

Helen Lawrence

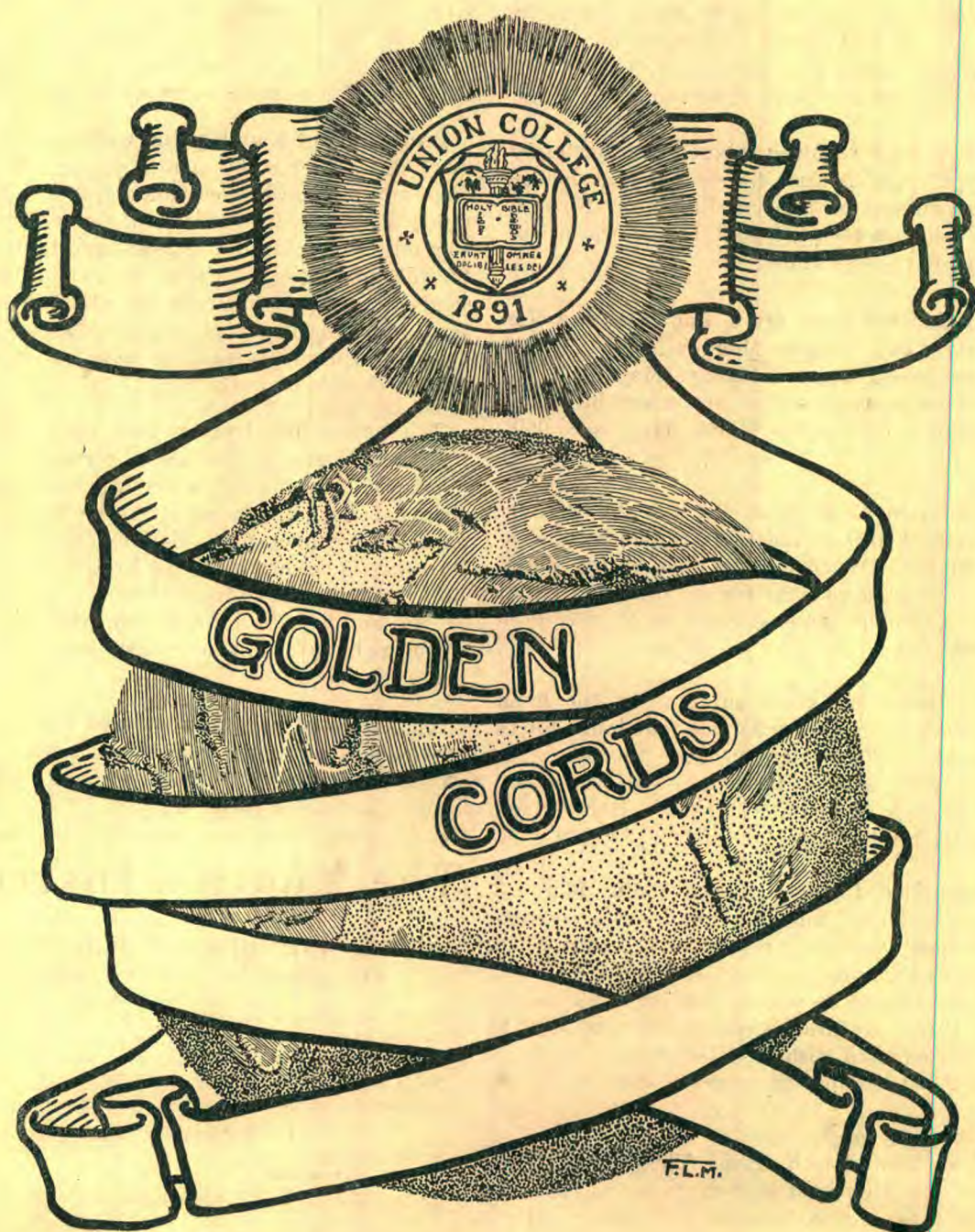
UNION COLLEGE NUMBER

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

May 13, 1919

No. 19



From Here and There

The Pope, on March 10, issued an allocution in opposition to the restoration of Palestine to the Jews.

The shipping agents of Buenos Aires estimate their losses for January and February, resulting from the strike of workers, at \$10,000,000.

Homer E. Rodeheaver, Sunday's famous song leader, has been brightening the corners of camps, trenches, and hospitals in France with songs, smiles, and trombone.

Mountain streams in the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee are so full of bends and curves that sometimes they have to be crossed a dozen times in the course of a mile.

The world's available stocks of crude rubber at the beginning of 1919 were the largest on record. The total visible supply of crude rubber, Jan. 1, 1919, is estimated at approximately 87,000 tons.

Troops have been required to quell disorder growing in Egypt. The Turkish flag is reported floating over several villages of Boherra Province. No military casualties have been reported, but several prominent citizens have been killed.

The fifth Liberty Loan drive, known as the Victory Liberty Loan, opened Monday April 21, and closed three weeks later, Saturday, May 10. The maximum amount, as prescribed in the loan bill which passed Congress during its closing days, is \$7,000,000,000.

The population of Moscow, Russia, has been reduced from 3,000,000 to 1,000,000, caused by starvation and plague. When a horse dies in the street, men, women, and dogs fight for its flesh and eat it on the spot. Human flesh is reported to have been sold as food.

In China great mills are supplanting the hand loom. Seventy flour mills grind one fourth of China's wheat harvest of 200,000,000 bushels. Shanghai, the Manchester of the Far East, has been building ocean-going vessels for the United States. Her foreign trade in 1917 reached more than \$1,000,000,000 gold.

The coal mined during the week ending March 8 was but 8,058,000 net tons of bituminous, a decrease of 30,000 tons over the previous week, which had shown the first improvement in six weeks. It was 3,550,000 tons below the output for the week ending March 9, 1918. Anthracite production was 989,000 net tons as compared with 1,102,000 for the previous week and 2,099,000 for the corresponding week last year.

Loan first, then church drive. The Victory Loan comes first, the Methodist centenary second, was the decision of the Methodist centenary headquarters. Methodist centenary North and South seek to raise \$140,000,000. The executive secretary announced to Secretary of the Treasury Glass, that the church drive would be postponed until after May 25, and also that no conventions would be held between April 21 and May 10, the period of the loan drive.

Former King Louis, of Bavaria, in withdrawing from the world to spend the remainder of his days in a monastery, has followed the example of King Charles Albert, of Sardinia, who after his disastrous defeat at the battle of Novara, in 1849, abdicated in favor of his son, King Victor Emmanuel II, of Italy, and withdrew to a monastery at Oporto, where he died several months later, almost entirely forgotten but at peace with the world. Then there was Emperor Charles V, who after abdicating his many crowns, including those of Germany, Spain, Sicily, Burgundy, and the Netherlands, withdrew in 1557 to the historic monastery of Yuste, where he spent the remaining two years of his stormy life in relative tranquillity.

More than half the deaths among the American soldiers in Great Britain were due to influenza. The total number of cases of the disease in the three months of the epidemic among the Americans here reached 7,512. In that period deaths from pneumonia, developing in most cases from influenza, numbered 1,717. Of 6,000 troops brought on one trip by the steamer "Olympic," 2,000 contracted the disease; and, as about one third of these cases developed pneumonia, the proportion of fatalities was very large.

Production of a high-grade white paper from cotton linters, after many months of experiment by the bureau of standards, was announced recently by Secretary Redfield. It is believed the process can be commercially profitable, opening an important new source for the production of paper, and saving many thousands of pounds of material for which there has been small use hitherto except in the making of explosives. The Government is said to have on hand several million pounds of linters.

The caterpillar tractor will start soon for its "farthest North" adventure. Secretary Redfield has announced that four tractors will be shipped to the Pribyloff Islands for use over the sands, where an automobile cannot go, in hauling fossil seal bones to the coast, to be shipped to the United States and made into fertilizer. A deposit of bones covering an area of one and a half miles by one-half mile has been discovered, and a grinder installed to prepare the bones for market.

Thousands of rude, two-wheeled oxcarts are in use in Mexico today. The entire contraption is made of wood and thongs; there is not a metal bolt, a nail, or a screw in one of them.

The Youth's Instructor

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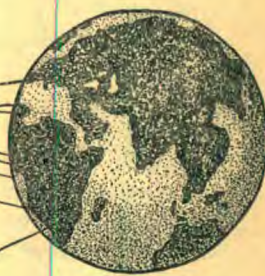
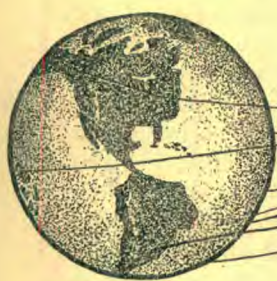
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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 13, 1919

No. 19



Golden Cords

ALMON J. BALKINS

O GOLDEN Cords! those cords in love's fond memory.
Securely tied, they ne'er shall break though stretched beyond
the sea.
In bonny, buoyant school days they were formed with friend-
ship's art;
Each passing year they stronger grew, and twined about the
heart.

O Golden Cords! those cords in love's fond memory.
They find us close to those who've gone to tell salvation free.
In darkened lands, Old Union's sons two hundred now and more
Have lengthened out those golden cords that stretch from shore
to shore.

O Golden Cords! those cords in love's fond memory!
They wend their way to continents and islands o'er the sea.
They meet the mornings of the East through mists at ocean
shores,
They pass beyond the crimson West and on from Union's doors.

O Golden Cords! those cords in love's fond memory!
We trace them each to loving smiles of friends we long to see.
They reach to lands we ne'er may tour, to those we ne'er may
greet
Until we meet in realms above and tread the golden street.

Our Boys at Fort Leavenworth

W. W. RUBLE

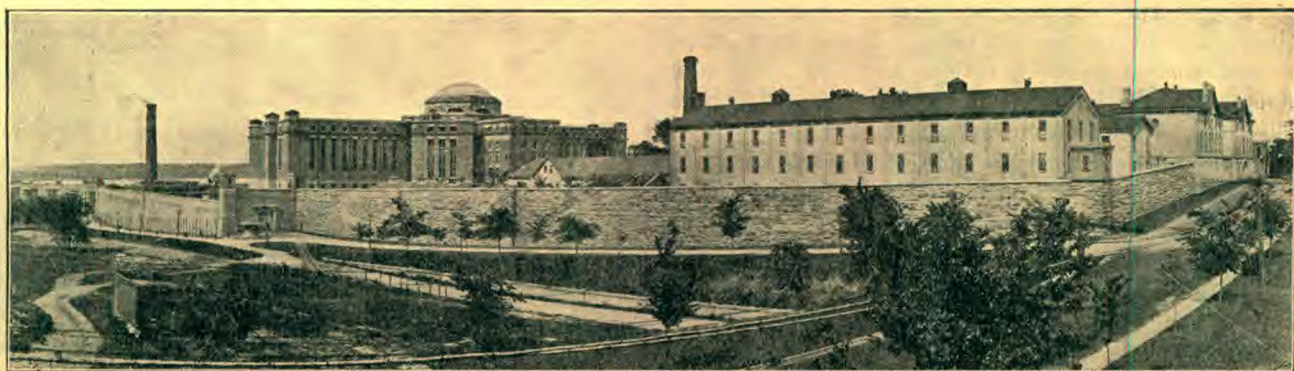
THE great iron-barred door closed with a clang. The tumblers in the large padlock slid smoothly into place with a positive click, click, and we were surrounded by high stone walls and were facing the mammoth eight-winged building, the Federal prison, Leavenworth, Kansas. A guard escorted us to the adjutant's office, where we asked permission to see some Seventh-day Adventist soldiers who were confined in the prison.

The officers in charge were courteous, and seemed pleased to do anything possible to make our visit pleasant and profitable. One of the officers in charge personally conducted us about the grounds and through the buildings. He showed us through the modern, sanitary kitchen, the bakery, and the great dining hall with a seating capacity of fifteen hundred. He took us to the assembly hall, where meetings are held every Sunday and where amusements are provided for the men during the week. We visited the printing office, where the excellent monthly magazine, *Stray Shots*, written and edited by men confined there, is printed. After passing through the different

wings where are rows of cells, tier upon tier, six stories high, he showed us through the wing where the solitary confinement cells are located.

Though these cells are in what is known as the sub-basement, two floors below the main floor, the corridors extending around the outside of the cells are well lighted and are heated by steam. The sun can shine into the corridors on either side of the wing, making even this part of the prison sanitary and as comfortable as consistent with its purpose.

The dark cells are small, and each has two doors; one a barred door, the other a solid door with a small grating at the top and bottom which, when closed, admits some light and air into the so-called dark cell where men are placed in solitary confinement. While here they are provided with plenty of good bread and water. In these dark cells, with blankets on the cement floor for a bed, and on rations of bread and water, some Seventh-day Adventists were confined for fourteen days. Ten days, for ten hours each day, they were handcuffed to the barred doors of the cells, unable to sit down or to move to any extent.



THE FEDERAL PRISON AT FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS

These men, twelve in number, were sent here on the charge of disobeying military orders. While it is true the order was to do regular service on the Sabbath, the officers at Leavenworth did not know this, and could not know that these men were different from others, so they dealt with them on the basis of the charge until they became acquainted with their characters by personal contact.

The officer said that if he and his fellow officers had known these men when they came and had been acquainted with their belief, this would not have happened. He said, "Every one of these men is a Christian and never makes any trouble. We permit them to rest on Saturday and work other days to make up time, and everything is moving smoothly. Seventh-day Adventist boys who come to us now from the army do not have to go through this ordeal. We find them all exemplary young men."

The officer then took us to a large room where we were permitted to visit with our boys for several hours. Let one of them tell the story of his experience as he related it to us.

"I became a Christian while serving in the regular army at Vancouver, Washington, under the preaching of Elder P. C. Hayward, of Portland, Oregon. Soon after accepting the truth, our troops moved to the Mexico border, and I was not baptized until the following year. I was allowed to keep the Sabbath, and was shown every consideration by my officers until I was transferred to the field artillery. The colonel of this regiment refused to allow me the Sabbath, and I applied for a transfer to the medical department. Before the transfer came, I was placed under arrest for refusing to obey military orders, which were to do regular work on the Sabbath.

"I was arraigned and tried in Camp Upton, New York, while on my way to France, and was given a sentence of five years' hard labor, to be served in the station of my company. Up to this time I had never been even placed under arrest. 'If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified.'

"At Camp Upton I was placed in the guardhouse, but here I found many precious souls hungry for truth, and improved my opportunity to help them.

"I was taken to England on an old English passenger boat in company with thirteen others, and made the trip in sixteen days. We went immediately to Winchester, where I was given my freedom for three days to see the old relics. I was then placed in confinement on short rations and slept on a stone floor. All England seemed to be on short rations. The children were constantly begging us for food.

"We soon entrained for South Hampton, and from there were placed on an old side-wheeler, the 'Margarette,' where we were packed in with scarcely standing room, and to add to our discomfort we were soaked with rain and spray. In the morning we landed at the old historic port of Havre, France. Here we were given hard-tack and coffee. As I do not drink coffee I ate my hard bread, and was thankful for that after

thirty-six hours of fasting. I was allowed two days' freedom before being again placed in confinement. Here again I found two men who were seeking the way of life, and who gladly accepted the truth for this time. After three weeks' stay in Valdohon we were sent to the front, and I received word that I was transferred to the medical department. I was soon placed in charge of the medical work with Battery B, where many opportunities were offered me to testify to the love of Jesus.

"Very soon after this I was called back to Leavenworth, by whom I do not know. On the return trip I was taken to Brest, France, where I was placed in solitary confinement in an old Napoleon prison. The cells were about fifty feet long and about four and one-half feet wide. One window, six by twenty-four inches, at the end furnished all the light. The bed was of solid iron, and the springs heavy oak planks. After ten days of this, I was placed in a similar cell with nine other prisoners; but this was better, for we could sing and pray together.

"Soon we were taken to Leavenworth, and were kindly received by the guards and those in authority. We have received good treatment here. In fact, we

have received the best treatment here that we ever received at any place where I have been confined. The officers are *men*, and recognize that they are dealing with *men*, and are very considerate. Every Sabbath morning we are permitted to meet at 9:30 for Sabbath school and meeting. We greatly enjoy this, and are grateful to our officers for this privilege.

My courage in the Lord is good, and I am learning better each day that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'

When we think of the thousands of Seventh-day Adventist boys who have been connected with the army during this past war, it is remarkable that so few have had serious difficulty in living up to their faith. It certainly speaks well for the men of authority in the Government, and the officers of our army, and shows them to be broad-minded, just, and honorable men; men whose hearts throb with the principles of liberty and justice; men who believe that every man has a right in this great country of ours to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Truly, we are living in the "land of the free and the home of the brave," and our hearts should respond to the spirit of patriotism and liberty that has been born into this land with a new and fuller meaning.

Study Music

ORISON SWETT MARDEN has said: "If one loves beauty and looks for it, he will see it everywhere. If there is music in his soul, he will hear it everywhere; every object in nature will sing to him. Life will be neither a drudgery nor a dream, but will become full of God's life and love." The value of music to the life cannot be emphasized too much. It is important to be able to contribute to the joy of life, through a well-trained voice or skilled hands.



The Dining-room at the Prison

Music finds a response in every life, whether it be young or old. One experiences greater appreciation of song as the ear becomes trained to follow the amalgamation of words and music, and interpret the thoughts and feelings there expressed. Many neglect their earlier opportunities of acquiring the ability to produce music. They thus forfeit one of the blessings that should enter their lives. Yet how easily may this art be learned! A little instruction and encouragement now and then to the child that is bubbling over with activity and does not know what to do, will develop in him musical possibilities that will find expression later in life.

Think of the great blessing a young man or young woman with musical ability may be to the great mass of people whose lives scarcely ever rise above the monotonous round of daily responsibilities. Through music one may enter the secret chambers of the inner life, and awaken a response for higher and holier living. Music has its expression for every feeling or mood of life, and pours out its healing balm into the soul, or urges it on to renewed activities and greater accomplishments.

While watching his father's flocks, David spent many long hours in practicing the best ways of combining harmonious strains of music and giving expression to his musical moods, until he became "a cunning player on a harp." Because of his skill he was called to stand before King Saul to play when

the evil spirit came upon the king. His playing drove the evil spirit away, and Saul was made well. Thus the young shepherd boy was able, through his knowledge of music, to influence the leader of the nation.

There are thousands of individuals who on account of physical conditions spend their lives within four walls, scarcely ever hearing songs of praise and gladness. Music never falls upon their ears only as it chances to come from some street organ. Music means more to them than it does to you and me. Here is an opportunity, then, for young people to use their talent for music, and by so doing bless humanity. Can we not carry music to such, whether they be in a public hospital or in a private home? It has been said that "a song at the bedside, with an audience of one, is as valuable as a song in a great opera house, with an audience of thousands." It will bring new life, new hopes, and new being to those whose afflictions are almost unbearable, and we may safely say, that joy and gladness will fill the lives of the singers.

Edward Baxter Perry has said: "Music is a language, primarily the language of thought, of fancy. If you would use it well, you must not only study its elements, its grammar, so to speak, and become familiar with the way others have used it in the past, but above all, you must use it yourself for the purpose for which it was intended; namely, the expression of the thoughts and moods in your heart."

H. H. HOWARD.

Light to the Blind

FAYE FELTER

AMONG the many publishing houses of our denomination is one which stands alone in the unique, but important work which it is doing. This is the Christian Record Publishing Company, which is sending out tons of embossed literature each month to bear messages of hope and courage to those to whom it is —

"Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark."

The history of the *Christian Record* is the story of resolute determination to win in spite of great difficulties. It was in January, 1900, that there appeared the first issue of the *Record*, the seventy-five copies having been printed on a common clothes wringer and stitched on a small pin machine. The promoters of this enterprise, Mr. A. O. Wilson and his wife, both of whom are blind, were joined in the autumn of that year by Mr. L. N. Muck, also blind, who with his wife, is still connected with this work.

As the work grew, it became necessary to increase facilities. Consequently in 1903 a cylinder press was added, which was run by hand at first, but by electricity later.

In the spring of 1904, the *Christian Record* plant was moved from Battle Creek, Michigan, where it originated, to College View, Nebraska. It now occupies a neat, white building on the south side of the street across from the Union College campus.

A visit to the plant is both interesting and instructive. As we enter the office, we notice a woman using a strange typewriter which has only seven keys. She kindly explains that the machine is used in writing the two-dot system, and is easy for a blind person to operate. We are shown into the next room where stereotype plates of zinc or brass are being made, from which to print the next number of the *Record*. We

do not find a linotype machine, but a simple frame in which is held suspended a plate. By touching certain keys the various combinations for different letters are formed, and these are punched in raised points on the plates by pressing the foot lever. Thus, in one operation the type and plate are made. After it is finished, a proof is taken, and the corrections are made by laying the plate on a smooth steel block and, with a punch and hammer, taking out the incorrect letters by making the plate smooth. The correct letters are then punched in their places by the stereotype machine.

We are taken to the pressroom next, and there we see the stereotype plates being used on the cylinder press. The plates extend only halfway around each cylinder, the remaining half being covered with a rubber blanket. In this way the plate on one cylinder always comes in contact with the rubber blanket on the other, thus making the raised dots. The press prints from two thousand to three thousand pages an hour, and it is fed as skilfully by the blind operator as if he were a pressman with sight.

The completed magazine is about the size of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and is very bulky, though it has only thirty-eight pages. This is because the paper can be printed on but one side, and the stock must be heavy that the dots shall not easily be affected by the pressure of the fingers in reading.

There are two common dot systems in use, the Braille and the New York point, the first using two lines of dots, and the latter three. As many of the blind read only one system, the magazine is printed in both, in order to reach all with its message of cheer and hope.

As the cost of production of embossed literature

(Concluded on page fourteen)



Union College, College View, Nebraska

This red brick building located just south of the College, has been the school home of thousands of young people who through the years have received a Christian training for service at "Old Union."



SOUTH HALL - LADIES' DORMITORY



"East Hall" is one of the buildings at present used as dormitory for the young men. This building will be remodeled for the normal department, when the new dormitory is built.

THE Foreign Mission Band is under the supervision of Prof. J. N. Anderson, who was the pioneer missionary in China. The total membership is one hundred seventy-five. The band is divided into groups, to take up the study of the different countries as indicated in the picture.



THE Seminar is a group of young men who are preparing for the ministry. One chapel period each week is devoted to the seminar exercises. Besides this, practical experience is gained in conducting church services and prayer meetings in the city of Lincoln and the neighboring town and country churches. During the summer, opportunities are given to assist in tent efforts with experienced ministers. This work is also under the direction of Prof. J. N. Anderson.

THIS Union College Colporteur Band of eighty-five members has been organized for class work. Twenty-five earned scholarships last summer.



STUDIO of the music director. In this room is held the weekly rehearsals of the college chorus of sixty members and the choir of twenty members; also a class of thirty in hymnology, in which the leading of congregational singing is also taught.

In Other Lands

Prayer of the Moslem Mission Band¹

BERTHA WEENLI

OUR great and mighty God, help us to sense
This hour's need. Do thou make more intense
Our zeal for souls.
May visions go beyond to regions dark
Where vile sin's curse has deeply left her mark,
Severe her tolls.

Help us to hear the voice of greatest need,
From Moslem lands, deluded by false creed
And hopes more frail.
Two hundred million souls await us there.
For this great work do thou our lives prepare;
Let us not fail.

The Crescent long has been a dangerous foe,
Has spread its blighting presence, unmeasured woe
Has ever brought.

Send us, O Lord, thy jewels to gather in,
Thy matchless love to tell, for long has sin
Her havoc wrought.

O purge each heart, we pray, of all its dross.
Make us more worthy bearers of thy cross,
O task esteemed!
For us no charm may earth's vain pleasures hold;
True joy be found in bringing to thy fold
Thine own redeemed.

We'll need thee, Lord, our helper ever near,
To face the dangers grave without a fear,
Though demons lurk.
Our hands we place in thine with trust and love,
With steady aim to go, eyes fixed above,
To thy great work.

Why I Believe in Missions

VOLGA B. JACOBSON

ON Sabbath afternoon, when I was but a child, my mother used to gather brother, sister, and me around her and read to us from the *INSTRUCTOR* and *Little Friend*, and from books containing interesting accounts of the lives of the missionaries and workers in the far-away heathen lands. How wonderful it seemed to us to hear of the great sacrifices of Livingstone, Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, and all the others! But still more wonderful was the fact that they found so much joy in working for the needy people of those lands. It was with open-eyed wonder that we listened to the stories of the daring deeds of the pioneer workers, and we were much delighted when we could see the pictures of these missionaries or their children.

I remember many of these stories well, but there was one that gave me a deep interest in the work of the heathen fields. It was an account which a little girl had written of her trip across the broad blue ocean when with her mother and father she had gone as a little missionary. She told of the many new and strange things she had seen on the way, and then she described vividly the little yellow boys and girls that were waiting for the light of the gospel. How happy they were when they heard about Jesus, and how their little voices rang out in the strains of "Jesus loves me! this I know," when they had learned to sing!

I also heard much talk in Sabbath school about the missionaries, and was eager to save my pennies, nickels, and dimes to help spread the gospel of Christ to all in far-away lands. Therefore I have always believed in missions; but since I have grown older I have tried to answer more definitely the question, Why do I believe in foreign missions? In doing so I have arrived at the following conclusions:

First, I know that it is the purpose of God to make himself known to all his creatures. When we become Christians, we naturally assume his purpose, and see the need of spreading the light of Christ into all the world.

Second, the fact that we have the light and knowledge of Christ above all others should be a great incentive in our lives to extend these beams of light to those less fortunate. It would be selfishness indeed

for us to accept all these blessings and feel no burden for others. The great law of life is to live and give. Without giving, we ourselves would soon become like the stagnant water.

Third, we find in the countries not enlightened, and without the gospel of Christ, that they have no knowledge of medical science. Their blind, dumb, and maimed wander about the streets until they die. They have no asylums for the mental sufferers, and they run about the country in their wild way until death claims them. Nothing of any avail is done for them. Of course, a great many of the heathen believe that evil spirits cause these conditions, and most of them wear charms to drive away the spirits. Others torture themselves, trying to appease the anger of their gods against them. We need to send our means and missionaries to teach them how to live and how to care for their living temples. When these people learn of the true God who is so willing to heal them of all their diseases, both spiritual and physical, their gratitude knows no bounds, and they become sincere and earnest workers for the Lord.

Fourth, we have the commission of Christ: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Again, we have the precious promise in Matthew: "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; then shall the end come."

A T'sak's Idea of God

WE were on a boat that was slowly steaming up the muddy waters of the Yangtze to the interior of China. The pirates who so often plundered these boats had spared us, and our pilot had successfully evaded the shifting sand bars that so frequently menace the traveler. Altogether our trip was quite uneventful except for an incident that occurred on board our boat.

A T'sak, a native from the steerage, was caught stealing money from one of the first-class cabins. The captain of the ship learned of the theft, and brought the thief for trial. As was the Chinese custom, before the trial the thief was beaten severely so that at the trial he would not dare tell anything but the truth.

¹ Read as part of a special program given by the Moslem Mission Study Group.

When the thief was questioned about the matter, he replied that he had not come on board the boat to steal, but was returning to his home. However, the god that he carried with him would not cease from telling him that there was money in a certain first-class cabin and he must go and get it. The captain thought the best thing to do in this case was to remove the cause by relieving the thief of his god. At this the thief filled the saloon with noise and uproar. We wondered if it was not time to get out.

A T'sak saw that this wild protest was all for naught, and tried to reason with the captain, saying: "This god cost me money and time. I bought it and put an insect in it, and when the insect died, its spirit went into the god. I then knew that the god was alive, so I fed it sweetmeats and delicacies and talked to it. It was a very stubborn god. It would not answer my questions until I starved it, and then it would not always answer me, so I had to teach it more. It took me a long time to coach it, and now are you going to take it away from me? I will swear not to steal another thing on this ship if you will give it back to me."

Of course, T'sak lost both the money and the god in spite of his protests.

This professional thief had so mesmerized himself that he was under complete control of an evil spirit working through this idol. Think of a conception of God as one who will aid in wrong-doing and gaining selfish ends! Then think of how often we as Christians neglect prayer until we get into close straits; or if we do pray, it is for selfish interests. If our prayers are only for the advancement and benefit of ourselves, is our conception of God any higher than that of the ignorant heathen?

STANLEY ANDERSON.

What South America Needs

DOWN in a little town between two great mountain ranges, on the Peruvian coast of South America, stands my home. I can picture it now, built in the old colonial style. It is where I used to play, and where I learned to pray.

I recall one particular afternoon when my mother showed me the pictures of heaven, purgatory, and hell, and after she had finished her explanation I was filled with fear and stood before the altar trembling at that mysterious thought. I decided to be true to the saints, and from that very day I began to burn a candle every night to my favorite saint, the Virgin of Perpetual Mercy. I hoped that she might intercede for me and deliver me from the terrible torment of purgatory and hell.

For seventeen years my life was given to the worship of saints, but God delivered me from the power of darkness, from a religion that for a time may seem to be true, but later becomes only a tremendous burden. The increase of knowledge and the breaking up of the ancient molds of thought produce a widespread feeling of uncertainty, and the time comes when people do not care at all for religion. This is why eighty-five per cent of the educated class of South America are infidels.

Every time my mind goes back to my homeland I can see the country still,—remote, serene, and untouched by the hurry of the world. When Pizarro's companions determined to leave him in one of the northern islands, he said to them, after drawing a line on the ground: "This road to the north leads to poverty, while this to the south leads to prosperity."

Many great financiers are finding this to be true today, and they are going down to South America to develop the activities of commercialism. But commercialism is not South America's greatest need. The need of South America is the gospel of Jesus Christ, the true religion that completes human life.

The world appreciates the opportunities that South America is offering, and no one can doubt that soon she will be the center of the world's colonization. Thousands upon thousands will go there seeking rubber, gold, and silver, but none of them will take the gospel which has power to transform the life of every human being. May many survey the promised land, and give, send, and go to save those millions of people that are deceived, as I was, by their religion and superstitions. I trust what I have said may find an echo in the hearts of all who love their fellow men, and who long for that day when our Lord shall return to this bleeding and exhausted world.

ELIAS CHUQUIYURA.

On Schedule Time

ON the morning my friend and I had planned to start on our journey, we raised the shade to find the sun high up the eastern sky. Dorothy looked at the clock and said excitedly, "It is only thirty minutes until our train leaves!"

We walked hurriedly and arrived at the station just as a loud shriek of the whistle warned us of the approach of the train. A glance at the clock showed that the train had arrived on schedule time.

In a few moments we were seated comfortably on the train. I sat nearest the window. My mind wandered here and there, as I looked out at the swiftly changing scenery. I watched the engine circling around the bend, sending up volumes of smoke, and racing on proudly toward its destination.

I turned to my companion and remarked, "Did you ever think what careful planning it must take to have a train run on advertised time? It does not wait to go when somebody wants it to go, on a whim or notion, but it goes out as scheduled."

"That is true. Just like some people, isn't it? You know there are some upon whom you can always rely, and others you may depend on only when they take a notion to act; and there are still others that—well, you can depend on it they won't act at all. I wonder which class we are in."

The engine crept slowly along as we crossed the switches, nearing a station.

"Look!" said I, "we are passing the yards where they repair the engines. I suppose our engine went through a similar process last night while we slept. You see, each engine is overhauled and made ready and tried out to see that everything is in good running order before starting on a trip."

"By the way," said Dorothy, "that is suggestive. Do you know we could save energy if we took time to plan or prepare our work the night before, or at least the first thing in the morning? I believe work would be more interesting and more could be accomplished, with some time left from each day for recreation, if we should decide beforehand what to do or where to go, and what preparations were necessary."

"But it seems to me that is mostly theory! You know things do not always happen as scheduled."

"Well, the same thing is true with the train. If a bridge is down, or if the train should run into a freight wreck, the engineer is not responsible for

such a calamity. He will do the best he can under the circumstances."

"I believe you are right! Plan your work and work your plan! The unexpected obstacle is one that we must handle as best we are able. Though we cannot foretell its coming or its nature, we can meet it calmly; and if there is a wreck ahead on our line, we can get out and help clean up the wreckage!"

FLORA VOGAN.

Evening Reveries

How sweet the tide of memory
This eve my heart o'erflows,
The tiny ripples play a song
Which only fancy knows.

The fairy lights are twinkling high,
And bright with pretty lore
Their mirrored faces in the lake
Are beaming toward the shore.

Beneath, the modest violets
Are crowding close in love,
Their sweetness wafted on the breeze
That rocks the boughs above.

The rugged peaks rise high against
The heaven's spangled dome,
The deep pines tooth their silent forms
And claim them as their home.

The twilight hours have lulled to sleep
Each birdling in its nest;
Their songs of praise have died away,
And nature's gone to rest.

A holy calm falls as the dew
That wets the grassy sod —
A touch of that sweet influence
That whispers thoughts of God.

LOTTIE WESTERMAYER.

King Arthur and the Round Table

SOME students of history believe that King Arthur was a mythical person, about whom a cluster of romantic legends have gathered. It is, however, generally accepted today that the real Arthur was an ancient warrior, half Roman and half British, who was a great general, but never a king. He was born toward the end of the fifth century, and was the nephew of Ambrosius Aurelianus, a Roman general.

At the time the Saxons were sweeping across Britain toward the west, Arthur seems to have begun his military career by helping his uncle fight the Saxons. When the Romans withdrew from Britain, he was made a kind of protector, and had a roving commission to defend the island whenever it was attacked. He led his men in many conflicts, and was killed at the battle of Camlan. He was buried at Glastonbury, and a story is told of how in the days of Henry II, his body was dug up. A large stone was found at the depth of several feet, to which was fastened a cross of lead with a Latin inscription. A few feet deeper Arthur's body was found in the trunk of a tree, and his beautiful wife was lying beside him, with her long golden hair flowing about her. His skull showed ten wounds, all healed except the one of which he died.

So much for the real Arthur. The ideal King Arthur was a heroic figure of interest and poetic charm. He was the very embodiment of chivalry. His deeds have been celebrated in Welsh, Briton, and old Norman romance in poetic chronicles beginning with the myths and legends recorded and sung by minstrels of his own time, and continuing down through the ages until the present day.

It is hard for us to tell how, when, and where the

mythical tales of Arthur and his knights began. Many of us have been led to think Alfred Tennyson, in his "Idylls of the King," had a great deal to do with their development. Yet those who wonder that way will often be bewildered and confused, for Tennyson, who drew his stories in the main from Sir Thomas Malory's chronicles, added much that was his own. Tennyson's tales, exquisite in verse as they are, cannot be accepted as authentic legend. We must go back of Tennyson, back of Sir Thomas Malory, for the true Arthurian lore. The writers that built up the Arthurian romances fall into three classes: bards, chroniclers, and romancers; or, the men who sang, the men who historified, and the men who invented.

According to legend, Arthur, the son of Uther Pendragon and Igera, was born in the Castle of Tintagel. Merlin immediately carried him away and gave him to the care of Sir Hector, who brought him up with his own son. Upon the death of Uther, Merlin brought young Arthur forward to establish his right to the kingdom. He was taken into the great church in London, and led to a block of stone, in which the sword Excalibur was held fast. If Arthur succeeded in drawing the sword from the rock, he would be regarded the rightful heir to the throne.

Arthur performed this task, and therefore became king. Arthur chose Guinevere, daughter of the King Leodegraunce, of the land of Camelyard, for wife. Guinevere is described as the most beautiful woman in Britain, and as coming from a noble Roman family. Robert de Barron also tells us that "Merlin warned the king privily that Guinevere was not wholesome for him to take to wife, and that Lancelot should love her and she him again." Nevertheless, Arthur sent for Guinevere, and they were wedded with great solemnity, at Camelot in the church of St. Stevens.

We have all heard more or less about the Round Table, and we always read about it with interest. Layamon states that a skilled workman came mysteriously to Arthur at Cornwall and offered to make a great table for him and his knights. This was completed in four weeks. Each knight had his particular seat, and there was one vacant place called "the siege perilous" (the perilous seat), because it was fatal for any one to sit in it except the knight who was destined to find the Holy Grail. The seat was mysteriously reserved for Sir Galahad.

The Knights of the Round Table were personal attendants of King Arthur, and were permanently attached to his service. They sat at the Round Table in perfect equality and were served alike.

Thus goes the story of this the brave King Arthur. He had a mysterious ending, too, for he was taken up in a little boat on a calm lake, and was never seen again.

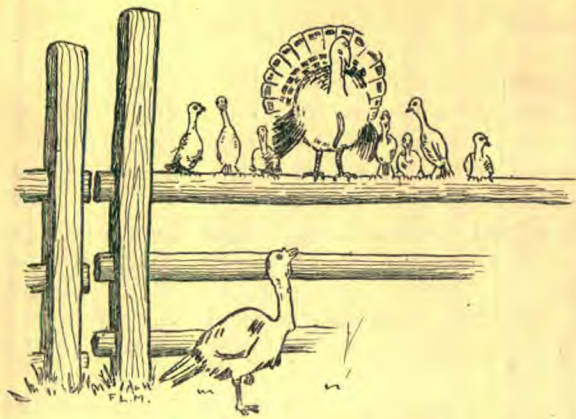
GRACE MEYERS.

The Larger Prayer

A Sonnet

A MOMENT'S pause in the bloody battle's raging;
The silence of cannon's fiery pour of death;
A hush of propeller's whiz and hum o'er hearth
Of innocent child and mother; — a different staging.
For years hath blood as winter's waters flowed
Down from the merciless peaks of autocracy's height
Into the vale of sorrow, misery, and blight,
Till Justice Supreme his staying hand he showed.
For peace, oh God, we thank thee! A billion voices
Utter the prayer of gratitude, love, and praise
That thou didst check the enemy's power and craze,
For thine own sake, — and all the earth rejoices.
Lord of heaven, reveal thy chosen way,
Else peace be lost and death once more hold sway.

VERNON EDWARDS HENDERSHOT.



A Broken-Hearted Turkey

(A True Story)

MRS. TURKEY had made a snug nest in the wood-pile for her pretty, large, speckled eggs. For seven days she had felt the eggs grow warmer as they pressed against her beating heart. Only three weeks more, and she would be the proud mother of nine little turkeys. Her hopes ran high, but one morning she returned from her hasty breakfast to find Mr. Gobbler seated comfortably on her nest. She walked around close by as if gently to suggest to him, "I appreciate your care during my absence, but now I am back." But Mr. Gobbler sat unmoved, like a king upon his throne. Every gentle persuasion our little queen could devise having failed, she sat down close beside him.

The rancher's wife became alarmed and thought to remove the usurper. "Who ever heard of a gobbler hatching turkey eggs!" she said. However, her husband persuaded her that it was worth running the risk of spoiling a setting of eggs to see what Mr. Gobbler would do. During the next three weeks the sun in its course was not more constant than he. It seemed that he never spared time to eat. The mother turkey walked around the yard most of the time, and ate well, but often resumed her position by his side.

The reward came at last, as it comes to all who persevere with patience, and seven bright little turks chirped after their daddy. He had grown thin during his three weeks of sitting, and was active now in his search for bugs and grasshoppers. He was often heard calling his flock to a fruitful harvest with his heavy "gobble gobble." The little mother followed the family, and tried to attract their attention with her gentle "turk, turk," but the husky little youngsters did not know her voice, and ran the harder after Father Gobbler. Although he was not harsh to Mrs. Turkey, yet he ignored her entirely. At night he roosted on the barnyard gate with the seven turks, and she flew upon the fence near by.

All summer Father Gobbler tended his flock with admirable fatherly care, and just as faithfully and lovingly she followed close by, only to be unobserved by her dear ones. Disappointment and the sense of neglect was too much for the mother heart, and on a bright afternoon she drooped her wings and died.

BIRDIE RITER.

Turtles: Their Habits and Mine

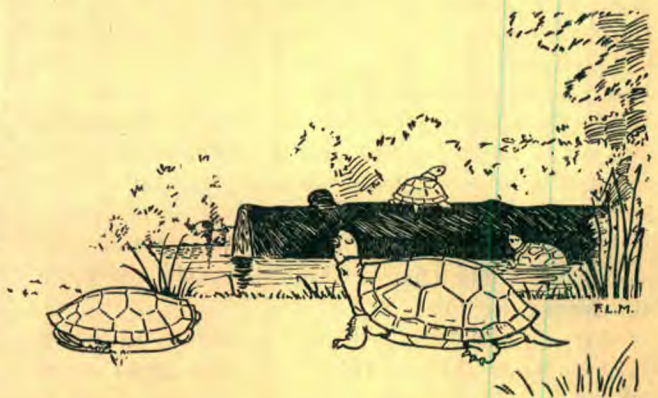
CARL MOCK

TURTLES have habits which are not altogether peculiar to themselves. The first of these which I shall consider is their speed. "O," you say, "but the turtle is so slow!" Yes, 'tis true, but so am I. It takes the turtle a long time to reach his goal because he travels so slowly. I am perhaps just as slow about reaching my goal. Not that I travel so slowly when going, but that I fail to go.

The turtle is thrown about by thoughtless boys, or played upon by some restless puppy that is courting his master's favor. Yet he disregards all these obstacles, and has no disposition to retaliate. He is soon seen stalking forth as bravely as ever, and eventually reaches his goal. I, when tossed about by others, getting my feelings ruffed up and losing my bearings a time or two, seek revenge and retaliation, become discouraged, and perhaps exhaust all the energies of my friends in their efforts to put me on my feet and start me going again. Like the turtle when he is thrown about, I am farther from my goal than ever; but nine to one I have less courage with which to renew the struggle.

We do not think of the turtle as being proud. It is hard to conceive of a reason why he should be. Yet when we come suddenly and unobservedly into an opening in the woods or a lone place in the road and happen to see a turtle, or perhaps two or three, stalking about with their heads high and conspicuous, we are led to think they have the necessary qualifications. When one suddenly steps out among them, their heads are lowered, they recoil within their shells, and for the time being an air of modesty replaces that of pride. I find within myself the same tendency.

How often, when under certain elating circumstances, I raise myself as high as possible from earth and stalk about in a very conspicuous manner. I seem to have been transferred from just an ordinary position to one that is most high and lifted up. I think that certainly none could have the audacity to enter my realm without first prostrating himself and going through the proper ceremonies. Suddenly a change takes place. I come in contact with a person who towers head and shoulders above me. A few turns of his hand, a little display of his just common, ordinary abilities, and I recoil within my own little shell as unobserved as possible. There I am content to remain until this "lord of creation" has disappeared from my own immediate circle. Then, like the turtle, I again raise my head in a haughty, conspicuous attitude. The difference in the two is the unnaturalness on my part, while the turtle exhibits his perfectly natural habits.



I am prone to look with contempt upon the turtle because of his habits of life. He is content to crawl about in the dirt. He is incapable of seeing anything except his immediate surroundings. If he gets in my path I give him a contemptuous kick. But when I look at myself, with my own habits and inclinations, in view of the great opportunities which are mine, in view of the privilege of moving in a greater circle and of living above the dust and filth of earth, I am led to wonder just what beings of a higher order than I must think of me. My contempt for the turtle vanishes.

Afloat on an Ice Cake

BOYS, it is a long time since I had the fun of seeing the ice go out; what do you say to taking a run down to the river to see the ice breaking up?" said Chris Crawford, who was just back from sunny California, and was visiting Minnesota friends.

"All right! Come on!" said his three friends. Whereupon hats, coats, and rubbers were secured, and all four started for the Cedar River. It was early spring, and the stream was filled with blocks of floating ice. The swift current carried the ice rapidly down the center of the stream. The ice along the edge appeared to be firm and solid.

Upon reaching the river a long-drawn-out whistle from Walt, a twinkle in Bill's eye, and an "O boys!" from Joe, meant that there was excitement ahead. Never had the boys seen the current so swift nor the ice blocks so numerous. Walt, who was the eldest of the boys and then eighteen, was accustomed to this sport. He was daring, too. So he was the first to venture out. He landed on a large floating cake of ice, which was soon shared by Joe. As they glided downstream, they called back to the other boys, "Come on, this is sport!"

Bill had taken his place on a stationary block, which he was trying to loosen with a large stick. At the same time he urged Chris to get on with him before it started down the stream. Chris, who was not used to such daring sport, hesitated. He, however, ventured out on what seemed to be solid ice. It broke, and he gave a leap which landed him just where Bill wished him to be—on his cake of ice. The sudden jar loosened their raft, and they were sent into the midst of the swirling stream.

Soon they reached a bend in the river. Here they saw the other two boys. "Hey, fellows! What seems to be the trouble? Are you stalled? Jump on with us! Always room for more!" shouted Bill. But there was no time for this. The swift current carried Bill and his companion down the stream at a dizzy rate.

Not until they had gone almost a mile did they think that the dam was not far distant. At this thought Bill's face grew pale with fear. He hardly dared look at Chris, for he felt sure there would be no encouragement written on his face. Bill himself had absolutely none to offer, but determined to make the best of it. With an attempt at cheerfulness he ventured, "Wouldn't mind if we had been stalled at the bend, too; this is fun and plenty of it."

"Yes, and you lost the stick you had, didn't you?" said Chris. The chatter of his teeth showed plainly the feeling within.

"O it wouldn't have helped much anyway!—but say, we must do something and that right quick." This fact was not hard to realize, for just ahead was

the dreaded dam and nothing in sight to save them from going over.

"What shall we do?" said Chris in terror.

Bill, who had a resourceful mind when he came to a crisis, said, "Just before we get there we shall have to sit down and see if we can brace our feet against the dam to keep us from going over."

"I'm afraid the water is so high there won't be much of a chance to do that," said Chris with a shudder.

Just then the block was suddenly caught in the edge of a whirlpool, and they were sent toward the western bank of the river.

In the meantime Walt and Joe had followed the bank in a vain effort to keep in sight of the boys. But it was slow progress. They slipped along through the slush, jumped slippery logs, and crawled through fences. Not getting a glimpse of the boys as they ran on, they began to feel much frightened.

"I hope they haven't gone over the dam," remarked Walt with traces of misgiving in his tone.

"It is about time for them to be there now if they haven't been able to steer for shore. Look! I see something just this side of the dam. It looks like them."

In the dusk, two forms could be seen on a whirling cake of ice which was heading its way toward their side of the bank.

As the block crashed against the bank, Bill jumped. He landed high and dry on the solid ground. With his jump the ice block and Chris were started back into the stream. Chris jumped, however, and landed, but not on the bank. He scrambled for shore, and came out wet to the knees.

Chris's wet feet told part of the story, and the home folks guessed the rest, but refrained from offering any rebuke, as the serious faces of the boys showed that they had already learned a valuable lesson. After supper and family worship, the boys went to their room. The silent prayers that ascended to God when Bill and Chris knelt by their bed that night were full of gratitude. Long after the house was quiet the boys lay awake. Bill broke the silence by saying,

"Chris, I am very thankful to God for his protection over us today, when we were so careless and took our lives in our own hands. I have resolved to be more careful in the future."

"I will, too, with God's help," answered Chris.

With these good resolves the boys soon fell asleep.

GRACE ROSENTHAL.

Her Father's Wish

THE cool shadows of late afternoon fell across the abandoned old skid road. The damp smell of green ferns and mosses came from the dusky undergrowth of the woods. The alert eyes of a young girl wandered with pleased curiosity over the mountain landscape. Presently her attention was arrested by the sharp barking of a squirrel which had scampered up a tree trunk and sat saucily eying the intruder. She playfully raised her gun and sent such an echo through the treetops that the little fellow was more enraged than ever. He ascended to a higher branch and fairly shrieked forth his indignation at the presence of what he thought might be a rival for the proprietorship of this magnificent old tree.

The young traveler came into a clearing, and retraced her steps to the log cabin at the foot of the mountain road.

Helen Bryce was spending one of the most unique vacations of all her seventeen years. Although left motherless at the age of four, she had gathered through the lapse of years a variety of interesting experiences. Just now she was visiting her father at his homestead in the Canadian Rockies. They had seen little of each other since her mother's death.

The homestead cabin, fitted snugly against the protecting hill slope, lay basking in the sun like the small cubs and hedgehogs that people the rough mountain sides in summer.

The old man looked up as she passed breathlessly into the low-ceiled kitchen and put away her gun.

"You didn't see anything today?" he queried, humorously.

"No, I wasn't looking for game, father, but I saw a new kind of squirrel that was worth going five miles to see. Did Harry go after the mail? Nothing for me?"

Absorbed in thought, she began to prepare supper. The old man leaned back in his chair and picked up the newspaper that had fallen from his hand. His eyes were following the movements of his daughter.

"Your mother was the best housekeeper in the country," he said reminiscently. "I remember—" and the childish mind lapsed into a meandering account of the old home and neighborhood of Helen's early childhood.

She was always alert to these little suggestions concerning the mother whose face she could not recall. The father seldom mentioned her, and in spite of Helen's tactful efforts to draw him out, he would only talk delightedly of the friends and acquaintances of his youth.

The days of that serene summer passed quietly away, spent in the full, rich companionship of wooded hills and the troop of comrades, glad or gay, that dwelt between the covers of her books. Happy in the thought of keeping forever the memory of this beautiful summer, Helen talked of her return to school, and of the time when, after having finished her course, she would go forth to serve the Master. Her father answered only in slow monosyllables these unsuspecting appeals for him to join her in her gladness.

One day as she came home from a rambling trip, tired, yet full of the fresh glow of mountain sun and breeze, she heard her father's voice behind the neat pile of winter firewood. Arrested by the sound of her name, she stole nearer.

"Oh, I'd be happy, Lord, if she could—if she could just stay—but you have first claim and I'll let her go. She will serve you faithfully, just as did her mother. But oh, my God, I want to die up here on this homestead, and be buried in these mountains as was Moses of the old Book!"

Helen moved dazedly away and went, she knew not where. Anywhere to be alone and away from human eye or voice—alone with her thoughts. Could it be that the life she had planned should be so unselfish, had missed its aim and lost its way? And so she prayed for guidance, for strength to make the sacrifice. She sent no word of her trouble to the sympathizing sister who lived away on the other side of her beloved mountains. But with firm decision, as they talked together in the quiet of a warm summer evening, she told her father of her new plan, of how she had come to love this wild country, and of how her life would expand in its soothing atmosphere. She had no strength to meet the well-meant protests. She

arose and wandered away to the little shrine among the quivering poplars.

If the summer had been beautiful, the early fall was grand. The shortening summer days brought with them the rugged richness of autumn dyes in sunset, in mountain side, and in the misty veil that hung over the river at twilight. The small animals of the woods were either storing away a winter's food supply or searching a snug place for their long nap.

"Two letters from Iris!" announced Helen delightedly at the close of one day.

"Let's have them read, Helen," urged the father.

But Helen needed no invitation. Hastily scanning the page, she gave a merry shout and pounced upon the astonished old man with hugs and caresses.

"She's coming to spend the whole year with you father! A whole year! Says the doctor has ordered a change, and she's coming up here to live among these beloved mountains and let them bring back her lost vitality; and the baby is coming along, and, oh, won't this be the happiest, noisiest, blessedest place in the world?"

The homestead never looked so appealing in all its short life as when on a mid-autumn morning, Helen took her last survey of the familiar surroundings. Iris, already fresh and happy, was feeding the little brown puppies their breakfast. Grandfather, with small Bobby on his knees, sat in the lawn chair out under the trees, singing the "big doggie" song, which the baby called for loudly whenever the music stopped. In another hour the huge old freight would take Helen past the homestead scenes away toward the South, there to learn more fully that "Thou hast heard the desire of the humble."

MARIAN HEYWOOD.

Fireside Chats

O MISS GRAYLORD, won't you talk to us on personality, Saturday night, at our fireside chat?"

"Won't you talk on something more practical than that? Tell us how to conduct ourselves in all positions and under all conditions, please; I think that is the most important."

"Well, I think we need some information on ideals. Some of the girls need it, I am sure."

"O you dear freshmen!" laughed Miss Graylord, the preceptress, who had worked with girls for years and knew them like a book. "I shall talk to you on almost everything before the year is over, but our first chat will probably not be on any one of the subjects you have mentioned. I think we shall talk about service the first time."

The girls were a little disappointed. "I suppose she will put on a long face and tell us we should be missionaries to the heathen, and I suppose we should," said the first speaker as they went to their rooms.

"Fireside chats" were very interesting to the girls who had been in school before, and the new students were eager to learn what they would be like. They were little chats held with "just girls," to learn to know in a practical way the things which matter most in life. The girls had long ago learned that the only time for this was on Saturday nights at nine forty-five, after the social hour.

When the night came, it was largely curiosity that brought the new students to Miss Graylord's parlor for the chat. Beside the glowing fireplace stood a bunch of long, sharp sticks with some bags of marshmallows near.

"Help yourselves, girls, and find yourselves seats on the floor," said Miss Graylord as she lighted the candles and turned out the electric lights.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?"
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?"

sang the youthful voices. Then they sang "Juanita" as they toasted their marshmallows on the sticks. As the five candles burned low, one of the girls started, "Blest be the tie that binds," and the rest joined in thoughtfully.

"After all, it is the little things that count," began Miss Graylord. "It is the little opportunities that come to us each day which we can accept or reject. The things may not all be pleasant, but they are opportunities just the same. They are opportunities sent by God to develop our characters. If we are big enough women, we shall grasp these opportunities and develop into still bigger and better women. If we are not big enough to grasp the opportunity, we shall let it go to some one else who will get the development that might have been ours. It may be to give only a cheerful smile or a kind word to a fellow student or a teacher. It may be to put something in place which we see out of place in the house.

"We never know in what way opportunities may come. Sometimes very dear friends have to be separated. This is an opportunity if taken in the right way. It gives them an opportunity to make other friends which they might never have made otherwise. We can never have too many friends. We can never know people too well. It is a fine thing to be able to read Virgil and Homer, to know trigonometry and calculus, but it is a much finer thing to know humanity."

"Do we have to associate with everybody?" asked a freshman.

"No, we do not have to associate with anybody. We have the opportunity to associate and be friends with a great many people. Christ was a friend to many, but had only a few confidants. I think it is good to follow his example."

"Don't you really think it is a good thing to associate with some one who has standing? I think it helps so much," said one girl.

"If you are weak, yes. If you are a king or a queen, you may associate with beggars and still keep your royal qualities. If you are truly great, you may walk with kings and not lose the common touch.

"But it is bedtime, girls, and we shall have many more chats, so save your questions and we can come and discuss them together." HAVA PAUSTIAN.

Light to the Blind

(Concluded from page five)

is high, and many of the blind are unable to afford it for themselves, the magazine is sent free to all who desire it. The circulation is now about 4,200. Among its readers is Helen Keller, who expresses her appreciation of the "cheery, stimulating spirit of the magazine." The Government also assists, in that it carries literature for the blind through the mails free. The *Christian Record* has taken advantage of this, and established a free circulating library containing copies of the Bible and some of our denominational books.

Thus those who sit in darkness are receiving light, and among the blind are many who are anxiously awaiting the time when their eyes shall be opened to behold Christ in his glory.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

I WAS very much interested in your answer to K. M. in the INSTRUCTOR of April 22. I am sure the question of attending commencement exercises and such gatherings is a real test to our young people. I judge from K. M.'s letter that she and her friend will stand firm for principle. But I know that many do not. The question in my mind is, Should our young people be in the high schools of the world? You said nothing about that phase of the question.

D. V. O.

I am glad you have asked this question, for I should like to talk very seriously to all our young people who are attending, or who contemplate attending high school. Not only is there often false teaching in the classroom, but some of the ideals that are constantly held before the young people are not the ideals that should control the lives of the Adventist youth. Then there are questions like the one referred to, that are constantly coming up. And, as indicated in K. M.'s letter, many fail to stand the test. Our young people should be in our own schools unless they have a reason otherwise that they know God approves. I hope that all our young people will read the Christian Education Symposium number of the *Review and Herald*, dated April 17, 1919.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VIII — Sanctification

(May 24)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Abstain from all appearance of evil. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." 1 Thess. 5: 22-24.

LESSON STUDY: "Steps to Christ," chapter "Growing Up into Christ."

Questions

1. What was the apostle Paul's prayer for the believers? What condition did he evidently regard as meeting this petition? 1 Thess. 5: 22, 23. Notes 1, 2.
2. What experience marks the beginning of sanctification? 1 Cor. 6: 11.
3. What twofold experience accompanies sanctification? 2 Peter 3: 18. Note 3.
4. What progressive change takes place under sanctification? 2 Cor. 3: 18.
5. What will the Lord be able to do at his coming to all who are received by him? 1 Thess. 3: 13; 4: 1.
6. How is this perfect holiness obtained? 2 Cor. 7: 1.
7. When will the work of sanctification be finished? 1 John 3: 2; 1 Thess. 3: 13.
8. By whom is the work of sanctification accomplished? 1 Thess. 5: 23, 24.
9. What was Jesus willing to suffer for us? Heb. 13: 12.
10. What human agencies has God provided for the upbuilding and perfecting of believers? Eph. 4: 11-15.
11. What three things are necessary on our part? John 17: 17; 2 Thess. 2: 13; 1 Peter 1: 22. Note 4.
12. What will be our experience if we walk in the Spirit? Gal. 5: 16, 17.
13. What fruits will be seen in the life of one who walks in the Spirit? Verses 22, 23.

14. What other gifts accompany sanctification? How must we act in order to secure sanctification, with all that goes with it? 1 Cor. 1:30, 31.

15. What condition of perfection is at last reached? 2 Cor. 7:1. Note 5.

16. What inheritance is the reward of those who are sanctified? Acts 26:18.

Notes

1. Webster defines sanctification as "the act or process of God's grace by which the affections of men are purified, or alienated from sin and the world, and exalted to a supreme love to God; also, the state of being thus purified."

Our words "sanctuary," "sanctum," "sanctum sanctorum," all come from the same root as "sanctify" or "sanctification." The thought in all three words is that of holiness or consecration to a sacred use.

A sanctum is a room reserved for personal use, a place of retreat from the distracting activities and intruding cares of life. A sanctum sanctorum is a room strictly private; the word means "holy of holies," and it is sometimes applied to the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary.

Our word "asylum," though not having the same root form, has the same root meaning, "a sanctuary, or place of refuge and protection, where criminals and debtors found shelter, and from which they could not be forcibly taken without sacrilege."

When we experience sanctification, our lives are not only emptied of evil and cleansed from sin, but they are filled with God, dedicated or set apart solely for his use. Our hearts become the "sanctum sanctorum" of the Spirit of God, and God in turn becomes our asylum, or shelter and protection, our "sanctum sanctorum" from the enemy.

2. "The life that Christ lived in this world, men and women can live, through his power and under his instruction. In their conflict with Satan, they may have all the help that he had. They may be more than conquerors through him who loved them and gave himself for them. The lives of professing Christians who do not live the Christ-life are a mockery to religion. Every one whose name is registered on the church roll is under obligation to represent Christ by revealing the inward adorning of a meek and quiet spirit. They are to be his witnesses, making known the advantages of walking and working as Christ has given them example. The truth for this time is to appear in its power in the lives of those who believe it, and is to be imparted to the world. Believers are to represent in their lives its power to sanctify and ennoble."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. IX, p. 22.

3. "The work of transformation from unholiness to holiness is a continuous one. Day by day God labors for man's sanctification, and man is to co-operate with him, putting forth persevering efforts in the cultivation of right habits. He is to add grace to grace; and as he thus works on the plan of addition, God works for him on the plan of multiplication. Our Saviour is always ready to hear and answer the prayer of the contrite heart, and grace and peace are multiplied to his faithful ones. Gladly he grants them the blessings they need in their struggle against the evils that beset them."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 532.

4. "Consecrate yourself to God in the morning; make this your very first work. Let your prayer be: 'Take me, O Lord, as wholly thine. I lay all my plans at thy feet. Use me today in thy service. Abide with me, and let all my work be wrought in thee.' This is a daily matter. Each morning consecrate yourself to God for that day. Surrender all your plans to him, to be carried out or given up as his providence shall indicate. Thus day by day you may be giving your life into the hands of God, and thus your life will be molded more and more after the life of Christ."—*Steps to Christ*, pp. 74, 75.

5. In justification the righteousness of Christ is imputed to the believer in full measure, so that in him the justified soul is perfect. That, however, is only the beginning of the new life. Not only must the perfect righteousness of God be imputed through faith in Christ, but it must be imparted, or woven into the warp and woof of our character in sanctification, — that is, in the daily Christian life, as described in Galatians 2:20. Compare also Rom. 5:8-10.

Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord."

Questions

1. When David was fleeing for his life from Saul, what question did he ask of Jonathan? How did they plan to find out if Saul intended to harm David? 1 Sam. 20:1, 5, 6.

2. How did Jonathan plan to warn his friend of danger? Verses 18-22.

3. At the feast who sat at the king's table? Who was missing? When did Saul inquire for David? What excuse did Jonathan make for David's absence? Verses 24-29. Note 1.

4. What effect did Jonathan's words have upon the king? What did he say about the kingdom's being established upon Jonathan? What did Saul's anger lead him to do? What effect did this have upon Jonathan? Verses 30-34. Note 2.

5. The next morning how did Jonathan give the warning to David? Verses 35-42. Note 3.

6. Where did David first seek refuge? Who joined themselves unto him at the cave? 1 Sam. 22:1, 2. Note 4.

7. Later when David and his men were in hiding in another cave, what did Saul do? When Saul unknowingly entered the cave, what did David's men urge him to do? In the darkness of the cave what was David able to do without Saul's knowing it? 1 Sam. 24:1-5.

8. After Saul had gone on, what did David do? What did David say to Saul? Verses 9-11.

9. What effect did David's words have upon Saul? How did he acknowledge his wrong? What did he say he knew concerning the kingdom? Where did Saul then go? Verses 16-22.

10. Whose death was Israel now called to mourn? 1 Sam. 25:1. Note 5.

11. After a few months what did Saul again seek to do? When David saw that Saul was again seeking his life, where did he go? Who went with him into the camp of Saul? 1 Sam. 26:2-6.

12. What opportunity did David again have to destroy his enemy? What did David say to what his friend advised? What evidence did they leave of their presence by the side of the sleeping king? Verses 7-12.

13. How did David then make himself known? How did he reproach Saul's great general Abner? Verses 13-16.

14. Before Abner could reply who answered? What did he say? What respectful reply did David make? How did David then plead with Saul? Verses 17-20.

15. What did Saul acknowledge? How was his spear returned to the king? Where did Saul then return? Verses 21-25.

16. How did Saul and Jonathan each meet death? Where were they buried? 1 Sam. 31:1-6, 12, 13.

Something to Think About

What trait in Saul's character ruined his whole life?
How did David continually show faith in God's word?

Notes

1. "At the new moon feast 'the chief table was arranged for four, the king's place being near the wall farthest from the door, his son's on the right, the great general Abner's on the left, and David's opposite. On Abner's entrance, Jonathan arose, as if to do honor to this respected chieftain, and took David's seat facing the king. The move was made in order that Saul might be induced the readier to notice and comment upon the absence of one of the guests, and thus relieve his son's anxiety for the fate of his friend.'—*Deane*."

"Saul had evidently watched for the opportunity which the new moon's festival would offer to destroy his hated rival."—*Edersheim*.

2. "Then Saul reminded Jonathan that David was as much his rival as he was rival of the king, and Jonathan was foolishly destroying his own prospects in favoring the son of Jesse."—*Peloubet*.

3. "Not thus coldly and without a word could Jonathan face what both knew must be a long parting. Regardless of the danger of Saul's spies, Jonathan dismissed his young attendant." Doubtless under the pretense of wishing to wander about alone for a time, Jonathan remained and the two friends met and bade each other farewell.

4. "Among the mountains of Judah, David sought refuge from the pursuit of Saul. He made good his escape to the cave of Adullam, a place that, with a small force, could be held against a large army. . . . They had now learned what was coming to be generally known in Israel — that God had chosen David as the future ruler of his people; and they believed that they would be safer with him, even though he was a fugitive in a lonely cave, than they could be while exposed to the insane madness of a jealous king. . . . It was not long before David's company was joined by others who desired to escape the exactions of the king. There were many who had lost confidence in the ruler of Israel, for they could see that he was no longer guided by the Spirit of the Lord."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 657, 658.

5. David could not be present at the burial of Samuel; but he mourned for him deeply and tenderly.

Intermediate Lesson

VIII — Saul Pursues David; Death of Saul

(May 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 20; 24; 26; 31.

MEMORY VERSE: "Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you." Luke 6:27.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 654-674; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 70-81.

"When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes,
Then we may stay the angry blow,

An Acknowledgment

THE members of the journalism class of Union College, under Miss Emily Johnson as instructor, wish to express their appreciation to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR for her kindness in granting them the privilege of furnishing the material for this number of the INSTRUCTOR. For the cover design and the illustrations, credit is due to Mrs. Elsa Northrup Ward, instructor in art, and her student, Mr. Fay Mills. The bands in the cover design represent the golden cords which stretch from the picture of Union College hanging on the wall in the front of the chapel, to the maps of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres on either side of the picture. These bands symbolize the bonds of sympathy which bind to their Alma Mater the hearts of Union's children laboring in the fields beyond the sea.

FAYE FELTER, *Editor.*
HAVA PAUSTIAN } *Assistant*
H. H. HOWARD. } *Editors.*

An Answered Prayer

FOR many years there was a struggle going on in my life. I was trying to be a Christian, yet I thought I could partake of the pleasures of the world and its frivolity at the same time. One who has gone through such an experience knows that this cannot be done, for "no man can serve two masters."

While in this divided state of mind, I was miserable. I could not enjoy the pleasures of the world as other people seemed to enjoy them. In trying to find the cause of my unhappiness, I talked to my friends about my experience, and it was through them that I was led to the source of relief. I was told to seek help from the One who will deliver all from their troubles when they call upon him. I began to read the Bible and pray to God that he would give me peace and rest of soul.

The week of prayer was drawing near at Union College. Every Christian was praying earnestly for a rich spiritual blessing. One night, in my room, I heard my friends, who had met in the adjoining room, mention my name in their prayers. They asked God to speak to me or in some way cause me to give my heart to him during that week of prayer. I felt conviction come to my soul as they prayed. The words, "Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts," kept ringing in my ears. More precious yet were the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." My friends' prayers, I am happy to say, were answered. God in his infinite mercy spoke to me, a sinner. I was led to see my condition and the way to victory. I surrendered my heart to God during the week of prayer. A change was wrought in my life. I shall always believe that there is power in prayer, and that through prayer I can be connected with God, the source of all power.

JAMES LARSON.

Mountains: Their Worth and Beauty

WHAT a feeling of awe and reverence for God the mountains inspire, and what powers they do hold! From the breezes wafted inland from the sea, they gather their snow. Their slanting sides collect the waters from the melting snow into rivulets, which unite and form our great rivers. From their sides they give up particles that are carried by the waters and deposited where they will enrich the soil or form

deltas. A rivulet four inches wide and four inches deep is said to deposit just eighty tons of soil annually. From a crater only a few feet wide comes a stream of lava that buries whole cities. Mountains are the power behind the mint, in that from them are obtained the copper, silver, and gold from which our coins are made. Mountains are the power behind the railways of the world, in that they furnish the iron and steel used in their building. The mountains contain the rocks from which lime is made. They furnish homes for many creatures, and health resorts for the sick. Thousands of cattle live on the grass that grows upon the mountain sides.

Besides being useful, the mountains are a source of beauty. In summer the Alleghanies rise in great green plumes, as it were, one after the other. How peaceful, how restful they seem! Then in the autumn they are a blaze of colors — reds, greens, golds, russets, and browns — that delight the eye.

The Rockies, with their snow-capped peaks, their rushing waters, foaming cascades and waterfalls, their sides, here rocky and there pine-clad, all majestic and grand, make one exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" There they stand, great and immovable, bathed in the sunlight, sending back to us such lights and shadows, such tints and shades of coloring! Sometimes the dark places are purple and the tints lavender. Sometimes the color is pink or orange. On cloudy days they reflect soft gray colors so pleasing and restful. Their silent, unspeakable grandeur fills us with a love for the beautiful, and a longing for the great eternity, "when our eyes shall behold that world of beauty," and when we shall praise the Lord for creating us to enjoy his marvelous works.

MARY CUMMINS.

Opportunity

MASTER of human destinies am I;
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait;
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore,—
I answer not and I return no more.

— John J. Ingalls.

So when a great man dies, for years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies upon the paths of men.

— Longfellow.

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