

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Copyright Photo. Ent. Co.

"There's a long, long trail a-winding  
Into the land of my dreams."



# From Here and There

Caesar Ritz, the proprietor of the Ritz hotels in Paris, London, Madrid, Budapest, New York, and Philadelphia, died on November 4.

Chief Justice McCoy of the District Supreme Court is sentencing to one year of imprisonment young men who steal cars for "joy rides."

The new credit of \$80,000,000 to France brought the aggregate of loans by the United States to that nation to \$2,445,000,000, and the total to all Allies to \$7,812,976,666.

Mary Pickford, the film star, struggles along on the meager income of \$690,000 a year, \$13,277.69 a week, \$2,612.94 a day, or \$326.61 per hour,— provided she keeps union time,— and \$5.44 a minute.

Pennsylvania has taken the lead in providing suitable work for men disabled in war or industry. The State department of labor and industry has already found 42,000 places that can be filled by men who are partly disabled.

There is need of food everywhere. America needs it to feed the starving millions of Europe; for Russia, Germany, Austria, Holland, Switzerland, and France look to the United States for help in provisioning their countries this winter.

The Food Administration imposed a penalty fine of \$20,000 on the Ginter Company, which operates a chain of sixty retail grocery stores in and near the Massachusetts capital. Sugar made the trouble, as it has in a number of other cases.

Interchangeable gloves at last! Gloves which may be worn on either hand, it is said, are to be issued to American soldiers. Why not to civilians, since such would double the wear and obviate the necessity of providing a full pair to replace the loss of one?

Charting the air lanes over the United States has been begun by the air service of the army. Courses are being laid out according to the seasons of the year, and when completed will enable an aviator to travel in any section of the country at any time of the year, whether or not he is familiar with the territory.

A national committee for the restoration of the University of Louvain has been organized in this country. Headed by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, the committee will co-operate with citizens of twenty-three other nations in rebuilding the university halls and restocking as far as possible the shelves of the great library, burned, with its 300,000 volumes, by the German invaders of Belgium in 1914.

Do not throw away frozen potatoes. An American Chemical Society bulletin says if they are kept frozen until they are used, they will be just as wholesome, nutritious, and palatable as if they had not been frozen at all. It is only when prematurely thawed that they are spoiled. It would be difficult to estimate the waste that has been caused by the mistaken belief that potatoes are unfit for food merely because they have been frozen.

## The Man Who Harnessed the Kick

ONE day Mr. John M. Browning took a square piece of oak, bored in it a hole exactly the size of a .40-caliber bullet, placed the muzzle of a .40-caliber rifle against it so that the bullet would go exactly through the hole, and tried an experiment. He believed that there was a great deal of wasted force in the gas caused by the combustion of the powder. He wanted to make sure how much force there was. He took no chances, but fastened the rifle against the board, attached a cord to the trigger, and yanked. Fortunately, it was a long cord, because the force of the gas knocked the rifle back halfway across the room. That, says Mr. J. B. Mitchell, in the *Forum*, was the basis of his automatic guns, the basis of the Browning machine gun, which was manufactured in great numbers and shipped to France.

"I'm trying to harness the kick," said Browning at the time he made his test.

His friends laughed, and said it was "one of John's jokes;" but it proved to be an exceedingly important joke. Soon he had utilized the power of the gas in such a manner that a part of this wasted pressure was transferred to the breech mechanism and made to operate the gun. One pull of the trigger and the rebound of the force fired the weapon a second time, this rebound fired it a third time, and so on until he soon had a gun that, with a single pull at the trigger, would fire six hundred bullets in less than a minute. — *Youth's Companion*.

## "The Hand That Intervenes"

THE foregoing is the title of a new book by Elder W. A. Spicer. The author cites hundreds of thrilling instances where the hand of Providence has intervened for the protection of his children, and for the progress of his work in the earth. The book is intensely interesting, and must serve to increase the reader's faith in God and in his willingness to answer prayer. It emphasizes the fact that, as Ruskin says, there is nothing so small but it is an honor to God for us to consult him concerning it; and nothing so great but it is an insult not to consult him.

If you desire forceful illustrations for your ministry in Sabbath school or pulpit, read this book. If you desire to lend a book that the faith of others may be strengthened, lend "The Hand That Intervenes." Price, \$1.50. Order of your tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association.

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## God's Mirror

EUGENE ROWELL

I STOOD by the waters wide one night,  
I knew they were grandly deep;  
But winds were striving in troubled might,  
And the billows were all aleap.  
The moon was high in the light-filled air,  
Serenely content the stars;  
But all I saw of their image there  
Was a tangle of broken bars.

Then where, like the cup of a mighty palm,  
The rock had been shelved away,  
Mirrored still in a sheltered calm,  
A pool, like a great pearl, lay.

'Twas only a pool, yet a depth it seemed,  
As deep as the stars were high;  
And there, reflected, each bright orb gleamed,  
While the universe went by.

So it isn't the depth of the soul so much,  
Nor the strength of the iron will,  
As just to be calm 'neath the Master's touch,  
Contented and sweetly still.  
It isn't what we may have been or said,  
Nor the great things we may do;  
'Tis the love we reflect and the light we shed  
And the image of God that's true.

## Esther, the Queen

FLORENCE E. BASCOM

**E**STHER, who became the queen of Ahasuerus, king of Persia, having been left an orphan, was reared by her cousin Mordecai. When at his command she went to take her chances with the many beautiful girls who coveted the queenly honor, she did not allow the magnificence of her surroundings to overcome her maiden modesty. Regardless of her opportunity to have anything she desired when she made her appearance before the king, she went attired in such clothes and with such ornaments as the king's chamberlain knew were becoming and suitable for one in her position. Yet she could have thought within her heart that for at least this once she would use the authority with which she was courteously invested, and go in before the king in pride and splendor. But her womanly modesty and natural refinement made her prefer to go in simplicity. A real jewel requires but a simple setting, and so Esther's simple beauty, enhanced by modest apparel, shone forth above that of all the other maidens. And "the king loved Esther above all the women," and she was made queen.

Later, when she was queen in the palace and mistress of its marble halls with their silken hangings and silver beds, when she had golden vessels to drink from, she did not grow cold-hearted and proud. Instead, when she saw her revered cousin grieved and in sackcloth, she sent with all haste to know the cause of his grief.

Upon learning of the peril that threatened the Jews, she did not rush madly before the king and hastily urge Haman's execution. She was discreet, spending days in fasting and prayer before daring to go before the king. Yet she was courageous enough to go, even in the face of possible death, in an effort to save her people.

Her anxiety did not make her forgetful to dress in a way to please the king. She went before him robed in tastefully chosen royal apparel. When received by the king, Esther did not in her earnestness forget to be tactful; but invited him to a feast with a courteous, "If it seem good to the king." She hoped by the deference of her manner and through sociability to win from him the freedom of her people.

Recognizing the position of favor occupied by Haman, she diplomatically invited him to the feast, treating him with such unfailing courtesy that he boasted to his wife of the queen's favor.

At the end of the first feast she did not presume enough on the king's apparent good nature to hazard her precious request; but taking advantage of her charm and his growing curiosity, invited him to another feast. To invite Haman a second time with the courtesy due him as her husband's friend, and to treat him with the respect due a favorite of the king, required more diplomacy and self-control than many women possess.

The time chosen by the queen to make known her request was most opportune. The king, thinking her the sweetest, most winsome and charming of women, could scarcely have been more shocked than by her request: "If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request."

The king's answer, "Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so?" betrays his indignation and amazement.

The climax was reached when she exposed the wickedness of the king's favorite, telling the king that it was Haman who sought the destruction of her people. The king's wrath was as great toward Haman as his friendship had been, so he decreed his death.

With a loyalty worthy of imitation, Esther told the king who Mordecai was and how he had stood to her in place of both father and mother. The king honored Mordecai accordingly.

Even then Esther did not waver in her purpose to save her people. She dared with the indomitable courage of a strong heart, and the tears of an earnest soul, to go before Ahasuerus again uncalled. The influence of her tearful entreaty proves the power of a womanly woman unspoiled by masculine ways. That she was winsome even in her grief is shown by the simple statement, "The king held out the golden scepter toward Esther."

Having aroused the king's sympathy by her tears, she played upon his vanity and his love for her, saying, "If it please the king, and if I have found favor in his sight, and the thing seem right before the king, and I be pleasing in his eyes, let it be written to reverse the letters devised by Haman." What could have appealed to him more strongly than the tear-stained face of his beautiful Esther upraised to his as she finished her pitiful appeal, saying humbly, "For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come



unto my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?"

Following their deliverance Esther wrote a decree to the Jews throughout the realm, commanding that they observe the days of their deliverance as holidays. "And the decree of Esther confirmed these matters of Purim;" this proves conclusively that she was a masterful woman, wise in her use of authority.

Thus we see that the attributes of a winsome, influential woman are modesty, tact, loyalty, earnestness, courage, diplomacy, religion, strong affection, intelligence, and cleverness. We see that a beautiful, self-controlled woman, showing becoming deference to the rights of others, can sway a man, yea, a kingdom.

### Norrene's Temper

NORRENE came to Mr. and Mrs. Hale soon after they had laid away the joy of their lives, little May, just three years old. They feared that a certain punishment they had given the little one had reacted unfavorably upon her oversensitive nature, and predisposed her to the disease that cut short her life.

Therefore Norrene was never punished and rarely corrected. She was pretty, bright, and winsome; but possessed of a fractious temper.

On the denial of the simplest wish she would fly into a rage, and the mother and father would readily and unwisely capitulate lest some ill might result, so tragically angry did she become.

As Norrene grew to young womanhood, she was irresistibly attractive in manner and speech. After graduation from college, she was married to a classmate, brilliant, refined, courteous, and clean in life.

Mr. Forrest was devoted to his wife, and as no children came to them, all his attentions were lavished upon her. All went well so long as Norrene's way was not crossed; but at small provocations she was as unreasonable and demanding as when a child. She flew into the same unbecoming rage and went through the same childish tantrums. If her husband gave her an expensive present that she did not happen to fancy, she threw it into the fire. If a clock, however valuable, disturbed her peace of mind, it was demolished.

If her husband, unconsciously, said anything to annoy her, a Mrs.-Candle lecture was always ready to pierce his heart.

Mrs. Forrest outwardly became a woman of wonderful poise and ability, equally at home in drawing-room or on the lecture platform; but withal she could at home so forget herself as to hurl words, dishes, pots, and pans indiscriminately.

One evening after an unpleasant display of wrath, Norrene Forrest was left to spend the night alone, as her husband had been suddenly called out of town.

So near do guardian angels hover in times of opportunity! In her loneliness, Mrs. Forrest picked up a book that sketched Bible characters, and began to read where it naturally opened. She read of Ahab, king of Israel, who was fully controlled by the spirit of selfishness. He, too, was a spoiled child who grew to manhood with his evil traits accentuated as the years went by. He thought that as prince and king everything he wanted must be his. He could brook no refusal. Others' rights were of little worth when opposed to his desires.

For illustration, he greatly desired a vineyard adjoining one of his estates. He therefore sent word to Naboth, the owner thereof, that he would like to

buy the vineyard or give him another in exchange for it. Naboth was attached to the property, as it was a legacy from his forefathers, having been handed down from father to son for generations. In fact, Jewish law forbade the permanent transfer of estates by sale or exchange. Naboth, being a loyal son of Judah, therefore sent word to the king: "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

The refusal, though just and courteous, so keenly disappointed the king that he was made ill, but more ugly than ill, for "he laid himself down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread," just as a pouty, contrary child will do when it cannot get what it wants. Think of a king going to bed, refusing to see any one or to eat because he couldn't have just what he wanted!

Queen Jezebel, more madly selfish and wicked than the king himself, hearing of her husband's indisposition and the occasion of it, was indignant that any man should dare to refuse the king his desires. She therefore bade Ahab cheer up, rise and eat, and she would get the vineyard for him. She kept her promise through the cold-blooded murder of Naboth, and then bade the king possess the vineyard. Hardly had he taken possession of the stolen estate when the rugged prophet of the Lord stood before him with the announcement that because of this great wickedness that he had done, his entire house should be utterly destroyed.

Even the most stubborn and selfish have to bow to Heaven's decrees; so the king could but rend his clothes in sorrow, and put sackcloth upon his flesh, and fast, and go softly before the Lord.

At last his spirit was partially broken, and the Lord who pities the weakest of the weak in distress, had compassion upon the unrighteous king, and determined to delay the threatened judgment until after Ahab's death. Surely the Lord takes no pleasure in the unnecessary grief of even the sinner.

After the death of Ahab at the hands of the Syrians, three years later, his son Ahaziah sat upon the throne. Then the executioner's hand was raised. The king, falling through a lattice in his chamber, was confined to his bed until death came.

Ahaziah's brother Jehoram became king in his stead; but when Jehu was anointed to take Jehoram's place, Jehoram, with the queen mother and all of Ahab's house, was killed by the newly appointed king. So was fulfilled the solemn judgment pronounced upon Ahab and his house because of his unrighteous and selfish ways.

Mrs. Forrest, for the first time, gathered this tragic story from the book, and the angel seemed to write every word upon her own heart. She was intensely impressed with the tragic end of a selfish, uncontrolled life.

She saw that the king as boy or man had never learned to control his desires or actions. As she meditated, she realized for the first time the sinfulness of such a life. Heaven's accusing voice she heard saying to her: "Such is your life." She wept before God, confessed her sin, and pleaded for help to overcome this trait of character. She was given a vision of the beauty of the Christ-controlled heart. She prayed for this new heart and life; and as verily as the persecuting Saul was suddenly transformed into the faithful Christian, so Mrs. Forrest felt the converting, subduing power of God.



Though afterward at times tempted to be impatient or to chafe and fret under disappointments or limitations, she looked to God for patient submission to his will, and through his grace triumphed.

The joy that came as the result of a victorious life far transcended the selfish pleasure that her uncontrolled will had brought her.

Having sensed the grief and burden her life had been to her husband and friends, she endeavored to atone, as far as possible, by an unselfish ministry to them and to others.

With her natural charms, how beautiful did her life become when the tares of selfishness and insubordination were supplanted by Christian helpfulness and sweet self-forgetfulness!

F. D. C.

### "I Have Called You Friends"

(John 15:15)

"JESUS and I are friends"—  
What words so sweet, so full of ecstasy!  
What height sublime, for human soul to climb,  
To find repose from earthly cares and woes  
In fellowship with him who bids us lay  
Our burdens at his feet, and day by day  
Walk close beside him in the narrow way  
That leads to life eternal, rest, and peace.

When sorrow, disappointment, dark and deep,  
My path o'ershadow, and my heart would faint,  
My Friend is near, and bids me onward go  
Nor dread the shadows that around me creep.  
He knows the way I take; his hand holds mine,  
His eyes my footsteps guide, and evermore  
His strength unfailing is my stay, until  
The journey o'er, and I am safe  
Within the shelter of my Father's home.

"Jesus and I are friends"—  
O soul, what wouldst thou more?  
Though others spurn his friendship, count  
The loss of earthly friends too dear  
To take the cross and follow, stay thou near;  
Rejoice that thou this mystic tie hast formed,  
Nor ever break it, till life's shadows cease.  
Thou shalt at last his glorious face behold,  
And dwell with him in everlasting peace.

BERTHA UNRUH.

### How the Twelve Died

IT may be interesting to see how the apostles died, according to tradition that has come down to us. Matthew "suffered martyrdom at a city of Ethiopia, called Nadabar; but by what kind of death is not absolutely known, though the general opinion is that he was slain with a halberd."—*Life of Christ and His Apostles*."

Simon the Canaanite: "Some say he went into Egypt, Cyrene, and Africa, preaching the gospel to the inhabitants of those remote and barbarous countries. And others add that after he had passed through those burning wastes, he took ship and visited the frozen regions of the north, preaching the gospel to the inhabitants of the western parts, and even to Britain, where having converted great multitudes and sustained the greatest hardships and persecutions, he was at last crucified, and buried in some part of Great Britain, but the place where is unknown."—*Id.*

Peter: "That he was martyred under Nero about the year 64 is probable, though not certain. Tradition relates that he met his death by crucifixion, but at his own request with his head downward, counting himself unworthy to suffer exactly in the same way as his Master."—*The New International Encyclopedia*.

Philip: "The magistrates of the city seized the apostle, and having thrown him into prison, caused

him to be scourged. When this preparatory cruelty was over, he was led to execution, and, being bound, was hanged against a pillar; or, according to others, crucified."—*Life of Christ and His Apostles*."

Andrew: "Tradition states he came to Patrae, a city of Achaia, where Aegeas, the proconsul, enraged at his persisting to preach, commanded him to join in sacrifices to the heathen gods; and upon the apostle's refusal, he ordered him to be severely scourged and then crucified. To make his death the more lingering, he was fastened to the cross, not with nails, but with cords. Having hung two days praising God, and exhorting the spectators to the faith, he is said to have expired on the twentieth of November, but in what year is uncertain."—*Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*.

James: "Hegesippus, a Jewish disciple in the second century," says "that he was thrown from the gable of the temple to the ground, and then stoned to death, shortly before the siege of Jerusalem."—*Smith's Bible Dictionary*.

Paul was "allowed the privilege of a Roman citizen, and therefore beheaded. Having come to the place of execution, which was the Aquæ Salvæ, three miles from Rome, he cheerfully, after a solemn preparation, gave his neck to the fatal stroke."—*Life of Christ and His Apostles*."

Thomas's remarkable success in India alarmed the Brahmans, and they decided to put the disciple to death. "At a small distance from the city was a tomb, whither St. Thomas often retired for private devotions. Hither the Nrchmans and their armed followers pursued him, and while he was at prayer, they first shot at him with a shower of darts, after which one of the priests ran him through with a lance."—*Id.*

Bartholomew: "This apostle is said to have suffered crucifixion with his head downward at Albanopolis in Armenia Minor." "Of the subsequent history of Bartholomew, or Nathanael, we have little more than vague traditions."—*Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*.

"James was the first martyr among the apostles. Clement of Alexandria, in a fragment preserved by Eusebius, reports that the officer who conducted James to the tribunal was so influenced by the bold declaration of his faith as to embrace the gospel and avow himself also a Christian; in consequence of which, he was beheaded at the same time."—*Kitto*."—*Id.*

John: "In the persecution under Domitian he is taken to Rome, and there, by his boldness, though not by death, gains the crown of martyrdom. The boiling oil into which he was thrown has no power to hurt him. . . . He is then sent to labor in the mines, and Patmos is the place of his exile." He is later released and seems to die naturally."—*Id.*

Jude: "The Syrian tradition speaks of his abode at Edessa, but adds that he went thence to Assyria, and was martyred in Phœnicia on his return; while that of the west makes Persia the field of his labors and the scene of martyrdom."—*Id.*

GEORGE S. BELLEAU.

"THERE'S a wondrous lot of power  
In an honest, wholesome smile;  
For it often starts a blessing  
That will travel for a mile.  
And when hearts are sad and heavy  
And the days are dark the while,  
You can notice that things brighten  
From the moment that you smile."



## Peking: Under the Mings and Manchus

R. F. COTTRELL

**K**UBLAI KHAN, the great Mongolian emperor and founder of Peking's greatness, died in 1294 A. D.; and as has frequently been the case with mighty conquerors and empire builders, no one was found capable of maintaining what he had erected. Gradually the Mongols submitted to the influences of Chinese civilization, were enervated by the luxury to which they had been unaccustomed, no longer pos-

sessed the martial vigor and intrepid spirit of their forefathers, and at length lost their identity among those they had conquered.

### Hatred Supplants Friendliness

But this felicitous beginning of friendly relations was suddenly terminated. De Andrade's brother, in charge of another Portuguese merchant fleet, com-



A view from the top of the Tartar Wall, showing, on the left, a portion of the wall and the American Wireless Station, and on the right, the Peking Tientsin Railway Station.

sessed the martial vigor and intrepid spirit of their forefathers, and at length lost their identity among those they had conquered.

The Mongol dynasty, at first marked by such rare brilliance and efficiency, declined so rapidly that within a century the native Chinese, under the leadership of an ex-Buddhist priest, rebelled and drove the alien rulers back to their home in Central Asia. The successful priest-general thereupon established the native Ming dynasty, himself becoming the first emperor.

Fearful of further Mongol inroads, the northern capital was moved to Kaifung-fu, Honan, and the southern capital established at Nanking; but in the early part of the fifteenth century, Yung-lo, a strong and energetic Ming sovereign, moved his imperial residence northward again to Peking, and reshaped it according to his own tastes. From that time to the present, except for brief interruptions, Peking has remained the capital of China.

A century later, at the same time that Ponce de León, Balboa, and other explorers were making their early discoveries along the coast of North America, the first little

### Fleet of European Traders Reached China.

These were Portuguese; and after an interval of six years, a second expedition under De Andrade entered the Canton River to confer with the Chinese about opening regular intercourse with them. The Chinese

mitted such acts of piracy and outrage along the southeastern coast of China that the fraternal spirit of the Chinese was changed into the bitterest hatred. De Andrade was at once seized and imprisoned in Peking, and later beheaded. In view of the cruelty and lawlessness meted out to the Chinese by the Portuguese sailors in Ning-po and Foochow, this reprisal could hardly cause wonder.

Another determinate factor in China's estimate of Westerners and her consequent policy of nonintercourse was the treatment accorded the Chinese by the Spaniards in the Philippines. In 1543, when this group of islands was conquered by the Spanish, thousands of Chinese lived in Manila. These settlers were treated by the Spanish with heartless cruelty and oppression; and at one time, fearing lest the Chinese might become too numerous and strong for them, a wholesale massacre was determined upon, and vast numbers of the poor unfortunates were hunted down and slaughtered as if they were wild animals. This outrage caused the people of the "Flowery Kingdom" to be more disinclined than ever to have business relations with the strangers from over the seas.

Roman Catholic missionaries, who, during the Ming dynasty, began coming to China in considerable numbers, did what they could to counteract this feeling; however, the Chinese officials and people for century after century seemed bent at all hazards on keeping out the dread "barbarians;" and when we take into



account the barbaric conduct of so many of the early traders in China, we cannot escape the conclusion that the blame rests quite as much with the visitors as with the people who refused them a welcome.

#### The Ching Dynasty Established

Early in the seventeenth century, the Ming dynasty began to wane in power. The troubles that embarrassed the throne were both external and internal. The Chinese might easily have continued as their own masters, but their house being "divided against itself" was unable to withstand the onslaught of the Manchus, who, taking advantage of the jealousy and strife among the Chinese leaders, forced their way into Peking, placed the khan of the Manchus — a child six years of age — upon the throne, and established the Ching dynasty (1644 A. D.). Thus for the fifth time in the Christian era Peking came under Tartar rule, and so continued until the revolution of 1911 when the Dragon Throne was declared vacant, and a republic established.

#### Golden Age of the Ching Dynasty

The reigns of Emperors K'ang-hi (1662-1723) and K'ien-lung (1735-95) mark the "golden age" of the Ching dynasty. K'ang-hi was a brilliant warrior, and under his leadership the Manchu arms suppressed rebellions at home and were victorious over enemies that troubled their frontiers. He was a wise and just ruler, laborious and self-sacrificing, and in his treatment of foreigners was more liberal than his princes and counselors.

K'ang-hi is, however, best known as a scholar. He was the author of sixteen famous moral maxims that were expanded into the book called the "Sacred Edict," which is supposed to be read and expounded on the first and fifteenth days each month in a public place in every city, town, and village throughout the land. A huge encyclopedia of 5,026 volumes was also published; and as the crown of his undertakings, the splendid standard dictionary known as K'ang-hi's Dictionary, that has stood the test of two centuries, was produced by a commission of scholars appointed by the emperor.

K'ang-hi reigned for sixty-one years, fifty-four of which were parallel with those of Louis XIV of France; and his grandson, K'ien-lung, also had the singular fortune to wield the scepter for sixty years. Under his encouragement skilful artisans vied with one another in their work with the precious metals, bronze, *cloisonné*, chinaware, etc. He was a lavish builder of palaces and temples; and also maintained a large standing army that was successful in extending the boundaries of the empire to their farthest limits. Tibet, Burma, and even far-distant Nepal recognized the sovereignty of China, and sent forward regularly their tribute caravans. During this reign, the Ching dynasty reached the summit of its glory.

#### European Diplomats Unwelcome

Practically coincident with the beginning of the Ching, or Manchu, régime, the various nations of Europe began sending embassies to Peking in the endeavor to open diplomatic relations with the empire. They came from Russia, from Holland, from England, from France, and from other countries; and usually were obliged to return disappointed with the results of their mission. China preferred to remain unmolested; but should the ignorant "barbarians," or "foreign devils," press for recognition, the Chinese, conscious of their own superiority, would treat with them only on the basis of vassal states.

Even when ambassadors of noble birth or high rank came with presents for the emperor seeking an audience with him, the kotow (prostration, with bumping of the head upon the ground, before emperor or official) was almost invariably insisted upon. This act of a suppliant was usually resolutely resisted by the foreign representatives. Sometimes the guards or attendants would use physical force to exact the desired homage; and sometimes the deputations from Europe, because of such refusal, returned fruitless to the land whence they came. Somehow the Chinese failed to understand that the object of these visits was a mutual arrangement for trade equally beneficial to both, but, on the contrary, considered the ambassadors as deputies from their Western masters acknowledging the supremacy of the emperor. The presents sent were regarded as tribute, and the requests they made for trade as another form of obtaining presents in return. China's diplomatic relations with Western lands involved

#### Centuries of Misunderstandings and Unfortunate Incidents;

but the wedge, although driven slowly, was nevertheless being driven in surely, and, at length, after a war with Great Britain (1840-42), and another with Great Britain and France (1856-60), in which Peking was captured and the magnificent Yuan-Ming-Yuan (Palace of Circular Brightness) was looted and ruthlessly committed to the flames, the Chinese government was forced to yield. By the terms of the Treaty of Peking, the victorious nations were given the right to appoint resident ministers to the court of Peking; several new ports were opened to foreign trade; permission was granted for foreigners provided with passports to travel through the interior; and the Christian religion was to be tolerated.

How marvelous the transformation! The long-disputed question of the kotow was no longer to stand as the unconditional barrier; the nonintercourse policy was wholly reversed; the isolation of the Chinese from their fellow men was at an end; and for China, for Asia, for the Western nations, and for the Church of Christ a new era had dawned.

#### Known by Their Fruit

SOME years ago my father owned a twenty-five-acre tract in central California. The farm was located in a fertile district where neither excessive heat nor cold was a problem. The lower end was constantly moistened and subirrigated by a mountain stream adjoining it. This, with the never-failing Western showers, insured good crops.

I explored repeatedly every part of the acreage, and so indelibly were the locations of each tree and object impressed upon me that to this day I can visualize each secluded spot. Fortunate indeed is the lad who has the privilege of such wholesome environment; for unnumbered practical lessons may be learned therefrom.

The many huge redwood trees, so numerous in our California forests, were abundantly scattered over the hilly portion of the farm. With their majestic beauty and natural gracefulness, they towered high above the ordinary trees; but the redwoods were not so prolific in spiritual lessons as the fruit-bearing trees.

Two orchards of about equal size and number divided our little farm into halves. An orchard of prunes and plums surrounded the large, commodious farmhouse, and stretched out eastward and westward



— beautiful trees to look at, but of little worth. As the prune season drew on, father would give an estimate of what the crop would be worth in dollars and cents, and it required no great mathematical skill to determine this quite accurately. What prunes or plums were sold found a slow market because of lack of flavor and quality.

In marked distinction, the cherry orchard just below the house, furnished a livelihood for us. The sturdy cherry trees would give promise of fruit, and their promises were always fulfilled. The orchard won the admiration of the neighborhood and of city visitors.

There was, however, an isolated cherry tree which in the blossoming season gave great promise. Passing one day close by this tree when it was in full flower, I exclaimed, "Father, just look at the blossoms on this tree! My! I wish the cherries would hurry up and get ripe." But father knew the tree, and was forced to tell me that the fruit would never mature.

"By their fruits ye shall know them!" Are we to be as the ninety and nine cherry trees, or as the one fruitless one? Many young people have blossomed out into Christ's service, only to wither and fall to earth fruitless. We frequently see such persons, and hear them talk; but do we ask ourselves the question, "What is my fruit?" You and I are the ones to determine whether in our lives there will be no fruit, little fruit, or abundant fruit.

VERNON EDWARDS HENDERSHOT.

### A Happy Event

[Miss Della Burroway, the bride in the accompanying picture, went to India from this country in 1904, where she has since been engaged in mission work or in teaching. She has been connected with our orphanage at Karmatar, but now has charge of the girls' school in Calcutta. Miss Burroway, in giving the best of her life to India's women and girls, has become well known to INSTRUCTOR readers through articles and through visits she made to churches when on furlough. Her marriage therefore will be of general interest.]

ONE day before the sun had cast forth its first heated rays upon the fair land of Bengal, all were astir at our school in Calcutta. Native boys and girls rise very early, but like all boys and girls, excitement caused them to rise earlier, for were they not invited to a wedding at the early hour of seven? Anxiously had the Bengali young people waited for the day to come when the lives of two of their loved workers would be joined in the bonds of matrimony.

In due time all were on their way to the hall on Free School Street. After arriving, patiently they

sat with beaming faces of expectancy, listening for the first strains of the march which would usher in the bride and groom.

As a token of their esteem for the bridal couple and according to the native custom, at the close of the ceremony a bright-faced girl arose and placed upon each a beautiful wreath of white. Eager faces gave evidence of deep interest as the two passed out.

Not one forgot the cordial invitation given to attend the wedding breakfast. In this part of the wedding each one had a share. This was held in a large room at the girls' school. Our missionaries try to carry out the instruction given by our Saviour in Luke 14:13, 14: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

As the bride and groom entered the room, the older boys who understand some English, immediately surrounded the couple with clasped hands. The groom has charge of the vernacular book work; and to his surprise the boys had learned an appropriate song which they sang with enthusiasm, accompanied by Pas-

tor Burgess on the guitar. The words they sang were:

"We are servants of the Lord, we will go and preach the word,  
By the books we are selling for Jehovah;  
As reformers did of old, so the message must be told,  
With the books we are selling for Jehovah.

"We have victory every day as we learn to work and pray,  
While we are fighting for Jehovah;  
Many souls will flee from sin as the light comes flooding in,  
From the books we are selling for Jehovah.

"To the men of every tongue must the message now be sung,  
In the books we are selling for Jehovah;  
By the 'printed page' we know that the 'loud cry' is to go,  
Come and join in the conflict for Jehovah.

"When the conflict all is o'er, and we walk the golden shore,  
Singing the praises of Jehovah,  
Many souls will meet us there who were taught the way of prayer  
By the books we are selling for Jehovah.

CHORUS:

"Determined to conquer, we never will yield,  
We have a message, Bengal is our field.  
Soon our Saviour will appear, we'll proclaim it far and near,  
In the books we are selling for Jehovah."

On account of absolute poverty, the girls were able to present to the workers they loved so well only a dozen handkerchiefs; but these were beautifully hem-stitched by hand, and every stitch one of love.

MRS. L. A. SEMMENS.

Entally, Calcutta.



MR. AND MRS. W. H. STEVENS



## Nature and Science

### A Floating Schoolroom

POETS have declared, and most people believe, the ocean to be a "barren waste," but the opposite is true. No square foot of earth holds the animal life that is to be found in a spoonful of water. Small nets bring in hundreds of thousands of microscopic animals other than bacteria. The variety is fascinating, as the students of the University of Southern California can testify.

The university has its own launch, and during the school year all of the one hundred forty young men and women now enrolled in this department may go to the aquarium or out upon the Pacific to study at first-hand the wonderful things the great net brings up from the bottom of the sea. It is not a mere pretty excursion for a summer's day, but a cruise for serious study and exploration conducted systematically with scientific apparatus. It well deserves, from its results, the name of Biological Coast Survey. Charts were scientifically made as this trim boat, the "Anton Dohrn," quietly trawled its way from Santa Barbara to San Diego many times, with its little companies of students working under expert professors.

The launch itself deserves attention, as it is the only one built and equipped by a Western college for this specific purpose. It is not large, only about thirty-five feet in length, but it carries an up-to-date motor engine and sailing equipment, a rowboat, sleeping and living quarters for ten men, dredging apparatus, and large tanks in which their catch may be brought home in sea water. When launched in 1910 it was christened most appropriately "Anton Dohrn," in honor of the wonderful genius who gave his fortune and his life to biological research, and who founded the zoölogical station at Naples.

Though manned by amateur sailors, the little craft has made one hundred twenty-five sailings without mishap, in all sorts of weather. From it they have made one hundred seventy-two hauls with the trawl, forty-two hauls with the dredge, and forty-three with fine nets to bring up microscopic animals. Full records have been kept of systematic dredging at twenty-five fathoms, one hundred fifty feet, along the entire route from north to south, with many divergent side trips from the mainland to the Catalina and Clemente Islands. A net ten feet long attached to one thousand feet of wire on an immense spool is sunk to the bottom of the ocean and dragged for half an hour before it is raised to the surface.

### What One Haul Gathers

Imagine the thrill of it as the muddy, slimy, squirming contents are turned out upon the deck and the eager eyes scan their catch. At various times and in strange combinations there have been found starfish, sea hares, sculpins, abalones, crabs, mussels, clams, squids, devilfish, sea cucumbers, snails, sea anemones, barnacles, sea urchins, sting rays, graceful sea horses, and every sort of fish, along with peculiar and rarely beautiful vegetable life. One-half hour's trawl brought up three hundred starfish, representing three species, forty-eight sea urchins, four sea cucumbers, twelve brittle stars, eighty-two crabs, eleven mollusks, and a variety of lower forms of life. In their traps they catch sharks of the "swell" kind (*Catulus uter*), and with water glasses they scrutinize the marine gardens that are the delight of every tourist visiting Catalina.

But eyes must see quickly when the catch is emptied upon the deck. Water is turned on until the mud is washed away; then the medley must be screened three times, separating it finally into three large vessels kept in readiness. These are promptly taken to the university aquarium at Venice, a coast town fourteen miles from the city, where experts sort and label and record the varieties, putting each with its kind into great permanent tanks, forty in number, where running sea water is provided. This aquarium is open to the public, and it affords opportunity for every nature lover to know and study the rich animal life of these semitropical waters.

### The Haunt of the Sting Rays

Many of the larger animals brought in from these waters are to be found in all temperate oceans, but the climate of this section, owing to ocean currents, gives semitropical conditions, so that many of the captured specimens cannot be found elsewhere. For instance, the sting ray, called "stingaree" by fishermen, is actually limited in range to the comparatively small distance dredged by the "Anton Dohrn." It is not caught north of Santa Barbara nor south of San Diego; yet there are many varieties of sting rays in this survey, and Professor Ulery brought in five hundred eighty-two adult specimens of the *Urolophus halleri* last June, July, and August.

This round, fierce-looking creature does not belie its looks. Near the tail, in a little groove, it carries a serrated dagger nearly two inches long, which will instantly pierce through the foot of a bather so luckless as to step upon Mr. *Urolophus*. Nothing short of a shark is so feared by bathers along this coast, and the sting ray, though so unlike the shark in shape and size, is actually a close relative, according to the biologists. One kind netted here is called "butterfly" because of its shape, though it surely does not otherwise resemble the winged "flower of the air" we all know and love. Another variety is capable of giving an electric shock to any one who touches it, and still another has a ratlike tail attached to his round body.

"What good are they to man?" I asked, surveying the bottled specimens.

The professor turned impatiently.

"Must all creation minister to man?" he cried. "Why should not the sting ray ask, 'What is man to me?' We and they and all creatures on land and in sea have our places and serve nature's purposes. Most of them serve man directly, others indirectly. Strange sea life furnishes food for the fishes which, in turn, provide food for man. It is all one vast plan in which sting rays have a part, and I am sure we could eat them if we were not prejudiced against them by their looks, for the meat is white and tender. Man does not appreciate the wealth of food which is put for him in the depths of the sea. Our students never cease to marvel. The University of Southern California has near it a most diversified coast — rocky points, mud flats, and sandy beaches, all teeming with life such as the land never approaches either in variety, numbers, or peculiarities. How I wish all the boys and girls in America could take a sail on the 'Anton Dohrn,' and see for themselves."

"Some day you will picture all this and write it down in a book for them to read, won't you?"

"Yes, I am gathering the facts, but reading is never like seeing and handling for oneself. Each trip of the launch is a voyage of discovery. No man will ever know all about life in the caves of the sea."—Lee McCrae, in *Young People*.





# THE HOME CIRCLE

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



## A Little Old-Fashioned

MABEL BLIVEN

"SHE'S a little old-fashioned," the neighbors all say  
Of a modest young girl who lives over the way;  
"Just a little peculiar, though clever and kind,  
And a maiden like her you not often can find."

No trimmings or laces, no jewels or pearls,  
Adorn her fair form, as on most other girls;  
Yet dainty and neat, in her plain little gown,  
With no outward display, is this girl of renown.

Joining not with the world in its laughter and mirth;  
Caring not for the follies and pleasures of earth;  
Her companions, not chosen of highest degree;  
Just a true, humble servant of God would she be.

So often rejected by those of like kin,  
Who drift on with the world and partake of its sin;  
Yet, with heart light and happy, she sings all the day;  
She truly has something far better than they.

Soon Jesus will come for his jewels, so rare,  
Call her forth to the home he has gone to prepare;  
Oh, the lost ones around her, then sadly bereft,  
When the one will be taken, the others be left!

In mansions of glory, with music complete,  
She will dwell with the angels, and sit at His feet;  
Singing songs with the ransomed,—ah, then it will pay,  
To be called "just a little old-fashioned" today.

## Jane Amsden's Hospital

SIXTY years ago Jane Amsden lived with her little girl Elizabeth in a cottage two miles beyond the outskirts of a thriving New England village. The place was a lonely one for a widow to live in; but Jane was a capable, self-reliant woman, who by no means lacked courage, and had, moreover, a trustworthy young Irishman to take care of her farm and live stock.

One autumn morning she had finished whitewashing her new henhouse, which was her especial pride; as she stood in the doorway admiring her work, she heard the sound of wheels. She turned, and saw Deacon Woodbury alighting from a wagon at her gate.

"There's a family with smallpox on the road coming your way," he said tersely. "Like as not they'll want to be taken in, seeing as yours is the last house, and night coming on."

"Smallpox!" exclaimed Jane incredulously. "There hasn't been a case round here for years."

"It's a genuine case," said Deacon Woodbury. "Night before last they put up at the tavern at Burly. The woman looked kind of sickly when she went in, but 'twas dark, and Tom Wells, the landlord, didn't suspect anything; but when she didn't come down to meals the next day, and the man acted queer and scary, Wells up and says, 'You call in the doctor and see what's the matter with your wife.' When the doctor got there, he found her all broke out with smallpox, and one of the children coming down with it."

"Poor things!" exclaimed Jane. "What *did* they do?"

"Wells couldn't have 'em in his house, of course. The man had a horse and covered wagon, and the selectmen ordered 'em to make tracks. The news of 'em was sent on ahead, and when they got near this village Abner Adams met 'em,—that is, he got within fifty feet of 'em,—and yelled they'd have to take the road round. Now they've got back to the main road again and are headin' up this way."

Jane Amsden had grown pale. "Where will the poor things stop and get a bite to eat? And these

cold nights, too! Wasn't there an empty house that could have been given 'em?"

Deacon Woodbury shook his head.

"It's hard, hard," he admitted. "But we've got to look after our own first."

When he had driven away, Jane Amsden glanced swiftly round the clean, white henhouse. "Looks as if I'd got it done just in time," she said. "A body might have a worse place to be sick in."

Then she entered the kitchen and spoke to the little ten-year-old girl who sat by the stove, sewing.

"Elizabeth," she said, "you've been wanting this good while to go down to the village to see your Aunt Lois. I don't know but now's as good a time as any. Get your things ready, and I'll tell Pat to walk down with you and carry your bundle."

Elizabeth jumped up with delight. "And am I to stay three or four days?" she asked.

"Yes," said her mother, "at least that. You needn't come home till I send for you."

The child was used to her mother's quick, decisive ways, and danced off upstairs to get ready for the visit. Meanwhile, Jane summoned her young Irishman from the barn. She explained to him briefly what she was going to do, and asked him to tell her sister quietly the reason for Elizabeth's visit.

"Now," she concluded, "you won't want to come back. Here are your wages—with a week extra. If you want to come back when I get all through with this, I'll be glad to have you."

The young fellow looked up at her.

"Truth, ma'am, 'twas a steady job ye promised me. This is hardly the way now to be treatin' a fellow, if he's satisfied ye. I'd like to stay on, ma'am."

For the first time Jane Amsden's calmness failed her a little, and she tried to steady her voice as she said, "Pat Ryan, you—you're the best man I know."

In another moment she had recovered her decisive way of stating facts.

"We're in for a siege. We can't show our faces at a neighbor's or down in the village, and we needn't expect to see any one here. As for taking smallpox



myself, I don't intend to do anything of the kind."

Before Pat started away with Elizabeth, he had helped his mistress to convert the henhouse into a hospital, with a table and chairs, with beds of fresh straw on the floor, and with green shades taken from the kitchen. Then the little girl came down, too excited over the visit she was about to make to notice the preparations. She was dancing off with hardly a good-by to her mother when Jane called to her calmly, "Kiss me, Elizabeth!"

The child ran up and clung about her mother's neck, laughing; Jane showed no unusual emotion, except that she stroked and patted the little shoulder tenderly. But when the pair had started down the road, she pressed her face against the window to follow the red-cloaked figure with her eyes.

Fifteen minutes later a worn-out horse drawing a covered wagon came into view; and alongside, a man with bent shoulders trudged wearily. Jane Amsden went down to the gate and waited for them to approach. The man, as he drew near, lifted a haggard and imploring face.

"For the love of God, ma'am," he cried, "can you give me a cup of water for my wife and a bit of bread for the children?"

"I can do better than that," said Jane. "I want you should all get down and come in."

The man's eyes filled.

"God bless you, ma'am!" he said. "But you wouldn't ask it if — if you knew —"

"I know," Jane answered. "And I want you should all get down and come in."

The four children, weak, crying little things, scrambled out of the wagon; and Jane helped the husband carry into the newly furnished hospital the suffering, stricken wife. When Pat returned, two hours later, Jane was still in the sickroom, providing the family with food.

She learned from the man, whose name was McGlosson, that he had been employed as a weaver in eastern New York, and that he had been tempted by an offer of better wages to make the journey to Massachusetts.

In the weeks that followed, one after another of the family came down with the disease, and that none of them died was owing to Jane Amsden's unremitting care. So, at least, the old village doctor said; he was braver than his neighbors had shown themselves, and every day visited Jane's hospital. Perhaps because those two were so untroubled by any thought of what might happen to them, they escaped. The young Irishman, meanwhile, led a lonely life on the farm; he was virtually quarantined; and although he entreated her, his mistress declined to let him relieve her of the nursing.

When at last the McGlossons were able to leave, the villagers who had turned them away contributed clothes and money and a fresh horse and wagon. But thankful as the McGlossons were for those offerings, it was Jane Amsden to whom they bade the most grateful farewell. As they stood before her, they seemed unable to speak. Jane Amsden quickly stooped and kissed each one of the four children good-by. Then Mrs. McGlosson came forward with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, you are too good!" she said. "I am so glad — so glad —"

And that was all any of the McGlossons could say at parting; Jane Amsden, who hated a scene, would not have had them say more.

Half an hour after her guests had gone, Pat brought home Elizabeth. And that night the mother, looking happily on the face of the child who lay asleep, felt her heart warm again with joy that she had been able to help that other mother, who was so happy, too.—*Youth's Companion.*

### A Good Four-Minute Speech

THE boys and girls of the California schools were asked to make four-minute speeches on the war. Esther Hall of Turlock, California, received first prize and a certificate for one she made. Esther is thirteen years of age. Her four-minute speech follows:

"Have any of you ever seen a traitor nickel, dime, quarter, or dollar? I do not doubt that you have, and perhaps owned one, too. That nickel you spent for candy surely wasn't a patriotic nickel, and that quarter you spent for amusement instead of buying a thrift stamp, was it anything but a traitor quarter?"

"Do you know that the Government is looking to us for support in this war to keep us from bondage? You may think to yourself, 'What good will twenty-five cents do to help our country that is spending millions of dollars each week?' but if every one buys a thrift stamp a week, you will see that it will be quite a sum, and it surely must be needed or we would not be urged to buy thrift stamps.

"I should think any one would be proud to think he can really help to win this war. I certainly am proud of every thrift stamp I have bought, and I'm sure the wealthiest person in the world is not so happy and proud as I was when I came home with my first war savings stamp.

"A thrift stamp costs you twenty-five cents. When you have bought sixteen of them, you can have them exchanged for a war savings stamp, or baby bond, by paying fifteen cents in April, sixteen cents in May, and so on. The differences between the thrift stamp and a war savings stamp is that the war savings stamp bears interest at four per cent, compounded quarterly, while the thrift stamp bears no interest.

"We can all save our nickels and our dimes and lend them to Uncle Sam. We are not giving our money to him, but we are merely lending it to him, and he promises faithfully to give it back to us in January, 1923, including interest; and what Uncle Sam promises is as good as gold to me.

"Therefore, let us all invest our money in this way, as it is safe, and help Uncle Sam and the boys over there win this war and establish democracy over all the earth."

### My Father's World

"THIS is my Father's world. O let me ne'er forget  
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,  
God is the ruler yet.

"This is my Father's world. The battle is not done.  
Jesus who died shall be satisfied.  
And earth and heaven be one.

"This is my Father's world. Should my heart be ever sad?  
The Lord is king, let the heavens ring,  
God reigns — let the earth be glad."

"SAY not, 'I know it, but cannot express  
That which I know.' . . . There was a king of old  
Whose treasure hoards were useless. He had lost  
The key that kept the jewels and the gold."



### The Things That Can Wait

IN talking over the popularity of a certain girl in their set, the busy girls making comfort bags for the soldiers decided that it was pure luck that made Marybelle so fortunate. They admitted that Marybelle was no prettier than the others, and certainly it was not money or social position that made her so well liked, so there was no other explanation than that she was born under a lucky star.

But later they discovered that it was not luck at all. Quite early in her life she had visited her grandmother every summer as long as the dear lady lived, and had learned many lessons from her ripe experience. One of the things the grandmother had impressed upon her mind was the desirability of sorting out the things that must be done at once and the things that could wait until tomorrow.

"Do all the good deeds and kind acts today," the old lady always said, "for they cannot wait; but always give yourself at least twenty-four hours to believe the mean, unkind things you hear and to get even with those who illtreat you. Perhaps it will be too late tomorrow to do the kindness, but the future is always good enough for the unkind deeds."

At first that sounded rather strange to little Marybelle, but as she grew older she found out that there is a world of truth in the saying that proper sorting is one of the most important things in life. The flower you plan to give to the sick friend may be wilted tomorrow, and the cheering word should be spoken today for fear the opportunity may be gone if one delays; but the petty, spiteful word can wait forever and not be missed. Good impulses not carried out are worthless and weaken character, but leaving bad

impulses to cool brings positive good, for they are seldom felt if allowed to wait for twenty-four hours.

So the girls discovered that Marybelle had been very fortunate in taking up with the ideas of her grandmother, for she was sweet and charming and popular with young and old. And they also found out that Marybelle had no patent right on the sorting process, for each and every girl could adopt the idea for herself.—*Selected.*

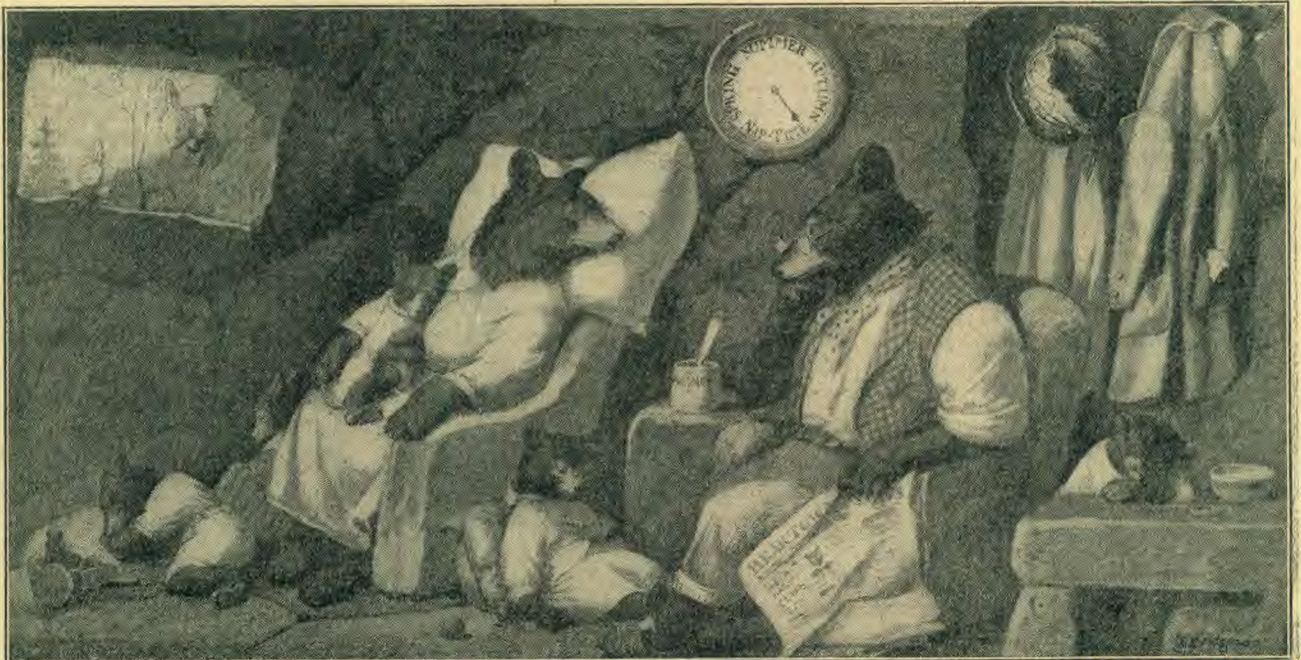
### Boats with Eyes

THE Chinese have a queer custom of painting an eye on the bow of a boat, so that it may easily see its way through the water. Small boats as well as large must have an eye, and nothing must be permitted to cover it.

There is a story of an Englishman who, while traveling in China, let his feet dangle over the painted eye of the small boat in which he was sailing. The owner, becoming much excited, begged the Englishman not to interfere with the sight of the boat while it was moving through the water.

When the first railway was built in China, some of the native workmen who were familiar with boats wanted to paint an eye on the front of the locomotive. Such a powerful creature as that, they said, should not be allowed to run about blind.—*Selected.*

"POSSESSION is nine points of the law. But self-possession will keep a fellow from going to law, and is, therefore, better."



### Drowsy Time

DROWSY time in Bear Town,  
Drowsy time for all,  
Father drops the honey spoon  
And lets his paper fall.

Mother and the baby  
In the easy-chair  
Settle down in sweet content,  
And sink to slumber there.

All the beary children,  
Eating or at play,

Close their heavy eyes and drift  
To Slumberland away.

So through all the winter  
Till the merry spring  
They will have no coal to buy  
Or have to eat a thing.

And the bunnies whisper,  
Pausing just to peer,  
"Oh, those happy, happy bears,  
When drowsy time is here!"

—Olivette Morris, in *Youth's Companion*.



## For the Finding-Out Club

### What and Who?

1. NAME the greatest thing in the world; it is eternal.
2. This ends in sight.
3. This is represented in figure by our Saviour as good for something and good for nothing.
4. Why did God change the names of Abram, Jacob, and Simon the son of Jona?
5. Name a ruler whose character was read aright by a dying man.
6. Name two persons who are types of all worshippers from their time to the present.
7. Name one thing Christ could not be robbed of his power to do although nailed to the cross.
8. Name a Bible character who applied to a rich nobleman for a position for two boys.
9. Name a Bible character who traced the promised Saviour in the sky.
10. Describe a most brilliant painting thrown by the Master Artist on threatening storm clouds.
11. Who made a noble sacrifice represented by the words: "If I perish, I perish."
12. He was a thrice-encouraged preacher who "was from Missouri;" in that he had to be shown that God was a God of all people.
13. She was a character who sacrificed much rather than rob herself of her self-respect.
14. Over whom was the shortest verse in the Bible written?

P. G. STANLEY.

### Members of the 1918 Finding-Out Club

Stanley R. Altman <sup>2</sup>	Mae C. Laing
Richard Anthony	Almeda Laing
Mrs. E. Maude Bostwick <sup>7</sup>	Leona Laird
Della M. Burdick	Roy F. Martin
Eva Cardin <sup>1</sup>	Ethel Marsh
Carol Crandall	Mary Mullins
Ramona Dimond	Anna Nightingale
Alva Downs	Luella Nelson
Laura Downs <sup>2</sup>	Marian Nelson
Louisa Downs <sup>2</sup>	Jennie Normansell <sup>1</sup>
Martha Downs	Edith D. Ohlson
Morley Eugene Evans <sup>2</sup>	Barbara Osborne
Edna Edeburn	Grace Pickard
Veva Flint	DeLoras Pieruehi
Mrs. Norman Gartly	H. K. Pressley <sup>2</sup>
Esther H. Gifford <sup>2</sup>	Mrs. W. F. Ray <sup>2</sup>
Bessie Gilstrap <sup>2</sup>	Wilma Ray <sup>7</sup>
Evelyn Henrietta Gilstrap <sup>3</sup>	Emma Ramstead <sup>3</sup>
Kenneth Wilson Gilstrap <sup>3</sup>	Ione Robertson
Lois Lillian Gilstrap <sup>3</sup>	Lillian Rochambeau
W. C. Van Gorder	Lester M. Roscoe <sup>9</sup>
Ruth D. Gordon	Bessie Sargeant <sup>1</sup>
Iram Halladay	Stanley Sargeant <sup>1</sup>
Harold B. Hannum <sup>5</sup>	Lou Smith
Gracie Harrison	Rose Smith <sup>1</sup>
Ethel Hollingsworth	Elsa P. Thompson <sup>2</sup>
Mrs. Grace Hoover <sup>21</sup>	Susan A. Walde <sup>4</sup>
Modette Hunt	George F. Webb
Orie A. Johnson <sup>4</sup>	Mervin W. Warwick
Mrs. L. A. Jacobs <sup>2</sup>	Nettie Wilson
Norene Jensen	W. E. Whitmore <sup>3</sup>
T. H. Jeys	Alfred Youngberg

### Human Fruitage

NATURE does not bear fruit for herself, but for man. The branch does not bear the rich clusters for its own selfish appetite. Our fruitage must be for mankind. Your aim is a mistaken one if you are seeking spiritual comfort, quiet satisfaction, joy here and hereafter, just for your own little self.—*Christian Herald*.

## Missionary Volunteer Department

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

### The Bible Year

IF God's Word were studied as it should be, men would have a breadth of mind, a nobility of character, and a stability of purpose rarely seen in these times. . . . Keep your Bible with you. As you have opportunity, read it; fix the texts in your memory. Even while you are walking the streets, you may read a passage, and meditate upon it, thus fixing it in the mind. . . . The words of inspiration, pondered in the heart, will be as streams flowing from the fountain of life. . . . Angels from the world of light will be

**The Pocket Testament League**

**Membership Card**

I HEREBY accept membership in the Pocket Testament League by making it the rule of my life to read at least one chapter in the Bible each day, and to carry a Testament or Bible with me wherever I go.

Name Woodrow Wilson

Date 19 Sept. 1917

Suggestions for Members

Give away Gospels or Testaments to the unsaved to win them to Christ.  
Pray for other members and for the spread of the League in all lands.

KEEP THIS IN YOUR TESTAMENT

THIS PORTION TO BE RETAINED

(OVER)

with those who in humility of heart seek for divine guidance."

As the troubles of the last days thicken about us, God's people who are going through to the kingdom will cling to the Bible more closely. Especially should our young people study the Bible most diligently, for there is a time soon coming when "fair virgins and young men" shall "faint for thirst," and "shall run to and fro to seek the Word of the Lord, and shall not find it." Amos 8:12, 13.

Now is the time to fill the heart with the Word of God. As one means of encouraging our young people to become better acquainted with the Scriptures, the Bible Year was instituted. While there should be earnest topical study of the Bible, and intensive study of special texts, surely we need to become acquainted with the whole Bible just as it has been given to us.

There has been organized among the churches and in the army camps what is known as "The Pocket Testament League." Here is a facsimile of the card which President Wilson signed. There are perhaps few who really comprehend the great burdens resting on our Executive at this time; yet he pledges himself "to read at least one chapter in the Bible each day."

Can our Missionary Volunteers who are looking for the coming of Jesus, and who have pledged themselves to do what they can "to finish the work of the gospel in all the world," do less than this?

As a special help in this course of reading, a book has been prepared called "The Bible Year." It gives an outline for the year's study week by week, with notes which will give the reader a fund of Bible information, and help him to understand the scope and



purpose of the various books. The price of the book is sixty-five cents.

Soon the New Year will be here. Will not every Missionary Volunteer enroll at once for the Bible Year, and determine to study the Bible during 1919 more diligently than ever before? M. E. K.

### With Joy They Receive It

**S**EVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST young people, especially those who have been reared Seventh-day Adventists, are very likely not to appreciate the precious truths of the advent message. Just as children who have been reared in luxurious homes and have never known the pinch of poverty, cannot easily appreciate their own temporal blessings as contrasted with others, so many of our young people who have always known the truth do not realize their own favored condition in contrast with others.

Here is a paragraph from a letter written to one of our workers in a Spanish field by a young man who is just coming into the truth:

"BROTHER: I always await your letters with joy and anxiety, for they help me in the development of my Christian knowledge, resulting in the development of my Christian life and character toward salvation. My wife reads every paper you send me, and with that article, 'Why I Quit Keeping Sunday,' I was convinced, and I have convinced her, that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord. She becomes glad when the Sabbath comes so that she can keep it, and she helps me in preparing everything on Friday, to be free on the Sabbath. Will you please tell me the best way of keeping it, as your experience has taught you? I do all in my power to keep it the best I can, but I should like to hear from you the proper way to keep it."

As I read this I wondered how many of us welcome the Sabbath with gladness, and how many are anxious to know the best way of keeping it. M. E. K.

## Our Counsel Corner

**W**OULD it not be as well for each of us to select our own verse for our Morning Watch? A. B.

The Missionary Volunteer Department has given much time and thought to the preparation of the Morning Watch Calendar. The verses are arranged by subjects and form the basis for a splendid line of devotional Bible study. Very few would be able to work out as good a line of texts.

Again, it gives one strength to know that thousands of other young people are learning the same verse, thinking along the same lines, and therefore asking God for the same help.

The Morning Watch Calendar helps us as a body of Volunteers to step with the order and precision of soldiers.

Most Missionary Volunteers are students, and their morning time is limited. It is a great convenience to have the verses all selected. Many would fail to keep the Watch if they were left to select for themselves.

H. L. P.

*I am much interested in "Our Counsel Corner," and am moved to write you about the first question asked in the issue of August 27. I am sorry you did not answer directly the question, "What do you consider low-necked?" The quotations from the Testimonies were good, but did not answer either of the questions. Setting aside the "custom" or "fashion," are not low-necked dresses much more healthful and comfortable than the high, stiff ones formerly worn? I have heard many say that these high collars give them the*

*headache. By "low-necked" I mean a comfortable, turn-down collar with a slight opening.* H. C.

There is a decided difference between a low-necked dress and the "comfortable, turn-down collar" you speak of. The former should never be worn, while the latter is very becoming to most girls, and delightfully comfortable during the summer.

We should be very conservative, however, in the matter of a low collar. Modesty is the chief word in the vocabulary of the well-dressed person. It has been said, and wisely, that to be well-dressed is to be dressed so that your best friends will take no notice of your clothes. The beauty of character should be seen, and not the dress—the wearer, and not the garment.

In this matter of the low collar, the Loma Linda Sanitarium has set a very good standard for its nurses. Their collars are not to be more than one inch below the top of the sternum. This makes a modest and very pretty and comfortable collar.

The extremely high, stiff collar is very uncomfortable, but the medium-high collar is good for winter wear. The theory that the high collar causes goiter is unfounded. There seem to be just as many, and perhaps more, people suffering from that disease now as there were when high collars were worn almost exclusively. H. L. PICKARD.

"PREACHER efficiency and church success could be increased a hundredfold, if preachers would give proper attention to their physical health and energy."

## The Sabbath School

### XII—Israel Crossing the Jordan

(December 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 2 to 4.

MEMORY VERSE: "Power belongeth unto God." Ps. 62:11.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 481-486; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 249-253.

"Forward! forward! 'tis the Lord's command,  
Forward! forward! to the Promised Land;  
Forward! forward! let the chorus ring;  
We are sure to win with Christ our King!"

### Questions

1. While Israel was still encamped near the Jordan, what did Joshua send two men to do? Joshua 2:1.
2. What was told the king of Jericho? How were the two men hidden. How were the pursuers turned aside? Verses 2-7.
3. What did Rahab say the people in Jericho had heard? Verses 8-11. Note 1.
4. What favor did she ask? What did the spies promise? How did they escape from her house? What mark was placed upon it? Verses 12-21.
5. How long did the spies hide in the mountain? What did they report to Joshua? Verses 22-24.
6. What did the Israelites do the next morning? What was to be the signal for marching? How far ahead of the people was the ark to be borne? What preparations were the people to make? What did the Lord promise Joshua? Joshua 3:1-7. Note 2.
7. What command was given to the priest? What would come to pass when the priest stepped into the water? Verses 8-13.
8. How full was the Jordan at this time? How near were the priests when the waters parted? How long did the priests remain in the middle of the river? Verses 14-17.
9. What were twelve chosen men commanded to do? Of what were these stones to be a memorial? How was this to be explained to the children? Joshua 4:1-7.
10. What was also set up in Jordan where the priests had stood? Verse 9.
11. When all the people were safely across, what came to pass? Verses 11, 18. Note 3.
12. Where did they make their first encampment in Canaan? Where was built the memorial of the twelve stones from Jor-



dan? What were all the people of earth to learn from the memorial? Verses 19-24.

### Interesting Things

Note the day on which the Israelites entered the Promised Land. Of what was this the fortieth anniversary? Deut. 16:1; Ex. 12:1-3.

Note the difference in the parting of the waters of the Red Sea and the river Jordan.

What did the children of Israel have when they crossed the Jordan that they did not have when they crossed the Red Sea?

What was the signal for the waters of the Red Sea to rush together again?

What was the signal at the Jordan?

If Israel had not been willing to break camp until the waters were held back, do you think the Lord would have worked a miracle for them?

### Notes

1. "Rahab was an idolater, like the rest of the people of Jericho. But she accepted the evidences given to all that the God of Israel was the true God. She had no more light than the rest of the people of Jericho, and so her faith condemned them and showed that their destruction was just."—*"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, p. 250.*

2. "The time was now approaching for Israel's entering into their promised land. The first move was from Shittim, on an upper plateau running along the line of the Jordan, to a lower level near the river, and all the children of Israel lodged there before they passed over. Here they remained three days, facing the land promised to them, but also facing obstacles and difficulties absolutely impossible for them to overcome. In front of them rolled the muddy, rapid, swollen torrent of the Jordan, overflowing its banks from the melting snows of the Lebanon Mountains. In the dry season the river at the fords is about one hundred feet wide, and from three feet to five feet deep, but so rapid as to scour along between muddy banks, whitening into foam, intent only on its own work, which for ages by the decree of the Almighty has been that of separation. But now the people gazed upon a torrent 'rushing along like a mill race,' five hundred feet to half a mile in width. Only the strongest swimmer could cross it. There were no boats and no bridges."—*Peloubet.*

3. The river, which had seemed an impassable barrier between the Israelites and the land of Canaan, was now safely past, and as the waters rushed together, retreat became impossible. Now they must face the walled cities, the strong fortresses, and the warring men of whom their fathers had been afraid. The test of their faith in God was to be complete.

### Her Prison Letter

**MISS EDITH CAVELL**, who was assassinated at Brussels by German command for having given aid to British officers, was called on Sept. 17, 1907, to Brussels to organize the first school of graduate nurses in Belgium.

At that time nursing had not been made a science there as it had been in England and America. "The graduate nurse was unknown," says Ambassador Whitlock.

Dr. Depage, one of the leading physicians in Belgium and of the world, was instrumental in getting the school started. He and his wife interested a number of influential men and women in the project, so that while the school was begun under rather primitive conditions, it was finally made an up-to-date institution through the gifts of these friends. The commodious new building has fifty rooms for nurses and thirty rooms for patients, and was completed in May, 1915, the very month that Madame Depage went down on the "Lusitania," and five months before the execution of Miss Cavell on Oct. 11, 1915.

Miss Cavell was a woman of sterling character, who sought to train hearts as well as hands and minds. In her last letter to her girls she gives them advice that is as valuable to us as to the Belgian nurses. She says:

"In your beautiful house you will have more patients, and you will have all that is necessary for their comfort and your own.

"To my regret I have not been able always to speak very much with you personally; you know that I have had a good

many occupations; but I hope that you will not forget our evening chats. I told you that devotion would give you real happiness, and the thought that before God and yourselves you have done your entire duty with a good heart will be your greatest comfort in the hard moments of life and in the face of death.

"There are two or three of you who will recall the little interviews that we have had together; do not forget them. Being already so far along in life I have been able perhaps more clearly than you to show you the straight path. One word more: Beware of gossip! And may I say to you—loving your country with all my heart—that that is the great fault here. I have seen so much evil during these eight years that could have been avoided or lessened if there had not been a little word whispered here and there, perhaps not with bad intention—but it ruined the reputation and happiness, even the life of some one. My nurses should think of that, and cultivate among themselves loyalty and *esprit de corps*.

"If there is one among you whom I have wronged, I beg you to forgive me; I have been, perhaps, severe sometimes, but never voluntarily unjust, and I have loved you all much more than you thought.

"My best wishes for the happiness of all my girls, those who have left the school as well as those who are still there, and thank you for the kindness that you have always shown me.

"Your devoted directress,

"EDITH CAVELL."

### Something for Sabbath Afternoon

**W**HEN the time comes on Sabbath afternoon that you wonder what you can do for a change, get your Bible, your Morning Watch Calendar, paper and pen, and copy the texts for the coming week. All may be written on one large sheet, or each text can be written on a separate sheet. These can be kept in the most-used room of the house,—the dining table is a good place,—where all the family can study together.

There is one thing that should be in every Seventh-day Adventist home, especially where there are children and young people,—a good blackboard. It should be in the living-room. Each day the text can be written on the board; and having it before all will help all to learn the text for the day.

The daily study of the Morning Watch texts, with a friendly discussion and explanation, letting the thought of the scripture grow in the minds of all until it is a part of the day's activities and meditations, cannot fail to build up the spiritual life of the family and of the individual. To neglect such an opportunity to study and grow, is to neglect an important and vital feature of the spiritual life. **MAX HILL.**

### Special Notice!!!

**F**OR the general fall and winter missionary work with literature, let us suggest that Missionary Volunteers consider a special offer now being made by the Signs of the Times office. The Pacific Press has on hand a quantity of back numbers of the *Signs* weekly—all 1918 issues. This material will serve excellently for rack work, general distribution in the daily intercourse, and in public meetings. The prices, postpaid in the United States only, are as follows: 75 cents per hundred; \$5 per thousand.

Early orders will, of course, receive the largest assortment of issues. Remember, these are *all* 1918 papers, and they are full of excellent articles on the gospel message for these days.

"LET me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way.'  
Then shall I see it, not too great nor small  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers."



### How Long Shall I Give?

"Go break to the needy sweet Charity's bread;  
For giving is living," the angel said.  
"And must I be giving again and again?"  
My peevish and pitiless answer ran.  
"Oh, no," said the angel, piercing me through,  
"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."

### A Gift Worth While

IN one of our Sunshine meetings," writes a missionary, "we told the children about the Halifax sufferers. A few days later, a boy, scantily clad and without shoes, came to us requesting that we accept a dime that he had earned by carrying wood. 'Send it,' he said, 'to them hungry children.'"—*Missions*.

### Praying Through

NO doubt thousands of prayers are never answered because men faint at God's delay. After spending thousands of dollars in drilling for oil, the operator became discouraged and sold out for a trifle. The purchaser started the drill, and in six hours found a flowing well. Many Christians lose heart just when the answer is about to be granted.—*The Sunday School Chronicle*.

### Save One

AT the Iroquois fire in Chicago six hundred persons were burned to death. One young woman about seventeen fought through the crowd. She escaped, but her hair was singed from her head, her clothing was burned, her face blistered. She got on a street car to go to her home in Oak Park. She was wringing her hands and crying hysterically, when a woman said to her: "Why, you ought to be thankful you escaped with your life." "I escaped," she cried, "but I didn't save anybody; there are hundreds that were lost. To think that I escaped and didn't save anybody!" "What kind of place would heaven be to us if we knew we escaped and did not save anybody?"—*Selected*.

### Is a College Education Worth While?

CONCERNING men in America eminent in all walks of life, perhaps no publication offers better statistics than "Who's Who." Of 17,546 names found in the last edition, 71.10 per cent are collegians. Many others evidently were college students, but did not give statistics.

Of the preachers in the foregoing list, 81.22 per cent were college graduates; of the lawyers, 52.28 per cent; of the physicians, 49.36 per cent; of those engaged in technical and industrial pursuits, 45.82 per cent.

Some lessons may be drawn from these statistics: (1) Of public men, on the average the preachers are the best educated. Since they are, there must be a demand for such, and every prospective preacher ought to take notice. (2) Lawyers once thought they could practice without education. Modern lawyers of high class know better, and young ones ought to follow the footsteps of sense. (3) No longer can a boy throw down the plow, spend a winter or two somewhere, and return a physician licensed to murder the sick. He must have some education, and the best of them must be educated equal to the best in other professions. The demands set by increasing medical standards

will soon leave out in the cold all physicians who have not a college education or its equivalent. (4) No one thing is now more certain than that *men of affairs*—business men, technicians, farmers—*must be educated*. Good, trained gray matter mixed with poor soil makes a better crop than untrained brains with the alluvial soil of the Nile.—*S. P. Brooks*.

### "Seeing Is Believing"

A MISSIONARY in South Africa relates that one of his converts came near losing faith in him and his preaching, when he told him that at times it is so cold in Germany that water is no longer liquid, but so solid that one can walk over it. "I have believed everything you have told me," said the native, "but to believe *that* is impossible for me." Some time later, when the missionary returned to the homeland, he took this man along. The Negro's astonishment was almost unbounded when on a winter's day the missionary took him out to the Rhine, where a large number of lads were skating. The Negro carefully approached the smooth surface and tested it. How great was his joy when the words of his beloved teacher were so completely proved true, and how ashamed was he because of his doubts!

Do not we sometimes take a similar stand regarding our God's gracious promises? Is it not true that we are prone to doubt until God in his grace gives us unanswerable proof?—*Selected*.

### One Side Better Than Two

FARADAY, the great chemist, learned a great lesson in boyhood by a very childish experience. As a little lad, humbly earning his bread by selling newspapers in the street, he was waiting outside the office of an Edinburgh paper for the morning issue, and thrust his head and arms through the railings of the iron gate.

He was a born metaphysician, and began to speculate on which side of the railings he was. "My head and hands are on one side," he said to himself, "and my heart and body are on the other." The gate was opened hastily before he could disengage himself, and the wrench he received taught him, as he said in afterlife, that all true work required head and heart and hands to be on the same side.—*The Sunday at Home*.

BEAR ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—*St. Paul*.

### Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
God's Mirror (poetry) .....	3
Esther, the Queen .....	3
Norrene's Temper .....	4
I Have Called You Friends (poetry) .....	5
How the Twelve Died .....	5
Peking: Under the Mings and Manchus .....	6
Known by Their Fruit .....	7
A Happy Event .....	8
The Bible Year .....	13
SELECTIONS	
A Floating Schoolroom .....	9
Jane Amsden's Hospital .....	10
The Things That Can Wait .....	12
Drowsy Time (poetry) .....	12