and the ass stood by it, the lion also stood by the carcass. And, behold, men passed by, and saw the carcass cast in the way, . . . and they came and told it in the city where the old prophet dwelt. And when the prophet that brought him back from the way heard thereof, he said, It is the man of God, who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord."

God's Justice and Wisdom Vindicated

The unhappy fate of this man of God awakens a peculiarly sympathetic feeling in the mind of the reader. Sometimes one even fails to see God's just and wise purpose in allowing the unfortunate sequel to such an impressive mission. But the God who takes no pleasure in the death of the wicked surely takes no pleasure in the death of his servants; hence we know that a wise providence of God suffered the judgment to come upon the disobedient prophet. Mrs. E. G. White, in "The Captivity and Restoration of Israel," says:

"If, after disobeying the word of the Lord, the prophet had been permitted to go on in safety, the king would have used this fact in an attempt to vindicate his own disobedience. In the rent altar, in the palsied arm, and in the terrible fate of the one who dared disobey an express command of Jehovah, Jeroboam should have discerned the swift displeasure of an offended God, and these judgments should have warned him not to persist in wrong-doing. But, far from repenting, Jeroboam 'made again of the lowest of the people priests of the high places: whosoever would, he consecrated him, and he became one of the priests of the high places.' Thus he not only sinned greatly himself, but 'made Israel to sin;' and 'this thing became sin unto the house of Jeroboam, even to cut it off, and to destroy it from off the face of the earth.'"

F. D. C.

Prevents Wastage of Oil

By the cementing of oil wells in the North Cushing field of Oklahoma to keep out the detrimental flow of water, a saving in oil from fifty wells of more than two thousand barrels a day has been effected, the bureau of mines recently announced. Not only will this mean an increase of \$4,500 a day in the gross income of the operators of the wells, but the gasoline produced from the oil saved, the bureau estimates, is sufficient to drive every automobile in the United States an average of twenty miles.

Steps have been taken to introduce the plan in other fields of the country, with a view of meeting the oil shortage.—*Selected.*

The "Kandi-wala"

THE *kandi-wala* is an interesting feature of the hills where we generally spend a few weeks in the hottest part of India's summers. A *kandi* is a basket, and the *wala* is the man who carries it. There are many kinds of *kandi-walas*, but the kind to which we refer is the one who carries our children out when we go for a walk during our vacation in the hills. As seen in the picture on the cover page of this number of the INSTRUCTOR, his dress is quite nondescript, and with many of them it is almost "non." There is so much "up hill and down dale" in a walk in a place like the hill station of Mussoorie, in the Himalayas, that to travel any distance is very fatiguing to little children, hence the *kandi-wala*. For the children's outings, therefore, one keeps a *kandi*, or basket, which is purchased for about 12 annas (or 24 cents), and when going out with the children a *wala*, or coolie, is called to carry it. A rope or strap is passed underneath the basket, and attached about halfway up on one side, and is then carried up to nearly the top of the other side, and the ends left free for the *kandi-wala* to pass over his shoulder and tie under his arms. When the basket is ready, and the child seated, the *wala* sits down with his back to the basket, and having adjusted the rope or straps, gives a grunt, and raises himself up with the basket on his back. Thus accommodated, the child is ready for a five-mile jaunt.

The *kandi-wala* is in great demand in such hill stations as Mussoorie, as hundreds of children take their airing in the *kandi* on the back of a *kandi-wala*, with the parents or the nurse in attendance. Some mothers send out their children for hours alone with the *kandi-wala*, for an airing on the hills, and one seldom, perhaps never, hears of an accident or of trouble of any kind. The *kandi-walas* are registered, and know that they are responsible for the life of the little *sahib* or *missi-sahib*, as the case may be.

Like most labor in India, the services of the *kandi-wala* are not rewarded with very high remuneration. The pay is two annas for the first hour, and one anna for each hour afterward. Their wants are few, just a little for food, and less for clothing, about which they are not in the least fastidious. The one in the picture is not arrayed for the occasion; he merely managed to be the first on the scene one morning when I was about to take our little girl for a walk, and having occasion to wait a little while, I took the picture.

Some other time I may tell you about other *walas* of India.

F. H. LOASBY.

The College Lecturer

AT the age of eighteen I went to college. On looking back over my college years, I discover that the hours that have faded least under the sunlight and the snows of the seasons are the hours in which I was permitted to stand in the presence of a great man. The great men of my college world were lecturers. They came from afar, tarried only for an evening, and then vanished to return no more. Each one left me in the altered world. They threw round me larger horizons and set me breathing the atmosphere of loftier heights.

One of these miracle-working men was Bob Burdette. He had an enormous reputation for being funny, and so I began to laugh internally before he began to speak. It was not long until my laughter became vocal, and before the lecture was half over I was so hilarious that it is a wonder a policeman did

not put me out. I have often wished that I could hear that lecture again. It had a dog in it that I would give worlds to see. Years afterward I met Mr. Burdette in California. He had become a minister of the gospel, and was so sober and human and ordinary that it was hard for me to believe that he was really the same man who had mesmerized me thirty years before.

One evening Joseph Cook came our way — the majestic and unparalleled Joseph! For months we had been reading about him and his amazing exploits. He was a sort of Samson, who could carry off the gates of Gaza and put to flight vast hosts of unbelieving Philistines. He came to us at the very summit of his fame, when he seemed to have got the start of the majestic world and to be bearing the palm alone. Had word arrived from Mars that one of the philosophers of that planet was to lecture in our opera house, I should not have been more profoundly moved. I counted the hours before the great lecturer was to appear. I shuddered at the thought that I might die before this Titan of the East arrived.

I lived! I saw him! I heard him! I do not remember what he said, but the memory of the exaltation of my mood is still vivid. I gazed on him as a little child gazes on a star. I was too thoroughly awed to think — I merely sat and felt. After the lecture I followed this son of thunder through the street, but I did not go very near him, for I was afraid that he would turn and look at me.

John B. Gough came, and he, too, was a magician. I had heard of him for years, and now at last my eyes beheld him, and my ears heard him. His voice had in it something that found the corpuscles in the blood. He made us laugh and cry just as he chose. I was amazed that any man should be able to work such wonders. I wished I could look inside his skull and see what the Almighty had hidden there. As this was impossible, I noticed carefully the shape of his forehead and the cut of his mouth and the expression of his eyes. I would travel a thousand miles to hear a man who could be as eloquent to me now as John B. Gough was on that never-to-be-forgotten evening.

At last the great Henry Ward Beecher paid us a visit. I obtained a seat directly in front of him. I know my eyes were open; I am not sure about my mouth. From boyhood I had heard about the famous Brooklyn preacher, and now at last I was to be permitted to hear him! I had always idolized him as the greatest of orators, and now I was to hear what real oratory is.

He began his lecture in a quiet, conversational tone. That surprised me not a little, for, if a man was an orator, it seemed to me he ought not to waste time in being something else. But the speaker was merely a quiet-voiced gentleman saying things in a calm and sensible way. I forgave him, however, for I knew that after he once got down to business he would show us what he could do.

But he simply went on and on and on. After a while I forgot to pay attention to just how he was going on. I simply drank in the words as they flowed from his lips, and then all at once he stopped, — just why I did not understand, for surely he had not spoken for more than ten or twelve minutes, — and I felt confident that he would, after getting his breath, begin again. But to my dismay he walked off the stage, and the lecture was actually ended. I looked at my watch. It said that he had spoken for more than an hour. I could not understand it. I com-

pared my watch with the watch of a friend. They both said the same thing.

True Eloquence

A new idea of eloquence began to dawn on me. I had always supposed it was the art of saying things in such a dramatic way that every one would sit enraptured, exclaiming, "Ah, this is eloquence!" I now began to surmise that eloquence is talking in such a way that the hearer forgets the clock and merges his soul in the soul of the speaker. That is what had happened to me.

On going home I realized that I had not recognized the greatness of the speaker until the moment in which he ceased. I did not know how high I was until he left me, and I was obliged to clamber down to the level of my ordinary existence. I learned that night that eloquence is neither declamation nor any sort of verbal pyrotechnics, but the art of using words in such a way that the clock stops and the forces of the spirit are set free.

College days over, the question arose where I was to pursue my post-graduate studies. I was to be a lawyer, and various Western law schools beckoned me, but they had no attraction, because they were in cities that were lacking in great men known to me. Boston was the only city in the country at that time that abounded in great men who had come within the circle of my knowledge.

All through college I burned incense at the shrine of Emerson, and one day Mr. Bronson Alcott, of Concord, had spoken to us, telling us to eat apples and live forever. Through his "Ten Great Religions" I had come to know James Freeman Clarke, and the speeches of Wendell Phillips I knew almost by heart. And then there were Edward Everett Hale and Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell and Julia Ward Howe, and several others of the shining company of the immortals. Although it was my purpose to study law, I did not care to study it unless I could do it in the presence of the great.

One day, soon after my arrival in Cambridge, I happened to meet Oliver Wendell Holmes on Boston Common. I was not expecting to see him, and when he suddenly stood in flesh and blood before me, looking just like his picture, my heart almost ceased to beat. Later I heard the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table recite his "Chambered Nautilus." He did it like a little schoolboy, and I loved him more than ever.—*Charles Edwards Jefferson.*

Incentives to High Thinking

TO keep ourselves from sins of the mind let us seek the incentive of high thinking which comes from communion with the best books. First of all let us devote ourselves to the Book of books, from which we may draw the inspiration of the life of Him who is the world's greatest and noblest example. Then let us seek for the incentive that comes from reading books that will stimulate high thinking and pure living. Let us read the biographies of great leaders, the life stories of men and women who have not spared themselves but have freely devoted their lives for the service and uplift of humanity. Let us read of the achievements of the missionaries of the cross at home and abroad, of the doings of those who have been apostles of social righteousness, and of the transformations wrought by those who have been great reformers, such as Luther, Huss, Zwingli, Melancthon, and others.—*Selected.*

Bits of Politeness

IN countries where there are kings, queens, and princes, the beautiful expression "*Noblesse oblige*" is in common use. It means, "Nobility obliges." In other words, nobility of birth obliges one to say the pleasant, kindly word, and do the thoughtful, loving deed. In our country every boy is a king and every girl a queen. It is for us to show the nobility of our place in free America, by living up to the royal motto, "*Noblesse oblige.*" Here are some of the ways of doing so:

Always show respect and deference to people older than you. It is not proper for children to rebuke or correct their parents. Never mind if father or mother does use some careless expression such as "set" in place of "sit." As people grow older they often make slips in speaking that they never made when they were young, and it is not the slightest disgrace to either them or you that these little errors occur. How do you know that you yourself speak with absolute correctness?

Never interrupt a person who is speaking. If you commit this error accidentally, ask the speaker to pardon you.

Never flatly contradict even a child of your own age.

If you must disagree, beg pardon for doing so, or say very quietly, "I think you must be mistaken," and there let the matter rest. It is vulgar to dispute with any one. You are welcome to think as you please, but keep your opinion to yourself rather than argue.

It is very foolish to try to show off. The boaster is sure to be punished sooner or later for his assumed superiority. Never whisper to a friend when others are present. It is considered bad form to hold the hand to the lips so as to speak to one person without being heard by others.

The privacy of a person's own room should be respected. Never enter any sleeping apartment, save your own, without first knocking at the door.

In passing through a hall, do not look into the doors which happen to be open on either side.

In going upstairs a boy precedes a woman, or walks by her side.

If there is a stranger at any gathering where you may be, never mind whether you know him or not; introduce yourself. Make him acquainted with your friends as well. Take particular pains that he shall have an enjoyable time.

This is the proper way to introduce two people: Supposing you wish to introduce a boy friend to your mother, you would say: "Mother, this is my friend Jack Redmond." If you wish to make a boy friend and a girl friend acquainted, introduce the boy to the girl, saying, "Helen Smith, this is my friend Jack Redmond," or simply, "Helen Smith, Jack Redmond." In case you wish to be a little more formal, say "Miss Smith," instead of "Helen."

It is considered rude to consult a watch in church, or when you are in the company of any but intimate friends. This rule need, however, be carried out only in a general way. If it is necessary for you to take a train at a certain hour, or if there is any other reason why the exact time should be noted, it is entirely proper to look at the watch, but it should be done in as unobtrusive a way as possible.

One law of true etiquette holds good at all times and all places. It is called the golden rule—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

CAROLINE F. GRIFFIN.

Nature and Science

Spanish Influenza

THIS new disease promises, unless exceeding care is taken, to become widespread. Already a number of officers and men in our army encampments have died of the disease.

The surgeon-general of the army has given the following rules for preventing an attack:

Avoid needless crowding—influenza is a crowd disease.

Smother your coughs and sneezes—others do not want the germs which you would throw away.

Your nose, not your mouth, was made to breathe through—get the habit.

Remember the three C's—a clean mouth, clean skin, and clean clothes.

Try to keep cool when you walk, and warm when you ride and sleep.

Open the windows—always at home at night; at the office when practicable.

Chew your food well.

Your fate may be in your own hands—wash your hands before eating.

Do not let the waste products of digestion accumulate—drink a glass or two of water on getting up.

Do not use a napkin, towel, spoon, fork, glass, or cup which has been used by another person and not washed.

Avoid tight clothes, tight shoes, tight gloves—seek to make nature your ally, not your prisoner.

When the air is pure, breathe all of it you can—breathe deeply.

How to Hold Old Age at Bay

It is simple—treat yourself as well as you do your automobile. The body grows old just as an automobile does, and for the same causes.

Let two automobiles leave the factory at the same time, finished on the same day. At the end of a year one may be old and worn out, fit only for the junk heap, while the other is "good as new." It is altogether a matter of care.

There is one important difference between a man and an automobile. The idle automobile keeps in fine shape, while the idle man rapidly deteriorates. Activity is essential for the preservation of the living machine.

A man who wishes to get the most, the longest service, out of his automobile gives it excellent care. He continually guards it against accidents. He doesn't use it for a battering-ram to beat down telephone poles and fence posts. He selects the smoothest road he can find instead of rushing over ditches, plowed fields, and stone heaps. He drives slowly over rough places and climbs steep hills on low gear.

Every few months the owner of a worth-while machine has it looked over by an expert who takes care to tighten every loose bolt and screw, to inspect and adjust every automatic device, to clean and oil, in short, to correct every defect. Such an inspection will certainly precede a long touring trip. And, also, the automobile is properly housed and kept clean. If it gets dirty, it is given a bath at once.

Most important of all, the master of an automobile will take care to feed it properly. Oil adapted to its bearings, and gas of the finest quality. No oil or gas is too fine for a high-priced automobile.

Now that is the way a man should treat himself if he wants to live out all his days, if he desires to hold that grim enemy, old age, at bay as long a time as possible.

To keep an automobile young, one uses it sensibly and cares for it scientifically. To keep a man young as long as possible, it is only necessary that he should

live scientifically, biologically; that is, he should live naturally.

But he does not do this. As Seneca, the wise old Roman philosopher, said, "Man does not die, he kills himself."

That's the real truth. We destroy ourselves with bad habits, abuses, and neglects. The average man lives less than fifty years. If he took as good care of himself as he takes of his automobile (if he has a high-priced car), he would live a hundred years at least.—*Selected.*

An Unequal Combat

THE great Mud Buttes of South Dakota, standing high above the surrounding country, offer among the great rocks scattered over their tops and down their sides numberless safe retreats for rabbits and porcupines and other small animals.

The porcupine has a peculiar way of defending himself. He is covered with sharp-pointed quills. When attacked, he bristles up these quills, and any animal trying to bite him gets his mouth, nose, and jaws filled with the sharp quills which sometimes penetrate almost an inch. These quills are heavily barbed, which makes their removal an exceedingly painful operation.

Recently one of these porcupines ventured out from his retreat among the rocks. A neighboring dog thought to make short work of him, with the result that this particular dog got his jaws and nose full of the sharp quills, and didn't get the porcupine. The dog could neither eat, drink, rest, nor enjoy himself with all those quills in him. And what was worse, he would flee at the approach of any one wanting to relieve his forlorn condition. But after several days the dog, slowly dying of hunger and thirst, allowed his friends to capture him and pull out the one hundred ten quills.

How much like human kind was this dog. In the great battle of life we come in contact with Satan and are filled with his quills of selfishness. These selfish things deter us from enjoying life. In our ignorance and fear we keep away from those who want to help us. It may be that on the verge of starvation and death, we come to Jesus and let him extricate us from our sinful condition. Then in the peace and comfort that follow we realize how foolish it was to endure those days of suffering when help was so freely offered us.

BERT RHODES.



"Nature's drink for all things living —
Oh, how cooling is the stream!"

The Same Kind of Boy

ALTHOUGH Truman Holmes was not a malicious boy, he smiled a little at what he saw as he looked out of the window that snowy morning. Across the street an undersized boy of Truman's age was struggling to clean the walks before three of the houses. The snow was deep and heavy. Truman knew that, for he had cleaned his own walks an hour before. The boy had made a beginning before each house, evidently to hold his job, for he did not live on this street. The work was hard for him. He lifted the shovelfuls of snow with difficulty, and sometimes the snow slid off before he could throw it aside. Yet he was working conscientiously. He cleaned the width of the walk, and quite down to the stones.

Ordinarily Tru would have sympathized with the boy's difficulties, even to the extent of going out to help. But this boy was Paul Alger, and Paul had been a thorn in the flesh to Truman ever since their first meeting.

Six months before, Tru's parents had moved in from the country, mainly for the sake of giving their children the advantages of good schools. Tru was not a brilliant student, though a steady one. The city methods were new to him. He had to struggle hard to keep in the grade with boys of his own age, and he made many blunders. He found that the leader of his class was Paul Alger. Paul was easily the best student in the class, and he ruled by force of intellect. He was a poor boy, and there were better-liked pupils, but Paul was indispensable. He was not strong enough to hold a good position on the ball team, but he was the manager, for he could lay out the plan of campaign that usually resulted in victory. He could remember every weakness of every player on opposing teams. He could think quickly in an emergency, and change his style of attack in a moment. Without Paul the team lost, with him they usually won. It was the same in many other school activities, and Paul kept the leadership undisputed. He took an immediate dislike to Truman. He ruled him off the football and basketball teams in the fall, he ridiculed his mistakes, he named him country jay, he defeated him for an office in the school society. The first few months in school had been very bitter to Truman. Now he was slowly winning his way with his mates, but every step was won against Paul's opposition.

So it is not surprising that Tru looked out of the window and smiled over Paul's difficulties.

"To see him strutting around at school," thought Tru, "no one would imagine that he had to do odd jobs to buy his schoolbooks."

The boy across the street leaned heavily on his shovel. He beat his cold hands together, and stamped to warm his feet. After a few more feet of walk were cleared, he turned and went toward his home in the next street. He did not look up, but Tru could see him plainly when he passed. He was blue with cold, and he dragged his feet wearily. Through Tru's complacency over his enemy's difficulty shot a thrill of pity. He remembered what some of the boys had told him. Paul was the son of a widow. Because Paul gave such promise as a scholar, they were making great efforts to keep him in school. Paul worked through vacations, and out of school hours, earning his own clothes and books, while his mother did plain sewing to keep them sheltered and fed. Tru turned away from the window uncomfortably. He had every-

thing that Paul lacked—a comfortable home, and freedom from anxiety about where the means for his education was coming from.

"He's a mean little rascal, but he is smart and plucky, and he ought to get along," said Tru, as he pulled his lined gloves on again.

Paul was out of sight when Tru came out on the street with his shovel in his hand. He crossed the street, and fell upon the unfinished walks. He completed two, and had the third almost finished before Paul turned the corner. Then he had time to escape to his own home without being seen.

Paul stood before the first walk with consternation on his face. Had some one else secured the job, and his pay? The woman of the house opened the door. "I suppose you are working in partnership with that big boy," she said. "He finished the work, but he did not come in for pay. Here is your fifty cents."

"I'll see that he gets his share, ma'am," said Paul.

He did the small amount of work remaining, and then collected the rest of his money. Afterward he crossed the street, and rang the Holmes bell. Tru answered the door.

"Come on in," he said. "It's too cold to stand on the steps to talk."

Paul stepped inside, and pulled off his cap. He did not look up.

"What do I owe you for the work you did across the street?" he asked.

"Oh, forget it!" said Tru. "I didn't have enough exercise this morning, and I thought it would be a joke to do part of that while you were gone. I forgot that people might tell who did it."

"That was a pretty nice joke for me if you did it to help me out. But honest, I'd rather pay you," said Paul.

"Why, no," said Tru. "That wouldn't be square at all, to go over there, and take your job away from you. I just did it for fun."

"It was mighty nice of you," said Paul. Then he did not find it easy to say what was really in his heart. He twisted his cap about in embarrassed silence. "Say," he blurted out at length, "I wish you'd come down for basketball practice in the gym Monday after school. Some of the fellows say you are awfully quick with the ball. I'd like to see you make the team. Ted's going to drop out."

This was a handsome apology and a sincerely offered olive branch in one, and Tru understood it so.

"Why, I'd like to come," he said heartily. "And I'll do my best, though I don't know whether I can play up to a fellow like you."

"That's all right. I guess you can play up to most anything," said Paul. "We'll look for you. Good-by."

"He isn't such a bad kid," said Tru, as he watched Paul down the street. "I shouldn't wonder if I'd come to like him when I get to know him."

And Paul, hurrying down the street, was reflecting, "That Holmes boy is all right. When he first came, I thought he was an awkward fellow who wanted to run things, but I guess he's big in more ways than one. I shouldn't wonder if I'd like him first-rate when I get to know him."—*Zelia Margaret Walters.*

Falsehood

"WHO dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell."

Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON } Assistant Secretaries
ELLA IDEN
MEADE MAC GUIRE Field Secretary

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.]

OUR society is located where we have opportunity to secure ministers to speak at the meeting every week in the year. Do you think it permissible, under the circumstances, to call on them to speak, since they can usually give much better talks than the young people?

L. J.

We have been instructed through the spirit of prophecy, that "when the youth give their hearts to God, your care for them should not cease. Lay some responsibility upon them. Make them feel that they are expected to do something."

This is the underlying principle of our Missionary Volunteer work. The youth are to be taught to bear responsibilities in conducting meetings, taking part in programs, and in doing missionary work. The Mount Vernon convention, which provided for the organization of the Missionary Volunteer work, voted,

"That the primary object of young people's societies is the salvation and development of our youth by means of prayer, study, and personal missionary effort.

"That in order to develop the young people properly, they must have opportunity to put to use their skill and tact in making and executing plans, and in bearing their share of responsibility."

Experience has proved that the members of a society that does not carry out the Missionary Volunteer

programs, but secures speakers to occupy the time of the meeting, do not develop into real missionary workers as well as those who bear the burden of carrying forward their own meetings.

It surely is perfectly proper to secure a special speaker occasionally, but the constant feeding process does not develop vigorous workers.

M. E. K.

The General Summary

THOUGH we have deferred the publishing of our general summary for several months in the hope that more reports would be received, yet it is still incomplete. Two of our large union conferences are missing; the Australasian and the South African Unions, and several other fields are not represented. While we are sorry for this, it is indeed encouraging to see what excellent totals result from the work done in the fields which have reported. On mission offerings alone it will be observed that in this one quarter the financial goal for the entire year 1917 is overreached by four thousand dollars. If all the reports were in, what a splendid record there would be!

Other items are equally encouraging as compared with the previous quarters. But, Missionary Volunteers, we are not doing *one tenth* of the work we might do for God if we were thoroughly awake to our opportunities. Come, let us arouse ourselves to efforts really worthy of the great cause with which we are connected.

M. E. K.

"I MUST be true,
For there are those who trust me.
I must be prompt,
For there are those who depend upon me.
I must be pure,
For there are those who care.
I must be sincere,
For there are those who believe in me.
I must be kind,
For there are those I may help.
I must be patient,
For trials make me strong."

Summary of the Missionary Volunteer Work of the General Conference for Quarter Ending Dec. 31, 1917

	Societies	Membership	Members Reporting	Letters Written	Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings and Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent and Given	Books Sold	Books Lent and Given	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent and Given	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Clothing and Meals Given	Treatments Given	Signers to Temperance Pledges	Scripture Cards Given	Offerings for Foreign Miss.	Offerings for Home Miss.	Conversions
NORTH AMER. DIV.	1063	19871	10480	14350	5978	34472	6677	2407	81259	230615	26310	9503	5058	74915	40306	17127	1915	1210	8772	\$39033.41	\$5357.41	816
ASIATIC DIVISION																						
Australasian Union	9	80	59	169	135	132	296	20	237	114	92	58	101	151	156	67	48	5			10.45	
Japan	3	50		44	17	310	68	48	13	411	185	20		224	26	55			30			
Malaysian Mission																						
EUROPEAN DIVISION																						
British Union	36	537		934		540	145		8260	1408	81	213	410	12471	2191		62	5		92.47		
Sierra Leone Mission	1	22				44	22					231										
S. AFRICAN UNION																						
WEST INDIAN UNION																						
South Caribbean	16	342	129	104	69	974	259	41	397	712	118	76	91	271	607	34	58		72	12.55	4.48	50
West Caribbean	6	71		51	42	162	83	6	420	323	417	48	2	276	149	40	5					5
HAWAIIAN MISSION				61	30	478	221	13	119	1270	325	148	2	1922	18	16					24.99	
BRAZILIAN UNION	27	306	127	181	102	643	463	23	146	230	116	264	378	1526								
PHILIPPINE UNION	3	135	135	119	67	135	148	49	154	218	120	172	153	568	54	3						
N. CHINA UNION	3	141	141	95	127	413	379	12	407	1028	34	137		261		63	50				30.74	
NORTHERN LATIN AMERICAN MISSIONS																						
Haitien Mission	13	305		244	190	2252	2297	24	241	143	135	366	119	228	2980	3559	227				83.44	9
Porto Rican Mission	4	76	46	484	410	1659	1279	104	67	750	245	45	45	2305	1811	356	194	10	651	18.63	13.94	
Totals	1184	21936	11117	16836	7167	42214	12337	2747	91720	237222	28178	11281	6359	95118	48298	21320	2559	1230	9525	\$39157.06	\$5625.40	880

* For quarter ending Dec. 31, 1917. M. E. KERN, Secretary of the M. V. Dept. of the General Conference.

The Sabbath School

V — Israel Leaves Sinai; Quails Sent

(November 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Num. 9: 15-23; 10: 11-13, 34-36; 11: 1-24, 31-35.

MEMORY VERSE: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Ps. 37: 3.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 374-382; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 222, 223.

"When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Their father's God before them moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

"By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow."

Questions

1. When the tabernacle was completed, how did the Lord show his approval and acceptance? How did this pillar of cloud appear by night? Num. 9: 15, 16.
2. How were the Israelites guided in their journey? Verses 17-23.
3. When was the sign given that they were to break camp at Mt. Sinai and go forward? Num. 10: 11, 12. Note 1.
4. How many days' journey did the children of Israel go? What prayer did Moses offer each time they went forward, and each time they camped? Verses 33-36.
5. How did the people show great ingratitude and lack of faith? What was the result? Num. 11: 1. Note 2.
6. How was the fire quenched? Verses 2, 3.
7. Who next began to complain? Who wept with the mixed multitude? What did they remember? Verses 4, 5. Note 3.
8. What did they say of the manna? How did they prepare it? Verses 6-9.
9. Where did they stand and weep? Verse 10.
10. What appeal did Moses make to the Lord? Verses 11-15.
11. What plan did the Lord make for Moses to have help in his responsibility? Verses 16, 17.
12. What did the Lord say he would give the people to eat? For how long would they have flesh to eat? How would this food affect them? Verses 18-20.
13. What question did Moses ask concerning the way the flesh food would be provided? What was the Lord's answer? Verses 21-23.
14. In what way was the promise of the Lord fulfilled? How did the people show their eagerness for the meat? Verses 31, 32.
15. What was the result of the people's having their own way? Verse 33.
16. In what promise may we trust today? Memory verse.

Can You Tell

What the children of Israel remembered about Egypt?
What they apparently forgot?
In what way the power of example is taught in this lesson?
Why the people stood in their tent doors to weep?

Notes

1. The children of Israel were encamped at Mt. Sinai about one year.
2. "Murmuring and tumults had been frequent during the journey from the Red Sea to Sinai, but in pity for their ignorance and blindness God had not then visited the sin with judgments. But since that time he had revealed himself to them at Horeb. They had received great light, as they had been witnesses to the majesty, the power, and the mercy of God; and their unbelief and discontent incurred the greater guilt. Furthermore, they had covenanted to accept Jehovah as their king, and to obey his authority. Their murmuring was now rebellion, and as such it must receive prompt and signal punishment, if Israel was to be preserved from anarchy and ruin. 'The fire of Jehovah burnt among them, and consumed them that were in the uttermost parts of the camp.' The most guilty of the complainers were slain by lightning from the cloud."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 379.
3. "God might as easily have provided them with flesh as with manna; but a restriction was placed upon them for their good. It was his purpose to supply them with food better suited to their wants than the feverish diet to which many had become accustomed in Egypt. The perverted appetite was to be brought into a more healthy state, that they might enjoy the food originally provided for man,—the fruits of the earth, which God gave to Adam and Eve in Eden. It was for this reason that the Israelites had been deprived in a great measure of animal food."—*Id.*, p. 378.

"One Is Your Master, Even Christ"

DO you ever become impatient under restraint, and feel discontented because you cannot always do as you would like? Do you look forward to the time when you can have your own way, and will not be compelled to obey father and mother? If so, Satan is deceiving you.

The fact is that most of you are now having your own way more than you will when you get older. You are now having the happiest and most care-free time of your life. The few little tasks you are called upon to do now are nothing compared with the burdens you will bear after you get out from under the jurisdiction of your parents. You may not understand how this can be, but some day you will know it by experience.

If we determine to do what is right and what will please the Lord, then we must learn to be governed by the conscience, and not be controlled by impulse or inclination. Christ has said that if we would be his disciples, we must deny ourselves and take up our cross daily, and follow him. Though we may often be compelled to say No to ourselves, our hearts will be so transformed that, instead of murmuring and complaining and rendering unwilling service, we shall be happy and contented in doing our duty; while those who continue to seek their own way will never be contented or satisfied with their lot.

Then let us begin now, and cheerfully submit ourselves to God (James 4:7), and also to our parents and to one another (1 Peter 5:5). IVA F. Cady.

Pussy's Night Work

PUSSY lived in an office building in Boston. She was petted by all the clerks, and given full liberty by them to carry out any whim or desire. One morning on entering his office one of the young men found not a pen nor pencil on his desk. Soon the discovery was made that every desk was in the same depleted condition. The office boy disclaimed all knowledge of their whereabouts; but finally he discovered the missing articles at the foot of the cellar stairs, carefully hidden under a piece of carpeting. The pencils were soon distributed to the clerks; but the lad did a little detective work the following night, and Miss Pussy was discovered in the very act of depredation, carrying the pencils from the desks to the cellar. When she had made her fourth trip to the basement, she lay down on her side, raised the edge of the carpet, and with considerable effort placed all the pencils under the carpet. Night after night she repeated this interesting performance. Perhaps Pussy had imbibed enough of the war conservation spirit to want to do her bit, and knowing that far too many pencils are used, she hit upon this happy way of giving a hint to editors and secretaries.

F. D. C.

Psyche

A SOUL for a day in a garden flew,
But forgetting the sun and the blossoms and dew,
It was caught by a bramble that downward bent,
And the name that men call it is discontent,
With bitter berries of jealous hue.
And it marred the soul till it hung forlorn —
Till its iris wings were limp and torn.
Oh, the pity the heart of the Gardener knew
When he found it there in the morn!

—Nellie Ballou, in the Christian Herald.

DON'T waste.

The Christian Life Defined

COMMENCING the way to God.
Heeding the Word of God.
Receiving grace through prayer.
Intent on faithful obedience.
Strengthening the inner life.
Trying to be of use to others.
In the fellowship and service of Christian people.
Announcing the good news of Christ.
No receiving without sharing.

Living a life of victory.
Into the whole world for Christ.
Fruitfulness in thought, word, and deed.
Every grace of character and conduct.

W. H. GRIFFITH.

Would You Have Done It?

A KOREAN woman of great wealth, beautifully gowned in shining linen and soft silk, stopped her sedan chair outside a bookstore in An-dong. A friend stopped to speak to her and she said, "I have just been buying some books to take home with me to give away to my unbelieving neighbors."

"Where are they?" was asked. "In the chair," was the reply, and one of the coolies, with a very disgusted look upon his face, raised the chair curtain, and behold, the chair was packed full of Mark's Gospels, tracts, and hymn books.

"But," said the friend, "the chair is full; you cannot get in."

"That is no matter," she laughingly said, "it's only thirty li [fifteen miles], and I can walk." The chair coolies were bidden to take up the chair, and they did so rather gruntingly, while the lady followed, walking with her woman servant.—*Exchange.*

"Keep It Going"

BOWDOIN COLLEGE bowed her stately head in mourning. Her beloved president was dead. For more than thirty years William DeWitt Hyde had served the Master and his fellow men, but now his earthly race was run, and those who loved him well had gathered round his last resting place in the beautiful college cemetery. When the words, "ashes to ashes and dust to dust," had been spoken, his widow turned to Kenneth Sills, the brilliant and popular young professor upon whom President Hyde had leaned in his declining days, and who would without doubt succeed him, holding in her hand the watch which her husband had worn. "It has not stopped," she said. "Will you wear it and keep it going?"

The timepiece was symbolic. A great American educator had been called from the stage of action. But the work to which he had devoted his life could not be allowed to languish without a distinct loss to the world. His friends, his pupils, his colleagues must "carry on." It was essential that the work for which he had been responsible be kept "going."

And there is still another parallel. Two thousand years ago the Great Teacher left his heavenly home and came to our sin-cursed world to effect a work of redemption. He taught the science of salvation. He bound up broken hearts, healed the sick, and delivered the oppressed. The simple gospel story of divine love and pity found practical expression in his ministry. He lived and loved and labored—yes, and died—that lost humanity might have the more abundant life. And then the Father called him home. To his friends and collaborators who stood with him upon the summit of Olivet that last day of his earthly sojourn, and to his disciples in every age, he left the finishing of his

work. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel," was the commission he gave. And though his followers have kept this charge with varying fidelity through all the centuries, yet the work is still unfinished. Human life is only a little span, but it holds in trust for heaven is the sweet old story of a holds eternal opportunities. The legacy which earth Redeemer's love, and the Master asks that we "keep it going." With this privilege of service comes the wonderful compensation promise: "And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

L. E. C.

The World War

THE world has been turned upside down and inside out, as it were, during the last four years. If some seer, before the fatal shot that set the world afire, had predicted what has taken place, no one would have had faith in him. The civilized world would have ridiculed and counted as vanity the following predictions had they been made when the delegates of the great peace convention that was interrupted by the opening of the war, were sailing toward their goal:

"Yes, gentlemen, I predict that this Austrian-Serbian scrap will plunge the whole world into the most stupendous war in history.

"In comparison with this war the Russo-Japanese War would be only a fuss, and the Napoleonic wars a slight misunderstanding.

"Fifty million men will be fighting.

"There will be millions slain and countless millions wounded.

"Every human being in the world will be directly affected by it.

"All the great nations of the world will be in it.

"The cost in treasure alone will run away over ten thousand million pounds.

"China, Japan, and the United States will be in it, and will raise millions of soldiers for service in Europe.

"Flying machines and submarines will revolutionize warfare.

"Great fleets of aircraft will fly all over Europe, hurling death and destruction down upon combatants and civilians alike.

"The bed of the ocean will be carpeted with sunken ships, and the waves will be haunted by the cries of the drowning.

"Battles, terrible beyond the dreams of man, will be fought by millions of men on a side.

"Women will take the place of men in the factories. Whole nations will put a ban on liquor.

"Whole nations will devote themselves exclusively to the grim business of war, so that it will be easier to fight on than to change back to peaceful conditions.

"Whole nations will be wiped out. Ancient autocracies will go crashing down. International law will be a mere phrase.

"Race, religion, creed, and nationality will be overwhelmed by the mighty forces of passion and hatred.

"And the war will run on for years, gaining a momentum almost beyond the power of man to stop, each year being more violent, more terrible, and more devastating.

"That, gentlemen, is my modest prediction."

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