

The **INSTRUCTOR**

Vol. LXVII

June 10, 1919

No. 23



"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19:10.

From Here and There

The Turks are anxious for America to be made the mandatory for all Turkey.

Foreign-born people in the United States total 40,000,000. Half of these, as well as many native-born, need Americanization.

Since the war closed, the majority of the Moslem women of Constantinople have renounced the face veil, which they had previously worn whenever they appeared upon the street.

Forty-five States have ratified the prohibition amendment. Connecticut was the first State to fail to ratify. She has the habit of voting unfavorably on Constitutional amendments.

Germany is to be required to pay \$25,000,000,000 indemnity, France receiving \$12,500,000,000; England, \$7,500,000,000; Belgium, \$1,800,000,000. The remaining \$3,200,000,000 will be divided between Italy and Serbia."

Buildings constructed for the American Expeditionary Force in France, placed end to end, measured 452 miles. They would line both sides of a street from New York to Boston, or from London to Paris, omitting the channel crossing.

A nonstop trip from Macon, Georgia, to Washington, D. C., was made on May 7, by a Martin bombing plane. It carried a bale of cotton, which is to be relayed to Lowell, Massachusetts, by aeroplane, manufactured into cloth, and returned by air route to Macon.

Orders have been issued by Edward F. Albee, president of the B. F. Keith Circuit, prohibiting vaudeville performers in the Keith theaters from making slurring remarks about the work of the Y. M. C. A. overseas. He classes such remarks as un-American, un-Christian, and a reflection upon our gratitude for the work the Y. M. C. A. has done and is doing for our brothers and sons overseas.

Army aeroplanes and captive balloons are to patrol parts of the national forests in various States this summer to watch for forest fires and to help fight them. The flying fields at San Diego, Riverside, and Arcadia in Southern California are to be used by the aircraft, and the air service is considering other places in the West and in the East, including one near the White Mountains in New Hampshire. The aviators will report fires by wireless, and may fight them with chemical bombs. Thus are the implements of war turned to purposes of peace!

The Korean Revolution

REPORTS of the Korean revolution having reached the outside world, through conflicting sources, some biased one way and some the other, the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR will no doubt be interested in an account of some of the things which have taken place in Korea as noted by one who is on the ground and is therefore somewhat familiar with the situation.

In the early days of March a large number of Koreans from all over the peninsula gathered here at Seoul to witness the burial ceremonies of the late

Prince Ye, ex-emperor of Korea. Many Koreans to whom the Japanese yoke was galling, together with scholars who are attending the schools, seized upon this as a proper occasion to strike for independence. Whereupon a number of the leaders of this party got together and issued a manifesto, declaring the independence of Korea. This was signed by thirty-three of the most influential men of the society, most of whom were members of religious organizations, the larger part being members of the "Chün-tō-kyō," a native spiritualistic organization. Some Buddhist priests were also parties to the breach of order.

On Saturday afternoon the fifth of March, everything being in readiness, with the streets of Seoul full of people who were watching a practice parade of the funeral ceremonies, thousands of copies of this manifesto were rapidly circulated among the people. At one o'clock, when we left the city church, everything was quiet, although there were thousands of people upon the streets. The result of the circulation of the manifesto was instantaneous. Mobs formed, and people by the thousand began to yell "Mänsä" for Korea (Korea for ten thousand generations). Except for the noise and the throwing of some stones, the mobs were quite orderly.

It is probable that Japan was not altogether in the dark as to the uprising, because three warships had arrived at Chemulpho, hundreds of marines being dispatched to Seoul. These with the regular encampment of soldiers were rapidly spread over the city with guns and fixed bayonets. It is also reported that machine guns were not lacking. The police force, thus backed, began rounding up the conspirators and chief instigators.

Almost simultaneous with the trouble in Seoul, uprisings occurred all through the northern provinces, and soon spread over the entire peninsula. Nor was the distribution of the manifesto limited to the capital, but was scattered throughout all the large cities.

Japan's excellent police force was vigilant, and thousands of arrests followed. It is claimed at this time that more than six thousand arrests have been made, and still every day is active with arrests following the daily manifestations in different parts of the country. The Koreans being unarmed, have offered more of a passive resistance than otherwise; however, at this writing a number of Japanese police have been killed, and perhaps a hundred Koreans.

The revolution has been well organized, each night a paper being issued, which keeps the people thor-

(Concluded on page thirteen)

The Youth's Instructor

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"FATHER —"

ROGER ALTMAN



THE glare of day had softened. In the west
A crimson glory lingered where the sun
Short time before had slipped behind the hill.
The warm and winelike air of early spring
Cared the buds of resurrected green,
And fondled them with sighs of ecstasy.

The nobleman of Israel paced his roof
And pondered on the past. His steady gaze
Turned always toward the south. In fancy's eye
He pictured Egypt's banquet halls of mirth,
Her gay festivity, and empty joy.

"My son," he murmured, "O my well-beloved,
Hast thou forgot the shelter of thy sire?
Doth not thy Jewish heart at times grow soft,
And yearn for glimpses of thy father's face?
The fig tree close beside the southern wall
Is green again. The vines around the door
Put forth their baby leaves. Would thou wert here!
How well do I recall the day he left.
In hot blood and with boastful words he cast
His boyhood home away, forsook my board,
And with his patrimony bolstered, girt
A gaudy mantle round his goodly form,
And took the Egypt road."

He raised his eyes
And gazed far down the white and winding trail.
How often had this youngest son of his
Climbed to the roof and watched the caravans
That tinkled down to Egypt, counting, too,
The camels as they labored up the hill,
And, by the huge red stone, turned out of sight.



The father looked there now, and strained his eyes
Of threescore years to see that rugged stone,
Behind which he had seen his best-loved son,
The idol of his being, disappear.

The sunset glory in the western sky
Was slowly fading. Still the father gazed,
His heart athrill with sacred memories
And yearnings, his old eyes bedimmed with tears.
"My boy, my boy, where is he? . . . Who is that
Rounding the corner by the landmark stone?
Some wanderer indeed. See how he limps

Upon his weary feet, and mark the droop
Of shoulder, the exhausted, listless way
He plods along. I'll ask him in. See, now
He straightens up in pride and dignity,
Half hesitating. Nay, I know that form,
That graceful carriage, that familiar pose;
Surely it is not he,—look at those rags!
It must be he! Mark ye that comely head?
Father of Abraham, it is my son.
Make haste, my withered bones, leap down these stairs,
And carry me in haste to meet my boy.
My son was dead. He is alive again.
My heart's delight was lost, but now he's found."

The twilight folds were deepening into gloom,
The saffron in the western sky had gone.
No more the breezes sighed among the trees,
And over all brooded tranquillity.
Upon the shoulder of the nobleman
The prodigal had faltered out with tears,
Repentance. Folded in his father's robe,
Together they went home, beneath the Syrian stars.



Our Youth as Pioneer Missionaries

W. A. SPICER

THE only photograph I saw of the Big Nambus people, of the New Hebrides, showed a savage-looking face, with nearly naked body. The name of this people, Big Nambus, is the name of a grass out of which they make the only piece of clothing worn.

I thought again of our young people as missionary pioneers as we bade good-by to Brother and Sister N. Wiles as they turned their faces toward that north-western corner of Malekula, where the Big Nambus people live. Our friends were young—seeming almost like boy and girl setting out for one of the most trying posts on our missionary frontier line. But they are tried workers, having served one term among this same wild people. (Mrs. Wiles, by the way, was once a little Battle Creek girl, daughter of Elder and Mrs. E. S. Butz.)

Wait a few years, and see if there do not come to us stories of transformations wrought among these islanders who have welcomed these young missionaries back to their villages.

I met a brother who was engineer on the mission launch "Melanesia" when it first visited the Big Nambus coast. The Solomon Islanders in the crew had come of raw enough stock, but our brother said that even these men of the Solomons drew the line at the Big Nambus. "Big Nambus man no good," said they. They kept close eye upon the men who came down to the launch.

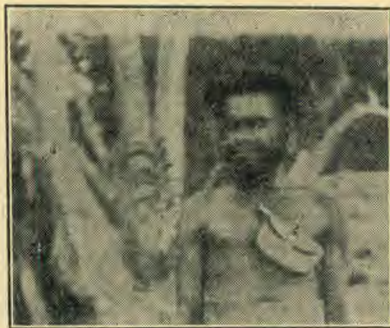
"I saw one of our crew meet one of the Big Nambus," said our engineer brother. "It was a formal meeting. Our man walked up to shake hands with the stranger. First our man put out his left hand, catch-

ing hold of the gun that the other carried, then with his right he shook hands with him. This ceremony of new friendship over, our Solomon Islander backed off, continued walking backward until at a good distance, keeping his eye every instant upon his new acquaintance. 'Big Nambus man no good; he one bad man,' he insisted."

But these are the people who begged us to help them find a better way, and whose good intentions have stood a severe test. While Brother and Sister Wiles were off on furlough, attending the union conference, the bushmen came down and did some violence to traders, I believe. The French authorities sent in a punitive expedition, and some Big Nambus people were killed. These people, notwithstanding they had suffered for the crime of their cannibal neighbors, held to their desire to have the white missionary come, and when Brother Wiles arrived alone, to spy out the land, he was urged to bring his wife and settle among them, assured that they would keep them safely from the bushmen cannibals on their border, and that the Big Nambus people would listen to the teaching.

At the farewell meeting at the union conference session, Brother Wiles said: "In a few days' time we shall sail again for the New Hebrides, and, as you know, our work is somewhat hard. We are not yet able to report fruit for our labor. The people are in heathenism and great darkness. As we planned to go back and again take up our work, it was with some misgivings as I thought over the situation; but after the good instruction we have received here, and all that we have heard of the onward march of God's

message, the text comes to me with renewed force, 'I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' My courage is strong to go forward in the Lord's work. I believe that soon out there among the Big Nambus and other tribes of which we have heard, we shall see glorious results for the Lord. We shall see a people gathered out as a result of the teaching of the good old Book."



A Man of the Big Nambus

His reception on his return to that people was surely a token that the Lord had indeed gone before our young friends in their perilous and yet glorious quest.

Is it not wonderful that our young people, in the fear of God, may go out into any dark region with the "good old Book," and lo, as the years pass, souls are born again into the kingdom of God, and this cause is represented in that previously barren waste by the fruitage of believers praising God for the truth even as we ourselves do?

There is no other work like this for the consecrated youth. Let us turn their eyes toward the unentered fields.

"With such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world!"

S. S. "Tango Maru," Strait of Manipa, East Indies.

Bolivia and Its Indians

ACCORDING to an estimated census, the population of Bolivia is 2,500,000 persons. Fifty per cent, at least, of this population are Indians.

Around the large centers of Bolivia, such as La Paz, Oruro, and Cochabamba, the Indian is semicivilized, but in the interior he is wild and savage, living in the most rude and insanitary manner.

The Indian is generally of a peaceable disposition, very humble when with the white people or with his *patrón*. But history and experience tell us of times when his patience and his good nature have been exhausted; because to-day, as in times past, the Indian is an object of exploit and antipathy on the part of all or nearly every one who has any dealings with him. In many respects, he is in abject slavery. On the large farms he has to work fifteen days for the *patrón*, or owner, to one day for himself.

The Indian is illiterate and superstitious, not having had the privilege of attending school.

Little or no interest is taken by the people of the country in the uplifting of the Indians. Few seem to care any more for them than the value they represent in money to their *patrones*. It is as a Bolivian gentleman, states-

man, and diplomat has said: "It is no exaggeration to say that the present condition of the Bolivian Indian is a national disgrace and a terrible indictment of the good name of the republic. It is, therefore, a sacred duty on the part of every good Bolivian to look for the means of doing away with this disgrace, and converting into active forces the thousands of Indians who today are a millstone around the neck of a civilized society."

If we who enjoy all the blessings and bounties of life, neglect to do our part in the uplifting of the Indian, we may find that it will be not only an "indictment of the good name of the republic," but a terrible indictment of the neglect of our sacred duty.

When treated kindly, the Indian reciprocates quickly; when taught, he learns readily; when treated for infirmities, he convalesces rapidly.

In Bolivia, there are several tribes of Indians, the principal ones being the Aymaras and the Quechuas. Among these we desire to establish schools.

A Quechua Indian, an owner of property, already has offered us a sum of money to help begin work among them; but we are waiting for some of our friends to add a little more to this sum before we can open the school.

Near La Paz we are planning to open a mission station for the Aymaras.

The accompanying photograph will give a good idea of the appearance of this people.

May the Giver of every good gift bestow a liberal heart to every one that reads of the distress of the Bolivian Indian.

W. R. POHLE.

La Paz, Bolivia.

The Fragrance of Religion

A GENTLEMAN once mailed some orange blossoms to a friend living in a country town in the East. The mail bag was filled with the fragrance, so that people came to the postmaster, and said: "Postmaster, my letters yesterday were fragrant with orange blossoms. Where did the perfume come from?"

Think of it; just one little envelope of orange blossoms, and the delicate perfume had lavished its fragrance upon the letters about it; had shared with its neighbor letters in the bag, and perfumed them all.

Is this not a parable of the true Christian life, the life that is fragrant with good deeds, that perfumes and blesses the lives of others?

You will remember that when Mary lavished the precious ointment upon the Master, the record says, "The house was filled with the odor of the ointment." Mary could not lavish the ointment upon Jesus without lavishing its fragrance upon all those gathered in the house.

Did you ever receive a letter from some Christian friend, and did your heart grow warm as you read it, and did you stop to analyze your feelings, and say:

"Why, what is there heart-warming about this simple letter? There is not a word of preaching in it."

Then you answer your own question, and say:



Native Indian of Potosi, Bolivia

"Why, this letter is just saturated with the fragrance of religion, with the personality of my friend, and with the spirit of Jesus Christ."

You may have known some shut-in of whom you could well say: "The house was filled with the fragrance of her Christian life." There have been some such lives whose fragrance and power have been wonderful inspiration to other lives.

Religion makes fragrant and sweet-smelling lives, and places as well, that have been foul and ill-smelling, defiled with sin. There is nothing so penetrating as

The Garnish of Gems

WOULDEST have the sparkling gems, friend?
The stones so rich in hue,
Wouldst wear them in a diadem?
Well, then, if thou art true,
There'll come a time when Eden
Shall not be far away;
'Twill be our home — Jerusalem,
Lighted by God's own ray.
Of gold its streets, just think, friend,
And gates of pearl — divine!
Garnished its foundations
With precious gems that shine;
Wouldst like to feel the touch of them,
Those stones so rich and rare? —
The Jasper, with its soft green tone,
Veined by a red with care;
Sapphire, glorious sky blue;
Calcedony, purest white;
Emerald, green as grass;
Sardonyx, fleshy light;
Sardius, ruby red;
Chrysolite, brownish gold;
Beryl, bluish sea green;
Topaz, canary cold;
Chrysoprasus, palest yellow;
Hyacinth, violet pink;
Amethyst, prettiest lilac; —
Just our rainbow, come to think.

INA L. AUSTEN.

the fragrance of real religion; it will not be denied; it steals into the closed avenues that once led to the hearts of men; it works its way through the litter of careless living and the rubbish of selfishness. Is the heart's door closed? If so, under the door it steals to awaken new longings and hopes in every heart.

Alas for the professing Christian in whose heart and life the fragrance of religion is missing. Here is an artificial rose. It has beauty, form, color; but, alas, there is no fragrance. What is the matter? Why, there is no life in that rose, you say. True, there are genuine roses without fragrance; but there are no genuine Christian lives without fragrance — no life, no fragrance, in the professing Christian. — *G. W. Tuttle.*

Strong Friendships a Valuable Asset

WHAT is more helpful to a woman in the busy world of affairs today than strong, true friendship?

Because we are judged by the company we keep, because our character is invariably affected by the friends to which we attach ourselves, it becomes nothing short of a tragedy when we fail to put the proper valuation on our friendships.

Of course we ought to be courteous and kind to all, but not with all do we need to be on terms of intimacy. We all know the type of girl whose affections spread themselves out over a large and promiscuous number. She takes up with all kinds of companions, without much consideration as to their fitness or worth. We

hear her spoken of as a "hail fellow well met," because she makes a boon companion of every passing stranger. In other words, she aims to be friendly with everybody, yet a real friend to none.

You will find that her friends are mostly of the fair-weather type that forsake her when she really needs a friend.

There is also another type of girl who selfishly chooses her friends according to their usefulness to her. In order to achieve some personal gain she is often willing to endanger her reputation and include in her list of intimates persons whom she morally distrusts.

In my opinion the basis of all real friendship should be a community of interests. Friends should be chosen because they have sympathy with us in our best efforts and highest thoughts, because of their trustworthiness, and because they believe in us and inspire us with strength for greater endeavor.

To feel that there are those around us who believe in us unreservedly, who would be disappointed if we should fail, proves a powerful stimulus. Can any money measure the value of such a friendship?

Real friendship is never a one-sided affair. One cannot receive all and give nothing in return. If you are stingy with your praise and your helpfulness, if you lack generosity and cordiality, you cannot expect to call forth these qualities in others.

Therefore in the choice of our friends let us remember that no friendship is worth the name which does not elevate and which does not help to strengthen character. This is the highest function of friendship. — *Mary Caldwell Hamilton, in New York Sun.*

How to Make a Singing Locust

THIS is a locust year. In many parts of the United States the kind that appears every seventeen years has come round again. The "locust" that you can make out of an empty wooden spool, a piece of stout paper, a six-inch stick about the size of a pencil, and a horsehair sings like the real locust that makes the air resound with his strident voice on hot summer days.



A Singing Locust

Tie the paper firmly over one end of the spool, as shown in the illustration; then make two pinholes through the paper. Through the holes insert the ends of the hair from a horse's mane or tail, preferably one that is not less than twelve inches long; then push both ends of the hair through the spool, tie them together and draw them gently back to the top of the spool. A twig from a tree will serve as the stick. Peel off the bark for about an inch near the end, and on the peeled surface loop the horsehair. When you have moistened the peeled part of the stick, whirl it rapidly so that the spool flies in a circle, and the result will be an exact reproduction of the shrill notes of the locust. With practice you can produce the familiar singsong and gradual dying-away effects until the imitation is perfect — or until your mother asks you to stop. — *Youth's Companion.*

He is blameworthy who wastes his hour. — *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*

"PRAYING souls become prevailing saints."



The Spade as Teacher — No. 3

Other Glimpses into the Past



AFTER the twelfth century, pyramid building in Egypt was supplanted by an entirely different kind of tomb. The seat of government had been transferred from Memphis, near which is the great pyramid field, to Thebes, about four hundred miles to the south. The tombs of all the kings who ruled here were underground palaces, hollowed in the foundations of a range of hills.

The kings themselves reared splendid temples near their tombs, and placed in front of each immense portrait statues, most frequently of themselves. Giant obelisks were often placed in front of these on each side of the gateway, while an avenue of sphinxes formed the approach to the temple.

A graphic description of the old Theban tombs and temples is given by Burton Holmes, who says:

"These monarchs, . . . knowing that even the greatest pyramids of their predecessors had failed to preserve their royal remains from profanation, resolved that their own mummies should be, not buried under colossal artificial mountains like the pyramids, but hidden deep in the foundations of the everlasting hills. So they commanded their royal architects to dig and burrow, rather than to build. They tunneled into the cliffs, two hundred, three hundred, and in one case nearly seven hundred feet, descending in some places by inclined and in others by vertical shafts nearly two hundred feet below the point of entrance, which was always carefully concealed.

"More than forty of these entrances have been discovered; more than forty underground burial palaces of the Theban Pharaohs have been cleared and carefully explored. They have found long corridors adorned with painted pictures, two or three thousand years of age, but bright and fresh as if they had been painted yesterday. They have found spacious ceremonial chambers—long suites of subterranean rooms, their walls alive with tinted illustrations of the royal lives lived by the men for whom these deep, eternal dwellings were devised. But they found here, as at the pyramids, that the royal graves were empty. A few mummies were discovered in the side chambers, but they were not those of the kings. The royal mummies of the mighty Pharaohs had been taken away secretly, at the command of one of their weak successors, in the days when the empire was tottering and the government powerless to protect the royal dead, and had been hidden altogether, as a matter of precaution, in a secret shaft, where they lay until discovered by modern grave robbers, who in placing royal trinkets on the modern market, betrayed themselves and inspired the search that resulted in bringing to light, in 1881, the marvelous array of mummies, including those of Seti I, Rameses the Great, and of the monarchs who had preceded and succeeded them upon the throne of Thebes. Thus both the

royal bodies and the royal tombs of the great dynasties were found, but the bodies were not found in these tombs, save in the case of one king, Amenophis II.

"One tomb was overlooked, both by the ancient ghouls and by the later Pharaoh who tried to save the bodies of his fathers by concealing them elsewhere. One tomb, therefore, remained untouched, until the men of science of our modern day, in 1898, found its hidden entrance, groped their way along its superbly decorated corridors, and, reaching the inmost mortuary chamber, looked on the face of one great king who had been lying there for three thousand three hundred thirty-four years. Here he was found just as his courtiers had left him on the day of his imposing funeral in the year 1436 B. C. This was to me the most impressive moment that came to me in Egypt, this moment when I stood, almost alone, in this royal presence, deep in the caverned mass of those Egyptian cliffs, face to face with one who had been king in Thebes more

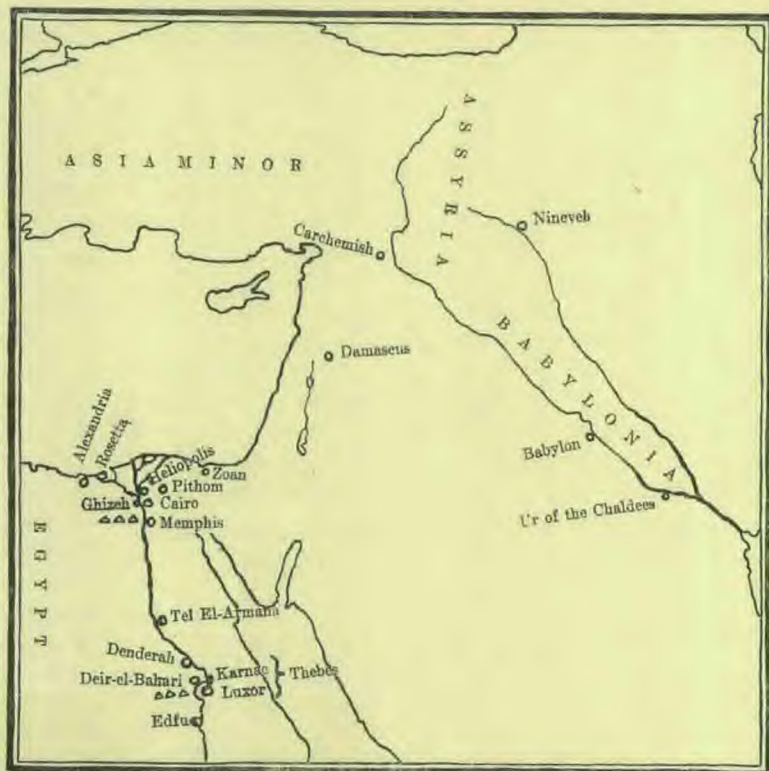
than a hundred years before Rameses the Great was born—one who had come directly from his golden throne in that now ruined city to this granite bed, beside which we, creatures of a day, stand dumb and silent, chilled by the sense of all the centuries that lie between this man and us."

This finding of the forty royal mummies and six thousand other objects hidden in a pit in Deir-el-Bahari to escape the thieves who had plundered the more exposed sepulchers, is regarded as the greatest of all Egyptian discoveries. The remains of Ahmes I (1750 B. C.) were still wreathed with funeral garlands. Those of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the oppression, and of Seti I, his father, were in good preservation, and are now in the museum at Cairo. The coffin that contained the body of Seti is said to be the most wonderful sarcophagus ever found. It was hewn from a solid block of pure alabaster, and was exquisitely sculptured. It is now in a London museum.

Where Egypt's Wastebaskets Were Emptied

Two English explorers so late as 1897 made an interesting discovery of the rubbish heaps of an old Egyptian town about one hundred miles from Cairo. Here in the dry sand the people emptied their wastepaper baskets hundreds of years ago. This refuse paper has been well preserved for centuries. Among the interesting things found in this rubbish are two different leaves of papyrus on which are reported sayings of Jesus. Some of these are:

"Jesus said, A prophet is not acceptable in his own country, neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him.





TEMPLE RUINS, KARNAC, EGYPT

"Jesus saith, A city built on the top of a hill and firmly established can neither fall nor be hid.

"[Jesus saith,] Thou hearest with one ear, but the other thou hast closed.

"These are the [wonderful?] words which Jesus the living Lord spake [to the disciples] and to Thomas, and he said to them: Every one that hearkens to these words shall never taste of death."

The Temple of Karnac

Karnac is near Thebes. It stands for immensity in structural lines; for the ruins of the great temple that once gave the city its glory present a stupendous building feat. One man rode for twenty minutes at full gallop to compass the temple site, which covers ten acres. The temple was built by successive monarchs, in the twelfth dynasty, the Hall of Columns, the most impressive part of the temple, being built by Seti I, a builder second to none but his son, Rameses II. His creations were not so enduring as those of some of the other kings, but they are accounted the most beautiful of Egyptian structures. It is said that "few art works are more perfectly preserved or fresher in color than the tinted reliefs upon the walls of Seti's temple at Abydos, and yet these shapes were fashioned, these colors were applied, more than three thousand years ago."

The Hall of Columns in the temple at Karnac is supported by more than one hundred massive stone pillars, pillars that are said to require six men with outstretched arms to reach around them. They are more than three thousand years old, and are the world's hugest columns, being twelve feet thick and sixty-nine feet high. They are "beautifully proportioned and lavishly ornamented." This was a temple built to the sun god Ammon. The temples at Abydos, Dendera, and Edfu are rivals of Karnac.

Queen Hatasu is given credit for setting up two obelisks at Karnac, each consisting of a single stone 100 feet tall, and weighing 368 tons, or 736,000 pounds. She said that this task was accomplished in seven months from the time the stone was cut in the quarries. Six hundred years before the Christian era an Assyrian king carried to Nineveh two of these great obelisks from Thebes.

Cleopatra's Needles, two obelisks which at first stood at Heliopolis, were moved by Rameses II to Alexan-

dria. One of these now stands in London, and the other in Central Park, New York City.

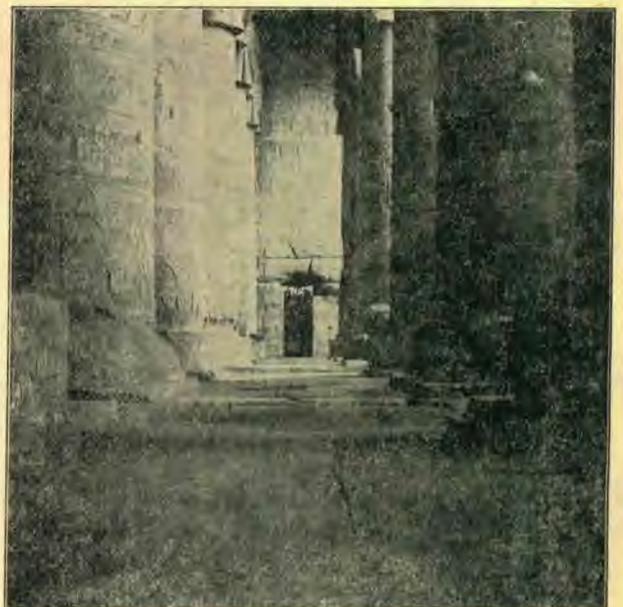
In 1 Kings 14: 25, 26, we read that Shishak, of Egypt, during Rehoboam's reign, came against Jerusalem, and carried away the treasures of the temple and of the king's house. Here on the walls of the temple at Karnac were found sculptured scenes which pictured Shishak "as striking down with an immense club some Syrian captives. Upon the shields at his side are recorded the names of one hundred fifty-six cities or districts of Judah and Israel, which he captured."

The Long-Lost Hittites

The Bible critic of other centuries refused to believe in the existence of such a people as the Hittites, since no reference was made to them in any of the

world's records except the Bible. It, however, made early and frequent mention of them.

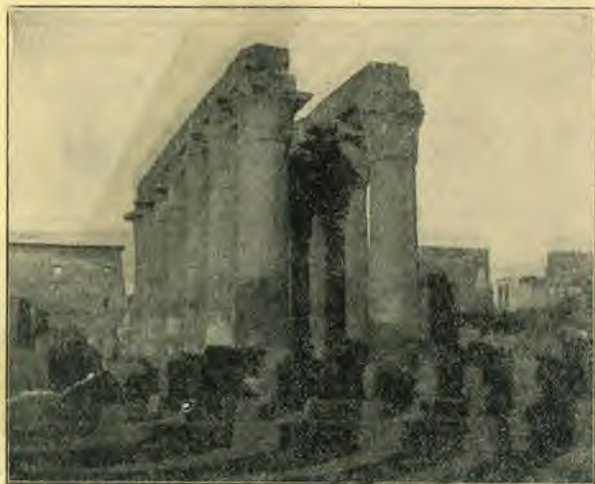
Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah from Ephron, the Hittite, who seemed to have emigrated to southern Palestine from the north; Esau married a Hittite woman; so did Solomon. The Hittites were one of the seven nations conquered by the Israelites in Palestine. They occupied eastern Asia Minor to the north and east of Palestine, and Charchemish on the Euphrates was at one time their capital city. They were contemporary with Abraham, David, and Solomon, and with Rameses II, and several preceding and succeeding Egyptian dynasties. From Egyptian and Babylonian tablets and monuments it is known that both of these nations had much to do with the Hittites, who were liberty loving, though for years they had to pay heavy tribute to these nations as their conquerors. When the Hittites suffered subjugation, they sought for a favorable opportunity to break the bands of the conqueror, and they usually found it, though years of bloody war alone sufficed to free them.



Vestibule of the Temple at Dendera, Egypt

Egyptian art presents marvelous portraits of this once great people. The Tel-el-Amarna letters contain more than thirty references to the Hittites.

The archeologist has also found a large number of Hittite tablets and monuments containing inscriptions in their own language; but these have never been fully



Double Colonnade at Luxor, Egypt

deciphered. What interesting stories these would tell if only a Hittite Rosetta stone could be found! But enough has been learned of this early people to establish definitely their existence in Asia Minor during Bible times.

The grandfather of Rameses II says that he was "the first of the Pharaohs who sought out the Hittites in the valley of Orontes." Though the battle turned in favor of Rameses, the Hittite king so impressed the Egyptian ruler with his power that Rameses did not attempt to carry his arms farther, but entered into a treaty of peace and alliance. But this was later broken by one of the contracting parties, for the son of Rameses I also warred with the Hittites. An Egyptian sculpture describes the complete defeat of the Hittites, and the following song of praise was composed by Rameses I in commemoration of the victory:

"Pharaoh is a jackal which rushes leaping through the Hittite land; he is a grim lion which frequents the most hidden paths of all regions; he is a powerful bull with a pair of sharpened horns. He has struck down the Asiatics; he has thrown to the ground the Khita [the Hittites]; he has slain their princes."

The Hittites were not satisfied with less than complete independence, so frequent rebellions kept up warfare between the two nations for more than a score of years. Finally, under Rameses II, after severe conflicts, a treaty of peace was proposed, accepted by both parties, and duly ratified. This document, written by the Hittite king, Hattusil, is a model of its kind, and is still in existence, though more than three thousand years old. It was engraved on a silver tablet, having on the back an image of the Hittite god of heaven, and consisted of about one thousand words written by the Hittite king himself. It reveals a high state of civilization among the natives of that remote period. This treaty was held sacred so long as these two kings lived, so friendly a relation having come to exist between them that Rameses II married a daughter of Hattusil. This ruler of the Hittites died before Rameses; so the Egyptian king and queen sent letters of sympathy to the widow of the deceased king.

Finally the power of the Hittites was broken by Assyria and Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar, in a recently found text, says:

"Chiefs of the land of the Hattim [Hittites], bordering on the Euphrates to the west, where by command of Nergal, my lord, I had destroyed their rule, were made to bring strong beams from the mountain of Lebanon to my city Babylon."

The power of the Hittites continued to wane, until the race became extinct, and their name even lost to the world, except for the Bible. We are indebted to the spade, the archeologist's symbol, for all our knowledge which supplements and establishes the Biblical record of this once powerful people.

F. D. C.

Star Dust

GOD is always on the other end of the wire; take down the receiver.

When the lamp of faith was burning low, and the sense of God was distant from the soul, John Milton, the torch bearer of his generation, would walk out into the night, look starward, and dream of immortality.

When nerve energy is low, guard and control your activities. When life is at its fullest, guard and control your desires.

Law becomes love when written in the heart.

The longest way to transformation is reformation.

The shortest way to reformation is regeneration.

When Christ says, "Take my yoke upon you," he suggests teamwork—all at it, all together at it, always at it. The kingdom of God will not tarry if we conform to this universal law.

If you can make "doing good" fascinating and fun for folks, you have solved the problem of evil.

Prayer accomplishes more than plans, communion more than conquest, and supplication more than the sword.

The measure of a great man is the way in which he treats little men.

I should rather trust the destiny of my soul to the author of a snowflake than I should my gold in trust of the strongest government.

It takes time and eternity to learn two lessons: love to God and love to man.—George E. Mayer.



Sayings of Our Lord, Written on Recently Discovered Papyrus

Literary Prescriptions

FOR clearness, read Macaulay.

For logic, read Burke and Bacon.

For conciseness, read Bacon and Pope.

For sublimity of conception, read Milton.

For imagination, read Shakespeare and Job.

For common sense, read Benjamin Franklin.

For elegance, read Vergil, Milton, and Arnold.

For simplicity, read Burns, Whittier, and Bunyan.

For smoothness, read Addison and Hawthorne.

For lofty, ennobling sentiment, for sympathy, candor, and honesty, for comfort and consolation in affliction, and for the promise of the life that now is and of the life which is to come, read the Bible.—*The Religious Telescope*.

The Correct Thing

Graduation Gowns

A YOUNG girl recently asked the Washington *Herald* to name a good material for a graduation gown for a high school girl. Miss Virginia Lee answered the question as follows:

"The present tendency of the graduation frock is toward extreme simplicity. This is a reaction from the overelaboration of former years which too often led to foolish rivalry. The girls who are to be graduated from Central High School, Washington, D. C., this year have adopted an inexpensive uniform dress which will be useful all summer for sports wear. If your class is not willing to follow this excellent precedent, and you decide upon a frock of daintier texture, you will find organdie a popular fabric this season. Other good selections are voile, batiste, and dotted Swiss."

Surely if extreme simplicity in dress is the tendency of the present style, let us as Christians, as prospective missionaries, follow the style.

This is one time when it would be worse than folly to be out of style.

F. D. C.

Appropriate Graduation Gowns for Prospective Missionaries

THE time of graduation is long looked forward to by the student, with intense interest and satisfaction. It is the climax of the student career, representing years of patient study and persevering effort. It marks the completion of formal training in the confines of school, and the entrance into the great outside world, there to battle with the problems of life. It is but natural, therefore, that this time should be regarded as an important event in the student's life.

In many schools of the world today, this event is made a time of elaborate exercises, and of lavish display and extravagance, especially in the matter of dress. Far different from this should be the standard in our schools, intrusted with the training of young people for the great work of carrying the last gospel message to the world. The exercises should be simple and dignified, and the dress of the graduates in harmony therewith.

The Bible plainly teaches modesty and simplicity in dress. God desires that his representatives "adorn themselves in modest apparel." 1 Tim. 2:9. Far more precious in his sight than the "outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel," is the inward adorning of a pure, consecrated heart, "even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." 1 Peter 3:3, 4.

The young woman whose heart has been cleansed by the precious blood of Christ, and who is preparing for his service, will have her mind occupied with vastly higher themes than adorning herself with showy, costly apparel and profuse ornamentation. Her first desire is to please her Master. She will not wish to deny him by worldly apparel, but in this, as in all other matters, to follow his example of simplicity and humility. To her, graduation will be a sacred time, because of the holy work to which she is looking forward. Humility, not display, should characterize her dress at this time, in keeping with the dignity and

solemnity of the occasion — the setting apart of young lives for the Master's use.

Let the words of Christ be taken as a guide: "Consider the lilies of the field: . . . I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Matt. 6:28, 29. Surely the lily in its purity and simplicity is a fitting model for one whose life is dedicated to the service of God. Nothing could be more appropriate for the graduation garb than the gown of pure white, neatly but simply made, without costly or showy decoration — typical of purity of life and character. Thus gowned, the Christian young woman will appear natural and at ease, personifying the grace, simplicity, and purity which heaven values most.

Although the dress should be of good and durable quality, and of such material that it will be of service afterward, it should not be extravagant in cost. Money is a trust from God, to be used in his service, not in following worldly fashions in order to gratify self. The young woman who expects to give her life to God's service, will not lavish on self the means that should be used in giving the gospel to earth's needy millions. By the practice of economy and self-denial she will seek to fit herself for a life of self-sacrificing service.

Cannot our young people, to whom is committed the great work of giving the third angel's message to the world in this generation, be original enough, independent enough, and, above all, Christlike enough, to follow the leading of God, and not the dictates of the world, in this matter?

BESSIE MOUNT.

Ten Commandments for Girls

THE following "ten commandments" were recently given out by Rev. A. W. Williver, pastor of a Jersey City, New Jersey, church:

1. Thou shalt not delude thy mother.
2. Thou shalt not surrender thy modesty for the favor of unprincipled men.
3. Thou shalt not run wild and fall into the whirlpool of fashion and plunge thy family folk into the hopper of the nerve-grinding mill.
4. Thou shalt not allow the limber tongue of the flatterer to bewilder thy head and master thy strength.
5. Thou shalt not tattle.
6. Thou shalt not let frivolity of speech or manner unclothe thee of thy attractiveness and personal charm.
7. Thou shalt not think more of the clothing of thy feet than the culture of thy head.
8. Thou shalt not smoke; thou shalt not tamper with the liquor cup.
9. Thou shalt not be slothful while others in the home toil.
10. Thou shalt find real happiness in truthfulness, hopefulness, joyfulness, peacefulness, and in serving others in the spirit of the Great Master.

Hardly "the Correct Thing"

THEY were entertaining the minister at dinner, according to the London *Telegraph*, and after dessert little Johnny said:

"Won't you take another piece of pie?"

The minister laughed. "Well, Johnny," he said, "since you are so polite, I *will* have another."

"Good!" said Johnny. "Now, ma, remember your promise. You said if it was necessary to cut into the second pie I could have another piece!" — *Youth's Companion*.



THE HOME CIRCLE

Marjory's Muff

IT seems as if every girl in my class has a muff except me," Marjory Bowen said, looking up from the basket of darning to her grandfather, who sat reading in the pleasant warmth of the kitchen fire.

He looked at the little girl, smiling through his gold-rimmed spectacles. "You have a fine warm pair of mittens," he said. "Your grandmother knitted them for you herself."

"Yes, I know." Marjory pushed her needle ferociously through the threads of the darn she had just started, for she could not express her feeling in any other way. She knew how kind these two dear old people were to take care of her, their little orphaned grandchild. She knew, too, that it was partly on her account that her grandfather still took his way every morning down to the bank and sat all day long at his desk, bent over long white pages of figures. Her grandmother too was helping with the small economies that meant Marjory's going to college later. She was doing her own work, with Marjory's help, and she was wearing her last year's best dress to church this year instead of having a new one.

But Marjory was remembering the Sabbath before in Sabbath school. The last warm days of a golden fall had suddenly lost themselves in the crisp cold of early winter. With the change in the weather, the girls whom Marjory knew and played with had transformed themselves into a semblance of Russian princesses. Helen had a fur banding on the skirt of her green dress, and a green velvet toque that was fur-trimmed as well. Elizabeth's fair curls floated out from under a white fur cap, and she tucked her gloved fingers into a white muff that had a bunch of pink silk rosebuds on the front.

There were other muffs as well, some of them cut down and made over from the wearers' mothers', but none the less attractive. Some were real fur, some imitation. Some had ruffles of silk, and velvet, and ribbon bows. Marjory had slipped into her place a little late, her cheeks glowing with the cold, and her hands thrust deep into the pockets of her warm, old coat. Had it been her imagination, or had the girls looked at her a little scornfully as they moved aside to make a place for her? She was quite sure, thinking it over now, that on the way home the girls had been a little aloof. Not one of them had offered to take her hand. They had all kept their fingers tucked in their muffs.

Marjory's grandfather broke her reverie now. "I remember when I was a boy the girls didn't even have mittens. They didn't think of their clothes as the young folks do now."

Marjory bent over her darning again, but a warm tear splashed rebelliously down into the basket.

She tried to forget her longing for even the smallest bit of fur as she joined the other girls on their way to school the next morning. "I'm an ungrateful girl

to want anything more than dear grandfather can give me," she said to herself. But the girls, crowding together like a flock of bright winter birds, were carrying their muffs again. The soft fur touched Marjory now and then and the feeling of it thrilled her. It was not until they reached Granny Orr's cottage that she forgot, for a moment, her wish.

"Granny Orr! Old Granny Orr!" one of the girls cried, and then ran away as a wrinkled face framed in a quaint cap appeared at one of the windows.

"Witch, witch, come out of your lair
And ride your broomstick through the air!"

shouted another girl.

Still another slammed the gate of the tiny garden, and even kind Elizabeth laughed mockingly as Granny Orr, old and bent, appeared at the door, shaking her cane at the girls.

Marjory had to run too with the others as the little old lady hobbled down toward the gate, her shawl flying in the winter wind. When she caught up with them, she spoke, panting and out of breath.

"I don't think it's nice to bother Granny Orr so. Grandmother says that she's very lonely and quite poor. She hasn't any relatives at all, and she has lived there, alone, for years and years."

"Well, that isn't any reason why she should be so cross and disagreeable," Helen retorted. "I don't think she deserves any sympathy." The first bell for assembly stopped any further conversation.

Marjory stayed for a half hour at the close of the afternoon session to help her teacher. The other girls had all left the school yard when she started home, and she took her way, alone, down the snowy street. Before she realized how far she had gone, she had reached the lonely cottage where Granny Orr lived. Her blinds were drawn to keep out the cold, the path from the gate to the door was piled deep with unbroken snow, and there was no cheerful trail of smoke to tell a tale of a warm fire inside. Marjory stopped a moment at the gate, her hand on the latch, as she hesitated.

"Suppose it were grandmother instead of Granny Orr who lived here all alone, with no one to help or look after her in the winter?" Marjory said to herself. Then she made a sudden decision. She opened the gate, waded through the snow, and knocked bravely on the little door.

It was a long time before her knock was answered. At length, however, the knob turned and the door was opened with such force that it almost sent the little girl flying back into the snow.

"What do you want? What do you mean by knocking at my door and troubling me in this way?" the old woman demanded in a shrill, quavering voice. But Marjory looked up quite fearlessly into her face, a smile lighting her own, and one hand held out in neighborly fashion.

"Please excuse me," she said. "I'm the little girl from the Bowen house, Mrs. Orr, and I just stopped in on my way from school to see if there was anything I could do for you. I help grandmother a great deal. I'm sure there must be something I can do for you. If you'll let me take your broom, I'll sweep this path first."

No one could have resisted Marjory's cheerful words and her winning smile. As she waited, a change came over the crabbled old lady's wrinkled face. It was like the spring returning to some bleak mountainside and covering its rough, sharp contours with soft verdure and peaceful sunshine. She turned into the icy hall and brought Marjory the broom. It almost seemed as if a tear dimmed her spectacles as she gave it to the little girl, and then watched the snow fly behind her energetic sweeping.

When Marjory had finished cleaning the path, she went into the house. It was almost as cold as it was outside. Granny Orr explained this. "There's plenty of wood in the woodshed," she said, "but my neuralgia is so bad that I can't go out for it."

"Well, I can," Marjory said. "And let's open these blinds and raise the curtains. That will let in the afternoon sun and it will warm the house quite a bit."

Soon, through Marjory's efforts, a crackling, glowing fire was burning in the stove. The bare little kitchen looked quite cheerful, flooded with sunlight. Marjory had brushed the rag rugs until they were bright with the colors that had been hidden under a layer of dust. Granny Orr, smiling with happiness and propped with cushions, sat and rocked in front of the fire, and the teakettle added to the general atmosphere of comfort by singing until the cover nearly blew off.

"I'll make you some soup and a pan of nice, hot biscuit for your supper, Mrs. Orr," Marjory said, darting around the kitchen as if her feet were winged. "And I'm coming in every day after school to see if there's anything I can do for you. I just love this little house; it's like a dolls' house, and you certainly do need a little help."

Granny Orr laughed. It started in a kind of crackle, 'way down in her throat, and ended in one or two trickling tears of happiness, as she reached out two toil-hardened hands and drew the little girl close to her. "My little comfort," she said. "I haven't a chick or a child in the world. Come again soon."

What might have seemed a task grew to be Marjory's daily delight. She and her grandmother planned many simple surprises for Granny Orr,—a nice, juicy apple one day and a jar of jam another, a new magazine, and a bright chintz bag for her knitting. And Granny Orr herself proved to be a person of many and delightful surprises. She taught Marjory how to knit a warm skating cap and muffler that made her the envy of all the other girls. She brought down untold treasures from her attic,—old-fashioned books with colored pictures of ladies in hoop skirts and quaint bonnets, that she let Marjory cut up into paper dolls. There were bundles of bright scraps of old calico and print cloth in the attic too, and Granny Orr started Marjory cutting and sewing a morning-star bedquilt as a surprise for her grandmother.

In return Marjory kept the little cottage as neat as wax and as bright as a new pin. It kept her busy after school, but she enjoyed it. Where she went, instead of playing until dark, the girls could not

imagine. At first they questioned her, but she slipped away without letting them know. After a while they did not say anything more about it, much to Marjory's surprise. But gradually she cherished a secret hurt at seeing them avoid her, and gather in excited groups in the school yard at recess without asking her to join them.

Marjory was thinking of this one afternoon about a month later as she bustled about Granny Orr's kitchen. She wore a big gingham apron and her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows as she spread out meal, butter, eggs, and milk. "I'm going to make you the lightest corn bread for supper that you ever ate, Mrs. Orr," she said. Then, as an afterthought, "I wish the girls could see us, and know what good times we have together."

It was like a fairy tale—the sudden answer that came to Marjory's wish. The front yard was suddenly full of laughing, chattering girls, and there came a veritable pounding at the door.

Granny Orr frowned and reached for her cane, but Marjory ran over and put a protecting arm around her. "Don't mind, dear," she said. "I won't let the girls trouble you a bit." Then she opened the door.

The girls, loaded with bundles of all shapes and sizes, trooped in. They did not seem surprised to see Marjory established there as Granny Orr's little housekeeper. They were overflowing with good will and happiness as they took off their wraps and began opening their parcels. Such delights as the packages disclosed! There was flannel of a soft, deep plum color in Helen's, to make Granny Orr a warm dress. Elizabeth's opened parcel disclosed a fluffy white shawl. The other girls had brought sugar, loaves of freshly baked bread, cans of fruit, oranges, apples, vegetables. In a trice the loaded table looked like a castle board.

"We found out where Marjory came every day," Helen said.

"And we wanted to come too," Elizabeth explained. "Please, dear Granny Orr," she added, "may we all stay for supper?"

Of course they stayed, and it was the jolliest, most delightful party they had ever known. Marjory finished her corn bread and Helen made jam sandwiches, Elizabeth spread the table with Granny Orr's old blue plates and cups, and they all ate in a happy circle in the light of the fire and candles. Granny's laugh was the merriest of all. It did not seem possible that time could slip by so quickly; before they knew it, it was time to go home.

Granny Orr watched the girls as they slipped into their warm coats and picked up the many muffs that had been piled on her couch. She saw Marjory, her good little angel, put on her shabby old coat and tuck her hands in her pockets, ready to meet the icy blast of the cold.

"Good-by, granny. We're coming again soon!" they cried. But the old lady stopped them.

"Wait a bit," she said.

The girls watched her, wondering, as she climbed the attic stairs and then returned with a great band-box in her arms. She set it on the table and opened it, taking out a huge fur muff. It was of chinchilla, as soft as a gray cloud and as warm as a summer day. The faint odor of lavender and camphor that it gave out told how long and carefully it had been treasured. Granny Orr put the muff into Marjory's arms.

"There isn't a mite of use in my keeping it any longer," she said. "I'll never use it, and I want it

worn. I'm perfectly willing it should be cut too. You take it to your grandmother, Marjory, and ask her to make it over for you."

Marjory hugged the beautiful fur and snuggled into its warm softness as the other girls looked at her in astonishment. There was enough fur to make a cap, a collar, and a muff for a little girl. None of the other girls had so beautiful a set of furs as this one would be. Marjory could scarcely speak at first. Then she put the muff in Elizabeth's arms as she ran over to Granny Orr, showering kisses on her soft cheeks.—*Youth's Evangelist*.

The Little Ones Across the Sea

SUPPOSING we were little children

In a country far away,

Where we never heard of Jesus

And were never taught to pray.

"From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand,"—

From all the great wide world,—there comes

A call to you and me,

For the little boys and girls who live

In the lands across the sea.

Shall we not their souls enlighten,

While in ignorance they roam?

Their little hearts are just as precious

As our dearest ones' at home.

"God made the little birds and flowers, and all things large and small;

He'll not forget his little ones, I know he loves them all."

He sacrificed his only Son,

Who gave his life to save

His jewels, who in darkness wait

Across the briny wave.

Quickly send this gospel message,—

All our money we will give

For these little heathen people,—

It will teach them how to live.

"Hear the pennies dropping, listen while they fall;

Every one for Jesus,—he will get them all."

And when our work on earth is done,

How happy we shall be,

With the little boys and girls who live

In the lands across the sea!

MABEL BLIVEN.

Love at Home

IN the home we find the most tender and sincere love and affection. Here, as in no other place, we love and are loved. Here is our haven of rest and peaceful security, when the storms in this life rise high. Regardless of all the blessings of home, we often act more selfishly here than in any other place.

Several years ago a friend of mine invited me to visit his home. Gladly I accepted his kind invitation, as I was anxious to become acquainted with his people. It was my first year in this precious message that I have since learned to love so much. Naturally I thought that every Seventh-day Adventist home was an ideal place.

On arriving at my friend's home, he promptly introduced me to his parents, who were kind and lovable people. But to my great surprise, my friend, whom I had always thought to be a model young man, spoke roughly and rudely to his mother. Now, the occasion for his doing so is not worth mentioning. Suffice it to say, that I lost all respect for my friend. But that was not all. Shortly after this incident the eldest daughter came home. At first sight, I was very favorably impressed with her apparent culture, and her striking appearance. But to my equal surprise she answered her mother in an unkind, unlovely way, hard to be understood. She saved all her smiles and sweetness for strangers, while dear mother received only a few disjointed grunts.

Now, is it right? The principle is unmistakably wrong. O that boys and girls could always give to their parents a hearty smile, and put their arms around the tired mother and father! Let the parents know that you love them, and are thankful for what they are doing for you. This would be the best tonic for aching hearts.

Sometimes we think it is the duty of loved ones to love us, although our behavior may not be of the right kind. Many times we let temper get the best of us at home, and keep our sweet and pleasant face for strangers.

I say again, is it right, my dear friends? Of course not, you will say.

A mother is the most patient person in the world, and often would sacrifice her life for her children. Yet many mothers have to be the first to start the morning with the new day's responsibilities, while her children are still enjoying their peaceful rest. As soon as the breakfast is ready, everybody is called to the table. If the daughter comes late and finds her breakfast not quite to her liking, she meets her mother with a scolding. Again, mother will stand, by the hour, before the stove, preparing delicate dishes for the party of her daughter. Meantime, the daughter stands before the mirror, trimming up with the so-called charms for the party. Sometimes mother is blamed, because her dress is not thought suitable to appear at the social, or her hair is not dressed stylishly enough. Perhaps mother would have been glad to purchase a new dress, but her tender thoughts went out first for her daughter's comfort and pleasure.

Similarly it is with the father. He has to work year in and year out without change, while the son takes frequent holidays. The worst of it is that children sometimes think this is the right way, because in their opinion their parents have passed their days of pleasure. They should be satisfied to know that their children are having their amusements. Many tears flow down the mother's cheeks when she finds out that only work is required from her.

There will be a time, my dear young friends, when you will find out in your own experience that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." I remember my own dear mother, whom I adore to this day. Many, many times I am reminded of the deeds of true love and unselfishness on her part. After I had reached my eighteenth year, I left the parental hearth. Only a few times after that was I home; I traveled considerably through different parts of Europe. When finally the hour came for my dear mother to depart from this world, I was hundreds of miles away.

The first I heard of her death was after she had been buried for two weeks. It would be hard for me to explain the deep sorrow I experienced at that time, although to my knowledge I had not been a very disobedient son. Still I have thought many times since how often I could have rejoiced her lonely heart. Had I been more thoughtful for her, I could have made more frequent visits home.

Therefore, I would encourage you, young man and young woman, to bring your bouquets of adoration and love while your mother is alive. Show your best side in your home, so your loved ones may have the benefit of it. Help each other to live a more beautiful Christian life.

A home is a home only when each one shoulders his share of the others' sorrows, and takes full share in the others' joys.

C. KUEHNLE.

The Korean Revolution

(Concluded from page two)

oughly informed as to the trend of events. The police so far have been unable to locate the place of publication or to intercept its circulation, which is done at night, evidently by couriers.

A few evenings ago a demonstration took place near our mission station. The shouting began soon after nightfall, and continued for hours. There were large companies assembled on all sides of us. One party would yell for independence of Korea, and their cry would be answered by a party from another direction. Thus back and forth the wild cries for freedom were hurled, until the night was filled with shouts that were passed from company to company and echoed by the hills. We, here at the compound, wondered among ourselves what would be the result of the night's performance, and whether if the people could see beforehand the harvest of human life, they would be deterred. This affair resulted in many arrests, the loss of an ear for one man, and two deaths.

Foreigners have been respected by both parties. At this writing only an isolated case of foul treatment being meted out to a foreigner has come to my knowledge. This man was an English missionary who while out in the country found himself unwittingly near a demonstration. The police mistook his presence as evidence of guilt, whereupon he was beaten and taken to jail. He was later released with apologies.

It seems unfortunate that Christians are getting mixed up with the trouble. The people were enjoying prosperity. Taxes have been low, and life and property were most secure. I suppose Korea has never witnessed such a reign of prosperity as she has had the past year. Crops were good throughout the peninsula; and never before were such good prices received for rice and other produce. Many of the prosperous farmers are put to their wit's end to spend their money. As they use no furniture, they have nothing to buy but food and clothes, and there is not much variety in either of these commodities. Of the first there is little else besides rice, seaweed, and fish, and silk and cotton goods compose the other. Thus the people have taken to traveling. Every autostage and every train is loaded to its limit. On two itinerating trips this past winter I was compelled to walk long distances because the stages were unable to carry more. The railway has recently put on another express train. There were already two express trains each way daily besides three mixed trains that carried passengers, yet all were loaded, and people were standing in the aisles.

Thus to those who are familiar with the special gospel message for this time, the reasoning from cause to effect is simple, for was it not "fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness" that brought about the downfall of the cities of the plain?

Our work here in the peninsula has suffered little, our people generally taking no part in the trouble. At Soonan we were compelled to close the school for a time. Three of the teachers and a good many of the students were thrown into jail. However, all have since been given their liberty with the exception of two of the teachers. I do not fear that our work will suffer. These troublous times, from which this country has been shielded for the past few years, thus breaking over the land, will help our people to sense the spirit of the age and realize that we are rapidly approaching the end.

E. J. URQUHART.

For the Finding-Out Club

THERE is a story of a young Englishman which furnishes a very practical illustration of how seemingly insurmountable difficulties may be overcome.

"He had just finished his university education, and while home on a vacation he and his father went hunting. While crawling through a hedge, the father accidentally discharged his gun, and the shot brought total blindness to his son. The father was overwhelmed with grief, but the boy said: 'Never mind, father. It is all right. I have something within my mind which does not require the sight of the eyes to see.'

"He went back to Cambridge and, by using a reader, completed a postgraduate course in economics and took his degree with unusual honors. He became professor of economics in the university, where he was the pride of the faculty and the idol of his young associates. He was the author of some of the best books of his day. He was elected to Parliament, and developed a remarkable power in debate. He stood for the most enlightened legislation. He became a political associate and personal friend of Mr. Gladstone. He entered the English cabinet, became postmaster-general, revised the postal system of the British Empire, and established the parcels-post system many years before we dared to do it in America. When his party associates said to him, 'If you will modify your idea on reform, we will make you premier,' he said: 'Gentlemen, I thank you for the honor, but I should rather walk ahead of the procession alone in the dust of the road, than to ride in the carriage of honor. I should rather be a leader of the people than a leader in Parliament.'

"He married a charming woman, built a beautiful home, and associated intimately with the greatest men of his time, not excepting royalty."

Who can name this blind statesman of the British Empire, who, "after his accident, never saw the glories of the day or the wonders of the night, yet from his darkened world shed the luster of enlightenment upon half the earth"?

Answers to Questions Printed

April 29

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry.

May 6

Bible Quiz

1. Samuel said: "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." 1 Sam. 12:23.

2. Seven hundred men of the tribe of Benjamin were skilful left-handed warriors. Judges 20:16.

3. The words, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," were spoken to the Israelites at Marah, when they had complained about the bitter water, and the Lord had worked a miracle to help them out of their difficulty. Ex. 15:23-26.

4. Philip the evangelist had four virgin daughters who prophesied. Acts 21:9.

5. Thunder and rain were sent during a certain harvest time to convict the Israelites of the sin of asking for a king. 1 Sam. 12:17, 18.

6. Nimrod is considered the first founder of a system of idolatry. Gen. 10:8-10.

7. Ezekiel was commanded by the Lord to portray Jerusalem upon a tile. Eze. 4:1.

8. Job's three daughters were the fairest women in all the land. Job 42:15.

9. The captivity of Zedekiah fulfilled two apparently conflicting prophecies. Eze. 12:13; Jer. 52:11.

10. Ezra stood upon a pulpit of wood and read the law of Moses to the people. Neh. 8:4.

Who Is He?

Herbert Hoover.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

IS it possible to obtain a list of the Senior Missionary Volunteer Society programs for the third quarter?

A. M. V.

Those who receive the *Gazette* will find the list in the June issue. But few aside from the society officers see the *Gazette*, so we are very glad to pass on the list to other Missionary Volunteers that they may know what subjects will be considered and that they may co-operate with the officers in gleaning good material on these subjects. Remember, the more you put into the society the more you will get out of it. The list is as follows:

Missionary Volunteer Programs for Third Quarter of 1919

- July 5: Christian Citizenship.
- July 12: A Preacher of Righteousness. (Isaiah.)
Monthly Missions Survey.
- July 19: The Christian and His Bible.
- July 26: Bible Readings and Cottage Meetings.
- August 2: Getting Ready. (Educational.)
- August 9: The Man Who Was Certain. (Jeremiah.)
- August 16: The Christian's Purpose in Life.
- August 23: Visiting Institutions and Missionary Correspondence.
- August 30: Open.
- September 6: How to Have a Good Time.
- September 13: The Prophet of the Captivity. (Ezekiel.) Monthly Survey of Missions.
- September 20: In the Secret of His Presence. (Prayer.)
- September 27: Holding the Ropes. (Goal Dollar Day.)

Something You Need

THIS means you, if you are an officer in a Missionary Volunteer Society. Your society program for week ending July 5 is based on Present Truth Series, No. 41, and "World Peace in the Light of Bible Prophecy." Be sure to have copies of these publications on hand when preparing this program.

"MINE eyes shall be upon the faithful in the land, that they may dwell with me: he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me." Psalm 101:6.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XII — Christian Service

(June 21)

GOLDEN TEXT: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Dan. 12:3.

LESSON HELP: "Education," pp. 267-271.

Questions

1. Upon whom does the Saviour depend for shedding the light of salvation in this world? If our light is shining day by day, what will be the result? Matt. 5:14, 16.
2. From the experience of the cleansed sinner, what does Jesus indicate to be one's first field of Christian effort? Luke 8:38, 39.
3. What was the result of this man's life among the people of his home town? Luke 8:39, 40.
4. After the disciples received the gift of the Holy Ghost, where were they to be witnesses? Where were they to labor first? Acts 1:8. Note 1.
5. In view of fast-closing probation, what special emphasis is given to the call to youth for service today? Joel 2:28; 1 John 2:14, last part, and verse 15. Note 2.
6. In the call to bear the yoke of service, what is given as a qualification? Matt. 11:28, 29.
7. Before we can truly give the bread of life to others, what must be our own inner experience? John 21:15. Note 3.
8. What association in Christian service does God recognize as essential? 1 Cor. 3:9. Note 4.
9. How does work for others affect one's own talent for service? Matt. 25:16, 17. Note 5.
10. How does loving service for others affect our spiritual lives? Prov. 11:25.
11. How earnestly should we engage in work for others? Eccl. 9:10. Note 6.
12. To whom must we look for fruit of our service? 1 Cor. 3:6.
13. Into what does the successful soul-winner enter? Matt. 25:23. Note 7.
14. What is the joy of the Lord? Isa. 53:10, 11.
15. Who else shares this joy? Luke 15:6, 7, 10.
16. How will this participation in the joys of the unfallen be manifested in the redeemed? Dan. 12:2, 3.

Notes

1. "We need to follow more closely God's plan of life. To do our best in the work that lies nearest, to commit our ways to God, and to watch for the indications of his providence,—these are rules that insure safe guidance in the choice of an occupation.

"He who came from heaven to be our example spent nearly thirty years of his life in common, mechanical labor; but during this time he was studying the Word and the works of God, and helping, teaching, all whom his influence could reach. When his public ministry began, he went about healing the sick, comforting the sorrowful, and preaching the gospel to the poor. This is the work of all his followers."—*"Education,"* pp. 267, 268.

2. "In this closing work of the gospel there is a vast field to be occupied; and, more than ever before, the work is to enlist helpers from the common people. Both the youth and those older in years will be called from the field, from the vineyard, and from the workshop, and sent forth by the Master to give his message. Many of these have had little opportunity for education; but Christ sees in them qualifications that will enable them to fulfil his purpose. If they put their hearts into the work, and continue to be learners, he will fit them to labor for him."—*Id.,* pages 269, 270.

3. "Love and loyalty to Christ are the spring of all true service. In the heart touched by his love, there is begotten a desire to work for him. Let this desire be encouraged and rightly guided. Whether in the home, the neighborhood, or the school, the presence of the poor, the afflicted, the ignorant, or the unfortunate should be regarded, not as a misfortune, but as affording precious opportunity for service.

"In this work, as in every other, skill is gained in the work itself. It is by training in the common duties of life and in ministry to the needy and suffering, that efficiency is assured. Without this the best-meant efforts are often useless and even harmful. It is in the water, not on the land, that men learn to swim. . . .

"The burden of labor for these needy ones in the rough places of the earth Christ lays upon those who can feel for the ignorant and for such as are out of the way. He will be present to help these whose hearts are susceptible to pity, though their hands may be rough and unskilled. He will work through those who can see mercy in misery, and gain in loss. When the Light of the world passes by, privilege will be discerned in

hardship, order in confusion, success in apparent failure. Calamities will be seen as disguised blessings; woes, as mercies. Laborers from the common people, sharing the sorrows of their fellow men as their Master shared the sorrows of the whole human race, will by faith see him working with them."—*Id.*, pp. 268-270.

4. "Another obligation, too often lightly regarded, . . . is the obligation of church relationship. . . .

"The church is organized for service; and in a life of service to Christ, connection with the church is one of the first steps. Loyalty to Christ demands the faithful performance of church duties. This is an important part of one's training; and in a church imbued with the Master's life, it will lead directly to effort for the world without.

"There are many lines in which the youth can find opportunity for helpful effort. Let them organize into bands for Christian service, and the co-operation will prove an assistance and an encouragement."—*Id.*, pp. 268, 269.

5. "There is no line of work in which it is possible for the youth to receive greater benefit. All who engage in ministry are God's helping hand. They are coworkers with the angels; rather, they are the human agencies through whom the angels accomplish their mission. Angels speak through their voices, and work by their hands. And the human workers, co-operating with heavenly agencies, have the benefit of their education and experience. As a means of education, what 'university course' can equal this?"—*Id.*, p. 271.

6. "The specific place appointed us in life is determined by our capabilities. Not all reach the same development or do with equal efficiency the same work. God does not expect the hyssop to attain the proportions of the cedar, or the olive the height of the stately palm. But each should aim just as high as the union of human with divine power makes it possible for him to reach.

"Many do not become what they might because they do not put forth the power that is in them. They do not, as they might, lay hold on divine strength. Many are diverted from the line in which they might reach the truest success. Seeking greater honor or a more pleasing task, they attempt something for which they are not fitted. Many a man whose talents are adapted for some other calling, is ambitious to enter a profession; and he who might have been successful as a farmer, an artisan, or a nurse, fills inadequately the position of a minister, a lawyer, or a physician. There are others, again, who might have filled a responsible calling, but who, for want of energy, application, or perseverance, content themselves with an easier place."—*Id.*, p. 267.

7. "With such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world! How soon might the end come,—the end of suffering and sorrow and sin! How soon, in place of a possession here, with its blight of sin and pain, our children might receive their inheritance where 'the righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein forever;' where 'the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick,' and 'the voice of weeping shall be no more heard.'"—*Id.*, p. 271.

Intermediate Lesson

XII — Solomon's Choice; Building the Temple

(June 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 3: 5-15; 4: 20-32; 2 Chron. 2 to 5: 1.

MEMORY VERSE: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Prov. 9: 10.

STUDY HELPS: "The Story of Prophets and Kings," pp. 25-36; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 96-102.

"Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

"We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or meter;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter."

Questions

1. Who appeared to King Solomon in a dream? What did the Lord say to him? 1 Kings 3: 5. Note 1.

2. What blessings did Solomon acknowledge had been given to his father? In what humble way did he speak of himself? What did he say of the Lord's people? Verses 6-8.

3. Because of all the reasons he had given, what choice did Solomon make in reply to the invitation of the Lord? How did this choice please the Lord? Verses 9, 10. Note 2.

4. For what other things might Solomon have asked? Because of his wise choice what other blessings did the Lord promise him? Verses 11-13. Note 3.

5. On what condition was long life promised to Solomon? After he awoke, where did he go? What offerings did he make? Verses 14, 15.

6. How prosperous did Israel become under the rule of Solomon? 1 Kings 4: 20-24.

7. How definitely did the Lord fulfil his promise to Solomon? Verses 29-32.

8. What did Solomon now prepare to do? What special help did he ask of Hiram, king of Tyre? 2 Chron. 2: 1-3, 7-9.

9. In the letter which the king of Tyre sent in reply, what help did he promise to give? Verses 11-16.

10. What site did Solomon choose for the temple? When did he begin the building? 2 Chron. 3: 1, 2.

11. Read the description of the temple, and note the points of similarity between it and the tabernacle built in the wilderness. Verses 3-14.

12. In what unusual manner was this house built? 1 Kings 6: 7. Note 4.

13. Describe the molten sea, its position, and use. Describe the lavers, the candlesticks, and tables. 2 Chron. 4: 2-8.

14. Name some of the smaller things made for the temple service. Verses 11-22.

15. When the house of the Lord was finished, what did Solomon bring into it? How long did it take to build the temple? 2 Chron. 5: 1; 1 Kings 6: 38. Note 5.

Something to Do

Draw a plan of the holy place and the most holy place, indicating the location of the furniture in each, as built by the children of Israel in the wilderness.

Draw a plan of these rooms, placing the additional furniture provided for them in Solomon's temple.

Notes

1. Gibeon, meaning "hill city," was five or six miles north-west of Jerusalem. The tabernacle carried by the children of Israel in the wilderness, was there, although the ark had been taken to Jerusalem.

2. "A young person is like a train starting out of the station of a great city. The track on which he starts soon meets switches which turn him in many different directions to various destinations. The train is sent where the switch tender directs. But the young man does his own switching, and chooses his own destination, though Providence is continually presenting before him many possibilities."—*Peloubet*.

3. "Choosing is a test of character. It is not what we get, but what we choose; not money or poverty, but the love of money; not success in gaining pleasure, but what we seek first, that tests us as to what we really are. What we have and what we do often depends on many things outside of ourselves. What we choose is the work of our hearts and wills."—*Id.*

4. "The stones were not prepared for their respective places just as they were about to be laid in the wall of the temple; all the fitting and planning was done previous to their being brought to the place of building. So it is that all the hewing, fitting, and polishing of character must be done during men's probation. . . . Earth is the quarry and the workshop where men are to be fitted and refined for the courts of heaven. As the stones composing Solomon's temple came together in the wall a perfect fit, without the touch of ax or hammer or any other instrument, so will the resurrected saints, and those who are alive at the time of his coming, be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air, each one fitted for the great change and taking his proper place in the temple of God's love."—*"Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. III, pp. 40, 41.*

5. "Alone and isolated in its grandeur stood the Temple Mount. Terrace upon terrace its courts rose, till high above the city, within the inclosure of marble cloisters, the temple itself stood out, a mass of snowy marble and of gold, glittering in the sunlight against the half-encircling green background of Olivet. . . . Nor has there been in ancient or modern times a sacred building equal to the temple, whether for situation or magnificence."—*Edersheim*.

The close student will observe that the temple building was not of very great size, but it must be remembered that it was not used by the people, but only by the priests; the people used the spacious courts that were open to the sky.

Genius

MEN give me some credit for genius. All the genius that I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.
—*Alexander Hamilton*.

"EVERY church ought to be a prayer circle."

We Are Fed

O LITTLE brown bird on the city street
Where the ways of a hundred nations meet,
Where the chink and weight of the hoarded gold
Turn the blood of many a true heart cold,—
Are you fed?

Where the passions clamor; where clash and din
Speak the iron purpose of wills to win;
Where success is the far, elusive end;
Where the many save that the few may spend,—
Are you fed?

"A foot-worn hollow, a shower of rain;
A van o'erloaded, a plenty of grain;
A roof's high shelter; a little brown mate;
However the passers may strive or hate,—
We are fed!"

No man provided; the self-seeking street
Forgot the wee bird that chirped at its feet;
The world hurries by; but One keeps care
For you and me and the birds of the air,—
We are fed!

—Ada Melville Shaw, in the *Sunday School Times*.

Our Influence

IN the goldroom of a printing house where the delicate yellow sheets are being manipulated, a breath is enough to set the leaves aflutter. No less delicate is the soul of a child.

Only as one discloses some such early experience as is quoted below do we begin to appreciate the sensitiveness of the child. We then see why the Saviour pronounced a woe upon him who should offend one of these little ones.

"Many years ago, when I was a small boy," a gentleman said recently, "a Mr. Gorton was pastor of our church—a godly and gifted man, for whom I grew to have an admiration that almost amounted to idolatry. I listened to his earnest sermons with rapt attention, and they were sermons that an intelligent boy could understand and enjoy. My father was an elder in the church, and Mr. Gorton often called at our house. His smile and his brisk, cheery greeting were things to look forward to and to think of pleasantly afterward. I remember thinking that one of his prayers, when he knelt with the family at the close of his call, must be worth at least a hundred of those which father offered every night and morning. Not that I discredited father's goodness and sincerity, but Mr. Gorton seemed to be something above a common man, more like Moses and Paul and the other holy personages we read of in the Bible.

"If it had become customary to receive children into the church, I should have joined before I was ten years old, for I had implicit faith in a religion that could make a man like Mr. Gorton. As a matter of fact, however, I did not become a church member until I was well past thirty, and, strangely enough, Mr. Gorton was indirectly responsible for the delay.

"One crisp, starlit winter night I went to the back door of the parsonage with a basket of dishes. There was to be a donation party the next evening, and father had sent me from the horse sheds with the basket while he did some errands at the store. As the girl took the dishes at the door, I heard Mr. Gorton's voice raised in high, angry tones, and I turned away quickly, forgetting the message that was to go with the basket. If Mr. Gorton used any unseemly language, I did not hear it, but the mere fact that he was angry, like ordinary men, shocked me. I ran all the way to the sheds with the unreasoning fear that the minister might follow me to ask about the dishes, and thus be shamed and humiliated by knowing that I

had overheard his burst of ill temper. It was weeks before I could look Mr. Gorton in the face, and I think I never again heard him preach or pray without seeming to hear those high-pitched tones of anger.

"Of course in my boyish idealism I expected too much. The best and godliest of men have their faults; but the impressions made upon my mind by that incident have never been effaced. It has made me more careful not to say or do anything that might seem to others inconsistent with a Christian profession. If the New Testament means what it says, we make a high claim for ourselves when we stand before the world as loyal disciples of Jesus Christ. We sometimes resent criticism, but do our critics really demand any more of us than our loyalty to Christ demands? And is there not a grave danger of wounding the idealism of some one who takes the teaching of the gospel at its face value?"

More than a score of years of Christian joy and service were lost to this boy because of Mr. Gorton's anger. Surely this incident alone shows that it is imperative that parents, ministers, and teachers walk softly lest they offend the child; but it is equally imperative that older brothers and sisters should remember the far-reaching effect one wrong or inconsiderate act of theirs may have upon their younger brothers and sisters.

F. D. C.

Discarding the Old System for a Better One

ACCORDING to the World Trade Club our system of weights and measures is of German origin; and strange to say it was discarded by Germany in 1871, while it is still used by Great Britain and the United States of America.

In one hundred fifty-two other nations, really the rest of the world, it has been superseded by the metric system, a system that is simple, scientific, and efficient.

There is now a strong effort being made to have the old system give place in Britain and the United States to the metric.

Another curious anomaly is the fact that the metric system in reality was devised by a British inventor, who greatly felt the need of such a system in his scientific work.

Besides the commercial advantage to be derived from the adoption of the decimal system of weights and measures, instead of our present cumbersome one, the master mathematician of the University of California says that two years less time would be required to teach a child arithmetic.

It is not "persnickety," but it is pernickety.

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