

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

December 31, 1918

No. 53

Our New Year's Prayer

Once more we cross the threshold
Of a year;
Again we have to part with
Old things dear.
And as we venture forth
In ways untrod,
Be thou our strength and stay,
Our Father, God.

Help us in days to come
Near thee to stay,
And ever lead us, for
Thou art the way.
Guide thou our feet in duty's path,
We plead,
And give us day by day
Our daily need.

Teach us to humbly serve
With all our might,
And make us strong for all
That's just and right.
Aid us in rendering tribute
Where 'tis due,
Of what we owe to God,
And Caesar, too.

Help us to look to thee
In crises great,
For thus can we best serve
Both God and state.
And make our lives reveal
From day to day,
The life of Christ who is
The living way.

— Rolla R. Werline,
in the Educational Messenger.

From Here and There

Heber J. Grant succeeds the late Joseph F. Smith as head of the Mormon Church.

Our national debt, \$1,452,000,000 before the war, has been increased to \$19,541,400,000.

Fourteen women candidates have been nominated to the British Parliament. Among these is Miss Christabel Pankhurst of militant fame.

There were 1,200,000 children, it is estimated, left helpless in Belgium when their parents were deported by the Germans.

America invented the machine gun, barbed wire; and furnished the inspiration for the British tank that rendered uncanny but remarkably efficient help in the war.

For lack of raw cotton, Germany is spinning cloth out of nettle fiber. She has organized a company for the promotion of nettle culture. Its name is *Nesselverwertungsgesellschaft*.

Just before the war ended, candy was included in the ration of the American Expeditionary Force. One-half pound of mixed chocolates and hard candies once in ten days! Small favors are better than none.

The President, while in Paris, occupied the beautiful mansion of Prince Joachim Murat, whose grandmother was an American woman. The prince's eldest son also married an American lady, the grandniece of George Washington.

Mrs. Nellie Taylor, of Plymouth, California, is said to have developed a process for making acorn flour, which is a satisfactory supplement for wheat flour. This flour has the coloring matter and bitter taste of the acorn extracted.

The combined cost of the war to all nations is said to be \$200,000,000,000, which means more than one dollar for every second the world has stood, there having been less than 193,000,000,000 seconds in the 6,000 years of the world's history.

From the beginning of the German occupation of Belgium, to the close of the great world war, the Belgian people were compelled to pay in the form of a monthly "war contribution" a tax of \$250 a minute, \$15,000 an hour, or \$360,000 a day.

At one time around the British Isles about 3,000 anti-submarine craft were in operation day and night. Of American craft there were about 160. Altogether, in the open seas, there were about 5,000 anti-submarine craft at work removing mines and escorting troop and merchant ships.

Out in the fertile peat fields of Southern California, the heavy draft horse would be useless for plowing and cultivating but for a wooden shoe, which was invented by some ingenious rancher, and which can be quickly clamped on the horses' hoof, says the *Popular Science Monthly*. With his wooden shoes, the horse can walk safely on a surface of peat that quivers like jelly with his weight.

King George bestowed upon Marshal Foch the Order of Merit. Marshal Foch is the only French holder of this decoration. In bestowing it King George said: "I am happy to give the highest distinction of which I can dispose to the eminent soldier who has conducted the Allied armies to victory."

America's biggest war secret is out. The wireless telephone has been brought to such a state of perfection that since last February American airplanes here and in Europe have been equipped with apparatus which has made oral communication between them while flying, as well as communication with the earth, a simple matter. The War Department has regarded the solution of the problem of what now is called "voice command flying," as one of the most important achievements of the age.

Translators in twenty-three languages, including Chinese, Arabic, Turkish, and some not even so well known, were called for by Brig. Gen. William W. Harts, who directed the equipment of the American peace delegates. The number required is indicative of the diversity of the races and countries that had interests before the peace congress, either through participation in the war, or by reason of treaties or other relations.

A man of New York State has collected a woodland alphabet, formed of twigs that grew naturally into the shape of every letter. Each one of the twenty-six letters is easily recognizable. After securing this interesting alphabet, the collector began looking for the numerals from one to nine, and succeeded, even to the finding of a cipher for the end. The present season affords the best observation time for any who may wish to follow this pleasant hobby.

There is in Los Angeles, California, a Red Cross shop which estimates its minimum monthly returns at \$1,000. This shop has for sale a great variety of useful articles donated by the community; it maintains an attractive tearoom; it provides entertainments; and is devoting a great part of its interest to salvaging waste products.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Carnegie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, to Roswell Miller, son of the late Roswell Miller of New York and Chicago, has been announced. Mr. Miller went to France to serve as an ambulance driver on the battlefield before the selective draft law went into effect.

The army educational commission of the Y. M. C. A. plans to provide the soldiers across the seas means of attending school, taking all manner of courses,— industrial, commercial, and professional,— during the period of armistice and demobilization.

The Youth's Instructor

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A CREED

LET me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me;
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

— Selected.

For the New Year

"I am resolved what to do." Luke 16:4.

DEAL directly with God. In other words, rule out of consideration minor instrumentalities, subordinate agencies, secondary causes, and go straight to headquarters. God reigns, and he is responsible in one way or another for everything that meets us. Receive all from God, take all to God, talk over all with God, bear all in God, lean always upon him, and there will be no end to your peace. We thus become conquerors of circumstances.

Stop! Look! Listen! Transfer from the railway crossings to the small and large highways of life these three significant words. We must wait for reflection, instead of pushing ahead impulsively, as we are so prone to do. We must lift our inward eyes to the source of help, looking unto Him by whom alone we live. We must have an ear quickly attentive to his least commands, hushing all other noises that we may hear him.

Be not disquieted! However busy we are, our calm need not be invaded. Serenity stamps the strong. Fussy impatience is a mark of weakness. If the King's business requires haste, it does not require hurry and worry and flurry. One thing at a time, done with all our might, brings the best results. There is a stillness of soul in the midst of outward commotion which it is of great consequence to cultivate.

Servant of all, servile to none! Civility is good, servility is bad. The latter is not fitting for a child of the King of kings, a brother of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let him hold up his head, and look every man in the eye, without crawling or cringing or fawning before any one.

Be aggressive, but not repulsive! We must study how to war and still be winsome; how to be intense in our love for Jesus, and yet maintain thoroughly cordial, sympathetic relations with those who are not his friends.

Moment by moment! Short views are best. Although, of course, in one sense we ought to take long views. While living by the moment, we must not live for the moment. The latter marks the worldling, the former the true Christian. Just for today comes our strength.

Never complain! What is the use? Nobody thanks you for burdening him with your load of troubles, large or small, and they are almost always small in other people's eyes, however large they be in your own. "Go bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share," and does not care particularly about taking any more. Besides, the trouble grows larger the more you talk about it, or even think about it in a complaining spirit.

Never take offense! It is much worse than giving offense. The latter, indeed, we cannot always help, for we cannot control the thoughts of our fellow men, nor avoid what in their minds may appear to be evil. But it is in our power to refuse to take offense, to insist that there is some explanation, that if all were known, things would look different, that the person did not really mean what he seemed to say or do. He who is quick to take offense is a most uncomfortable person to have around.

No disappointment! How is this possible? By the right regulation of our desires. If we never desire anything but what God desires, we will always attain our object, because God's will can never fail of accomplishment. John Fletcher said, "I cannot be disappointed, because he does and will do all things well." Similarly, Gen. Charles George Gordon, "I cannot wish things were different from what they are; for if I do this, I wish my will, not His, to be done." One may certainly live above disappointment.

Keep right on smiling. Why? Because we possess Jesus Christ, and no one can take him from us. Because nothing can happen to us under any circumstances but what is sent in wisdom and love by our heavenly Father. Every Christian should belong to the Order of the Smiling Face. It is one of the "marks of the Lord Jesus," especially adapted to make an impression on outsiders. It can be cultivated. The best way is to have the fires of love burning so hotly below that they will be reflected on the features as a matter of course. A cast-iron, fireproof faith in Providence also helps amazingly.— *Rev. James Mudge*.

First Things First

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Matt. 6:33.

THE order of things is essential. Notes in wrong succession make din instead of music. Words out of order lose their sense. Misplaced emphasis makes truth a lie. A life in which the best things are not first is weak and wrong. Let us make God first:

1. By giving the first hour of every day to the worship of God. Life is his gift. These hours are a small but blessed return.

2. By giving the first fruits of our increase, a definite proportion of our living, to the Lord's work, trusting him to make the remainder an abundance for our needs.

3. By giving our first thought to the coming of God's kingdom, in all its blessing and power, to our hearts, our church, our world.— *Rev. W. G. Kennedy*.

Peking: The Present City and Its Palaces

R. F. COTTRELL

ABOUT three years after the death of Yehonola, the empress dowager, a revolution broke out in central and southern China (1911) which resulted in the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty and the establishment of a republic. Since that time, the country as a whole has been subject to much unrest, counter-revolutions, and bandit raids, so that the republican form of government has not yet been given a fair trial. At what time conditions will change for the better it is difficult to predict.

The Modernized Metropolis

Peking, however, except for two brief intervals, has been quiet and prosperous. Formerly, the place presented a network of filthy streets, rut-worn, and quite impassable for any vehicle except the native cart. It was then a "city of smells." But in recent years all the principal streets have been macadamized; the atmosphere has become generally wholesome; and such modern improvements as electric lights, city water, and telephone service have been introduced. One writer pictures China's capital, as follows:

"Peking is the one city in China where the traveler sees native life untouched and uninfluenced by foreign discipline and regulation, and at the same time lives and moves in comfort, in good hotels, good streets, and first-class conveyances. Every phase of Chinese existence in the interior that is worthy of study is presented in Peking among surroundings where cleanliness is attainable, and the trying hardships of the primitive hinterland are unknown. Everything that is richest, most wholesome, most splendid, and most interesting to the scholar, in Chinese life, workmanship, and art, reaches its highest level of excellence in Peking. It is the metropolis, and all that has been best in the last seven centuries has gravitated to it. Here one sees imperial splendor undimmed. The best of the Chinese army is here. The most efficient native police force is here, the best and largest universities, the finest art collections, the richest temples, the most magnificent palaces; the most vigorous people physically; the most elegant colloquial dialect is spoken here, and the city enjoys the healthiest climate in the

lowlands of China. Peking is all that is characteristically Chinese in the superlative degree."

Peking's Cosmopolitan Population

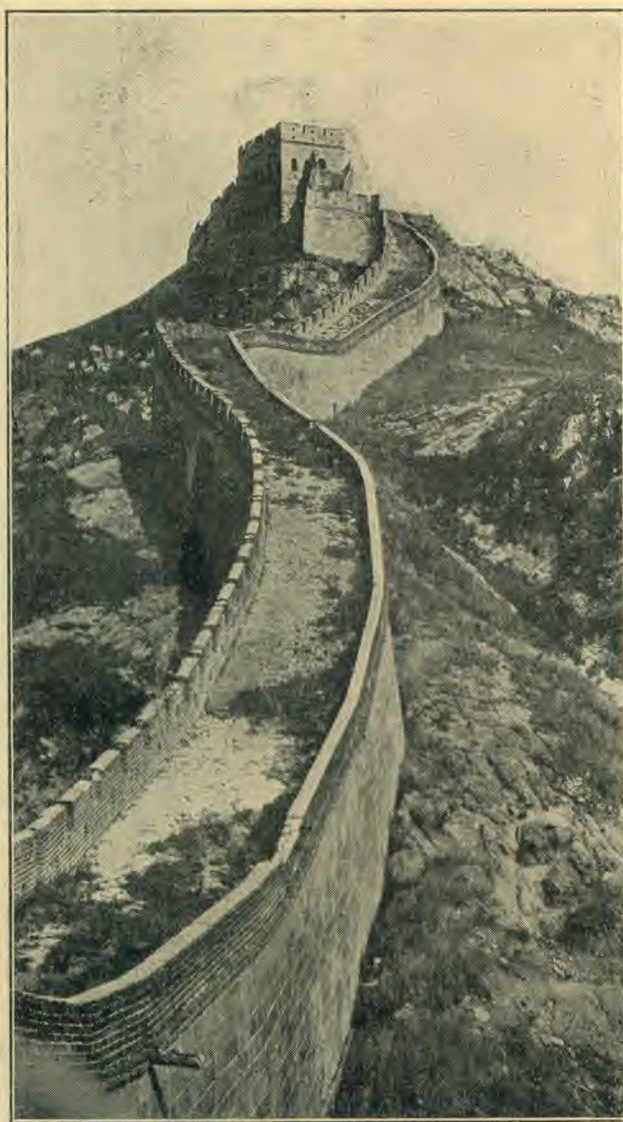
The present population of Peking is about one million. Aside from the Chinese who form the majority of the inhabitants, the city has a mixed population of Manchus, Mongols, Chinese and Turkish Moslems, Russo-Chinese, Japanese, a few Tibetans, and about eight hundred Europeans and Americans. The Chinese of Peking, as well as of all north China, are by no means of pure stock. Whole tribes and armies of Tartars have been absorbed by the Chinese of these

parts, so that none are absolutely sure of their heritage. The different nationalities, or clans, are to a greater or less extent found grouped together in colonies in various sections of the city. In the features of the Chinese Manchus and Mongols, little is found to differentiate, but in the Turkish, Russo-Chinese, and Tibetan sections, one recognizes facial types of a different character.

Peking in Four Cities

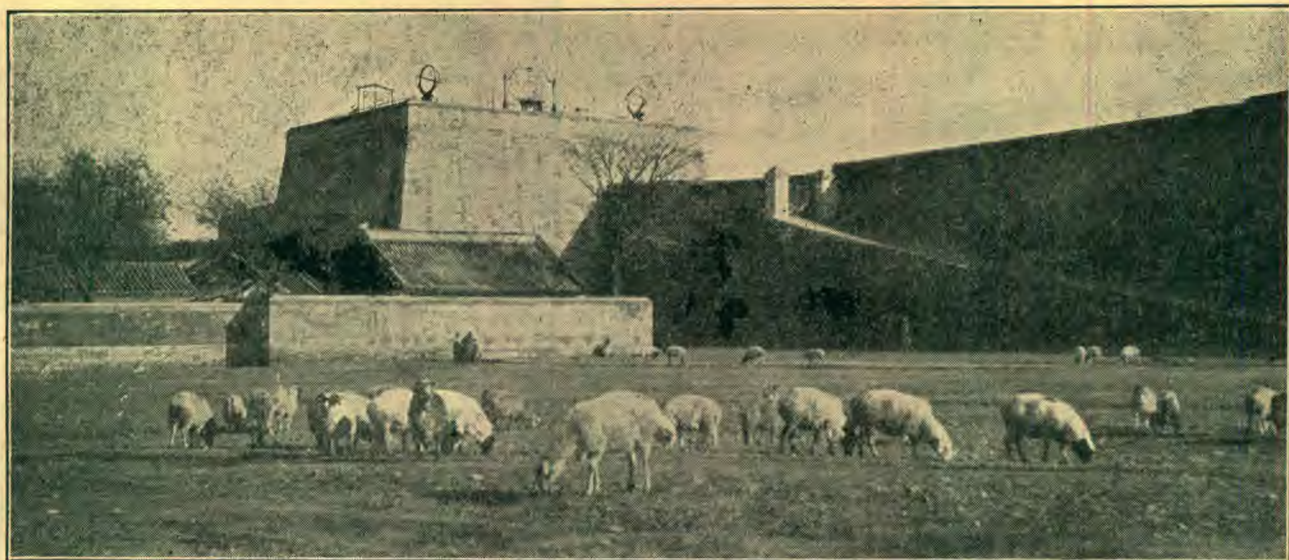
Peking embraces four cities,—the Tartar City, the Imperial City, the Purple Forbidden City, and the Chinese City. The Tartar City is surrounded by a wall fifty feet high, forty feet wide at the top, and is fourteen miles in circumference, while the Chinese City which joins it on the south has a wall thirty feet in height and fifteen feet wide at the top. The entire circuit of the outside walls is about twenty-one miles, and the area within them is nearly twenty-six square miles. The Chinese City is important from a business viewpoint only.

In the center of the Tartar City, occupying an area of two square miles and surrounded by a pink-washed wall twenty feet high, is the Imperial City. Inside this city, protected by another wall thirty feet high and surrounded by a moat one hundred twenty feet wide, stands the Purple Forbidden City. It covers about one half of a square mile, and is arranged on a grand symmetrical scale. Within are numerous royal palaces, government offices, and spacious apartments for visitors, as well as for the vast retinue of relatives, retainers, concubines, eunuchs, and domestic servants. The grounds are



HIGHEST POINT OF CHINA'S GREAT WALL

This wall is said to be the greatest artificial structure in the world. It is more than 1,500 miles in length, about 25 feet thick at the base, 30 feet high, and faced with brick, each weighing from forty to sixty pounds.



THE OLD OBSERVATORY, PEKING. IT WAS FIRST ERECTED BY KUBLAI KHAN

laid out with marble terraces, protecting balustrades, ornamental waterways, and gardens in imitation landscape style. The roofs of the buildings are of imperial yellow tile, which adds much to their stately appearance.

In the autumn of 1914, a portion of the Forbidden City was thrown open to visitors, and within its precincts a magnificent state museum was established. This contains a large and priceless collection of porcelains, *cloisonné* ware, bronzes, etc., relics from the imperial households of past dynasties. In another portion of the Forbidden City, the dethroned boy emperor still resides, and is receiving his education.

These palaces occupy approximately the same site as those erected by the great Kublai Khan in the year 1267 A. D., and doubtless present much the same appearance as the palaces that made so profound an impression upon the celebrated Marco Polo. The present Purple City and its buildings are largely the result of Emperor Yung-lo's work in the fifteenth century.

Adjoining the Forbidden City on the west are parks, groves, clusters of buildings, and three small lakes, all of which is commonly known as the "Sea," or "Winter" Palace. The palaces and pavilions about the "South Sea" and "Central Sea," as these lakes are called, have been converted into residences, offices, and reception halls for the president of the Chinese Republic and his family.

The "North Sea" and its surrounding grounds, which were laid out with great expenditure of time and labor, present much of the picturesque and beautiful. To the northeast of the lake is a mulberry grove where silkworms were formerly grown, and the product woven into cloth. Annually, the empress and court ladies gave this work their personal attention, and thus set before the women of the nation an exam-

ple of industry and thrift. In another part of the grounds are several Taoist temples, two of which are known as the "Little Western Heaven" and the "Great Western Heaven," respectively. The latter contains many broken images, and models of mountains, valleys, fountains, and gardens, all of which are supposed to represent the Taoist home of the immortals in the far-away Kuen-Lun Mountains, where the dwellers roam at leisure in fairyland, and revel in perpetual youth. In a near-by temple is a huge statue of Buddha some sixty feet in height, with one thousand arms and hands. The massive idol is seen in the attitude of trampling all enemies beneath his feet. The "Mountain of Ten Thousand Ages," or Summer Palace, is about seven miles to the north-



THE SUMMER PALACE

west of Peking. For the last fifty years of the late Manchu dynasty, this was the only summer resort left available to the imperial household. The group of palace buildings near the foot of the Western Hills, extends along the border of a lotus-grown lake. The carving and painting upon these various structures is the very best that Oriental talent produces. In its beautiful and well-chosen natural location, "against a dark background of green forest and shrubbery and gray rock, the imperial artists have splashed all

the colors of the painter's pallet framed in yellow tiles and white marble paving. . . . Throughout the spring, summer, and autumn months an endless variety of flowers gives the dark groves and rugged hill slopes color and warmth." Such was the fairyland in which the empress dowager and her court regaled themselves for about six months of each year.

Near the farther end of the lake is the famous marble boat. It is said that the old empress, after negotiating a large loan to build and equip a foreign navy for China, used a portion of the funds to construct this singular model, which the guide laughingly told us "travels only at night." It was elaborately fitted out by the empress, who evidently derived much pleasure from her naval adventure.

The Summer Palace

which embraces a large area, is only a fragment of the royal resort laid out by Emperor K'ang-hi, and perfected during the sixty-year reign (1736-96) of his grandson, K'ien-lung. The latter not only employed the best Chinese artisans, gardeners, and artists, he also called upon the Jesuit missionaries to assist in his great undertaking. One of these, Frère Attiret, a painter to the emperor, wrote the following description in 1743:

"Hillocks from twenty to sixty feet high, have been thrown up, forming an endless number of little valleys. Canals of clear water, coming from the high mountains which dominate the country, water these valleys and, after dividing, reunite in several places to form fountains, lakes, and seas. The slopes of the hills and mounds are covered with the flowering tree, so common in China. The canals have no alignment; the rustic stonework which borders them is arranged with so much art that one might take it for nature's own handiwork. Here the canal broadens, there it narrows, beyond it winds; its banks are bright with flowers, growing in the rocks, and each season brings new varieties and its own peculiar charm.

"From one of the valleys the buildings can be seen. The whole façade seems to be nothing but windows and columns; the woodwork is gilded, painted, and varnished, the roofs covered with red, yellow, blue, and violet tiles, which, by their arrangement, blend agreeably. None of the buildings are two-storied. Each valley has its pleasure house, small in comparison with the whole, but large enough to lodge one of our European grandees with his whole suite. Some of these palaces are built with cedar brought from a distance of five hundred leagues. There are more than two hundred palaces, excluding the quarters for the eunuchs. . . . The real treasure is an island of a wild and natural design, which rises in the middle of a lake, upon which is built a miniature palace, which however, contains a hundred rooms."

Twenty-four years later, the Jesuit missionary, Père Benoist, who was the senior craftsman in the construction of the European buildings erected on the grounds, gave the following details:

"Six miles from the capital the emperor has a country residence where he spends a lot of his time working continually to further embellish the place.

"To form any idea of its beauty, one must drift into the regional of fairyland, as it is described by certain imaginative writers. Artificial mountains, with miniature canals passing over rocks and forming rapids and lakes dotted with islands of proportionate size. Intricate pathways, winding in and out among the mountains, miniature lakes and canals, leading up

to palaces that contain the best that the world produces of luxury and art. Cleverly contrived summer houses, like fairy palaces, filling secluded nooks in the hills and valleys and on the shores of the lake. . . . All this for the sole use of the emperor and his court."

This palace, known as the "Garden of Circular Brightness," embraced about twelve square miles. It was destroyed in 1860 by the British and French as a demonstration of protest against the procrastination and perfidy of the Chinese court. Little is left of the palaces, but a visit to the grounds gives some idea of their former magnitude and beauty.

Ruin Reigns over the Old

In fact, very few of the palaces and grounds in Peking and vicinity upon which so much effort and wealth were lavished, and which were the scene of so great imperial pomp and splendor, are at present well kept. High grass and weeds grow at will about the courts, in the walks, and in many places on the roofs. When timbers decay and walls crumble, no one repairs; and "Ichabod"—"the glory is departed"—seems written over all.

This condition may be ascribed to Oriental apathy and the poverty of the government; but in it the Christian sees the decadence of a heathen power whose fitly chosen imperial ensign was the "dragon,"—the passing of a haughty, autocratic house intensely anti-foreign and anti-Christian; yes, all this in the providence of God that the gospel of the kingdom might be preached with the utmost freedom to the quarter of the world's population emancipated from the Manchu rule.

Song

HAPPY! Happy? Yes,
The war is over now;
In adoration low
Our grateful hearts we bow.

Thou art the King of kings,
O Christ of Galilee;
Thine is the throne of might,
Thou God of victory.

Kaisers and kings and thrones
Must vanish in the dust,
For thou art King alone,
Thy sovereign throne is just.

Turks, and the vanished past,
Like some uncanny dream,
Have faded in the glow
Of the first morning gleam.

Full noontide comes apace;
Full glory in its way
Flashes, and tells the joy
Of the undying day.

"On earth peace!" angels said;
The Prince of peace alone
Is Monarch of the earth,
On the eternal throne.

B. F. M. SOURS.

The Right Gift

REMEMBER,
This December,
That love weighs more than gold!
Help us spread the news to young and old;
Friendship bought and sold
Leaves the giver cold.
The right gift
Is the bright gift,
The kind thought and cheer;
Send your loving heart,
That's the greatest part,
So will Christmas crown all the year!

—Josephine Daskam Bacon.

Missionary Advance in Perplexing Times

J. L. SHAW

WE can see the hand of God going before us in these troublous times, holding in check the winds of strife in the great continents of Asia and Africa while the messengers of truth, in their appointed work, hasten on the missionary advance.

It is significant that while strife and war are raging in Europe and America, in lands like India, China, Japan, and Africa, where the gospel is little known and where are to be found the most dense populations of the world, there is comparative peace, and opportunities more favorable for carrying the gospel than ever before in the history of modern missions.

We shall mention a few recent outstanding evidences of advancement and growth in the various mission fields.

China Wants Sanitariums

In China plans are on for enlarging the sanitarium at Shanghai. Through the influence which our sanitariums have had and the help they have given in the promotion of health and the treatment of the sick, both in America and China, leading men in China have become deeply interested. Mr. Au Chakman, a well-known philanthropist of Hongkong, has come forward with a gift of \$50,000 for the construction of permanent buildings for the Shanghai Sanitarium.

Mr. Au is justice of the peace at Hongkong, and has devoted large sums of money to educational philanthropic work. Last year he gave \$50,000 to the Hongkong University. Mr. Au was one of the first patients of the Shanghai Sanitarium, and desires that the methods of the sanitarium for treating the sick be made available to all classes of Chinese people. The institution will therefore be equipped to offer first-, second-, and third-class accommodations.

While these buildings are being constructed, the Red Cross Hospital, with large and ample accommodations, has been placed at the disposal of the Shanghai Sanitarium, without rent, for a term of three years. So we see the way is opening for the establishment of a sanitarium sufficiently large and well equipped to properly set forth health principles and the rational methods of treating the sick.

China is aroused as never before in her history. Old standards of religion and education are giving way. A receptive attitude is continually more manifest. Christian missionaries realize that now is the supreme hour for the entrance of the gospel. Delay may give opportunity for other influences to work which will impede the progress of Christian teaching among the Chinese. We are thankful at this time for the band of workers pressing the message farther and farther into the different provinces.

In the distant province of Szechuan our missionaries have felt the call to advance as far as Ta-tsien-lu, on the border of Tibet. Dr. J. N. Andrews plans to establish a mission station at Ta-tsien-lu, with the hope of reaching the Tibetans. Before them is the great closed land of Tibet, with its lofty mountains, and its multitudes of people without a saving knowledge of the gospel. Funds for a small printing plant to print literature in the Tibetan language have been donated by the Review and Herald Publishing Association. The workers in Szechuan plan to place literature in the hands of thousands of Tibetans who come across the border. Thus we hope the message will find its way into the closed land of Tibet.

Calls from the Belgian Kongo

As our missionaries are working their way westward and northward toward the heart of Asia, so the line of advance in Africa is being lengthened. A location for a mission station is probably by this time effected in the Belgian Kongo. More than a year ago Brother S. M. Konigmacher located a mission station on the border of the Kongo. Since then urgent requests have come to establish a mission station within the territory of the Belgian Kongo. In July, Brethren W. E. Straw and F. R. Stockil made a trip into that country. In his report of the trip, Brother Straw says:

"We both were very favorably impressed with the country. We found it fertile, high and healthful, and well watered. The natives are of a good class, anxious for a mission to be established among them, and they have an abundance of food. Practically all their villages are located in the midst of banana and palm groves more beautiful than many of the parks I have seen in the United States."

Elder W. B. White, president of the South African Union, writes that Brother Victor Wilson went into the Belgian Kongo in August to decide on a location for a mission station. Brother White says:

"It seems the time is ripe for us to enter the Belgian Kongo with its 15,500,000 inhabitants. We must not wait. The work in the earth can never be finished until it is finished in Belgian Kongo; so in we go, about five or seven hundred miles into the interior, with the glad tidings of the soon-coming Jesus, and another land is opened. The station may be fifty or more miles from the railway station, but fast carriers and runners bring the towns quite near."

Progress in the Fiji Islands

From the Fijian Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, come heartening words of the progress of the truth. Leading chiefs have recently sent messages asking that missionaries be sent to teach them and their people the way of Christ. Petitions have come from one district in which 250 persons request baptism and acceptance into church fellowship, and in still another district there are 812 persons who have made the same appeal. Elder C. H. Watson, president of the Australasian Union Conference, writing of these calls, says:

"To attend to these interests and enter these open doors, additional workers must be sent at once to Fiji to give Brother Parker, who is already overburdened, the assistance that will enable him to take advantage of this remarkable awakening and supply the help that these people desire. We feel sure that if we now send forward workers of experience, at least a large number of these inquirers will be led to surrender the use of unclean things and be built up in 'the most holy faith.' This is the most wonderful of all God's opening providences in this field. With those who have given health and effort in the years of seed sowing in Fiji, we covenant in the same spirit of sacrifice to continue the work which they began, until Fiji is lightened with the glory of God and sends forth her sons and daughters in growing numbers as light bearers to still darker lands. Thus by one sowing and another reaping and all sacrificing together, the work will be finished."

These outstanding indications of advance, as well as many other evidences of God's leading providences in

the work, make a mighty appeal for men and means to enter the open doors in the regions beyond. A clarion call is sounding, summoning us to the front to hear his word of command, "Forward, march!" In the firm faith of his leadership let us press on as good soldiers of the cross, "till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed."

Savonarola

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA was born at Ferrara, Italy, on Sept. 21, 1452, just thirty years before the birth of Martin Luther. His parents intended that he should study medicine and become a physician, "but his early religious development led him in another direction." When seventeen years old, he entered a monastery and spent years in study.

In 1490 he was appointed to the Monastery of San Marco in Florence, and began to preach reform principles with astonishing boldness and fervor. Thousands came to listen to this unusual stranger, and the city was profoundly stirred by a wave of religious enthusiasm. Savonarola persuaded the people to bring to him their useless ornaments, and with these he made a huge bonfire, where obscene pictures, books, dresses, and masks were also burned. The valuables consumed are estimated to have been worth 22,000 florins.

This preacher monk is said to have studied the Bible most carefully and prayerfully every day. "He committed nearly all of the Scriptures to memory."

Drilled Himself in Public Speaking

It is interesting to note that this great man was not a natural orator. When he first began to speak, no one cared to hear him more than once. Rather than give up, however, he began to study the art of public speaking. From the best instructors, and with endless diligence in practice, he learned to hold his audiences spellbound, and his fame spread throughout Europe.

"Savonarola's firmness for the truth, and his resolute will are finely illustrated in his interview with Lorenzo de Medici. Lorenzo was sick unto death. He was wealthy, powerful, with keen discernment of character. He took large drafts of distilled precious stones, prescribed for his recovery, but to no purpose. He needed a confessor, but had no faith in the sincerity of his priest. He suddenly thought of the prior, Savonarola, and said: 'He is the only honest man, send for him.' Savonarola came: he required three things of the dying de Medici: 1. Faith in Christ. To this Lorenzo readily assented. 2. To restore all that had been unjustly taken. At this he was surprised and grieved, but finally assented. 3. To restore liberty to the people of Florence. The dying prince turned scornfully on his bed without a word, and Savonarola left without granting him absolution."

"Alexander VI, the Pope of Rome at that time, was one of the most infamous and wicked men who ever occupied that high office." Savonarola did not hesitate to preach against his wicked ways. This angered the Pope, and he ordered the faithful preacher thrown into prison. Later his death was decreed, and on May 23, 1498, he died a martyr, and his ashes were thrown into the river Arno.

GEORGE S. BELLEAU.

For the Finding-Out Club

THE Pigeon Hill church school of Mechanic Falls, Maine, have been reading "Early Writings," by Mrs. E. G. White. They propound the following questions for the Finding-Out Club:

1. Will little children and babies grow in heaven?
2. How tall were Adam and Eve?
3. Have we proof that Eve will be saved?

Mr. Harold Hannum suggests for the club the solution of the following riddle and the explanation of the parable:

RIDDLE.—"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

PARABLE.—"There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds: but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him, and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drink of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveler unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him. . . . As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die: and he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity."

How did the man in the wrong suffer fourfold for his crime?

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of December 10

1. THE greatest thing in the world is love.
2. Faith ends in sight.
3. Salt is represented in figure by our Saviour as good for something and good for nothing.
4. God changed the names of Abraham, Jacob, and Peter because their characters were changed.
5. Joseph was the ruler whose character was read aright by a dying man.
6. Cain and Abel represent types of all worshipers.
7. Christ could not be robbed of his power to forgive sin.
8. Mrs. Zebedee applied to a rich nobleman for a position for two boys.
9. Abraham traced the promised Saviour in the sky.
10. The rainbow is a brilliant painting thrown by the Master Artist on threatening storm clouds.
11. Esther said, "If I perish, I perish."
12. Peter was the thrice-encouraged preacher.
13. Vashti made great sacrifice rather than lose her self-respect.
14. Lazarus was the character over whom the shortest verse in the Bible was written.

"TWAS only a word, but a kind one;
It came from a heart full of love,
A heart that kept touch with Jesus,
Whose name was recorded above;
A heart full of tender compassion,
That breathed in the spirit of prayer,
That sought, 'mid life's busy turmoil,
The burden of others to share."

"RIGHTEOUS art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee." Jer. 12:1.

His First Dress Suit

HARRY HARPER was visiting at his grandfather's beautiful old farmhouse in New York State. Strange to say, it was the first time that he had seen his grandparents since he was a little boy, because his father's home was in far-away California, and there had never been money enough under the rose-covered roof of the bungalow by the seashore to take any one but the mother that long and expensive journey East.

And now Harry was nineteen and just entering college. While appreciative of the Western institutions, both Mr. and Mrs. Harper desired Harry to go to the college where his father had been educated.

Harry's father had never been very successful financially, so Harry could have little help from home, and must earn most of what he required to pay for board and books and fun. It seemed an easy task to contemplate, when one was under the sheltering roof of home; it grew more perplexing as the train swept on and on across the mountains and prairies, and into the more populous regions.

At Chicago, a youth boarded the train who, on seeing Harry, began to be friendly. It turned out that his goal was the same as that of the lad from California.

"Going to Amherst, eh?" he asked. "Well, I'm bound there myself. Fine old place. Jolly fellows. You'll have a good time."

"It was my father's college," remarked Harry, with that pride in his tone that always made it sound affectionate when he spoke of his father.

"What's his name?"

"Henry L. Harper. I'm the junior Henry."

Harry felt sure that every one who knew Amherst would know his father's name.

"Never heard of him. My father is Samuel Perkins. Incidentally, he's a steel man, and gave a hundred thousand dollars for the new gym."

"Oh!" replied Harry, and withdrew into his shell of reserve.

He soon came out of it, for Otis Perkins became very companionable, took Harry into the dining car, and insisted on paying for the dinner.

"Aw, what's the use of making a fuss over a little thing like that," he insisted; "some fellows have more cash than others, that's all, and I'm one of the lucky ones."

There was a bit of condescension in this remark which did not penetrate to Harry's brain. It was kind of Otis, and he appreciated it. By the time they reached Pittsburgh, where their ways parted, the two lads were good friends, and though Otis was a junior and Harry a freshman, they pledged their word to each other that this should not part them.

"When you get to college, I must take you to my tailor," suggested Otis, with an appraising glance at Harry's brown suit.

"I can't buy any more clothes," Harry's face flushed.

"O, that's all right, of course, but it makes you look a bit peculiar. I didn't mean anything, old chap. Good-by! We'll meet later."

Otis waved his hand and picked up a handsome leather suitcase that made Harry's old one, used by his mother on her occasional trips to the East, look worn and shabby.

As the train sped through fertile valleys and past serene lakes bordered by comfortable homes, into the heart of New York State, Harry felt suddenly timid

and lonely. The brown suit was new. Mother was sure that it would last two years, at least, with the help of another pair of trousers. He had another, best suit, cut over from one of father's. That was in the trunk.

Grandfather's house was in this lovely farm land, making a garden spot of the center of New York State, and grandfather himself, silvery hair floating in the soft breeze, his wrinkled face bright with smiles, was at the station to meet Harry, with his nice little car.

"We'll have some good rides around the country, lad," the old man said, after he had asked about all the family. "My sakes, boy, when I saw you last, you were the mischievost ever. We had great times together. Remember the snail? Never saw such a big one in all my days! Don't have them in this part of the old United States. But we have things just as good. I caught a turtle the other day with 1720 stamped on his back. Ever hear of that out in California? But I keep forgetting that you're going to college, and here I am talking to a learned chap like you about snails and turtles, when I ought to be saying things in Greek and Latin. That's the kind of talk you fellows are used to, isn't it?"

"Well, I guess not, grandpa," Harry replied, and they laughed together.

They rushed by the orchards where apples hung red upon the trees, past white churches and small villages, for grandfather enjoyed driving fast, and Harry thought of Otis Perkins, whose chief object in life seemed to be dinners and clothes. Evidently, it was old-fashioned to go to college to study. According to Otis, college life seemed to be one grand rush of football games, dances, and larks.

"Hi! there's grandma. Well I've brought the boy, Lizzie, and for the life of me, I can't make out whether he looks most like Henry or Elizabeth."

It was good to be in grandfather's house, so homey and pleasant with its broad porch and white pillars, its garden full of purple and white asters, its low-ceiled rooms and open fireplace where a log was ablaze. College, and Otis, and the strange future no longer filled his mind. He ate cottage cheese and ginger-snaps, and told the dear old folks all about California and his life there, about the lilies that whiten the fields by the thousands, and the gorgeous geraniums with scarlet and pink blooms that make unsightly places beautiful.

"Time to go to bed," grandma said, when the tall clock with the moon face struck nine.

Harry arose to say good night, when, to his surprise, he saw his grandfather take a well-worn Bible from a shelf.

Henry Harper, his father, was a Christian man. He and his family went regularly to church, they supported all benevolences, so far as their means permitted, and no meal was eaten without seeking God's blessing, but they never had family worship. Perhaps it may seem strange, but it is true that Harry Harper, although educated in the Sunday school and properly brought up at home, had never before been in a home where family prayers were held.

He sat down and waited, watching the light upon the old man's white hair, watching his grandmother as she placidly rocked back and forth in her high-backed chair. It was so restful in that living-room of the old house, so far removed from the world and its bustle, the money-making world, where men jostled

each other in a mad quest for the gold that perishes.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" grandfather read. He scarcely seemed to look at the text because he knew the words so well. He and grandma had read from this old book every morning and evening for fifty years. Their minds were full of the quaint expressions of the old King James edition.

Harry saw the log break into flame, burst open, and fall to glowing ashes as he listened. The psalm he had heard, but never had its beauty so impressed him.

"Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me. . . . Hide not thy face far from me; . . . thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

A week later, grandfather drove Harry in the little car the five miles to the station.

"Keep close to Him, Harry my boy," he said, as he looked up into the tall, young man's face. "You'll meet temptation, my lad, it'll come when you least expect it, but keep close to the Saviour, Harry."

Now, in college, there isn't much time to think. Otis Perkins took Harry Harper up as a sort of protégé. He got him into his set, he showed him the town. Perkins had his own car, and they scoured the country round and went on one grand tour to Boston, where Otis paid the bills. Harry protested, but he knew very well that out of his slender funds, rapidly, O, so rapidly! diminishing, he could not afford to go to hotels.

One morning, he faced the inevitable. He had just fifty dollars left to pull him through the rest of the year, and it was only January now. No work had turned up for him to do, and he had not sought it. This made him ashamed. Why had he not tried to get some honest occupation as many others of his companions had done?—Because of the association with Otis Perkins, whose father was rich enough to give one hundred thousand dollars for a gym.

Harry drummed on the windowpane and looked out at the glistening snow that clothed the campus with a spotless garment and hung the ivy vines on the gray buildings with festoons. A vision came to him of a low bungalow, where even now flowers were blooming. His mother was busy about her work. His father was bringing home a letter from Harry. There were five other children in the bungalow, and they must all have an education. One of his ambitions had been to take care of himself and help them. It was only January, and all but fifty dollars of what his father had given him was gone. To write home for more was impossible. His father did not have it to give.

He would not care if it was not for Otis Perkins, who had no idea what it meant to be poor, who spent fifty dollars and thought nothing of it! Harry was proud to be the friend of Samuel Perkins's son. And Otis himself was at heart an honest, whole-souled fellow. He had no idea that he was leading Harry to have false ideals.

"Look here, Harry," Otis called out, as he entered Harry's room, shaking a thick, white envelope at him. "Here's an invitation from Adelaide Sipher, the girl over at Smith that I told you about. There's going to be doings over there, and I'm to bring one man with me, and that's going to be you, my boy."

"But—" stammered Harry. He had meant to say: "I can't go. I haven't suitable clothes," but the words

died on Harry's lips in the presence of Otis Perkins.

Life seemed very hard just at that moment. Harry had a social soul. He missed his two sisters, one two years older, the other just sixteen, and really longed to get among the lively crowd of girls at Smith College. Otis had told him how pretty Adelaide Sipher was, and how she, too, was from California.

"I can't go," he said, shortly, and continued his tapping on the windowpane.

"O, I say, Harry, what's the matter with you this morning? If it's only a dress suit that stands in the way, why don't you go and buy one?"

Why, indeed? thought Harry, with grim humor. Fifty dollars left for dress suit, board, fees, etc., for half a year.

"You can go down to my tailor and get one made to order. I suppose your folks didn't know how things are here. One cannot get along without something for entertainments."

Harry knew of several places where he could have had a very good time, if he had possessed the required garments. It was equally true that his mother and father had not realized the necessity for such a suit in modern college life. Times had changed since Henry Harper went to Amherst. Then, a Sunday suit had answered for all occasions, and a fellow was lucky to own one of these.

"You'll have to go without me, Otis." He did not turn from the window, but he no longer saw the snow nor the vision of a flower-hidden bungalow. There was a mist in front of his eyes that made him feel like a girl. For a moment, Harry Harper wished heartily that he was not a student at Amherst.

"O, I say," began Otis, beginning to be embarrassed.

He had never been up against such a situation before. He had refrained from any further reference to clothes from a certain delicacy of feeling because he really liked Harry, still he had felt that the brown suit that he wore required some apology, it was so far from the Eastern cut as to make both of them conspicuous. But this was different. A fellow might wear old-fashioned clothes around college, but he must have a dress suit for special occasions.

"Maybe your money hasn't yet come from home?" he added with an inspiration. "Never mind a little thing like that. Come on down to Astor's. I'll have it charged to my account, and you can pay me when you get the cash. I often have to make Astor wait. He knows me, and won't say a word."

There are times when pride makes cowards out of brave men. Looking into Otis's good-humored face, the face of a lad who has never known misfortune or sacrifice, who has had the cornucopia of fortune emptied upon him with all its treasures, Harry, inexperienced, a little overawed, with an intense desire to enjoy life and all its good things, had not the courage to say: "I am poor, I cannot pay for a new suit. I must earn my way."

When that dress suit came home, Harry was not sure whether he was glad or sorry. It was of expensive cloth, Otis had said that it did not pay to buy cheap material; it was cut in the latest style and accompanied with all the accessories, silk vest, silk shirt, handsome cuff buttons, and white tie. Otis said that these things were necessary, and Harry, in the resignation of despair, saw the bill mounting and mounting upward toward a hundred dollars.

Well, he was in for it now, and might as well enjoy himself; so he put on the suit, and when he looked at his image in the glass, a truly handsome specimen

of young manhood, he could not keep back a pleased smile. He was seeing college life under the best auspices, those of such a fellow as Otis Perkins. Surely, the folks at home would want him to have a good time. And in some way he'd manage to pay for all his fun — in some way.

What a glorious evening that was!

"Now that's a smart-looking suit," said Otis. "Clothes do make a great difference in a fellow's appearance, just as they do in a girl's."

"The little imp in Harry's brain whispered, 'If the fellows can pay for them,' and Harry wanted to stifle that imp's voice. It stayed with him all through that truly delightful evening, when he and Adelaide, a fine-looking, dark girl, with laughing brown eyes, sat in a nook by some palms while the others made merry, and Harry told her about his home in California and she told him about hers. Somehow, before he knew it, he had told Adelaide that he must earn his way, and had not been ashamed a bit, while he would have feared to be so frank with Otis. And she had asked him what he was going to do.

He saw her looking at his stylish get-up with some curiosity, and almost, almost, he divulged the whole story of the suit, because she reminded him so much of his older sister Belle. And then he remembered how freely he had been speaking to a stranger, and closed up in his usual shell of reserve.

Yes, it had been a splendid evening, so he said to Otis as the car shot out into the darkness. He leaned his head back on the cushion and thought it all over. Adelaide was a nice girl, but it came to him that she had not been very explicit about her people, when he had talked so freely about his. What had possessed him to be such an idiot! Probably because she had eyes like Belle's.

A glaring headlight, a bump, an exclamation from Otis, who pushed hard on the brakes, and Harry found himself in a ditch, unhurt but dizzy!

"Are you all right?" asked Otis. "Those people knocked us over and then went on their heartless way. I guess the machine will have to stay where it is now till tomorrow, and we'll have to walk home. Lucky it isn't very far, but the snow's beginning to melt and it's raining. Haven't a raincoat or umbrella, either of us. Well, accidents will happen."

"I am ready," said Harry, and they plunged into the gloom of a country road.

Down poured the rain. The snow had melted to a mass of slush, the few lights were hidden by mist. Stumbling, slipping, they progressed slowly, and it was two o'clock in the morning before they reached the dormitory, and parted.

"I'll see you later," called out Otis, as they staggered, almost exhausted, into the warm hall.

Then Harry went to his room, took off that dress suit, and viewed the remains. When people get to the very worst, they are usually calm. Harry was coldly calm. He felt as if he were all frozen up inside of that part of him that feels. His body was burning with the struggle and exercise of the walk, but his soul was petrified.

The suit was utterly ruined. His overcoat sleeve was torn and the undercoat sleeve also. Probably caught on a corner of the car. His entire suit was soaking wet, and his light shoes, the first pair of patent leathers that he had ever had, were ruined.

"About as good a job as rain and slush and the accident could do," commented Harry. "I'll go to bed."

The dawn found him still sleepless, still pondering the problem. Eighty-seven dollars due to Otis for a ruined suit; seventy-five dollars at midyear for dues, and so on and so on. The little imp in his brain delighted to add at the end of the calculation, "and how are you going to pay for it all?"

The next morning Harry got up late and looked at his face as he had done the evening before, but there wasn't any proud smile now. Grim determination was written there, the spirit of his Puritan ancestors was in the firm set of his mouth, the erect position of his head. For, in the darkness of the night he had made the hardest resolve of his life. He would tell Otis Perkins the exact truth. Probably it would mean an end to the friendship of which he had felt so proud, for he had been keen enough to discover several traits of snobbishness in his idol.

It was hard. It sounds trivial perhaps, but for Harry Harper in his brown suit to go deliberately to Otis Perkins and say that he was poor, that he must work at anything he could find to earn money to pay for an evening suit and other things that he could not afford, was as hard as for a soldier to walk up to the mouth of a cannon. So hard it was that Harry began to feel it was impossible. He could not do it.

He sat down limply by the window and began to rock back and forth. The rhythm of the movement reminded him of something, what was it?

Now he remembered. Grandmother had rocked placidly back and forth those nights in the living-room while grandfather had read from the old Book. What had made the white-haired man's face so peaceful? What had made grandmother's lips so smiling, her expression so kindly? Was it the constant hearing of words of comfort and cheer?

Harry went to the closet and took out the Bible that had always rested on his bureau at home, although he had not read it very often. Here, in college, he had been a little ashamed to have it in plain sight. None of the men in Otis Perkins's circle had any such book in view. There were plenty of illustrated papers and books, but few Bibles.

At Psalms he opened, his unaccustomed fingers searching for the place where grandfather had read on that first night after his arrival. Family prayers, the old-fashioned kind, were so novel to him that he remembered everything distinctly.

Yes, here it was. Harry read it over, eagerly, for he was in genuine need of help. If constant communion with God through his Word had given to those old people that benign and peaceful look, would it bring comfort to him, a boy, timid before the new phases of temptation and confusion which college life had brought to him?

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

It seemed to him that he could hear the quaver in grandfather's voice now.

"Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."

Harry had never felt the real beauty and comfort of these words till in this hour of need. Had an evening dress suit, a few hours of amusement in clothes that he could not possibly pay for, been worth the anxiety that they had cost him?

Otis Perkins was not in his room, his chum said. He was off for all day. That was discouraging. Harry was worked up to the pitch of making a clean breast of all his faults and failings. Now, he must

keep up his courage for several hours, perhaps till next day. He could feel it slowly oozing out of him as he ran down the steps of the dormitory and walked across the campus under the splendid, drooping elm trees, bare branches stretched out against the wintry sky.

Entering his room, he threw himself down into an easy-chair, without noticing that there was a white-haired man seated in the farther corner, reading the morning newspaper.

"What's the matter, Harry?" asked a cheerful voice.

"O grandfather!" exclaimed the lad, hugging him hard. "I'm so glad to see you!"

"Well, this welcome is flattering," replied grandfather, his eyes twinkling. "But it strikes me that my reception is extra warm. Have you been getting into some scrape, young man, and you want your elderly relative to pull you out?"

"That's just about it, grandad."

Grandfather laid aside his paper.

"Tell me all about the scrape, boy, and I'll help you."

So Harry told everything. How proud he had been to have the son of so well-known a man as Samuel Perkins for his friend, and how he had tried to keep up with him and had spent almost all the money that his father had expected would "help out" during the year, supplemented with the dire disaster to the dress suit.

When, with tragic face, he exhibited the tattered remains of what had been a handsome suit, grandfather blew his nose energetically and coughed in an extraordinary manner. His eyes twinkled more than ever, for grandfather had once been young himself.

"Went to see a girl, did you, and thought you had to be all dressed up to find favor in her eyes?"

"Most of the fellows had on evening suits, grandfather," protested Harry.

"But not all."

"No."

"Probably couldn't afford it and wouldn't go in debt," commented grandfather. "What is the girl's name?"

"Adelaide Sipher."

"O yes, old Dick Sipher's granddaughter. Lives just out here a few miles. I know him well. We'll see. Yes, we'll see. And now, Harry, how much money do you want?"

Grandfather held out a fat roll of bills.

"You — you wouldn't lend me some, would you, grandfather?"

"Lend it to you, you young rascal? No, I'll give it to you. Will a hundred dollars pay what you owe to this Perkins?"

"It'll leave something over."

"All right. Now, you just settle that up, and I don't believe it's necessary to go into details with him in this matter. You've told me and relieved your mind, and from the looks of you, I think you've had a bad night."

"O grandfather!"

"No, you needn't thank me. Why did the Lord give me such a fine grandson, if it wasn't that I could give him a little lift when he's in trouble? And I say, you'd better not write mother anything about this. It's a secret between ourselves."

"I am glad to be relieved of that unpleasant task, so I'll promise you solemnly, grandfather,—"

"That you won't go into debt any more in order to shine in the eyes of the girls, eh? Well, that's right. Adelaide Sipher would like you just as well in your brown suit as she would in the long-tailed togs, if she's anything like her grandmother. She was a fine girl. And now, Harry, let's get lunch and then go out to Dick Sipher's. He has a big dairy farm run on the latest plans, and I'll warrant that he'd have some work for you to do that wouldn't upset your dignity a bit. Like to fuss around flowers, don't you?"

"I like it best of all, grandad."

Harry sat close to his grandfather all the way out to Richard Sipher's. Somehow it made him feel better and stronger to be near him.

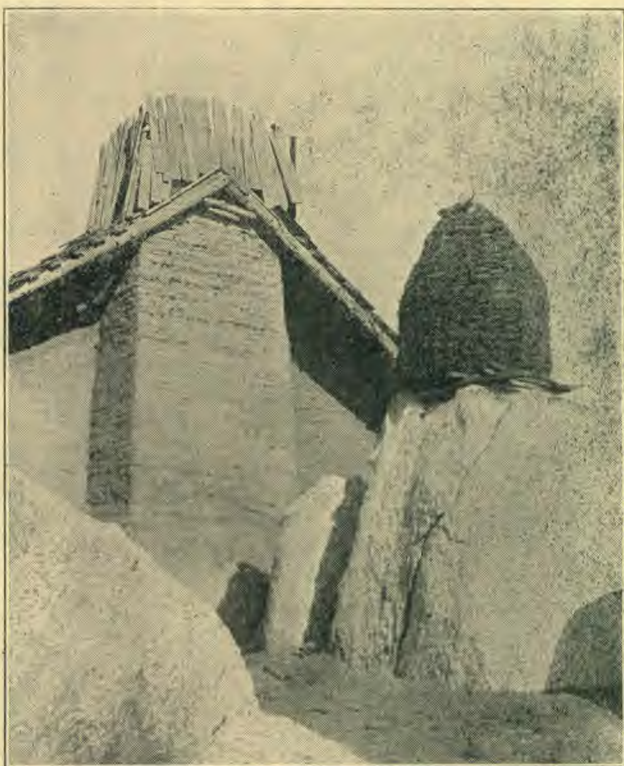
Bravely he wore his old brown suit all that year, and bravely he worked in the large greenhouses on Mr. Sipher's farm, not minding a bit when Adelaide came to her grandfather's, and found him with hands covered with loam. He and Adelaide grew to be good friends, and when Mr. Sipher invited him to a special dinner party for Adelaide, it aroused the envy of Otis Perkins, who had been somewhat cold and patronizing.

Just before the commencement there came a big pasteboard box for Mr. Harry Harper. Opening it, he found a handsome evening suit. On it lay a card from grandfather:

"For the lad who is ashamed to wear clothes that he cannot pay for and is not ashamed to work."—*Felicia Buttz Clark, in the Wellspring.*

A Queer Basket

WHAT is that queer-looking beehive affair perched up there on the rocks behind the old adobe house? Nothing less than a granary. The desert Indians



An Indian's Granary

make these huge baskets of willow or other native tree stems, and fill them with mesquite beans, acorns, corn, or pine nuts. They put them high upon the rocks to keep the coyotes from them. Sometimes, as in the

case of the one here pictured, these granaries will hold ten or fifteen bushels of food. Rain seldom falls in these dry regions, and so no particular means is sought to make the basket waterproof.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

An Inca Burial

ONE of the sisters of our church died recently, and her husband asked permission to bury her on the mission ground. As it was the first funeral service here in which I was to have a part, I was interested to learn how it was to be conducted. The husband also wished to buy a few pounds of sugar. I asked him why he wanted that, and he said it was the custom to give the men who carried the body a drink of al-



An Indian Funeral Procession

cohol, but as he was an Adventist, he was going to give them coffee, and wanted the sugar to sweeten it.

The next morning quite early, I heard a bugle call on the hill across the valley, and very soon, I saw a group of Indians coming, led by an Indian playing a trumpet. The body of the deceased was carried on an improvised stretcher of poles and rope, with a black blanket thrown over it. Those who came first began digging the grave, and the women of the group, as soon as they arrived, made a fire, and soon had several large pots of coffee ready to serve. When the grave was dug, all were served to several cups of coffee.

I spoke a few words of comfort to the friends and relatives. They seemed to appreciate this, and said they had never known of preaching at a funeral. They then put the body in the grave. The corpse was wrapped in a white piece of cloth, but was not even put into a box. After the grave was filled up, all were served another drink of coffee and a dish of soup. No one seemed to be very sad except the mother of the dead woman, and I was told by one that the reason she was so sad was because it was her only daughter. The Indians seemed to think it queer that she should grieve so much. I think the friends all really grieved, but felt it a weakness to manifest their sorrow. To the husband of the woman I spoke a few words of condolence, and he wept, although before he had manifested no real sorrow.

With all their peculiar customs and ways, the Incas have tender hearts, and are more anxious to hear the good news that Jesus is soon coming to save them than

most of our more enlightened friends in the homeland. We love them as our own brothers and sisters, and are sorry we cannot respond to the many calls that they bring to us to send them some one who can tell them the good news we have for them.

We hope there are many who are preparing to come to this needy and ready field. Although the country and altitude may be a little harder than some others, yet the crown is in proportion to the cross. We must have more help. Who will come? ORLEY FORD.

Puno, Peru.

Through the Cave of the Winds

IT was a beautiful June day when we parked our car at the foot of William's Cañon, near Manitou, Colorado, and took the steep mountain path which winds back and forth but always upward, to the entrance of the Cave of the Winds. At the mouth of the cave stands a low building where souvenirs and curios are kept for sale, and here we rested on the wide porches until our guide was ready for service.

Much has been done to make the trip through the cave as pleasant and enjoyable as possible. The old entrance, discovered by two small boys, which was almost inaccessible, has been closed, and a new one made so that the visitor goes directly from the building to the first room through a passageway cut from solid rock. The cave is lighted by electricity, and stairways have been built to take the places of the ladders once used.

The first room we entered is called the Curtain Chamber, and when the arc lights are thrown upon its walls, rainbow colors can be seen on every side. Here we find both stalactites and stalagmites.

The second room is said to be two hundred feet long and nearly half as wide. It contains the original entrance to the cave. In leaving this room we could see on the walls a frying pan, "potholes," a natural waterfall, a stage setting, and many other interesting representations, each quite true to life.

In the third room are both ribbon and needle stalactites, one column being twelve inches in diameter. We passed from this room down Boston Avenue, a long, low, crooked, narrow hall, into the Card Room. Here each member of our party left his card on a natural table already piled high with those of other visitors. Standing in the center of this room one could look up twenty-seven feet and see the candle-smoked rocks where the early visitors climbed up ladders to the rooms above. There are three floors, or levels, as they are called, in the cave, and so we went up the stairs to the second level, and entered a big pot bowl twenty-five feet high. Here we saw a stalagmite thirty-seven inches high and a bunch of white grapes.

Diamond Hall, ninety feet long, has ripples in the floor resembling the surface of water on a windy day, while on the ceiling can be plainly seen nature's reproduction of shredded wheat. At the end of the hall is a grotto containing a modern battleship. We went back under a natural bridge into Lovers' Lane, where our guide turned off the light, just to show us what real darkness is like.

We next visited Finley Hall, so named because a Professor Finley held many of his classes there. Here we found a number of strange shapes, such as an Oriental shrine, an elephant, a handclasp, a natural bridge, a veiled maiden, etc., each name being suggestive of the appearance of the rock.

In Majestic Hall we saw a waterfall still in the process of formation, and in Curiosity Shop some of the crystals are still damp, showing that their formation is not yet complete. This room is so named because scientists have been unable to explain the shapes of the rocks, since, instead of hanging straight down, as is usually the case, the little stalactites stand out in every direction and angle.

The largest stalactite in the cave is found at the top of the stairs leading from the second to the third level, and is forty-two inches long. A few steps more brought us to the romantic Bridal Chamber, where many marriages have taken place. At this time the guide told us that we were two hundred fifty feet under solid rock, and about a third of a mile from the entrance where we started. In this chamber we found a vegetable garden, Lot's wife, a cathedral, and Dante's Inferno, each needing only a little imagination to make the resemblance complete.

After passing through Fat Man's Misery and Coral Dome, we came to the Old Maid's Kitchen. This room contains a "washboard" which has been highly polished by the hands of visitors. From this room we went downstairs backwards into Manitou Dome, thus completing our trip.

There are sixteen rooms in the cave, and altogether a mile of underground passageway which must be traversed. In leaving, it was necessary to go down about two hundred steps; then we followed a narrow trail into the cañon below, known as "The Narrows." Here the great walls of rock nearly meet overhead, and in many places seem to have been once united.

As the setting sun tipped the surrounding peaks with gold, we took our homeward way, meditating on the power and greatness of our God, as revealed all about us as well as in the marvelous Cave of the Winds we had just explored.

IMO E. ALBEE.

Another time, I remember, when I was greatly troubled and in special need of comfort, this verse came to me with great force: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." I wish I could express the comfort and peace it brought into my heart, but those are things that can only be felt, not spoken. To the extent that I am faithful in keeping this morning appointment with God, to that extent do I receive his blessings.

IRENE CURTISS.

Our Counsel Corner

WE are troubled with a great deal of unnecessary talking just after our society meeting closes. Our young people, I am sure, do not mean to be irreverent, but they have unconsciously fallen into the habit of talking just as if they were in their own homes instead of God's house. What can we do to teach them reverence?

P. L.

Your question is an important one, and you probably are altogether right in thinking that the young people do not mean to be irreverent. They either do not think about their conduct or do not understand what it should be in the house of God. So you must help them to know and to think. In Eze. 44:23 we read, "They shall teach my people the difference between the holy and profane, and cause them to discern between the unclean and the clean." And when the young people understand this difference, they will wish to co-operate, for none of them want to be disrespectful to their heavenly Father.

A careful study of "Behavior in the House of God," "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, pp. 491-500, will give you the help you need in presenting this subject to your young people. But to the information given must be added frequent reminders while the young people are endeavoring to form the habit of being reverent in the house of God. Silent prayer has helped others to form the habit. Why not try it in your society?

Some of our British friends had so securely formed the habit of being reverent, that even in an hour of imminent danger, they did not forget. One day while they were sitting quietly in their pews, the siren gave the danger signal. That meant that an air raid was expected, and all must flee to caves and other places for safety. The minister closed his remarks at once, and pronounced the benediction. What then?—No, the audience did not rush out in confusion. The people dropped into their seats for a few moments of silent prayer, and then walked out quietly and in order, for they had formed the habit of being reverent.

After you have explained to your young people what reverence really is, and why we should be reverent, why not help them to cultivate the habit by closing your meetings with silent prayer? And that all may go out together, after silent prayer have your organist give the signal for leaving by beginning to play softly, and then let her continue to play until the young people reach the entrance hall. Will you not give this plan a fair trial in your society?

M. E.

Missionary Volunteer Department

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
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| MEADE MAC GUIRE | Field Secretary |

What the Morning Watch Means to Me

I AM sure I cannot express in words the blessings I have received from the Morning Watch! I have found the habit a great spiritual uplift. Where can one obtain grace and strength for the day's experience so well as at the feet of Jesus in the morning hours?

Many times when some peculiar trial or temptation, or some trying duty, has been mine, it has seemed as if the Lord knew I should meet it that day and had placed the little Morning Watch verse there for that special time, to help me, and I have been strengthened because of its message.

I remember one time, especially, when our office workers were given time off to go out in the Harvest Ingathering work, and I was feeling a bit timid about meeting the people, the Morning Watch verse for that morning read: "But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord." Does it not sound like a message for that special experience?

"He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor." Prov. 28:8.

The Sabbath School

II — The Sin of Achan

(January 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold, ye have sinned against the Lord: and be sure your sin will find you out." Num. 32: 23.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 493-498; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 258, 259.

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

Questions

1. When the children of Israel entered Jericho, who committed a grievous sin? What did he do? Joshua 7: 1.
2. What had the Lord said was accursed? Joshua 6: 17-19. Note 1.
3. How did Joshua try to get information concerning Ai? What did his spies advise? Joshua 7: 2, 3. Note 2.
4. What attempt did Joshua make to take the city? What was the result? Verses 4, 5. Note 3.
5. How did Joshua and the elders show their grief at this defeat? What was most prominent in Joshua's mind in connection with the experience? Verses 6-9. Note 4.
6. What did the Lord tell Joshua to do? What did he say was the cause of their defeat? Verses 10-12.
7. What was to be done to find out who had brought reproach upon Israel? Verses 13-15.
8. How was the guilty man finally pointed out? Verses 16-18. Note 5.
9. What appeal did Joshua make to Achan? What confession did Achan make? Verses 19-21. Note 6.
10. What did Joshua send messengers to do? Where did they take the stolen goods? Verses 22, 23. Note 7.
11. How was Achan punished for his sin? Verses 24-26. Note 8.
12. In what few words is Achan's memorial written? 1 Chron. 2: 7 (margin).
13. What was the place of his burial called? Joshua 7: 26 (margin).

Things to Think About

How many of the commandments did Achan break?
How many people were affected by his sin?
In what ways might we be tempted to steal from God?

Notes

1. The word "accursed" seems unfortunate. The marginal word is "devoted," which better expresses it. Why should God himself take the accursed treasure of Jericho? It was devoted to the treasury, which made Achan's sin so grievous in stealing it.

2. "The great victory that God had gained for them had made the Israelites self-confident. Because he had promised them the land of Canaan, they felt secure, and failed to realize that divine help alone could give them success. Even Joshua laid his plans for the conquest of Ai, without seeking counsel from God."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 493.

3. It was not the might of the men of Ai, but the sin of Achan which caused the defeat of Israel.

4. To rend one's clothes was an act expressing extreme grief and horror.

5. "Instruction was given to Joshua for the discovery and punishment of the criminal. The lot was to be employed for the detection of the guilty."—*Id.*, p. 494.

"Lots were often cast by the Jews, as well as by other ancient nations, with the expectation, when God was appealed to, that he would so control them as to give a right direction in doubtful cases. . . . A common mode of casting lots was by the use of pebbles, one or more of them being marked, and all being shaken together in some fold of a garment, an urn, or a helmet, before drawing."—*Bible Dictionary*.

6. Achan confessed; but of what merit is a forced confession? Had he made humble confession at the right time who knows but that his punishment might have been remitted? He probably thought there was some chance of escaping detection, until he was actually pointed out as the guilty one.

7. The Babylonians were noted for weaving cloth of divers colors. Gold threads were introduced into the woof of many lines. They were classed among the most precious articles of spoil. No doubt the garment which attracted Achan's attention was very rich in materials, colors, and embroidery.

8. One sin is usually the center of a cluster of them. Achan was covetous. He loved riches better than he loved God. He broke his promise of obedience to God. He stole. Nor was he alone in his sin; evidently others were involved with him in his transgression, perhaps concealing the stolen treasure, for thirty-six of his kindred perished with him when his sin was visited upon him.

Jack's Promise

MOTHER, how is Will?" anxiously asked Jack, a lad of sixteen.

"The poor boy's sufferings are ended. He died this morning," said the mother.

Will was Jack's favorite cousin. Many were the romps they had enjoyed together, but now those days of happy companionship were ended. Another cousin had died just a year before. Both of these boys had died of the dreaded white plague.

"Jack dear," said Mrs. Malcolm, as she tenderly laid her hand on the shoulder of her boy, "as your uncle and I were looking at Will's lifeless body, he said to me, 'Your boy will be there in another year.'"

"Why did he say that, mother?"

"My son, he knew that the cigarette had laid his boy in the grave, and also your cousin Fred; so he reasoned that unless you give up smoking, you must follow the others to an early grave."

Jack's mother had endeavored before to persuade him to give up the habit which was making serious inroads upon his health and character; however, Jack had never seen the danger nor felt the need of denying himself the pleasure of a cigarette. But the matter was now presented to him in a new way.

Mrs. Malcolm again pleaded with Jack for a promise that he would give up the harmful habit.

"O mother, please don't ask me to make you a promise. I have never yet broken one made to you, but sometimes it is so hard for a fellow to keep such promises."

"But, my boy, did you ever lose by keeping your promises made to me? Are they not for your good?"

"Oh, I know they are, but I'd rather not make one now!"

Still the mother pleaded, and finally Jack said determinedly: "Mother, I will try."

He kissed the pale face, then left the room.

A year passed. Jack still lived, and best of all there were no telltale yellow stains upon his fingers, nor any taint of tobacco on his breath. He had conquered, and mother and son were happy.

DORIS M. GEORGE.

Peach Stones and Gas Works

THE campaign of collecting fruit pits and nut shells for gas masks for the soldiers was very successful, immense quantities of such material being shipped to the Government from the fruit canners, as well as from popular collections. As the pits are roasted their gaseous constituents pass off, leaving the solid part in the form of carbon. "Every tiny cell of the matter so treated gives up its particle of gas, during the roasting process, and leaves in its place a small pore in the material, which has the property of absorbing certain gases, just as a sponge absorbs water. The carbon made from the fruit pits and nut shells is the best grade of absorbent charcoal produced.

The metal box, or "canister," of the gas mask is filled with this active charcoal. As the poisonous gases in the air pass through this canister they are absorbed by the charcoal, and remain in the canister, where they are neutralized by chemicals which are put in the box for the purpose. The air thus purified then passes on to the lungs of the wearer of the mask.

All soldiers were drilled in adjusting the masks quickly, six seconds after the alarm sounds being regarded as sufficient for the operation.

My Resolution

I HEREBY resolve that I will live honestly and walk uprightly before God and man. I will keep my lips sweet with words of kindness; my heart pure with noble ideals; my hands clean with honorable actions. I will keep my body sacred and my soul free. I will strive to be rich in love, strong in gentleness, untiring in patience, abundant in hope. I will serve God by helping his children."

The Price of a Happy New Year

WHEREFORE doth a living man complain?" A man alive! It is happiness to be alive—especially to be alive and well. It has been well said, "Spend less than you earn, and you will be rich. Eat less than you can digest, and you will be well. Attempt less than you can accomplish, and you will be strong. Covet little, love much, and you will be happy. By the first, you will accumulate money; by the second, blood; by the third, nerve; by the fourth, love."—*Selected*.

An Interesting Coincidence

NOVEMBER 11, 1918, will forever be a memorable date in international history. At eleven o'clock on this eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year, the last shot was fired, and the world's greatest war ended in the world's greatest victory. Noting this striking sequence, the *Washington Star* of Dec. 6, 1918, says:

"But a still more impressive coincidence is to be found in the text of the 11th verse of the 11th chapter of the 11th book of the Old Testament, 1 Kings. After reciting that 'the Lord was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice, and had commanded him concerning this thing, that he should not go after other gods; but he kept not that which the Lord commanded,' the chronicler proceeds:

"Wherefore the Lord said unto Solomon, Forasmuch as this is done of thee, and thou hast not kept my covenant and my statutes, which I have commanded thee, I will surely rend the kingdom from thee, and will give it to thy servant."

The First Aërial Banquet

THE first aërial banquet in history was held on Thanksgiving Day on an airplane 2,800 feet above the new flying field of the United States air mail service at Elizabeth, New Jersey, marking the inauguration of the field as the terminus of the aërial mail service between New York, Philadelphia, and Washington.

A few minutes after the mail plane, in charge of Pilot Max Miller, left the field at 12:10 P. M., a big Hadley-Page machine rose under control of Capt. E. B. Waller of the royal flying forces, and during a flight of twenty-two minutes above the grounds a real Thanksgiving dinner was served to nine persons. Among the guests were Capt. Benjamin B. Lipsner, superintendent of the air mail service, and Alan R. Hawley, Augustus Post, and other officials of the Aëro Club of America.

Speaking of the proposed nation-wide extension of the mail service, Captain Lipsner said:

"We will have machines which will carry a ton and a half of mail, and the days of freight and parcel post by airplane are coming."—*Washington Post*.

The Lesson of the Candle

"I GIVE light by being myself consumed,"
So runs the legend on an ancient seal,
Hear, then, the message with its true appeal:

I, too, give light by giving of myself,
By thinking not how poor and small my gift,
But how I may another's burdens lift.

I give just what I have to give, my all;
So give the flowers, and leaves upon the trees,
The sunbeams, and the rain from out the seas.

If you have not the brighter, better flame;
In this dark world a small and feeble light
May guide a fellow traveler through the night.

And thus the very smallest light that burns,
That tells us in the darkness where we are,
More potent is than larger hidden star.

FLORENCE WELTY MERRELL.

A Dead City

HOPEWELL, Virginia, the city of 40,000 inhabitants that borders on the boundaries of Camp Lee, has been wiped out. Hopewell died the moment that W. P. Allen, superintendent of the \$75,000,000 Hopewell branch of the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, issued the statement that the plant would shut down immediately. It is the only industry there, and has caused the rise of a city from a cornfield.

Hopewell's slogan has long been, "Built in six months, destroyed in six hours (by fire), and rebuilt in six weeks." Another addition to this quotation would be "and wiped out in six minutes."

The city is just three and a half years old. It is a war child. April 1, 1915, there was a cornfield on the present site of the city. England needed guncotton, and the Du Ponts were able to give assurance of producing it as fast as could be expected. England financed the operation, and by December of the same year the city of Hopewell stood on the spot where corn shocks had formed hiding places for rabbits only a year before.—*Washington Post*.

"EVERY sacrifice for Jesus
Yielded gladly, willingly,
Wins from him a smile of pleasure—
'Ye have done it unto me!'

"Messages of mercy carried
To the heathen o'er the sea;
Gold and silver freely given—
'Ye have done it unto Me!'"

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