

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

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No. 16



"How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens . . . and ye would not!" Matt. 23: 37.

# From Here and There

Increase of twenty per cent in domestic telegraph rates became effective April 1.

Germany at the beginning of the Great War stood second among maritime nations; now she is sixth or seventh.

Men owe Dr. Mary Walker a debt of gratitude as the inventor of the inside neckband on shirts, which protects the flesh from being rubbed by the collar button.

In a single day — the last day of August, 1918 — 46,214 soldiers were shipped out of the port of New York. This is claimed as a world's record for a single day's shipment of troops.

Lieut. Col. Theodore Roosevelt intends to make the life work of the late Colonel Roosevelt his own life work, and to follow the trail blazed by his distinguished father, politically, socially, and in a literary sense.

The start of the United States Navy's attempt to cross the Atlantic Ocean on a heavier-than-air machine will take place on the first clear day in May, or as soon thereafter as the fog belt which now envelops the Newfoundland coast shows signs of clearing.

Jules Vedrines, a famous French airman, has demonstrated that a present-day airplane can make a successful landing on a roof if properly handled. He recently received \$5,000 for his voluntary landing on the roof of a large Parisian department store during a flight.

In 1914 our 3,500 canneries were preserving in this country 3,000,000,000 cans of food each year. This record has since been more than doubled. Now that the world's need has brought to our table 200,000,000 additional mouths and appetites, there is no prospect of a decrease in this kind of food supply.

The old idea that the tongues of crows, rooks, and magpies, must be split for them to possess the ability to talk is pronounced by Dr. C. W. Richmond, associate curator of birds in the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D. C., to be unnecessary. It is pronounced by others to be both unnecessary and cruel.

The former kaiserin of Germany seldom wore the same dress twice unless it had previously undergone a radical change in her own workshop, where she kept from four to six dressmakers busy all the time. She therefore bought from 200 to 225 costumes a year, some costing as little as one hundred dollars, and others thousands of dollars.

Dr. Robert H. Goddard, professor of physics at Clark College, acting under the patronage of the United States War Department, the Smithsonian Institution, Clark University, and Worcester Polytechnic Institute, has invented what is claimed to be the most efficient rocket ever developed. It is a terrible engine of war, with an altitude range of 70 miles straight up into the air, and a distance range of at least 200 miles. The best-known rocket in use today is accredited with an efficiency of less than 3 per cent, while the Goddard rocket has an efficiency of 63 per cent.

## The Menace

THE "Association Opposed to National Prohibition," has been organized with the avowed purpose of making the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution "forever inoperative." The Associated Press says that "among the incorporators will be Percival S. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company; Joseph W. Harriman, president of the Harriman National Bank; and Michael Friedsam, president of B. Altman & Co.

"Plans for organization of branches in twenty-nine States have been laid, and nearly 800,000 persons already have applied for membership. The organization claims to stand on the principle of 'personal rights and liberties,' and is opposed to introduction of any bills in Congress or in the State legislatures differentiating between light wines and beer and whisky.

"It is as strongly opposed to prohibition by Constitutional amendment of the manufacture and sale of cigarettes, cough drops, and chewing gum as it is to the prohibition by Constitutional amendment of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants.

### Additional Objects Stated

"In addition to the organization's campaign to influence public opinion for 'maintenance of the standards of personal liberty' by 'all lawful and proper means,' the organization also proposes to disseminate information regarding the political, social, and economic effect of the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic beverages, to promote temperance in the use of alcoholic beverages, 'and to oppose any movement to limit or discontinue the use of tobacco.'

"The organization will hold mass meetings and parades in forty-three cities on April 19, the anniversary of the firing of the first gun of the American Revolution. A national convention is to be held between June 1 and June 15."

This organization is a personal challenge to every lover of sobriety and prosperity to arouse himself to labor with untiring zeal until every intelligent citizen of this country is well informed concerning the individual and national benefits of prohibition.

Let none sleep in this hour when the liquor adversaries go about as roaring lions seeking to find a way to make ineffective the law that rightly enforced will prove the very greatest possible benefit to the nation.

F. D. C.

"God waits to be asked."

## The Youth's Instructor

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VOL. LXVII

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## "God First"

IN my bedroom hangs this motto,  
And its place is near the door,  
So that it may e'er remind me,  
God all else must be before!

Never do I cross the threshold,  
Than the motto seems to say:  
"Just a word with God thy Father,  
Ere thou goest on thy way."

When I'm dressing in the morning,  
As I see it hanging there,  
It reminds me of my duties,  
Help for which I seek in prayer.

Duties, burdens, worries, troubles,  
All may come to me this day,  
How can I prepare to meet them?  
How, I ask, except I pray?

When I plan fresh undertakings,  
Then the motto seems to say:  
"Don't in thine own strength begin it,  
First of all about it pray!"

When I'm ready dressed for walking,  
Perhaps with little time to spare;  
Still I cannot leave my bedroom—  
When I see the motto there—

Till I kneel for just a moment,  
And in earnest secret prayer,  
Place myself and all my goings,  
In my heavenly Father's care.

Nightly, too, the motto speaketh,  
When for rest I would prepare,  
Then it whispers its sweet message,  
"First God go and meet in prayer."

Yes, "God first" must be our motto  
If we would succeed each day;  
Wish we all our ways to prosper,  
Then about them we must pray.

Dear friend, won't *you* have this motto  
Put up in *your* room as well?  
That to *you* its own sweet message,  
It may daily, hourly, tell?

Yes, let "God first" be our motto,  
Let it help us to prepare  
For life's duties, cares, and pleasures,  
By a word with him in prayer.

I have told you how it helps me,  
It will help you too, I'm sure;  
Fruit through it will be abundant,  
Fruit, which ever will endure.

— A. M. Terry.

## Held!

MRS. MARION E. CADY

**I**T was during one of those terrible storms of wind and rain that sometimes sweep the Pacific Coast in late winter. For long months the fair land by the sea had been bathed in golden sunshine and fanned by soft breezes. Each morn saw the "spring of the day" dawn in fresh glory. Night after night the sky turned to rose and amethyst between the banks of silver mist as the sun set in a sea of gold. Grandly its beautiful peaks lifted their heads to the sky, while the monarchs of the forest on their sloping sides, stood in proud security.

But now all is changed. Land and sea are swept by the fury of the storm king,—whipped and chastened into submission. The wind tore from peak to peak like a fury bent on demolition. A great slide moved thunderously down one of the mountains, gashing it from summit to base, and precipitating trees, rocks, and tons of earth into the raging torrent below. Even above the rush and roar of the storm, could be heard the crash of giant trees, centuries old, as they fell prostrate to the ground.

And what a scene was the ocean! Sea and sky were one wild gray chaos through which darted the graceful gulls, now poised before the wind on even wings, now darting to skim the crest of the wave in a very frenzy of delight. The boats tossed about on the storm-lashed waters of the bay, carrying their cargo of human freight, now cityward, now homeward. The older passengers looked anxiously out on the rough waters, and thought of their boat trying to keep her course in the storm. The younger ones, inexperienced and thoughtless, looked with unafraid eyes. Something in their own as yet undisciplined natures, revealed in the unrestrained fury of the elements. "The keen, clean smell of the wind-swept sea" sent the

blood racing through their veins. The daring ones ran recklessly to the plunging bow and presumptuously matched their puny strength against the force of the gale. But it pounded the very breath back into their lungs, and sent them, staggering and breathless, to the nearest support.

Suddenly the cry rang out on the boat, "A ship on the rocks! A ship on the rocks!" There, nearing the rocky point that used to jut out from Yerbabuena, was a large sailing vessel. Every sail was furled. Not a man was on board. Deserted and helpless in the grip of the tempest, it seemed that each wave would send her onto the rocks. They watched breathlessly. Surely she could not escape the fury of the next one. How strange! Some counterforce was certainly being exercised to keep her from destruction. Soon a white-haired old man called attention to a tug away off to windward. Great clouds of black smoke were pouring from her funnel. And then they caught a glimpse of a strong steel cable as it tightened for a moment when the ship was driven by a heavier sea. All that day and during the long hours of the wild, black night of storm that followed, the straining cable held the deserted ship from being dashed to pieces on the rocks. When the storm subsided, still stanch and strong, she sailed out through the Golden Gate to her port far across the ocean.

How like youth! Then life seems a perpetual summer land of song and mirth, with no hint in the blue skies of the clouds that are gathering just beyond the horizon.

But it is not in ease and pleasure that character is tested and proved. Some day the storm breaks, and youth is tossed about on life's rough sea like a ship on the ocean.

Confused, too often left alone by those who might help, and pitifully inexperienced, they are buffeted about, the sport of the enemy's temptations. To on-lookers, destruction on the rocks of sin seems swift and certain. But God's cable of love holds, unseen by all save the experienced ones, who know that Christ's heart of infinite love and sympathy is drawn out most of all for the one who is the most hopelessly driven by the winds of temptation. He will not leave his child alone. "I drew them with cords, . . . with bands of love," says the God of love. He does not always still the waves, as on that stormy night on Galilee, but his love will hold in the fiercest temptation, and if we but yield, it will surely draw us to him.

Happy, indeed, is the young man or woman who can say, from the depths of his own soul's experience,

Love's cable holds amidst the storm,  
Our bark through wind and wave is borne  
Out to a wider, deeper sea,  
By the skilled Pilot of Galilee.

### Experiences of Colporteurs

ONE of our colporteurs called at a home where he was to deliver a full morocco "Bible Readings." He found that the man who had given the order was not at home, and his wife did not know anything about the order, and was not prepared to receive the book. But after looking through it, she said, "I know you are telling me the truth. You are a man of God whom I saw in a dream last night. I saw some one coming to our house with a book that had a message for us." She was very much interested, and after paying for the book asked what denomination the colporteur represented. He told her, and she wanted to know the meaning of the term "Seventh-day Adventist." He explained that the seventh day is the Sabbath, which they keep, and that Adventist means that as a people they are looking for the second coming of Christ.

A neighbor came in just then, and the colporteur repeated his canvass. While they were still talking together, their pastor came in, and after a short time he began to abuse the young man because he was a Seventh-day Adventist. The women resented what the pastor said, and it was arranged that the pastor and colporteur should come back the next Sunday and explain things clearly to the people. They did so. The pastor made many statements contrary to gospel truth; however, the colporteur was able to show from the Scriptures the falsity of these statements.

The two women began the observance of the Sabbath and a Sabbath school was organized. This minister has so outdone himself in the sight of his congregation that they have nearly all turned against him. Sixteen of his congregation are now seriously contemplating keeping the Sabbath. This occurred but recently.

Another colporteur felt impressed to work in a different section of the town in which he had been working, so he made the change. Calling at the first home in the new section he received an order for a book. He was told that four houses from there, the woman lay near death's door, so he would better not call. At the next house he was told that he should make haste to call upon the woman who was not expected to live. Without stopping to give his canvass, he hurried to the house, talked with the sick woman a short time, read some promises from the Bible, and engaged in prayer. The woman said she felt healing come to her during the prayer, and the

next week when the canvasser called again, she was much improved. As a result of this incident, the colporteur was able to place a book in nearly every home in that community. The Lord does great things for and through the colporteur army.

M. W. SHIDLER.

God is still intervening in behalf of his people. Various experiences that have occurred while I was canvassing emphasize this fact to me.

For example, in making a delivery during our "big week" in the Lake Union last fall, I had made arrangements with a man to help me in the delivery of my books. He was the only liveryman in the small town, and when I went to him, he wanted twelve dollars a day for the use of an ordinary outfit. I found at that rate it would cost twenty dollars to make my delivery. This seemed to me unreasonable. While debating the question, I stepped out upon the street. A short distance away stood a man absent-mindedly kicking the snow. The thought came to me, Go and inquire about an outfit. I went to the man, and told him my dilemma. He said, "I know just the man you want." He directed me to a house, where I found a team that I could have. On inquiring the price, the owner said he would not charge me anything for it, but when I returned I could pay what I liked. I made my delivery on record time, and coming back to the house we decided what the charge should be,—a full leather "Bible Readings" and a little cash, the whole amounting to four dollars, while the other man would have charged twenty dollars. I think the Lord has a watchcare over his children, financially as well as spiritually.

C. F. COLTON.

### In His Hand

TELL me why, O Christian soldier,  
Thou art lying in the dust,  
With thine armor and thy garments  
Soiled with mildew and with rust?  
Why this cold and clammy death-dew  
Of despair upon thy brow,  
And thy heart congealed with terror?  
Tell, O tell, what ailest thou?

Have Gehenna's Stygian shadows  
Settled round thee, like a pall?  
Do the tempter's fiery serpents  
Hiss, and round and round thee crawl?  
Are the fallen angel's fingers  
Reaching out to clutch thy throat,  
Like a lion when his victim  
Cowers 'neath his growl and glare?

Fear thou not! He cannot touch thee;  
By thy side is One in white,  
Mightier than ten thousand demons;  
He can put the foe to flight.  
Follow him, then, Christian soldier,  
And you need not fear the foe,  
For he'll lead you on to victory  
Victory, wheresoe'er you go.

Then arise! Arise! O soldier,  
Shout for joy! Shake off thy dust;  
Change thy galling coat of sackcloth  
For the garb of praise and trust.  
Gird anew thy sword, and hasten;  
Join thy comrades in the fray;  
Not a foe can stand before thee,  
Only watch, and fight, and pray.

HELEN ADAIR.

"It is at the end of self with all its inventions that we find the beginning of God with all his interpositions."

"THE religion that comes from God is the only one that will lead to God."

## In Other Lands

### Chinese Architecture

CHINA can boast of very little that is beautiful in architecture. Her great works are the Great Wall, various city walls, temples, and pagodas. Most of the temples and pagodas have fallen into such a state of decay that their original beauty can scarcely be imagined. The walls, however, were built for utility, and many of them are still in good condition. They are worthy of special notice.

The Nanking city wall never ceases to be a wonder to the writer. It is twenty-seven miles in circumference and averages thirty feet wide and forty feet high. Outside, inside, and top are faced with two or three feet of masonry, the body of the wall being made of filled-in earth. The wall is battlemented all the way round for the benefit of archers or musketeers, a feature which is useless now. Let somebody mathematically inclined figure how long it would take a thousand men to build this wall, walking at an average rate of three miles an hour, carrying a cubic foot of material at a load, carrying each load an average distance of a quarter of a mile, and working ten hours a day. This would still take no account of the masons who laid the bricks and the men who built the huge mounds of earth which are found piled against the inside of the wall in many places. The work of building the Great Pyramid seems small beside this task.

The Great Wall and the walls of various cities in China are on the same plan as the Nanking wall, though few of them are as wide or high, and no other city has a wall as great in circumference as that of Nanking. The Great Wall is fifteen hundred miles long. It was built to keep the northern enemies out of China, but it did not succeed very well, so it stands a colossal monument to the foolishness of its builders, rather than an evidence of their genius.

In contrast to the walls, Chinese pagodas are not at all massive. Many of them still show graceful outlines and traces of considerable beauty. Pictures of them are so common that their general style is familiar to all. They are towerlike in form and divided into stories. They always have an odd number of stories, varying from three to thirteen in number. Some are round, some octagonal, some hexagonal, and some look as if the builder had put a roof on each story as he finished it and then changed his mind and added another story above the roof.

Chinese temples, houses, and nearly all other buildings are much alike in general plan. The numerous round wooden pillars in the interiors, together with the more or less sagging lines of the roofs, are very suggestive of the time when the Chinese lived in tents.

While temples and houses have much in common, still temples are peculiar in some respects. A temple usually consists of more than one building. A very common plan for a temple is a rectangular inclosure surrounded by a wall, with a series of rooms running all around the outside under a shedlike roof, and a series of rectangular buildings one behind the other occupying the central portion of the inclosure. The lines of temple roofs are extremely sagging, and the eaves and ridges are often decorated with images of dragons.

Such Chinese houses as are pretentious enough to be said to have any plan of architecture are all singularly similar. They are one story high, rarely two,

even in crowded cities. The walls are brick, the roofs are tile, and the floors are earth or brick. The interior framework consists of poles left in the ground. Partitions are made of boards about a fourth of an inch thick. Wood exposed to the weather is covered with a reddish or yellowish paint, but paint is seldom used to brighten up the interiors. Doors and windows are few. The result is that the homes of the Chinese, even of those that are wealthy, are ugly, dark, and insanitary.

China has built little that is praiseworthy. The grayish-black brick and the grayish-black tiles which are so universally used as building materials, give all her cities a drab and uninviting appearance. We may wonder at her massive walls and speculate as to the former beauty or grandeur of her pagodas and temples, but we may be profoundly thankful if we do not have to live in her houses. H. O. SWARTOUT.

### Ah Chong's Smile Sold the Books

AH CHONG is a student in our Singapore mission school. To aid in paying his tuition, Ah Chong sells our truth-filled literature. Do you want to see how he does it? Well, just imagine this cinematic view of him at his canvassing on a certain day a few months ago.

The picture begins in front of an old Chinese mansion. It is the present rented quarters of the Malaysian Training School. Presently a little Chinese boy comes out, looking as fresh and prim as if just "from the handbox." That's Ah Chong. He is wearing a spotless white suit, and a pleasant look which fits his face well. He stands by the compound gate with the plaster dragons frowning down at him, and a frightened look begins to creep over his features, as he seems planning a daring venture, and is fighting some mental dragons of dismay. A stream of jinrikishas, gharries, oxcarts, and pole coolies passes, and finally a "bob-tailed" tramcar with a long-haired Tamil motor-man and a Chinese conductor.

Ah Chong chooses a second-class seat, places his package of thirty copies of "World War" beside him, and hands the conductor three coppers as fare.

The old tramcar jogs along on Serangoon Road, turns into Bras Basah, and stops at Raffles' Hotel by the seaside. Here Ah Chong alights and walks in the direction of Johnson's Pier. It is very warm, and the sunshine is almost blinding. Perhaps that is why Ah Chong is wiping the beads from under his helmet brim. But it is nervousness that keeps his handkerchief busy, as Ah Chong is used to the tropical heat of Singapore, the land of constant summer weather.

He walks along the sea wall, his face turned toward the hundred ships lying there in the harbor of Britain's fifth port. Coming to a landing he beckons to a sampan, and is soon being rowed out toward the shipping.

Past the five-barred flag of China, the horizontal red, white, and blue of Holland, and the red-circle emblem which is seen most on the Pacific where Japan feels herself mistress, we see Ah Chong's sampan making for a long gray vessel carrying the British flag. The ship is a three-stacker, with fighting masts, and great guns sticking out from both fore and aft turrets, and bristling from her sides. It is the type of the regular British cruiser.

The sampan comes up to the ship's ladder, and the oarsman ties her fast, after the manner of the sea fighters who used to lash their ships together as they

battled. Ah Chong ascends the ladder, carrying his package of books. He is challenged by a sentry as he steps upon the deck. He explains his mission by canvassing the sentry. The sentry wants a copy. Soon a group of marines and sailors gather, and Ah Chong canvasses them. Nearly every one wants one of the books, but few have the money to buy. Next appears a stern-faced officer. Ah Chong focuses his smile upon the officer and explains the situation, and the officer hands Ah Chong the price of the books, thus lending the amount to the men.

It is a happy boy we see coming back to shore. His glowing testimony was given at the Missionary Volunteer meeting on the next Sabbath. And when I saw his smile, I understood what helped him meet the war-time discipline of John Bull's warship, and place among its crew the little message-filled book.

S. W. VAN TRUMP.

### A Large Fijian Church Bell

**T**HE *lali*, or Fijian drum bell, shown in our picture, is one of the very largest we have ever seen, and this particular *lali* is used to call the native brethren to our services in the town of Naqia, Fiji, on the beau-

look at their old faces will interest readers of the INSTRUCTOR, especially when it is remembered that they are now Sabbath keepers.

At Naqia, at the time of our visit, twenty-four were baptized. These had been studying the truth for a time, and had been under the instruction of our native evangelist who is located in this important center. God is cutting his work short in the earth, and as it is finishing in other parts of the world, the Lord is not forgetting little Fiji, once so filled with heathen darkness.

J. E. FULTON.

### Surrender

**S**OME time ago there came to my knowledge the case of one woman who has had a remarkable experience. For more than five years she had been demon-possessed, and at times when the trouble came on, she would almost lose her life. She told me that many times the devil had choked her until she lost consciousness.

One day our evangelist in his rounds among the gardens, called at hers. She and her husband seemed friendly, and he invited them to come to the meetings on the Sabbath. They came the next Sabbath, and



THE FIJIAN CHURCH BELL

tiful Wainibuka River. Here about one hundred have accepted the last gospel message, and many seem ardent in their new-found faith. This wooden bell, made from a large log of hard wood, makes a loud, but pleasant booming sound which can be heard for many miles up and down the river, and thus it becomes a factor in sounding forth the message. Its loud-sounding tones tell far and near that the Sabbath hours are observed in this part of Fiji.

At one time in the history of Fiji, the *lali* was chiefly used to summon people to the cannibal feasts. It was said to be an awful sound then. Today we are glad it can be employed in the work of soul-saving.

In Naqia are a few very old men who remember the days when the *lalis* used to ring out the cannibal feasts. We present a group of old men, thinking a

listened very closely to the sermon, which was on the subject of faith and prayer. During the service the Holy Spirit impressed the woman that she could be healed, and she went home determined to try the new remedy. She did not know how to pray to God, so she simply knelt down without uttering a word.

A day or two after this the evangelist went to her place again. At this time she told him of her trouble. She said she wanted to know how to pray, and what to do in order to have the help of *Shang Ti* (God). The evangelist told her that she must tell God all about her sins, and ask to be forgiven. She immediately asked all the questions she could think of, and the evangelist told her of the things that she must put away. As fast as he could tell her, the earrings and rings came off, the unclean meats were thrown

out, and the place for the old idol torn down. From that day to this, she has had no more of those awful struggles, and is walking in the way of the Lord. Surely, the day of God's miracle-working power is not past. "Even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name."

The whole neighborhood is stirred over this thing, and many are inquiring what such things mean. Brother Tsen En Fook, our evangelist there, wrote me not long ago that he was working night and day telling the people the good news.

ROY MERSHON.

Borneo.

## The Correct Thing

### Be Careful in Choosing Friends

ONE day a class in psychology asked their professor to define character, and this is his answer: "I cannot define it, but I can tell you of what it consists. Character is made up of little bits of the character of every person with whom you come in contact in your daily lives. And your character will be continually added to from the personalities you are to meet in future years."

In other words, you will be getting a little knowledge from this friend and that friend, and the sum total of all this will make up your personality.

And, as you can see, the person or persons you meet most often will contribute to your character in greater proportion than those met only occasionally.

It isn't so important to choose your general friends as it is to choose those that are going to be closest to you.

Also, don't forget you are giving a part of your personality to each person as a section of his character.—*Washington Herald*.

### The Heartening Courtesy

THE front door of the street car opened, and a kind voice quietly said: "This is where you change for Forest Glen," apparently to a travel-stained young seaman. "Didn't you want to go to the Walter Reed Hospital?" to a little, old man, who hastily caught up a worn satchel and left the car. The conductor, whose duty it was to care for his passengers, seemed oblivious to the courtesy of his partner.

I was impressed by the natural kindness of one upon whom it did not devolve as a part of his job to be kind; and my step was lighter and my heart kinder all the day through.

The stranger within our gates is our guest whether we make him so or not. The privileges of hospitality we have today may not be ours tomorrow. The warm glow of our cordiality is felt by another and yet another, and the world is gladder because we are a part of it.

"I expect to pass through this world but once; if therefore there be any kindness I can show, or any good deed that I can do to a fellow human being, let me do it now; let me not defer it, nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

MARY ROBERT.

"Too often we present gospel truth to others for the reason we would be clear of their loss rather than to win souls to God."

### A Soldier Boy's Letter to His Sister

[The following letter was written by a young man at Camp Lewis, Washington, to his fifteen-year-old sister. It was sent to the INSTRUCTOR by a relative who saw the letter, and thought it contained advice worthy of being passed on to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.]

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER:

This is after all a fine Monday morning. It started out foggy and chilly, but the sun is gradually getting the situation in hand. How are you faring on the mountain? Poor little girl, you are obliged to go to school all through these weeks of wind and rain! It doesn't make so much difference, though, as long as it doesn't get damp *inside*, sister; and I know you will smile sweetly through it all.

I wonder when I wrote you last. A very long time it must have been, for I cannot remember just when it was. Well, Alice, I beg your pardon for being so delinquent. Of course I am kept very busy. Just now I am waiting for my work, so will write to you.

We surely have some rough men in our barracks. Every evening since the camp has been in quarantine and the weather bad, they get together in groups to play cards and gamble. It is certainly disgusting the way they talk. Yet these same fellows call on some young ladies who think they are the cream of manhood. They are polished gentlemen then, of course. Too bad some of these same trustful young girls cannot see both sides of the situation; but they will some day — perhaps to their sorrow.

Mother wrote me you had not heard from me for quite a while, and she thought you did not like that very well. Perhaps I had better write oftener. How I wish I could see you and talk with you as we used to talk on our walks together. Do you remember them? If you ever have your picture taken, send me one. I'll send you mine as soon as they are printed. They are plain, everyday, informal pictures, but I like that kind best, don't you? This idea of "togging up, and then striking that "look-pleasant, calf-smiling" pose, I do not like.

Say, sister, what studies are you taking now? And what are you studying in Bible? Be sure to find out just what God's Word teaches, for some day you will want to know just what is *truth* when you meet people of other beliefs. There are so many ideas and teachings today, that it is confusing unless one goes to the Book for himself with a sincere desire and purpose to know what the Bible does teach, and with a determination to follow its teachings.

So many times I have had talks with different boys here who believe differently from what I do. Just last night I went to the bathhouse after the lights were out to see if my clothes were dry, and one of my friends was there, with another boy belonging to his church. We got to talking about the Sabbath and other Bible doctrines. The more I talk with these boys the gladder I am for the Bible lessons I learned in school. I only wish I had studied them harder. I have time now on Sabbaths, and sometimes between, to read and study.

You are a little girl yet, aren't you, sister? But I think you will understand what your big brother has written. One of the boys and I talked until nearly midnight last night. John is a good Christian boy, — always working and smiling. Many evenings I find him at work in the bathhouse washing the other boys' clothes, and he spends the few cents he gets for it buying tracts from his church publishing company to give to any who will read. He has lent some to

me, but I have told John I could not accept their teaching because, in many instances, these books teach falsehoods, and twist the Scriptures to mean what they do not. He wants me to believe that the Sabbath is done away, that Sunday is now the Lord's day, that men's souls live after their bodies die, and that the wicked will suffer eternal misery in a lake of fire.

So, Alice, in your Bible study do not be satisfied to squeeze through your recitations and examinations with "Yes" to this question, and "No" to the next, but study until you understand the subject and it becomes real to you, so you can tell anybody who asks, the reason you believe as you do. This old world of ours will not last much longer. It is not becoming a heaven very fast, and we cannot expect to enjoy the pleasures the old world still affords unless we choose to pay the price.

Now about Leon Bowen. I do not believe I remember him. I am glad, however, that you came to your big brother for advice. Let me say I think you will do well to let every boy know that you do not covet his attentions, and that the best thing for him to do is to mind his little-boy's business.

If you can avoid the pitfalls that many a well-meaning girl falls into by being a free-and-easy chum to every boy, or *any* boy, I shall be very happy, because I know you will grow up into a real woman without any wilted or spotted petals. *You* will be happy then as you could not be otherwise. Remember the story of the rose, sister? Wait for the right time, and till you are old enough to look at both sides of a young man's life (if he has two sides), before you allow yourself to think more of any young man than simply as a friend.

I have had enough experience and observation, and I hope also a little sense, to know that this is the best way to avoid the things that are the regrets of after-life, and also to strive for the things we shall be happy some day that we waited and worked for.

I should say you have at least four or five years yet before it would be best even to think about the attentions or special friendship of any young man. Do you think your soldier brother is just lecturing a little, as you perhaps used to think? I'll tell you, Alice, I mean every word I have written, and I write it because I love you as my dear little sister. I want you to escape what thousands of careless, ignorant little girls experience, and I do not want you to miss the happiness and usefulness of being a pure, true woman.

You have a mind of your own, Alice, haven't you? Read such books as will give the best ideals to follow, and I have found the Book of God is the best book for this. Other books are only echoes or elaborations of what is so simply and beautifully told there. Choose such friends as will be a help to you in following your ideals, and you should be a help to them, too. We must at times use our minds to the limit, not only that part of the mind used in study, but also that part we call *the will*. One's success in life, now and forever, depends on to what and to whom one says "I will" or "I will not." It is a wonderful faculty our Creator has given us,—the power of choice. Even he will not tamper or interfere with that.

When I say you have a mind of your own, I mean that you have the faculties of mind to learn the teachings of life and its experiences, to choose the life you desire to be forever yours, and then to *will* to do as you have chosen. We have only to use the minds God has given us, and then he does for us what we cannot

do for ourselves. Sister, you understand what your big brother means, don't you? We have talked a little of this before. But since you have written me once or twice asking my advice, I am only too glad to write what I wish and pray for my dear little sister. Perhaps I should not call you "little" if I could see you now. I wonder if I should.

A long letter, this, for me to write, isn't it? But I think you will not care this time, since I have not written for quite a while. I am having it easy this morning, don't you think? Nothing yet to do, but some days I get enough to make up for it.

Write often, Alice dear. I am always glad to get your cheery letters, and will attempt to be more prompt in replying.

Your loving soldier brother,

CLARENCE.

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## For the Finding-Out Club

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### Part I

1. WHAT led Gad and Reuben to ask for possessions on the east of the Jordan River?
2. What objection did Joshua make to granting their request?
3. On what condition were they finally allowed to settle on the east of the Jordan?
4. What chapter in Numbers records the camping places of Israel on their journey from Egypt to Canaan?
5. How many places are listed?
6. What is the meaning of Bochim?
7. What circumstances gave this name to the place?

### Part II

Pronounce the following words:

scenario	vicar
cater-cornered	viscount
cement	vignette
chalet	valet
challis	vagary
chiroprapist	truths
vaudeville	turquoise

### Part III

#### Who is She?

THE name of this person is "writ large" in the annals of her time. She was born in New York State, of New England parentage. While she was yet a child, the family moved West on account of her father's health, and settled near Janesville, Wisconsin. Her parents were devoutly religious, with unusual powers of thought and speech, which she inherited.

She, with her brother and sister, was educated at home until she was eighteen years of age. Early in life she manifested a fondness for books, and when very young made her first attempt at book writing. This four-hundred-page book on adventure was written as she sat in the top of her favorite oak, where she had fastened to the tree a board on which were printed in large letters these words: "The Eagle's Nest — Beware!"

When she was of age, the family moved to Illinois, and she and her sister attended school at Evanston. This amusing incident still lives in the tradition of this Western town: All through her life it was one of her characteristics to dress plainly, and during her college days she and her sister were smiled at because



of their simple dress. Her father always had the whim of giving his personal care to the purchase of his daughter's wardrobe, and one winter gave her a red worsted hood, which was far from becoming. She wore it in spite of this fact. The girls ridiculed her unmercifully about the plain, homespun thing, and one girl teased her once too often. The subject of our sketch bore the ridicule as long as she could, then "turned on her, threw her down, crumpled her up under a desk, and walked off defiantly, tying the strings of that despised hood." Ever after, she was the heroine of the school.

She studied abroad for two or three years, and visited Palestine, Egypt, and Greece. She was an educator, reformer, public speaker, teacher in academies and colleges, and philanthropist. She had a variety of gifts and a combination of excellencies which drew to her all lovers of humanity. She was an early advocate of higher education for women. She believed in coeducation, and in the principle of self-government. At one university where she was president, a dozen girls were on the honor roll as needing no disciplining at all. One writer says that her constantly recurring question was not, "What

are you going to *be* in the world?" but, "What are you going to *do*?"

Children have been named in her memory, fountains are inscribed with her name, memorials are placed in churches, institutions bear her name, her picture is seen in thousands of halls and schoolrooms, libraries, hospitals, and homes, and her statue or bust is set East and West in places of honor and dignity.

Her greatest interest in life was the cause of temperance and womanhood, and it is said that the secret of her remarkable power and wonderful success in her work was that she was "eminently a woman of prayer." At her death, as she lay in her silver-gray casket, the only ornament was a broad, encircling white ribbon.

MARGARET WEIR.

#### Answers to Questions Printed March 4

The first part of the requirement admits of such a variety of texts that we shall not give a list.

The second part is answered by the name of John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides.

March 18

San Marino is the country referred to, and Dr. John Scudder the missionary described.

## The Call Answered

E. F. COLLIER

THE expectant face of Winifred Ridman pressed tightly against the window of the passenger coach as the train at last rolled in at the station. For her a single stretch of five months was a long time to be absent from home, enjoyable as the school might be, and she longed to see again the welcome faces of friends in her native town. Looking out, and surveying the group upon the platform, she searched for one face in particular. But her smile faded as she sensed her keen disappointment.

Then a man pushed his way to her side and addressed her.

"Evenin', Miss Winifred. Be you lookin' for Mrs. Terrell? Well, she told me to meet you and bring you right up to the house, herself not feelin' as spry as usual the past month or two."

With a vague misgiving in her heart, Winifred stepped into the waiting car, and was whirled away to the Terrell home. As the car sped along she briefly reviewed in her mind the events connected with her life during the preceding two years. Roy, Mrs. Terrell's only son, had lost his life in a daring heroism during the war in France. Then Fred McClure, Roy's comrade in service and loyal friend in life, had returned, himself wounded, to relate the story of the lad's brave sacrifice. A long-standing friendly attachment had existed between Winifred and Roy, and his death caused her very deep grief. Then her mother had died, leaving her orphaned and practically penniless. But the kind heart of Mrs. Terrell went out to her in motherly affection, and thus she came to dwell under the same roof, while the ties of love grew stronger still. Mrs. Terrell, who was comfortably supplied with this world's goods, generously arranged for her to attend the training school at Big Rock Seminary, whence she had now come at the end of the term.

The car had hardly stopped when she sprang from the footboard and hastily ran up the steps to the door. This she opened without ceremony, and entered. She

found Mrs. Terrell seated in an easy-chair, her face alight with pleasure at Winifred's return.

"Dear Mother Beth," she cried happily as she embraced her, "it is so good to see you again! But what is the matter, mother dear? You did not mention in your letters that you were ill."

A veiled sadness enhanced the famed sweetness of Mrs. Terrell's smile as she answered, "My dear child, it was altogether unnecessary to mention it to you. Your heart is young, and young hearts should be always happy. You ought not to be worried with another's affliction, even mine."

"But I am worried about you," answered Winifred, anxiety stressing her voice. "Please tell me what is wrong."

"The doctor tells me I am to be an invalid the rest of my days. But do not be so frightened and distressed. See, I can sit in a chair with comfort. By day I can gaze out through the window and see the blue sky and the passers-by. I can write many letters and read many. And best of all, I can be happy in the thought that you are living your bright young years for Jesus and his precious truth."

Winifred wept. "I am so sorry, and I feel so badly on account of it, Mother Beth, for I love you in just the same way that I loved my own real mother. You are the only one I have in the world, and it just breaks my heart. And I was intending to — to —"

The poor girl broke off in pitiful sobbing.

"But now I shall stay right here with you and take care of you always," she continued after a while.

Mrs. Terrell meditated quietly a few moments. Then she drew Winifred into her motherly arms and looked down into her brimming eyes.

"What were you intending to do before you knew that I was a cripple?" she asked.

"Oh, I must not think of it now! This changes everything, and my duty henceforth is with you."

"My child, a few moments ago you pressed a question upon me, and I answered it. Will you do less

for me? You know that whatever interests you both interests and pleases me. Whatever you may have contemplated doing, it will do no harm to tell me of it."

"Yes, of course I will, Mother Beth—I will tell you. Only let me dry my eyes first. It is quite a story, and you may think me a foolish girl; but my heart was filled with the hope, and it was very sweet as a possibility. But now I will give it up. Do you remember—of course you do—the letter from Roy that Fred brought back? In it he told of the desire he had to go to a foreign field as a missionary, and what a distinct call it was that came to him. And then—and then he never got to go. I cannot forget it. That unanswered call clung to me until I finally made up my mind to answer it myself. Up to this very hour I was planning to offer to go as a missionary at the earliest opportunity. I have thought about it and dreamed about it, seeing throngs stand with hands outstretched from over there. One time I dreamed I saw Roy standing among them. He beckoned to me, and I called back to him and promised that I would come. But it was only a dream, I suppose, which I will now forget, for I am going to be a missionary to you instead."

And she punctuated her decision with a hearty kiss.

"Winifred!"—Mrs. Terrell tried to look very stern—"be prepared to change your mind! I am quite certain you will in regard to one thing you have said; and if you do, perhaps you ought also in regard to giving up your cherished plan."

"But you know I—"

"Sh! Just a moment, dear one. Did I not hear you say a few moments ago that I was the only one you had in the world to love and think about? Have you forgotten some of the things you have written to me from time to time? Have you forgotten—"

Winifred blushed and placed her forefinger tightly upon Mrs. Terrell's lips.

"You are the only, only one, Mother Beth, except—"

Her cherry-red lips took the place of her forefinger as she pressed her rosy cheek against Mrs. Terrell's smiling face.

"I fear I must be very stern with you," said Mrs. Terrell, the look in her eyes contradicting the tone of her voice. "Will you please bring me that letter off the mantel shelf? Thank you. Now be seated and listen to me as I read from this letter which, by the way, is from Fred McClure."

"I knew it before you told me, because I saw the handwriting," laughed Winifred, seating herself upon the floor and snuggling up against the other's knee.

Then followed the reading of a portion of the letter which Fred had sent a few days before.

"You can never know how much good it does me to have a kind friend like you to write to and from whom to receive advice. I can truly understand how greatly Winifred appreciates you. You see we both are motherless, Winifred and I, and foolish, perhaps,—I mean I am!—and we need just such as you for sympathetic babying and kindly advice.

"Winifred has written to me again of her desire to go to foreign fields. It appears to be a hard-and-fast conviction with her that she must go. I know about how she feels, too, and have known ever since that hour when we sat beside you and heard you read Roy's last letter. Poor boy, he never realized what an influence that letter would have on Winifred's life and mine. But I have never dared to say anything to a soul other than you, for I know how utterly unqualified I am with my meager schooling to fill the position of a gospel missionary. And yet I want to go.—God knows I want to! Ah, had I but the knowledge and intellect that poor Roy carried with him to his grave!

"But now, dear Mrs. Terrell, I have good news! I have a letter from denominational headquarters stating that a practical farmer with good Christian experience, who loves the

souls of men and desires to see the saving work advanced in distant fields, is wanted at once to locate with a certain mission station in West Africa. That means me, and I am invited to go. As far as I can make out from an old map which I have in my possession, the location of this station is exactly at the place marked on the map that Roy had pasted in his Bible which I brought back to you.

"I feel very unworthy, but here at last is something which I can do for the cause. I feel like shouting, Hurrah! However, I do not want to go alone. Do you think for one minute that I could hope—? I dare not think of it unless you offer me some encouragement. I understand that she is to be home Wednesday. I shall plan to come also on the nine o'clock train."

"Why, that is this evening!" exclaimed Winifred, starting up,—“now—in half an hour!”

"Yes," answered Mrs. Terrell, "it is. But be patient and hear me finish this letter." These are his closing words:

"If you are with me in this, be sure to help me out when I get there, or I shall never be able to see it through.

"Lovingly yours,

"FRED McCLURE."

Looking up shyly into the smiling face, Winifred inquired, "Mother Beth, did you offer him any encouragement, and are you with him in this?"

"My dear, next week my younger sister is coming to make her home with me permanently. I have sufficient means to employ such servants as I need. I have a comfortable home, and my heart, like yours, is always with the great advent message. You are young and ambitious to engage in the good work, and you have a good education, but you could hardly think of going alone. Fred is a good boy, thoroughly conscientious and loyal, and his desire is the same as yours. He says he loves you. In view of all this, would you have me discourage him?"

Dear reader, you should be told that Winifred's answer that night to Mrs. Terrell's question was to plant another kiss—this time a very fervid one—upon the cheek of her patron mother. And that is the reason, partly, that eight weeks later, when a steamer slipped out of Boston harbor, it carried a very happy couple toward the great continent of Africa. And each of them was bound by a double vow,—to love and honor each other, and, with the cherished memory of Mrs. Terrell and her dead son in their hearts, fulfil God's mission for them across the sea.

#### A Man's Mother

**M**AN, if you have an old mother, be good to her. Tell her that you love her. Kiss the faded lips. Hold in yours the work-knotted old hands. Scatter a few of the flowers of tenderness and appreciation in her pathway while she is still alive and can be made happy by them.

Don't wait to put all of your affection and gratitude and reverence for her into a costly ton of marble inscribed "Mother."

Don't wait to throw all your bouquets on her grave. It's very doubtful whether an angel in heaven takes any interest in cemeteries or gets any satisfaction from visiting earth and contemplating a flattering tombstone; but it is utterly, certainly certain that you can make your old mother's heart sing for joy by showing her, while she is alive, just one tithe of the love and appreciation that you will heap upon her when she is dead.

These words are written for some one particular man who reads this page. I do not know his name, but I know his story.

He is a middle-aged man, married, prosperous. He is a good man, highly respected, and he hasn't an idea that he is not doing his full duty by his poor old

mother who lives in his home and whom he supports. He supplies her wants. She eats at his table, is sheltered by his roof, is warmed by his fire, is decently clothed by his hands; but that is all.

He neglects her. He never says a word of affection to her. He never pays her any little attentions. When she ventures an opinion, he cuts it short with curt contempt. When she tells her garrulous old stories, as old people will, he does not even try to conceal how much he is bored. In a thousand unintentional ways the old mother is made to feel that she is a cumberer of the ground, an impediment in the household, an old-fashioned and useless piece of furniture of which every one will be glad to be rid.

Under this coldness and neglect the poor old mother's heart is breaking, and in a letter, written in a trembling and feeble handwriting, she asks if I cannot say something that her son will read, and that may make him think.

Ah, if I only could!

If I could only say to him, "Man, man, give love as well as duty to your mother. Give her the wine of life as well as the bread. Don't forget the woman who never forgets you." Of course the man will say, and truly, that he is busy, overworked, care-burdened; that he has the claims of wife and children upon him; that he is often irritable through sheer physical weariness and overstrain.

Granted. But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman must.

She worked not the eight- or ten-hour day of the union, but the twenty-four-hour day of the poor wife

and mother. She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime, and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs. She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph. She had time to say the things that spurred on your ambition. She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked. She did without the dress she needed that you might not be shamed by your clothes before your fellows.

Stop, man, and think what life would have been to you if she had treated you in your childhood as you are treating her in old age! Suppose there had been no warm, caressing mother's love? Suppose there had been no soft breast on which you could weep out your childish sorrows, no clinging arms to enfold you and comfort you when the things of your little world went wrong? Would it not take away from the memory all that is best and sweetest in life? Is there anything else so pitiful on earth as the little child that is motherless, that is an alien in a strange home, that has no one to love it?

Yes, there is just one other figure more forlorn than the little unloved child, and that is the old mother who is unloved by the children she reared, and who is doomed to spend the last years of her life in a glacial atmosphere of neglect, her devotion, her labors, her sacrifice forgotten. Remember them now while there is yet time, while she is living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all, but pay down something on account this very night.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

## A Runaway That Made Good

**S**IR ERIC GEDDES, one of England's great men, left home at the age of seventeen. When he reached New York, he had only ten dollars, and a check for seventy-five dollars, which his father had given him for the return trip. This he mailed to the donor immediately on landing, and set out to find a job in the New World metropolis. He soon secured work as a typewriter salesman. Later he went to Pittsburgh, where he found work in the Homestead Steel Works. He tested out several other lines of work before he found rapid promotion.

He worked as a section hand on the Baltimore and

Ohio Railroad, as station agent, and lumber jack. Later he was a sheep herder in Australia, then foreman of a railway gang of coolies in India, finally becoming traffic manager of one of the Indian railways.

It was in India that the door of opportunity swung wide for him. When the war broke out, he was the highest-paid railway official in England. He is now first lord of the admiralty. Some predict that he will in time become prime minister of Great Britain.

But success came not without effort on his part. Even during his roving and unsettled days he was always studying, preparing himself for higher work.



**A** TALKATIVE tortoise—I shouldn't suppose a tortoise could talk, now should you?—Once lived in a pond with two neighboring ducks, And chattered away to the two. She loved to converse, and the ducks were polite, And patiently listened all day. (This tortoise, I think I have told you before, Had rather a talkative way.)



**O**H, how the poor tortoise was yearning to talk! She barely remembered in time, And held to the stick with her jaws tightly shut. The ducks still continued to climb. She wanted to talk of the marvelous view, And villages far down below. She almost forgot, for I think I have said She was too fond of talking, you know.



**T**HE ducks said, "Just hold this big stick in your mouth, And we will take hold of each end, And carry you with us away through the air, But be careful of one thing, my friend. Be sure not to talk, for as sure as you do You'll fall!" So the tortoise agreed, And the ducks took the stick and away they all flew, At really remarkable speed.



**"L**OOK," shouted the people, "at what's in the sky! Oh, look at the tortoise up there!" "Oh, hush!" said the tortoise: the next thing she knew She lay on her back in the square. "I know what's the matter with me," she remarked, As she sadly limped home on a crutch. "I'm rather inclined, when I've nothing to say, To talk altogether too much."

**I**T happened one summer the pond became dry. The ducks thought it wiser to find A pond that was deeper, and wetter, as well, And leave the poor tortoise behind. The tortoise begged hard to be taken along; She never had learned how to fly, Because, in the effort of learning to talk, She'd been far too busy to try.



## Good Words from the Mail Bag

I CANNOT tell you how much I appreciate the INSTRUCTOR. It is a boon to one shut away from all Christian influence and association, alone, yet not alone.

LILLIE FREEBOROUGH."

"I find the INSTRUCTOR of great help in my work, and I send it to friends after reading it myself. I have taken it for years, and do not know what I should do without it.

"MRS. HERBERT CHRISTENSEN."

"Although our children are grown, yet they like the INSTRUCTOR, and as a mother I can speak of its inestimable worth as an educator in any family. I am sure if I had another family to rear I should not be without it or the *Little Friend*. I am confident that the Lord is blessing your work.

"MRS. ELGIN FARNSWORTH."

"I thank you, dear YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR! Today I was so blue, so tired of the struggle, I did not care to attend the Sabbath services. And when I was left alone I began to look about for something to read. Light reading was with a sigh pushed aside, for I must keep my promise made to God so often, as to light reading on the Sabbath day, and then I picked up an old copy of the INSTRUCTOR. At first, as I looked it over I was not interested in it, but not for long. Oh, it did seem to have everything I wanted just then! As I read, I was reproved in an article on the Sabbath, and then there was comfort in another; and although I have always read the INSTRUCTOR more or less, it never seemed so dear to me as it does today, for has it not shown me the right way, and brought hope into my heart once more? So I thank you, dear INSTRUCTOR.

"A READER."

"Of all the papers for the youth that I have ever read there is none that quite equals the INSTRUCTOR. I enjoy the articles and the illustrations as well. It is certainly a paper well worth reading by the youth who wishes to build a character according to the Christian standard. The Counsel Corner is full of excellent instruction. The poetry is beautiful, and I keep many of the poems for future reference. The readings on Bible characters are all such as to 'administer grace' to every reader. The Finding-Out Club is a helpful study, and I have been one of its members at different times. The notes on current events keep me posted on happenings in the world, and this is essential information. Then last, but not least, I wish to mention the 'Meditation on the Morning Watch and Prayer' which has been discontinued the past year. I always looked for it first, as it seemed to unseal God's Word to me. I should like to see it resumed.

MRS. ANNA OSBORN."

"The INSTRUCTOR has a place here in Bermuda which no other paper could fill. You can be sure that the Lord is greatly blessing your labors here.

"EUGENE ROWELL."

"The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR gets better and better all the time, and I feel that in my work for the young people it is a very valuable aid in helping them to cultivate a taste for good reading.

"C. E. ADAMS."

"I have been a reader of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR since childhood, and although I have reached the age of maturity, I try never to miss one number of this excellent paper for the youth. I consider that the

subject matter set forth week after week is of the highest value for spiritual and intellectual development. I have never found any other youth's paper equal to it in this respect. What I have gained through reading the INSTRUCTOR can never be told, and only eternity will reveal the influence which this paper must have exerted over other youth in leading them into lives of usefulness and purity and service for others. May God continue to bless the INSTRUCTOR as it continues its noble mission, and may God bless the editors as they continue their work from week to week, and through this agency may many more of the youth be led to follow in the footsteps of the Master.

"FORREST WASHBURN."

Elder R. F. Cottrell, of Peking, China, says: "The INSTRUCTOR was never better."

Mrs. J. L. Shaw says that in reading the INSTRUCTOR she almost always finds "something that appeals to the heart—as do the writings of Mrs. E. G. White."

"Inclosed please find post-office order for \$1.75, which is to renew my subscription for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, which expires April 1, 1919. I have been taking the paper three months, and think it is a perfectly lovely paper. I could hardly do without it now, for it contains so many good things that boys ought to know. I am twelve years old, and the INSTRUCTOR is just what I need. 'Let the good work go on.' I will give my papers to other boys.

"MARION A. PALMER."

THE men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—  
*Charles Kingsley.*

"O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good."



# Missionary Volunteer Department

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

## Is This Your Conference ?

EVERY living thing grows. Of all organizations the Missionary Volunteer Society should be a progressive one, for all normal young people are growing. Every Missionary Volunteer should grow spiritually, mentally, and socially. Every society should grow in numbers and efficiency. Every conference Missionary Volunteer department should grow. Here is a word from a conference Missionary Volunteer secretary which indicates growth:

"I am glad to tell you that we have two new societies now, and they are starting off wonderfully well. I think, too, our societies are blessed this time with real leadership, at least in three of them. One of the new societies will have twenty or more taking the Reading Courses, and at least eight or ten the Standard of Attainment. This society is in a church where but very little has ever been done for the young people, so I think this is a wonderfully good indication that they are organized for business and missionary endeavor. They have a splendid leader, a real enthusiast."

Is that your conference? If not, can you not help to make it yours? M. E. K.

## Our Counsel Corner

YOU have a dollar, I have a dollar. You give me your dollar. I give you my dollar. We still have a dollar each. You have an idea, I have an idea. We exchange ideas. You have two ideas and I have two ideas. *That's the difference.*"

This department of the INSTRUCTOR is for an exchange of ideas. Let those who have ideas, or questions to ask, be free to write the Missionary Volunteer Department. Many have expressed their interest in the Counsel Corner, but the mill cannot grind without grist. M. E. K.

## Graduation Exercises on the Sabbath

FROM time to time I have been helped by Our Counsel Corner, and now I want to ask your advice. This spring I shall be graduated from high school. The graduation exercises will be held Friday evening. Some Seventh-day Adventist girls have gone to them, but to me it does not seem right. There are two of us who are in the same class. The board of education always has refused to change the time. Please give me your advice as soon as possible. My friend and I have been praying about it, and trust that the Lord will give us strength to truly represent him in this matter. K. M.

I am pleased to know that this is a matter of conscience with you. It seems to me that we cannot attend graduation exercises, or other secular meetings, on the Sabbath. Surely this would be "doing thy pleasure on my holy day."

I knew a young woman a few years ago in the same situation exactly as you are. The principal felt that

he could not change the evening for the exercises, and the girls of the class did their utmost to persuade our sister to be present. Their last effort was on Friday afternoon. After all the decorating was finished, they went to her home and took her to the schoolhouse to show her the decorations and how the seating was to be arranged, and that there would be a vacant seat if she was not there; but Sabbath evening found her at home with her mother, studying her Sabbath school lesson.

I knew of another case where a young woman had been selected to take part in a speaking contest. It was generally recognized that she could easily win the prize; but it was to be held on Friday night and she refused to go. It came to the attention of the principal and was the talk of the town. The fact that a young woman would sacrifice so much for principle was a matter of note.

First of all we want to be true to God because it is right; and then it is well to remember that in thus witnessing for Christ we bring the truth to the attention of others. I believe there are many good people in the world who will be attracted to this truth when they see that those who believe it are willing to suffer for it. I believe that those who are going through to the end will be individuals of principle who will "stand for the right though the heavens fall." Let us be true to the words which we often sing:

"Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
 Were still in heart and conscience free:  
 How sweet would be their children's fate  
 If they, like them, could die for Thee!

"Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
 We will be true to thee till death!"

God will give you and your friend strength, for there is no need that he cannot fill. M. E. K.

## Just for the Juniors

### The Junior Standard of Attainment

A JUNIOR Standard of Attainment certificate? Yes, I have one, of course!" Shouldn't you like to be able to say that at camp-meeting this year? Well, you can, if you really want to.

I suppose that most of our Juniors know what a certificate like this stands for; but just to be sure about it, perhaps we ought to explain it again.

One day a minister was on the train bound for a near-by city where he had an appointment. After he had traveled a few miles, he began conversation with the gentleman with whom he was seated. "What is your business, may I ask?" inquired the minister. "I am a salesman. I sell typewriters," was the answer. "Here is my catalogue. By the way, what is your business?"

"I am a salesman, too," replied the minister. "Here is my catalogue." And he handed the man a Bible.

Our boys and girls also should be engaged in the business of the King, even though they are not ministers. They should be just as ready to tell what their business is, and to interest others in it, as these two men were. The Bible is the "catalogue" to be used in telling others of Jesus. Of course, no one can tell to another something which he himself does not know — we all recognize that; and for this reason we need to study our Bibles, so that we may be able to explain God's great plan of salvation.

To read the Bible is good, but to study it is better. And that is what one does when he takes the Standard

of Attainment. Some of the subjects to be studied are: "The Plan of Redemption," "Conversion," "Prayer," "Baptism." There are twenty-seven subjects altogether. Then besides these there are one hundred questions on the history of our church to be studied. These and the twenty-seven Bible subjects are printed in a little pamphlet called the Junior Standard of Attainment Manual, the price of which is six cents. Your conference tract society will have them for sale.

In our church schools many children take the Standard of Attainment, studying under the direction of the teacher. But boys and girls who do not have the privilege of attending church school may pass the Standard of Attainment just as creditably by a study of the little manual. Perhaps your parents will study it with you in the home. It would do them good. A Standard of Attainment class conducted as a part of the church Junior society is also an excellent way to study.

Examination time comes twice a year. The next Standard of Attainment test will be during the month of May. You may try the test any time between May 1 and June 1. So you have some time yet in which to finish your preparation. The test papers are sent out by your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. If there is no school in your church, ask the church elder to write for the test papers. He will be glad to do it. When you have finished the examination, your examination papers should be sent to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary.

And then comes—I started to say, "Then comes your beautiful certificate;" but of course there's an "if." If you pass the tests, you will receive one. But do not worry. Every one who really gets ready beforehand will be sure to succeed. And it is so well worth the effort! Won't you try to become an Attainment member?

E. I.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### V — Justification by Faith

(May 3)

**GOLDEN TEXT:** "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy." Micah 7: 18.

**STUDY HELP:** "Steps to Christ," chapter "The Test of Discipleship."

#### Questions

1. Under the law of Moses, how was a righteous man justified? Deut. 25: 1. Note 1.
2. Could a sinner be justified by the law of Moses? How alone can a sinner be justified? In what must the sinner believe if he is justified by Christ? Acts 13: 38, 39.
3. What becomes of the sins of the justified one? Micah 7: 18, 19.
4. What part does Jesus act in our justification? What part does God act? Rom. 8: 33, 34.
5. Whose righteousness does the justified one have? What sins are thus done away? Rom. 3: 25.
6. How can the sinner claim the righteousness of Christ? Rom. 5: 17; 2 Cor. 5: 21.
7. When the sinner is justified, what is Jesus made to us? 1 Cor. 1: 30.
8. When Christ's righteous life is imputed to the sinner, what relationship is established that was broken by sin? James 2: 23.
9. By what can no one be justified? How only can one be justified? Gal. 2: 16; Rom. 4: 5.
10. What prompted Jesus to secure our justification through the means of redemption? Rom. 3: 24. Note 2.

11. How may others know that we have been justified by Christ? James 2: 18-22. Note 3.

12. What blessed experience follows justification? Rom. 5: 1; 1 John 2: 1, first part.

13. Since the peace of God is promised to the repentant sinner, why are we so often overwhelmed with a sense of our own imperfections? 1 John 2: 1, last part. Note 4.

#### Notes

1. There was provision under the old, or ceremonial, law for the pardon of the transgressor who confessed his sin and showed faith in the promised Saviour by bringing a sin offering; but under that system only the man who was right, or just in a civil sense, was justified by the decision of the civil judge, whose duty it was to adjust differences arising among the people. But he who accepts Christ is justified by the great Judge of all, not because he is shown to be right in himself, but because of the merit of Christ whom he has accepted as his Saviour, and whose righteousness he now claims by faith. This is not, however, without a contest, for over every person who desires to become a child of God, Satan renews his controversy with Jesus. He claims that the sinner belongs to him; and if there were no escape from sin, Satan's claim could not be disputed. But when "they come unto judgment, that the judges may judge them," the Judge sees only the perfect life of Jesus which the sinner has accepted, the sins are gone, and his verdict is, "The sinner is justified; he is exactly right; he is the purchase of infinite sacrifice; he no longer belongs to Satan; he is the property of the Redeemer."

Justification means the act of making just or right. A printer justifies his type by spacing it so that each line is even and true and exactly fills its allotted measure. If the line is a little too long, something must be removed; if too short, a "space" must be inserted. Sometimes only the thickness of a sheet of thin paper is needed. But when fully justified the line is exactly right. So in our Christian experience, Jesus becomes our justification. His life adjusts all our irregularities and shortcomings. But he does it, not by patching up our sin-marred lives, but by forgiving our sins, and counting his own perfect life as belonging to us. Thus our past lives are made exactly right, or just.

2. Grace freely given. Grace is unmerited mercy, kindness, or favor shown those who do not deserve it. One who is merciful has no desire to see a sinner punished. He feels sorry for the weakness that the sinner has manifested under temptation, and his only feeling is one of sympathy and forgiveness. Grace cannot be given grudgingly or of necessity; it must be given cheerfully, fully, freely. This is the disposition of Jesus toward the sinner, and it was this divine attribute, or trait of character, that led him to give his life to save us.

3. "Christ said to Nicodemus, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' Like the wind, which is invisible, yet the effects of which are plainly seen and felt, is the Spirit of God in its work upon the human heart. . . . While the work of the Spirit is silent and imperceptible, its effects are manifest. If the heart has been renewed by the Spirit of God, the life will bear witness to the fact. While we cannot do anything to change our hearts, or to bring ourselves into harmony with God; while we must not trust at all to ourselves or our good works, our lives will reveal whether the grace of God is dwelling within us. A change will be seen in the character, the habits, the pursuits. The contrast will be clear and decided between what they have been and what they are. The character is revealed, not by occasional good deeds and occasional misdeeds, but by the tendency of the habitual words and acts.

"It is true that there may be an outward correctness of deportment without the renewing power of Christ. The love of influence and the desire for the esteem of others may produce a well-ordered life. Self-respect may lead us to avoid the appearance of evil. A selfish heart may perform generous actions. By what means, then, shall we determine whose side we are on? . . .

"If we are Christ's, our thoughts are with him, and our sweetest thoughts are of him. All that we have and are is consecrated to him. We long to bear his image, breathe his spirit, do his will, and please him in all things.

"Those who become new creatures in Christ Jesus will bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' . . . The things they once hated, they now love; and the things they once loved, they hate. The proud and self-assertive become meek and lowly in heart. The vain and supercilious become serious and unobtrusive. The drunken become sober, and the profligate pure. The vain customs and fashions of the world are laid aside. Christians will seek not the 'outward adorning,' but 'the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.'"—*Steps to Christ*, pp. 61-63.

4. "The closer you come to Jesus, the more faulty you will appear in your own eyes; for your vision will be clearer, and your imperfections will be seen in broad and distinct contrast to his perfect nature. This is evidence that Satan's delusions have lost their power; that the vivifying influence of the Spirit of God is arousing you.

"No deep-seated love for Jesus can dwell in the heart that does not realize its own sinfulness. The soul that is transformed by the grace of Christ will admire his divine character; but if we do not see our own moral deformity, it is unmistakable evidence that we have not had a view of the beauty and excellence of Christ.

"The less we see to esteem in ourselves, the more we shall see to esteem in the infinite purity and loveliness of our Saviour. A view of our sinfulness drives us to him who can pardon; and when the soul, realizing its helplessness, reaches out after Christ, he will reveal himself in power. The more our sense of need drives us to him and to the Word of God, the more exalted views we shall have of his character, and the more fully we shall reflect his image."—*Id.*, p. 70.

## Intermediate Lesson

### V — Saul Rejected; David Chosen King

(May 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 15; 16.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." 1 Sam. 16: 7.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 627-642; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 58-62.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

#### Questions

1. Although Saul had failed in the test of obedience given to him, how did the Lord mercifully give him another trial? 1 Sam. 15: 1-3.

2. How did he endure this second test? Verses 7-9. Note 1.

3. What word from the Lord came to Samuel? How did Samuel receive this? Verse 11. Note 2.

4. When Samuel and Saul met, what did the king say? With what pointed question did Samuel answer Saul? What excuse did Saul make for his disobedience? Verses 13-15.

5. What did Samuel say was better than sacrifice? With what other sins did he class rebellion and stubbornness? What was the direct result of his rejection of the word of the Lord? Verses 22, 23.

6. What did this fearful sentence cause the king to say? Verse 24. Note 3.

7. What request did the king make of Samuel? How did Samuel reply? How did Saul try to detain the prophet? With what result? Of what was the torn garment a symbol? Verses 25-29.

8. Since Saul would not obey the Lord, what was Samuel obliged to do? Where did Samuel go? What did the prophet henceforth cease to do? Yet how did he feel toward Saul? Verses 32-35.

9. What direction did the Lord give Samuel? Why was this mission a dangerous one? What precaution was he to take? 1 Sam. 16: 1-3. Note 4.

10. How did the coming of Samuel to Bethlehem affect the elders of the town? What did they ask? How did Samuel reply? Verses 4, 5.

11. When Jesse and his sons had come, what did Samuel say to himself about Eliab? How did this agree with the Lord's thoughts concerning him? Verses 6, 7.

12. How many sons did Jesse cause to pass before Samuel? What did the Lord say of each? What question did Samuel then ask? How did Jesse reply? How did the youngest son appear? What did the Lord say of him? Verses 8-12.

13. What did Samuel then do? What did the Lord cause to come upon David? Verse 13. Note 5.

14. What change took place in Saul? What did Saul's servants advise? Who was mentioned to him? Name the different things for which David was recommended. Verses 14-18. Note 6.

15. What was the result of these good words spoken for David? What shows that Saul was not disappointed when David came? Verses 19-23.

#### Can You Tell

What was the very best thing said of David in the whole story?

Why the arrangement by which David came to live at the royal court seems providential?

Why was it of great advantage to this shepherd lad?

Where we have a collection of David's songs?

By what beautiful name David is spoken of? 2 Sam. 23: 1.

Which is your favorite psalm?

#### Notes

1. "Ambitious to heighten the honor of his triumphal return by the presence of a royal captive, Saul ventured to imitate the customs of the nations around him, and spared Agag, the fierce and warlike king of the Amalekites. The people reserved for themselves the finest of the flocks, herds, and beasts of burden, excusing their sin on the ground that the cattle were

reserved to be offered as sacrifices to the Lord. It was their purpose, however, to use these merely as a substitute, to save their own cattle."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 629.

2. "Man's repentance implies a change of mind. God's repentance implies a change of circumstances and relations. Man may change his relation to God by complying with the conditions upon which he may be brought into the divine favor, or he may, by his own action, place himself outside the favoring condition; but the Lord is the same 'yesterday, and today, and forever.'"—*Id.*, p. 650.

"How did Samuel receive this word from God? 'It kindled in Samuel,' is the literal rendering; he was all on fire with the intensity of his anguish. 'He cried unto the Lord all night.' Was this the end of that manly, superb king whom he had anointed? Was this the end of his splendid son Jonathan? Was this the end of the high hopes for Israel bound up in the two? 'It took the whole night to reconcile Samuel to the divine sentence. How very deeply and tenderly must this man's heart have been moved by regard for Saul and for the people!'—*Expositor's Bible*."

"The story of Saul is among the saddest which Scripture anywhere contains."—*Trench*.

3. "Terrified by the denunciation of the prophet, Saul acknowledged his guilt, which he had before stubbornly denied; but he still persisted in casting blame upon the people, declaring that he had sinned through fear of them. It was not sorrow for sin, but fear of its penalty, that actuated the king of Israel."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 631.

4. Jesse was the grandson of Ruth, the Moabitess.

5. "Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of [from among] his brethren; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward." The prophet had accomplished his appointed work, and with a relieved heart he returned to Ramah. Samuel had not made known his errand, even to the family of Jesse, and the ceremony of anointing David had been performed in secret. It was an intimation to the youth of the high destiny awaiting him, that amid all the varied experiences and perils of his coming years, this knowledge might inspire him to be true to the purpose of God to be accomplished by his life."—*Id.*, p. 641.

6. "It is computed that David was now about twenty years old."—*Matthew Henry*.

#### The Wind and the Rose

A LITTLE red rose bloomed all alone  
In a hedge by the highway side;  
And the wind came by with a pitying moan,  
And thus to the floweret cried:

"You are choked with dust from the sandy ledge;  
Now see what a friend can do! —  
I will pierce a hole in the tangled hedge,  
And let the breeze come through."

"Nay, let me be — I am well enough,"  
Said the rose in deep dismay,  
But the wind is always rude and rough,  
And of course he had his way.

And the breeze blew soft on the little red rose,  
But now she was sore afraid;  
For the naughty boys — her ancient foes —  
Came through where the gap was made.

"I see," said the wind, when he came again,  
And looked at the trembling flower,  
"You are out of place; it is very plain  
You are meant for a lady's bower!"

"Nay, let me be!" said the shuddering rose;  
"No sorrow I ever had known  
Till you came here to break my repose;  
Now, please to let me alone!"

But the will of the wind is strong as death;  
And little he recked her cries;  
He plucked her up with his mighty breath,  
And away to the town he flies.

Oh, all too rough was the windy ride  
For a rose so weak and small;  
And soon her leaves on every side  
Began to scatter and fall.

"Now, what is this?" said the wondering wind,  
As the rose in fragments fell;  
"This paltry stem is all I find —  
I am sure I meant it well!"

"It meant just this, that a meddling friend,"  
Said the dying stalk, "is sure  
To mar the matter he aimed to mend,  
And kill where he meant to cure."

— John G. Saxe.

"WHERE self-restraint is lacking, order ceases:  
A hoopless barrel tumbles all to pieces."

**The Attraction of Earth**

**SIR ROBERT BALL**, the great astronomer, said that a man who carries a sack of corn on earth could as easily carry six sacks of corn on a globe the size of the moon. But in a world as vast as the sun, even to pull out a watch from the pocket would be to tug at a weight of five or six pounds. It would be impossible to lift an arm, and if once a man were to lie down there, he could never get up again. So, in the spiritual realm, the weight of our burdens depends upon the attraction of earth. If the world is all to us, alas! how true it is that its burdens crush and overwhelm us.—*Sunday at Home.*

**Why the Frost ?**

**A YOUNG** man had worked for years to establish himself as a peach grower, and had invested his all in a small peach orchard which bloomed bounteously—then came the frost. He did not go to church the next Sunday, nor the next, nor the next. His minister went to hunt him up, and inquired the reason. The discouraged young fellow exclaimed: "No, and what is more, I'm not coming any more. Do you think I can worship a God who loves me so little that he will let a frost kill all my peaches?" The old minister looked at him a moment in silence, and then replied kindly: "Young man, God loves you better than he does your peaches. He knows that while peaches do better without frosts, it is impossible to grow the best of men without frosts. His object is to grow the best men, not peaches."—*Rev. J. F. Cowan, in Herald and Presbyterian.*

**Homesick**

"Mid' pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

**ARE** you homesick? Do not these words bring to your mind the happy moments spent in the dear place that you will always remember as the best place on earth, "home"? Certainly they do. And strange it would be if they did not.

But, reader, is there not something lacking even in the best home that you ever saw, is there not something that you are looking for and that your heart aches for, that you have not yet found, that the rest of the verse takes up?

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere."

Yes, that is it, we are homesick for the home that will be ours some future day,—the one where sorrows and disappointments will never come to us to mar the happiness of the scene. Let us prepare for that home. Christ has gone to prepare a place for us, says John; shall we not do our bit and prepare ourselves for that home? And not only ourselves, but we should be so happy at the thought that we will tell others. Christ not only died for you, but for all sinners who are willing to come to him. While working for others, we shall forget our misery in our effort to help them forget theirs. So when you think of or hear—

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,"

let it spur you on to greater efforts to spread the good news of the heavenly home that is now being prepared for us. **LEROY R. BEDDOE.**

**How Long to Work**

**THE Youth's Companion** in a recent issue gives a worthy comment on present-day methods and aspirations of labor unions. The writer says:

"How many hours a day should a man or a woman work? Almost every one will say at once that the question is absurd, for there is no rule that can be applied generally either to men or to women.

"Nevertheless, it is easy to see that the trade unions think otherwise; for no matter what union it is, it fixes upon a certain number of hours as the maximum for those who belong to it. There is no elasticity; no liberty for those who are strong and capable to exceed the limit, which in many cases is fixed below the capacity of the weakest and the most inefficient.

"At the present time there are movements in many countries to shorten the hours of labor. An eight-hour day is beginning to look conservative. Even before it has been attained, some of the trades are demanding a forty-four-hour week, and the more radical labor men are talking about a working time of six hours a day for five days in the week—a thirty-hour week.

"Men who are dissatisfied with their lot, and who yet suffer themselves to be bound by rules that forbid them to work more than a certain number of hours a day, might ask themselves if they know or ever heard of a man who limited himself by such a rule and yet rose out of his condition and gained wealth. The careers of many successful men show that the contrary is true. Would those men, or would any of the lesser men who have raised themselves out of poverty, have succeeded if they had entrusted to others the right to tell them to stop work when others stopped?

"Reducing the hours of labor has been greatly beneficial. But making it compulsory for every man to limit the time that he may work is not beneficial to all. So far as it induces indolence on the part of those who are capable of rising, and so far as it stifles proper ambition, it is harmful."

**How Prohibition Affects Montana**

**WITH** the county jail empty in Lewistown, arrests falling off nearly 90 per cent in Billings and Great Falls, no violent crimes in Butte, it would almost seem that the water wagon was the safest old vehicle ever known in these regions. Dry Butte is a much better city than Butte with saloons. Arrests fell off 60 per cent during the first month of prohibition. In dry January there were only 375 arrests as compared with 881 in wet December. Not a single murder, hold-up, or assault was reported during January. This is a remarkable record for Butte, where during the past two years 31 murders were committed. In Great Falls, Billings, Lewistown, and Butte the buildings made empty by passing of the saloon are now being used for other trades and industries employing far more help. Both the Butte Brewing Company and the Centennial Brewing Company are busy changing their plants into factories for better and more wholesome products.—*The Messenger.*

GOOD manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—*Emerson.*

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