

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

## A SEAL FOUND IN DELAWARE BAY

This seal was caught on the New Jersey shore of Delaware Bay. This is the first seal ever seen on the shore of the Middle Atlantic States, and its presence in Delaware Bay excited much curiosity among the people of that region and throughout the country who interest themselves in zoological subjects. Carl Banks, the boy in the center of the picture, discovered the seal, and was the first person to lay hands on it. The seal was slightly wounded. Evidently some one else had tried to kill or capture it. How it got so far away from its northern habitat is a mystery as yet unraveled by zoologists.



# From Here and There

Statistics compiled by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company show that the influenza epidemic cost insurance companies \$240,000,000 and resulted in the death of 450,000 persons. These figures cover the autumn and early winter of 1918.

In December, 1917, the Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames embankment was so severely damaged by the explosion of a bomb in the immediate vicinity that it will bear the scars for the remainder of its existence. This huge monolithic obelisk was conveyed by water from Alexandria to London and set up on the banks of the Thames in 1878.

Jack Wilson, said to be the fattest man in the world, died recently at Coney Island. He weighed 650 pounds, although he was less than six feet in height. He was too heavy for the ordinary ambulance, and had to be carried to the hospital in a motor truck, and carried into the ward on a special stretcher. The doors had to be removed to make way for the stretcher.

Majors S. E. Parker and G. Talbot Wilcox, veterans of the Royal Flying Corps of the British Army, plan to start on a year's aerial cruise from New York to South America. Flying over inland waters, they plan to stop at all the larger cities and summer resorts along the Hudson, St. Lawrence, Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers, landing to give lectures, exhibitions, and passenger-carrying demonstrations. From New Orleans they will head for Panama and their southern objective.

## Tornado Freaks

ACCORDING to the *Literary Digest* the Fergus Falls tornado, which recently destroyed a large part of the Minnesota town, found time in the midst of its destruction of life and property to play some peculiar tricks. For example:

"It stripped all the feathers from a flock of thirty chickens, which failed to survive the picking; it lifted a huge chimney and set it down intact a hundred feet from its foundations; it tore the shoes from the feet of a little girl sitting on her father's lap, leaving her uninjured, although her father, mother, and sister were killed."

Mr. R. J. Underwood says of his experience during the storm: "I was sitting in my room upstairs, and when the trees in the front yard began to fall I decided that it was time to get to the basement. My father followed me, and when we reached the kitchen the whole side of the house seemed to come up toward me. I threw myself on the floor, and the kitchen range flew over my head, landing on the other side of the room. I seemed to turn a somersault, and found myself facing the range, with the kitchen floor twisting over my head and protecting me. I could see the particles of wood and debris flying past me. I finally crawled out from the wreckage, and found my father doing the same thing. In one corner of the basement we found my mother and sister standing unhurt."

Another man ran into the doorway of a store to escape the storm. The wind picked him up and drew him into the middle of the street, then threw him through the plate-glass window into the interior of the store. He managed to crawl to the basement, and thus escaped further injury.

## Tree Telegraphy

IN wireless telegraphy an antenna consists of wires or a combination of wires, supported in the air for directly transmitting electric waves into space, or receiving them therefrom. Maj. Gen. George O. Squier, chief signal officer of the United States Army, says that trees may take the place of the regular wire antennae in wireless.

During the war this new wireless outfit was successfully used in "listening in" on the German radio lines. Officers of the signal corps found that by driving a spike into a tree and fastening to this the wire connected with the audion set, which wireless operators use to magnify the dot and dash,—little sounds which make up the wireless messages,—it was possible to intercept messages between German lines and the German planes in places where it was impossible to transport a field wireless apparatus. Usually to make the tree system most effective several short pieces of insulated wire sealed at the outer end are made to radiate out from a common center, and are buried a few inches beneath the surface of the ground near the tree.

Radiotelephone messages from airplanes were readily received by the tree antenna arrangement, and transferred thence to the wire system of any desired point.

## The American Eagle

PROF. JAMES H. BREASTED, of Chicago, says that "the American eagle, symbol of liberty, originated in Babylonia some five thousand years ago. Since then he has made his long flight across Europe, where he was hospitably adopted by a number of states, like Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, and others, to cross the Atlantic at last.

"Having lost all suggestion of the Oriental autocracy over which he first spread his wings so long ago, he has become the symbol of liberty in the great democracy of the New World. Even our national bird of liberty thus suggests to us how deeply the roots of our Western civilization are planted in the life and culture of the ancient Orient."

ANDREW CARNEGIE, the great iron master and world philanthropist, died on August 11 at his summer home in Lenox, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-three. His friend, ex-Senator Chauncey M. Depew, aged eighty-five, attended the funeral.

# The Youth's Instructor

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## Superior or Common—Which?

**I**T is easy to separate gold and silver from the common metals found in their ores.

It is easy for the physician to discriminate between the sick and the well by means of heart and lung testers, the X-ray, and other special appliances.

According to Dr. Frank Crane, it is easy to separate the pure gold of character from the more common elements, to detect the real nobility of humanity. He gives ten tests by which fineness and purity of character may be indisputably determined. He says:

"You may know the superior one by these marks:

"1. *He is spiritual.* I use the word carefully. I do not mean he is saintly or poetic or disdains to work with his hands.

"What I mean is that his pleasures are more of the mind or spirit than of the body.

"The art of living consists in the wise choice of satisfactions. If we choose the fleshly, they do not last; we are eventually bored and wretched. If we choose the higher, they reveal themselves as more permanent, growing by what they feed on. So it is a question of whether you want to be happy a little while or all the time.

"Test yourself, then. What do you like best? Beer and beef and sleep, and slippered ease and dancing and the chase? Does it most irritate you to be deprived of these things? Do you get petulant when you cannot have luxury, fine clothes, prominence, and all such? Well, all the world is like that. Not necessarily wicked—but just common. The hope is that you are dissatisfied with yourself.

"But do you like—*like*, mark you, not say you like—do you like Mona Lisa or Chopin's Ballade or Walter Pater's writing or prayer or a new idea or a beautiful woodland, so much that you would miss a meal or forego being introduced to an ambassador, for the sake of enjoying them? Then rejoice! For you tread a narrow way, and few there be that find it. You may be many things reprehensible, but you are not common.

"2. *The superior ones like simplicity.* The vulgar crowd likes finery. Which makes you happier, to look at a clean, naked Greek pillar or at the gilded gingerbread carving in a New York theater or a Paris hotel?

"Do you love fine clothes, new and expensive hats, shoes that cost twenty-five dollars, jewelry, and perfumes? These tastes may not be evil, I do not say they are; but every harlot has them.

"A great soul could not possibly live in a marble palace, and have more cooks, butlers, chauffeurs, and serving maids than fingers and toes. It would suffocate him.

"The more real culture a woman has the less she fancies fine feathers. She abhors any hat or gown that renders her conspicuous.

"The superior use simple words. They have simple habits. They eat simple food. They find pleasure in simple forms of play.

"If you take to loud neckties and long words and affected manners and expensive dinners, and luxury of all kinds, you are not alone—every servant girl and stable boy in Christendom shares your tastes, though perhaps not your ability to gratify them, and you are common.

"Socrates, Buddha, and Jesus are, by the common consent of mankind, superior. We cannot all be of so great grandeur of spirit. But we can *like what they liked*—simplicity of life, of thought, and of desire. And if not, why, we are of the *ignobile vulgus*.

"3. *The superior ones like to serve.* The common crowd love to be served. It is the cheap soul that loves to be waited on. The lady who must ring for her maid to cross the room and bring her her wrap, the gentleman whose soul swells when the man servant hands him his hat and cane, are not singular; the common herd all like that, they are ordinary, you might say 'or'nary.'

"Just any common boor enjoys having his feet washed; the Son of God washed his disciples' feet.

"It is this instinct of service, this innate joy of doing something to make other people happy, that is the core of politeness, of what we call good breeding.

It is evidenced in little things, such as yielding your seat to a lady in the street car, picking up and comforting the child that has stumbled, listening courteously while another is speaking, and the whole air of deference and respect that marks the gentleman.



DR. FRANK CRANE

"who writes editorials which appear every night in forty of the largest newspapers all over the United States. Dr. Crane was born fifty-eight years ago in Urbana, Illinois. He was educated for the ministry, and for years was the pastor of a Methodist church—first in Chicago and later in Worcester, Massachusetts. Ten years ago he gave up his pastorate so that he might devote all his time to writing, and thus influence a far greater number of people than he could hope to reach as a minister and preacher."



"Grabbing all you can, looking out for number one, 'gittin' aplenty while you're gittin' it,' blowing your own horn, pushing yourself forward, shoving yourself into the best seat—all such things may be commendable enough, if you like them, only they are of the broad and wide way, and many there be that go therein.

"4. *The superior person is above his pleasures.* He has pleasures, as every one has. He loves to eat, and distinguishes between a well-cooked vegetable and a sloppy stew; he loves to drink, and appreciates the fine flavor of good milk; he enjoys playing tennis, and motoring, and music, and art. But the point is that, no matter how keen his delight in any of these human joys, *none of them is bigger than he is.*

"He uses them. They do not lead him by the nose. If the love of money, the passion of love, the zest of gaming, or the fun of any sort of diversion, sweeps you away and controls you, instead of your controlling it, that is the way of the herd—they all do it—and you are common.

"Can you put by a strong desire, forego a cherished ambition, sternly deny yourself position, fame, money, love,—yes, even life itself,—for the sake of a high principle? There are just a few such. You are superior. You belong to the nobility.

"5. *The superior people are never bitter.* If you feel that you are a failure, that the world is going to the dogs, that all men are liars, and that there are no good women, it is all quite human, that is the tendency—it is the general slump of the cheap and ordinary mind.

"Pessimism is the philosophy of vulgarity. It amounts to dressing up in fine phrases the cowardice of the spirit.

"Do you, in your little trials, despair and complain? Do you pity yourself, want to go out in the garden and eat worms, and talk theatrically of wondering why you were born, and wish you were dead? Such sentiments are as common as dust in the road, ragweeds in the cow pasture, and empty tin cans in the alley. Then you are just plain common. And you'd better begin a course of discipline.

"But when all things combine to crush and humiliate you, when failure leers at you, and betrayal besmirches you, do you smile and say?

"In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody—but unbowed."

"Then cheer up, friend. You belong. You're a thoroughbred. You have a seat in the real House of Lords of this humanity.

"6. *The superior person is clean.* He may be dirty, but he does not like dirt. He may have to grime his hands in the mine and grease his clothes at the engine, but at his first leisure he cleans up.

"He loves cleanliness, of mind as of body. Dirt does not stick to him. He does not remember slanders, for they offend him. He avoids lying, deceit, profanity, and obscenity, as a healthy nose avoids putridity. He cleans his mind of pettiness, pride, duplicity, and cruelty, as one washes his hands after handling garbage.

"His thoughts smell of sunshine. His passions are honest and unashamed. His words are wholesome. And his fellowship is as refreshing as the waters of an untroubled spring.

"He is not only clean, but it makes you feel clean to be with him.

"7. *The real aristocrat does not like to show off.* He does not want any one to think him wiser, better, or more capable than he really is.

"Do you like to put your best foot forward, make a good impression, be flattered, have people hold you to be wittier and more clever than you are? You have plenty of company. That is what the multitude want who throng the broad way. I don't say you are bad. Only, you are common.

"The hundredth man wants no such thing. It pains him when he is overpraised. Obsequious flattery does not tickle him; it humiliates him.

"He instinctively conceals his virtues, as his nudity. If he is discovered in piety, he blushes. When he is elected to high place, it sobers him. If he attains to riches, it pains him with a keen sense of responsibility. If he wins fame as an artist, a soldier, an engineer, or a writer, it is hard for him to believe it is not due largely to luck. He escapes your praise, even as your blame cannot swerve him.

"8. *The superior man is gentle.* Gentleness is not the attribute of weakness but of strength. It is the baby that screams. It is conscious feebleness that threatens. It is the man with a defective vocabulary who swears. Always, everywhere, harshness, brutality, a domineering tone, abuse, violence, and austerity are the mask of a certain impotency. 'The half faith lights the fagot.'

"All noise is waste. The silent sun is mightier than the whirlwind. The roaring looms are so feeble you can stop the shuttle with your finger; but in the basement of the factory the huge engine, that plies its arm silently as a cat, would crush you as an eggshell were you to get in its way.

"That is a pregnant and truthful story of God, the Omnipotent, wherein he is described as revealing himself to Elijah in the mountain cave:

"Behold, . . . a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice."

"The genuine lady speaks low. No gentleman blusters.

"The most striking characteristics, perhaps, of the superior ones are their quiet, their poise. They have about them a sense of stars.

"9. *The superior ones are humble-minded.* Much may be said in praise of pride. I do not deny it has its uses. I say here only one thing of it: it is common. The ninety-nine all have it.

"The less one has to be proud of, the more pride he has. We speak of pride of achievement. It is not those who actually achieve that swell with pride; it is the little soul that comes by accident into the rewards of achievement that preens and struts.

"10. *The superior man is one with whom familiarity does not breed contempt.* This is most uncommon. Count over your friends and acquaintances. What proportion of them will stand the test of intimacy? How many of them are there with whom you would want to spend thirty consecutive days on a summer vacation? With how many would you want to take a trip to Europe?

"You tire of most people. As your intimacy increases, their pettiness appears. But there are a few—you may possibly count them on the fingers of one hand—of whom you think more highly the more closely you associate with them. These are the superior ones.



"It is as with the works of masters. A master differs from the commons in that his work grows upon you. You can hear Beethoven's Ninth Symphony a thousand times, and the thousandth time you love it more. But you weary of 'Good morning, Mr. Zip Zip Zip,' when you hear it a half-dozen times. The lurid picture on a billboard—once or twice is enough to see it; while every day you see new beauties in Abbey's pictures on the walls of the Boston Library. The Parthenon or the Cologne Cathedral becomes more fascinating with the centuries, while the flamboyant house of Mr. Newrich on Fifth Avenue speedily degenerates into an eyesore.

"The central element of superiority, either in man or the works of man, is the lasting quality.

"Do you last? Do you wear?"

### The Centenary of J. G. Holland

ONE hundred years ago, on July 24, 1819, Josiah Gilbert Holland was born at Belchertown, Massachusetts. His father was of an old Massachusetts family, a man of ability as an inventor and mechanic, but always poor and unable to get along. His son afterward pictured him in the noble poem, "Daniel Gray."

Young Holland had little schooling, but much working on farms and in factories—work that gave him the practical understanding of common needs which made his writings so popular. He taught district school, was a traveling writing master, and a daguerreotypist. He became a doctor, and practised for three years, but never enjoyed that profession. He started a weekly paper, which lasted six months. He became superintendent of the public schools of Vicksburg, Mississippi, and organized there a very successful public school system.

In 1850 began Dr. Holland's connection with that famous newspaper, the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican*, which was the beginning of his literary life and the basis of his financial independence. His writings as editor of the *Republican* made him famous, especially a series of familiar letters under the pen name of "Timothy Titcomb." This was the beginning of a long series of volumes of essays,—of which "Gold Foil" was especially popular,—essays dealing with common problems in a sane and fresh way. Dr. Holland's first novel, "Bay Path," was also written for the *Republican*.

A chance meeting in Switzerland led to Dr. Holland's connection with Roswell Smith, and to the founding of *Scribner's Magazine* (now the *Century Magazine*) in 1870. This magazine, Dr. Holland edited till his sudden death, Oct. 12, 1881. He made this magazine a great power, and through it did much to develop American literature. To its pages he contributed his very successful novels, "Arthur Bonnicastle" (an especially inspiring and noble story), "Sevenoaks," and "Nicholas Minturn."

Dr. Holland was very popular as a lecturer, and in addition to his essays and novels he wrote a history of western Massachusetts, and a life of Lincoln which remains the most readable and inspiring biography of our greatest American; but, above all, Holland was known as a poet. His long poem, "Bitter-Sweet," had a sale of ninety thousand copies. His second long poem, "Kathrina," sold one hundred thousand copies. His other collections of poems, "The Marble Prophecy," "The Mistress of the Manse," "Garnered Sheaves," and "The Puritan's Guest," found a wide reading and were greatly beloved.

Dr. Holland's poems have not the profundity of Browning or even the depth of Tennyson, but they are always crystal clear. They touch the hearts of ordinary men and women, who understand them and are greatly helped by them. What the poet himself wrote of another's in his "Kathrina" is true of his own books:

"But there was much in them that yielded strength  
To struggling souls, and, to the wounded, balm.  
They were all pure; they made no foul appeal  
To baseness and brutality; they had  
An element of gentle chivalry."

Holland was a most admirable didactic poet, particularly effective when drawing a moral from common things, as from the apples and potatoes in the cellar scene of "Bitter-Sweet." His lyrics are greatly admired, and justly so—such lyrics as "Who Can Tell What a Baby Thinks?" and the Christmas carol beginning "There's a song in the air!" The most quoted of his poems are "Wanted" and "Gradatim," which are so characteristic of the author that we will let them stand here as samples of his work:

#### "Wanted"

"God give us men! A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor,—men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue,  
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty, and in private thinking;  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,  
Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!"

#### "Gradatim"

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

"I count this thing to be grandly true:  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—  
Lifting the soul from the common clod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

"We rise by the things that are under our feet;  
By what we have mastered of good and gain;  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

"We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
When the morning calls us to life and light,  
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,  
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

"We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

"Wings for the angels, but feet for men!  
We may borrow the wings to find the way—  
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;  
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

"Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round."

—Christian Endeavor World.

"A good cure for envy is generous praise. If we find ourselves tempted to envy we shall do well at once to dwell in our own mind upon the good and worthy qualities of the person we envy, and openly to recognize and commend them."



# In the Christian Pathway

## Watching with God

LOUISE HILDEBRAND

WE speak of this Christian or that Christian as a "man of prayer." Jesus was emphatically so. The Spirit was "poured upon him without measure." He was incarnate wisdom, "needing not that any should teach him." He was infinite in his power, and boundless in his resources, yet he prayed.

We picture him in the early morning, in some lonely, secluded spot, meditating and searching the Scriptures; or in the solitudes of Olivet, seeming often to turn night into day to redeem moments for prayer, rather than to lose this sacred privilege.

We are rarely, indeed, admitted into the solemnities of his inner life. The veil of night is generally between us and the great High Priest when he enters the "holiest of all;" but we have enough to reveal the depth and fervor, the tenderness and confidence, of the blissful intercommunion with his heavenly Father. All his public acts were consecrated by prayer,—his baptism, his transfiguration, his miracles, his agony, his death. He breathed away his spirit in prayer.

Every Christian who really gets a vision of the prayer life of the Master cannot but exclaim, "How wonderful, how beautiful!" He will be filled with an intense longing to enter into this life,—to drink of the same great Fountainhead from which it is life for us to draw, and which is death to forsake. To help such, the little booklet, "The Morning Watch," has been prepared. It is really a key to treasures that will be locked up from us if we allow our key to rust through carelessness or neglect. Languid spirit, drooping faith, lukewarm love, may without doubt be traced to lack of prayer.

On earth, fellowship with a lofty order of minds imparts a certain nobility to the character; so, in a far higher sense, by a daily, habitual study of the Word of God, we may gain an intimation of the wonderful mind of Jesus.

We cannot fail to be impressed in the course of the Saviour's public teaching, with his constant appeal to the Word of God. He commands his people to "search the Scriptures;" but he himself sets the example by searching them and submitting to them. Whether he drives the money changers from their sacrilegious traffic in the temple, or foils his great adversary on the mount of temptation, he does so with the same weapon, "It is written." When he rises from the grave, the theme of his first discourse is an impressive tribute to the value and authority of the same sacred oracles. The disciples on the road to Emmaus listened to nothing but a Bible lesson: "He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself."

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." In the days when false lights are hung out, there is more need of keeping the eye steadily fixed on the unerring beacon. We ought to make the Bible the arbiter in all difficulties, the ultimate court of appeal; and, like Mary, sit at the feet of Jesus, willing only to learn of him. How many perplexities it would save us! how many fatal steps in life it would prevent—how many tears! "It is a great matter," says Chalmer, "when the mind dwells

on any passage of Scripture, just to think how true it is."

In every dubious question, when the foot is trembling on debatable ground, knowing not whether to advance or recede, make this the final criterion, "What saith the Scriptures?"

We must beware of anything that would interfere with a full surrender of heart and soul to the service of the Master. Every one has some appointed work to perform, some little niche in the spiritual temple to occupy. Ours may be no splendid service, no flaming or brilliant actions, to blaze and to dazzle the eye of man. It may be the quiet, unobtrusive inner work, the secret prayer, the forgiven injury, the trifling act of self-sacrifice for God's glory and the good of others, of which no eye but the Eye which seeth in secret is cognizant.

We must not be idlers in the vineyard,—lingers, like Lot; world lovers, like Demas; do-nothing Christians, like the inhabitants of Meroz! The command is "Go work," that this "gospel of the kingdom" may be preached as a witness unto every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."  
"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

### A Verse or Two

WHEN you're sore discouraged  
And you're feelin' kind o' blue,  
Just take up your Bible  
And read a verse or two.

Fears and cares belittle,  
Your doubts all vanish too,  
When you take your Bible  
And read a verse or two.

Won't you take your Bible  
And read a verse or two,  
When you're all discouraged  
And you're feelin' sort o' blue?

Just now take your Bible,  
And prove His promise true  
Of how he calmed the seas  
With just a word or two.

ENNIS V. MOORE.

### What the Miller Said

THE miller said that there were seventeen sieves through which the ground wheat passed before it came out below pure and white and fine in the shape of flour. The miller said that every one of the seventeen sieves was necessary to give the flour that fineness and whiteness for which the mill was famous. Less than that number of sieves would leave the flour a little too coarse and not absolutely white. Every one of the sieves took out something from the flour that was not desirable and that kept it from reaching the standard that the miller set for his flour.

How similar life is to the flour mill! Through one testing after another we pass, for the Lord desires to have us purified; not seven times, or even seventeen times, perhaps, but many, many times we meet the tests of life until at last he has us ready for that place which he has prepared for us.



How sad it is that we sometimes grumble and complain at the sieves through which the Miller sees best to put us. If we only had the faith to go even into the valley of the shadow of death without fear, trusting in him who has promised to be with those who put their trust in him! How much better to hear, instead of words of grumbling and complaint, the words of the Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant; . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Remember, the miller said that so many sieves were necessary to make the flour what it should be, but that it was worth it in the end. So our Lord says that we are not to marvel at the fiery tribulations that we must pass through in life, for they work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.  
—*Youth's Companion*.

#### Reaching After God

My soul expands to meet Thine own  
When gazing on thy starry throne,—  
I think of thee with wonder.  
Each little flower perfection shows.  
Thou givest perfume to the rose,  
And shak'st the clouds with thunder.

Oh! who unmoved to praise can look  
On nature's open picture book,  
Unheeding thy perfection?  
So blended are the colors fine,  
In precious stone, a columbine,  
Thy work invites inspection.

When I by marvel of thy grace,  
Not darkly see, but face to face,  
My praise may find expression.  
I'll thank thee for the insect's wing,  
The frost-gemmed weed, and everything  
That shows thy hand's impression.

I'll thank thee for created things,  
That gave my mind and spirit wings  
And satisfied with beauty;  
For when I saw thy work with awe,  
My heart responded to thy law  
And found it love and duty.

MRS. J. W. PURVIS.

#### A Radish Among the Beans

THE following incident was related by Elder G. B. Thompson, in a chapel talk. It is so suggestive to those who desire promotion, that we pass it on to our ambitious INSTRUCTOR readers:

"A brakeman on a passenger train felt that he must have a raise of wages. His family was increasing, and his expenses generally, so he and his wife talked it over together, and he decided to go to the superintendent and tell him what he thought he must have. But when he got to the door of the superintendent's office his courage failed him, for he did not know of any reason to give why he should have an increase; so he went away, and determined to do something that would attract attention and bring him a raise. He said he looked over the brakemen; they were all just alike—like a lot of beans. He decided to be a *radish* among the beans. He looked about for some way of distinguishing himself. He concluded that trains should have towels; so he made the suggestion. Towels were put on the trains. He looked for another chance to make improvement.

"He decided to be more polite to passengers—to help them on and off the train, and to assist mothers with children.

"One day an elderly man asked him a question. He took great pains to give him all the information he could, and to do it very courteously. This man chanced to be one of the trustees of the road.

"Later the company wanted a man to act as train

master. They looked about among the *beans*, and found the *radish*. They chose him for train master. He thus secured his raise in salary.

"Then he looked over the train masters, and determined to be a *potato* among the radishes. He studied the interests of the company and made suggestions that saved the company thousands of dollars. As a result when they wanted a division superintendent, they chose the *potato*.

"He followed the same plan in this position, and decided to be a *turnip* among the superintendents. As a result he became vice-president of the company."

#### The Greatest Thing for the American Business Man

IN giving the following interesting interview that he had with a Chinese exporter, Mr. William Dudley Pelley says:

"I walked into the office of an almond-eyed, yellow-skinned Chinese exporter whose trade-mark was on the crates in a thousand warehouses.

"What is the greatest thing which the American business man must do to win the favor and dollars of the Far East?" I asked him. And I got my notebook ready.

"Live in his trade practices the ethics of Christianity!" he replied in perfect book English.

"Christianity!" I gasped. "But what do you know about Christianity? You are a business man!"

"Very true," he told me. "But I am a business man—and a successful business man—because one of your missionaries took me out of a hovel in a forgotten little village far up northward, sent me to a mission school where I got the education my own government never could have given because it did not have it to give, taught me of your God and how to do business on the square, because no other kind of business principles permanently succeed, gave me the ambition to go to America and complete my education, then helped me into a position with this house, where later I rose to be its head. What do I know of Christianity? Very much! Very much indeed! It has been the corner-stone of my success!"

"I forgot my notebook and nicely sharpened pencil."

We wish that as a nation we were wise enough to take the hint from the Chinese merchant, to be strictly honest in all our dealings with our fellow men.

#### Try Laughing

DO you know, my dear," says Mrs. Holden, writing to a young mother, "that there is nothing that will help you to bear the ills of life so well as a good laugh? Laugh all you can, and the small imps in blue who love to pre-empt their quarters in a human heart will scatter away like owls before the music of flutes. There are few of the minor difficulties and annoyances that will not dissipate at the charge of merry laughter. If the clothesline breaks; if the cat tips over the milk, and the dog elopes with the roast; if the children fall into the mud simultaneously with the advent of clean aprons; if the new girl quits in the middle of house cleaning, and though you search the earth with candles, you find none to take her place; if the neighbor you have trusted goes back on you; if the chariot wheels of the uninvited guest draw near when you are out of provender, and the gaping of your empty purse is like the unfilled mouth of a young robin,—take courage if you have enough sunshine in your heart to keep the laugh on your lips." True Christianity puts the joy in the heart.



## The Incorrect Thing

### "I Should Worry"

WHEN you hear a boy or girl say, "I should worry," does it send a shiver up and down your spine?

If that boy or girl happens to be your own son or daughter, does it keep you awake nights worrying and fretting about the future? If not, you have not caught its real significance. The individual who invented that little doctrine placed in the hands of America's youth a most persistent obstacle in the path of moral and spiritual development.

When a boy or girl says, "I should worry," the implication is that there has been a shortcoming of some sort, a mistake has been made, and there is little desire to make amends. There is a resignation to a lower plane.

Because of the failure to realize a certain objective, because the boy or girl has fallen short of a certain accomplishment or has made an error in word or deed, instead of making the mistakes and obstacles stepping-stones to future success, the easiest way is taken — "I should worry."

Advice from friends to those under the spell of this destructive doctrine is of no avail. They receive the disheartening reply from the one they wish to aid — "I should worry."

Such an attitude accepts the past as good enough. If an ideal remains unrealized, why exert increased effort to realize it? Why take a new way? Why profit by the experience and mistakes of others? "I should worry."

Easily uttered, but impossible of recall, and indelible in its mental impressions. An attitude is being developed which reacts against advice, discipline, and authority; a precocious egotism is manifested and progress is hindered.

Mother sees the failures of daughter and tries in her kindly way to point out the way of life, marking its pitfalls on the way, but is only repaid with ingratitude. The daughter says, "I should worry."

Father tries to direct his son's development toward lines which make for physical, mental, and moral efficiency. He realizes what his son will need if he is to be a success in the complicated activities of industrial and commercial intercourse, but the son replies, "I should worry."

The president of the college or academy in his attempt to increase the ability, or in seeking to develop the character, the integrity, of a student finds in him no ambition to change his ways; and instead of heeding the advice of those who wish him well, he worries not.

Is there cause for concern? Is progress made when boys and girls, young men and young women, have such an attitude toward life?

What if ten thousand sons and daughters within the ranks of Seventh-day Adventists assumed this attitude? Could we be sure that the institutions we have built up and cherished would be safe when those of our number now bearing heavy responsibilities are compelled to shift them to younger shoulders?

What of our schools, our sanitariums, our conference departments, our mission stations, and our industry, our commerce, our government, the homes of our children and our children's children?

Such an attitude leads to dissipation of time and energy, and to stagnation, as is only too well illus-

trated in any community and in any age where the doctrine was, "I should worry," or "Let us eat and drink; for tomorrow we die." "Why give a thought for the morrow?"

We must offset this detrimental influence of such a program by popularizing a more constructive one.

"Be prepared" is the motto of the true Missionary Volunteer, and he engages in the activities which will prepare, not alone himself but others, for a successful career in this world and eternal life in the world to come.

"Loving the Lord Jesus, I promise to take an active part in the work of the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society, doing what I can to help others and to finish the work of the gospel in all the world."

He not only promises, but he carries out.

A true Missionary Volunteer is trustworthy, loyal, kind, helpful, friendly, courteous, cheerful, obedient, faithful, thrifty, brave, clean, self-sacrificing, service-loving, and reverent. These are qualifications of a true Missionary Volunteer. Records of one's deeds show how nearly one reaches the true standard. If one endeavors to reach these qualifications, after a while they become a part of his make-up and altruistic acts become spontaneous. A mental attitude is developed which is far different from the other of "I should worry."

Let us as Missionary Volunteers leave off such expressions, and take into our vocabulary such expressions and mottoes as "Be prepared," "Others," "Ever more Christlike," "Service," "I can do it," "I will do better," "I am sorry," "The advent message to all the world in this generation."

What a work our Missionary Volunteers can do with such mottoes before them! ENNIS V. MOORE.

### Three Languages

HESTER is familiar with three languages," said Hester's uncle, speaking to a friend about his favorite niece. "I think that is remarkable for a girl of thirteen."

"Only two languages, Uncle John," corrected Hester modestly. "We have only Latin in our high school work along with the regular English course."

"Yes, but you speak another language," persisted her uncle. "I am not familiar enough with it to quote much of it, but I hear most of the young people using it. Perhaps it isn't taught in the schools, but your mother tells me you are quite familiar with it. She said you seemed to acquire it more readily than English or Latin."

"I don't know what you mean," said Hester, thinking her uncle must be losing his wits; "I am not familiar with any other language."

"Well, then, what did you mean when you said you had the other girls 'faded in math'? Surely that must be some peculiar language."

"Uncle John! You know that is nothing but plain slang," said Hester. "Everybody uses it—that is, everybody but you and father, and mother, and a few other people."

"Yes, I believe your mother did call it by that name. Who is the inventor of this necessary language? Where do you learn the new words?"

"Indeed, I don't know. I've often wondered myself how they get started. The first thing you know everybody is using them, but no one seems to know where they start."

"Perhaps the minister, or the school-teachers, or



the lawyers, or the doctors, have to have them to express their ideas," suggested Uncle John.

"The idea of a minister using slang! I don't know what the people in our church would do if Mr. Roberts should do such a thing."

"Why, there isn't any wrong about it, is there?" asked Uncle John. "I thought you just had to have these words to keep up with the times."

"Well-educated people never use slang," said Hester positively. "When Mrs. Clay moved into this neighborhood, very few of the ladies would associate with her because she used slang. Mother says it shows lack of refinement."

"And yet the poor ladies have to associate every day with their boys and girls. Let me tell you, dear, that slang usually originates with people you would be ashamed to be seen talking or walking with. You would not like to call them your friends, but you take their inelegant, incorrect words into your life, and say you cannot get along without them. Don't you think if slang really were necessary, it would be taught in the schools?"

"I suppose it would," said the girl slowly. "After this, two languages will be enough for me until I take up some new study in school." — *Selected.*

## Character Hints

[The following paragraphs are taken from "The Desire of Ages."]

### Every Soul of Equal Value

**C**ASTE is hateful to God. He ignores everything of this character. In his sight the souls of all men are of equal value. He 'hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.'

### God's Continuous Mercy

"The Lord works continually to benefit mankind. He is ever imparting his bounties. He raises up the sick from beds of languishing; he delivers men from peril which they do not see, he commissions heavenly angels to save them from calamity, to guard them from 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness,' and 'the destruction that wasteth at noonday;' but their hearts are unimpressed. He has given all the riches of heaven to redeem them, and yet they are unmindful of his great love. By their ingratitude they close their hearts against the grace of God. Like the heath in the desert, they know not when good cometh, and their souls inhabit the parched places of the wilderness."

### Faith Is Life

"To talk of religion in a casual way, to pray without soul hunger and living faith, avails nothing. A nominal faith in Christ, which accepts him merely as the Saviour of the world, can never bring healing to the soul. The faith that is unto salvation is not a mere intellectual assent to the truth. He who waits for entire knowledge before he will exercise faith, cannot receive blessing from God. It is not enough to believe *about* Christ; we must believe *in* him. The only faith that will benefit us is that which embraces him as a personal Saviour; which appropriates his merits to ourselves. Many hold faith as an opinion. Saving faith is a transaction, by which those who receive Christ join themselves in covenant relation with God. Genuine faith is life. A living faith means an increase of vigor, a confiding trust, by which the soul becomes a conquering power."

## For the Finding-Out Club

### Who Is He?

**T**HE name of international reputation in banking circles, and one ranking perhaps first among America's able financiers today, which is being mentioned as a Presidential possibility in Republican circles for the coming election, belongs to a quiet, keen-eyed man who was born in Aurora, Illinois, fifty-four years ago.

His father's death when he was only fourteen left Frank and his mother and two sisters with a very slender income. They remained on the farm for a year, and the boy worked at home during the winter, attending the country district school when he could. With the coming of the summer vacation he got the job of caring for forty calves, receiving for his labor one of the calves and twelve dollars. The *New York Tribune* was at that time offering a five years' subscription to their weekly journal, together with a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, for twelve dollars, and for this purpose the lad spent his hard-earned money. This incident illustrates a characteristic which contributed largely to his later successes — the willingness to endure present privation in order to fit himself for something better.

When Frank was fifteen the family moved back to Aurora and he entered a machine shop as an apprentice — an apprentice with an ambition. He wanted an education. He could expect no financial help from his mother, so he set to work by himself. Studying at night, he completed the preparatory subjects in a year, managing also to save \$225 out of his wages of seventy-five cents for a ten-hour day. In 1880, at the age of sixteen, he passed the entrance examinations, and enrolled in the freshman class of the University of Illinois.

For about a year and a half he struggled on, eking out his meager savings by working every spare moment. But finally his money was gone, and there was nothing left to do but go back to work, so he returned to Aurora and finished his apprenticeship in the machine shop. But he studied on by himself at night. Higher mathematics especially interested him, and he took a course in stenography, recognizing in it the means to an end.

In 1883 he was appointed to the position of reporter on the *Aurora Post*, beginning a newspaper experience which brought him into close touch with the most influential men in America. He gained a reputation as a newspaper man who would use for the benefit of the public any knowledge which came to him, and his work showed a keen sense of responsibility to the public whom he was serving.

The young reporter became deeply interested in finance, and the detailed, careful study which he gave to this question fitted him to be financial editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, to which position he was called at the age of twenty-six. The next seven years were spent in hard, enterprising, indefatigable newspaper work, supplemented by a course in economics, taken at the University of Chicago. His work on the paper kept him at the office until midnight, yet he was always on hand for his 8:30 morning recitation at the university.

The subject of this sketch served as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury during the McKinley administration, in which capacity he managed the details of the Spanish War Loan, a pioneer work in that the money was raised by popular subscription.



In 1901, he was invited to become an associate of Mr. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank of New York. Resigning his Washington post, he spent three months touring Europe, thus gaining valuable first-hand knowledge of conditions abroad. On July 15, 1901, he entered upon his initial service in this bank, which is now recognized as having become the greatest institution of its kind in America as the result of his efforts, and from the presidency of which he recently resigned.

L. E. C.

## Nature and Science

### The Mountains Are the Lord's Reservoirs

**R**ECENTLY while passing through the beautiful park which surrounds the capitol building at Sacramento, California, the words which form the title of this article flashed into the writer's mind. Many millions of dollars invested in water systems by the municipalities of Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco and Los Angeles, California, prove the truthfulness of the statement. Each of these cities is situated adjacent to the low mountain range which skirts the Pacific Coast from the arctic regions to the tropics, but neither of them depends for its water supply on streams having their source in the Coast range.

Portland was the first great city on the Coast to penetrate the higher regions of the Cascade Mountains for its water supply, by tapping the melting snows of Mt. St. Helens. Los Angeles came next in one of the greatest engineering feats of the United States, spending some thirty millions of dollars in the construction of the system of concrete conduits, siphons used in crossing valleys, and tunnels to pierce intervening hills, all forming the Owen River aqueduct, which delivers 16,000,000 gallons of water a day, after traversing a distance of 250 miles from the intake, located in the Owen River valley on the eastward side of the highest and most rugged portion of the Sierra Nevada (snowy saw) Mountains, of which Mt. Whitney is the overtowering peak; and San Francisco has its Hetch-Hetchy project to secure pure water from the upper reaches of the Tuolumne River, which river is formed by the precipitation of moisture in snow and rain upon the western slope of the Sierras.

#### Mountain Snows Make the Valley Deserts Blossom

It is the snowfall in winter which makes possible the irrigation by "gravity" water in summer of the millions of rich acres devoted to a variety of crops in the great Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, which form the inland empire in the center of the Golden

State; while to the East of the Sierras the wonderful Government projects which make the desert to "blossom as the rose," are also dependent on the snowfall in the high mountains. If we go to the extreme southeast portion of the State we discover that the now famous "Nile Valley" of the Pacific Coast, has been reclaimed from one of the most forbidding desert regions of the Western Hemisphere, to a veritable garden of wealth, by the extensive irrigation enterprises which are utilizing the waters from the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, which formerly found their way to the Gulf of California through "the Titan of Chasms," the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Following this line we might go into detail in describing the water supply for each of Uncle Sam's great desert reclamation projects in the West, and add more weight of argument to prove that the mountains hold the water in storage to make these wonderful enterprises possible.

#### An Abundance of Water

Cities with the largest ocean on the globe just at hand, which ocean provides a way for the wealth of



the world to be poured into their laps, must go far afield to secure sufficient pure water for their inhabitants to drink. It is significant that while, during the past three years, a light rainfall has seriously threatened many smaller cities and communities in west-central California with a water famine, many of the wells around "the Bay"—as the great bay district adjacent to San Francisco and Oakland is called in California parlance—have failed, and in places like Vallejo, too small to finance an aqueduct from the mountains, the people have been refused the privilege of keeping their lawns and flowers alive by pouring the "wash water" upon the thirsty soil, lest they take advantage and use too much water in the wash; yet the great cities which had established pipe connection with the Lord's reservoirs, had an abundant supply of pure water for all purposes.

One advantage to Southern California in the important question of water supply, is that while it has less rainfall than the north, yet a kind Providence swung the coast line eastward from Santa Barbara southward, and thus the contact of the orange and



lemon groves, the walnut and olive orchards, as well as the alfalfa fields and the extensive gardens to feed a million people, is established with the high San Bernardino range, and hence no water shortage has been experienced during the period mentioned.

If the precipitation of moisture upon the mountains came wholly in winter rains, much of California would still be wholly or partially desert, where now it yields abundant crops to feed man and beast; but the fact that in winter the snow falls to a depth of thirty feet in the high mountains and that the days are cool during the summer months, with frost almost every night, and the further fact that the high Sierras abound in beautiful lakes, creates a condition which causes the water supply to continue over a long period, while if the moisture came in rainfall it would rush to the valleys so quickly as to cause destructive floods, and the summer water supply would be gone, resulting in "a dry and thirsty land, where no water is" on the plains below. The people who live in the Owen River valley assert that from a single viewpoint in the Sierras to the west, thirty charming lakes can be counted.

It will thus be seen that the water supply for the great Pacific Coast cities and the agricultural and horticultural wealth of all the intermountain region as well as of the extensive valleys to the west of the Sierras, is largely due to the fact that "the mountains are the Lord's reservoirs." G. W. REASER.

### The Moabite Stone

THE Rosetta stone, the Behistun group, and the Moabite stone make an interesting archeological trio. The important and interesting part the first two have played in archeological lore is perhaps better understood than that of the third. In so far as its relation to Biblical lore is concerned the Moabite stone has been pronounced "the most precious of all the antiquities in the great museum of Louvre." This stone was inscribed by old King Mesha of Moab, mentioned in 2 Kings 3:4, 5:

"Mesha king of Moab was a sheepmaster, and rendered unto the king of Israel a hundred thousand lambs, and a hundred thousand rams, with the wool. But it came to pass, when Ahab was dead, that the king of Moab rebelled against the king of Israel."

This is the only time Mesha is spoken of in the Bible.

This stone suffered at the hands of ignorant peasants. Because two white men sought to secure the stone, the Arabs considered it must be of great value, though they had hitherto attached no value to it. They pronounced it sacred and refused to allow it to be moved. Dr. Edgar J. Banks says:

"The Arabs, still unwilling that so sacred an object should fall into the hands of the Turks or Christians, built a fire about it, and when it was heated through, poured cold water over it, breaking it into many pieces. The smaller fragments they gathered up and bound about their necks and arms as charms. The larger pieces were rescued and taken to the Louvre. Of the thousand or more characters which were engraved on the stone, six hundred sixty-nine were re-

covered, and fortunately from the copy which had been made of it many of the missing words could be supplied. What does this ancient Moabite stone from Dibon say? A translation of its inscription is in part as follows:

"I am Mesha, the son of Chemosh-Melek, king of Moab, the Dibonite. My father was king of Moab for thirty years, and I succeeded my father. I erected this monument in honor of Chemosh at Kirkha, . . . for he saved me from all invaders and caused me to



The Moabite Stone

see my desire over all my enemies. Omri was king of Israel, and he had oppressed Moab many days, for Chemosh was angry with his land. His son (Ahab) succeeded him, and he also said: "I shall oppress Moab." In my days, Chemosh said: "I will see my desire on him and his house, and I will destroy Israel forever." Omri took the land of Madeba, Israel dwelt in it during his days, and half the days of his son, altogether forty years. . . . And Chemosh said to me: "Go and take Nebo from Israel." I went at night; I fought from daybreak till noon, and I took it and slew in all seven thousand men. The women and girls I devoted to Ashtar-Chemosh. And I took from it the vessels of Yahveh, and offered them before Chemosh."

"This stone, which has made clear many obscure Bible verses, and given a vivid picture of the ancient neighbors of the Hebrews, seems almost like a long-lost chapter of the Bible." F. D. C.

### "In a Minute"

WELL, well, don't fret; I'll be there in a minute." But, my friend, a minute means a good deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No? Well, while you are murdering a minute for yourself and one for me, before you get ready to sit down to the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen meantime.

## Sunset

BERTHA UNRUH

It is the hour of sunset, and we pause  
To watch the beauty of the ever-changing tints  
That gild the western sky. What blend of color!  
Deep, rich hues, with here and there  
The softer tones of opalescent shades.  
Ne'er have our eyes beheld a scene  
Of greater splendor. Human lips are dumb,  
For human words would mar the sacred stillness  
Of the hour. The song of birds is hushed;  
All nature looks in silence on the scene.  
Methinks the very angels must bend low  
To view this wonder of the Master's brush.

The vision fades. The shadows softly steal  
O'er all the earth. A gentle breeze now breaks  
The silence in the trees, and wakes the birds  
To one last note of tender evensong. The air  
Is filled with subdued melody; but we  
Are strangely silent as we bend our steps  
Along the homeward way; for in our hearts  
The picture lingers still. Our very souls  
Thrill with that message from the Great Unseen.  
In unmistakable language it has voiced  
The words he fain would press to every human heart —  
"Be still, and know that I am God."



In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth, in its grand journey around the sun, 1,080 miles. Pretty quick traveling, you say? Why that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of the light which, just now reflected from that mirror, made you wink. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, all over the world, about eighty newborn infants have each raised a wail of protest at the fates for thrusting existence upon them, while as many more human beings, weary with the struggles of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile, and a street car thirty-two rods.

In each minute in the United States, night and day, all the year round, twenty-four barrels of beer have been going down 12,096 throats, and 4,830 bushels of grain have come to bin.—*Cleveland Press.*

### Do Animals Reason?

**K**ATY is an old dog owned by a Mr. Andrews, of Cleveland, Ohio. She is his constant companion. If he goes out for an automobile ride, Katy always sits in the seat beside him.

Mr. Andrews is a gunsmith, and if it is necessary for him to stay up late at night to complete some shop work, Katy is there, curled up on a bunch of papers, and does not think of going home without him, however late, although at the last she will look up at him appealingly.

Beneath his shop is a gun range. One night while at practice, he had need of a screw driver. Some one said, "Send the dog," so he told Katy to go upstairs, get the screw driver, and bring it to him. Katy went upstairs in the dark, and after a time found the screw driver and brought it to him. Some time after, another gentleman came in, and they were discussing Katy's exploits. He suggested that she should go for the hammer, so Mr. Andrews said to Katy, "Go upstairs and bring me down the hammer!" The door was open, and Katy found her way in the dark, jumped upon the workbench, and after a time they heard a thud, and they said, "She's found the hammer and thrown it upon the floor." Sure enough, after a moment or two, Katy came trudging down the stairs with the hammer in her mouth.

The other evening with a friend we visited Mr. Andrews at his shop, and convinced ourselves that what he told us was true; but when he sent the dog back in the dark for the hammer she returned without it. Mr. Andrews told her to go back and look on the other table for it! So she went back, jumped upon the table, found the hammer, and brought it to him.

Then I said I would go out and get her some candy; she knew what candy meant, and wanted to go along. Her owner said, "No, Katy, you stay here;" but when I returned, she was at the door to receive her gift.

When I left the shop, Mr. Andrews said that I should leave the door, a very heavy one, wide open, and then he told Katy to go shut the door. She took hold of the handle of the door with her two paws, and gradually pushed it around until it was closed. Then seeing me standing on the outside, she apparently gave me a scolding, for having left the door open.

Wouldn't you like to know a dog like that?

### Mice as Engineers

*Popular Science News* tells of a mouse which had fallen into a hole dug for a telegraph pole, four and one-half feet in depth and twenty inches in diameter. The little prisoner spent the first day in running around the bottom of the hole trying to find a means of escape. The second day he had got over his hysterics, and settled down to steady business.

He began systematically to dig a spiral groove around the inner surface of the hold, with a uniform ascending grade. He worked night and day. As he got farther from the bottom he dug little pockets where he could lie and rest. The interested witnesses kept him well supplied with food.

After a while the mouse struck a rock; he tried to get under, over, and around the obstacle, but without success. He therefore reversed the spiral, and finally reached the top.

### Flora

Flora was a black colt which I owned while practicing medicine at Keene, Texas. The surrounding territory and roadways are full of stumps. Flo would make her way on a rainy night at a trotting pace, and succeed in avoiding these stumps.

Often when I would lead her to water, she would appear not to want any, and I would say to her, "Unless you drink, you cannot have your oats." Then she would stick her nose down to the bottom of the pail, bring her head up again, and look at me as much as to say, "There, now give me my oats." I would say, "No, Flo, you didn't drink, you just stuck your nose down in the pail; now you drink!" Then she would take just one swallow, and of course she got her oats.

Flo had one bad habit. She had been trained in youth to stop instantly, when she heard "Whoa." It did not matter how fast we were traveling, when I said "Whoa," she would stop suddenly, and almost throw me over the dashboard; and I was never able to break her of this troublesome habit.

Flo was in this respect like many persons. The habits they acquire in early life are hard to give up later.

A. W. HERR.

### Just Suppose

If all that we say  
In a single day,  
With never a word left out,  
Were printed each night  
In clear black and white,  
'Twould prove queer reading, no doubt.

And then just suppose  
Ere one's eyes he could close,  
He must read the day's record through,  
Then wouldn't one sigh,  
And wouldn't he try  
A great deal less talking to do?

And I more than half think  
That many a kink  
Would be smoother in life's tangled thread,  
If one half that we say  
In a single day  
Were left forever unsaid.

— Author Unknown.

### The Prayer Meeting of the Book of Acts

**A**LL there. 1:13-15.  
All praying. 1:14.  
A definite aim. 1:4, 5.  
Prayed for their needs. 1:24, 25; 4:29, 30.  
Answers to prayers. 2:4; 4:31.—*The Expositor.*



## Missionary Volunteer Department

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

### "Try, Try Again"

WHERE is Marjory Evans these days?" asked Jane Hill of her chum one evening. "I haven't seen her at church for several weeks. I wonder if she has left town for the summer?"

The two girls were walking home from young people's meeting together, meanwhile discussing the good program of the evening and wishing that there had been more present.

"I do not know what has become of her, I am sure," replied her friend; "I am not well acquainted with her and really had not missed her."

That night Jane resolved that during the coming week she would call up Marjory's boarding place and find out if she were in town. As a result of her telephone call she learned that Marjory was working in the city and had been for some time. "Will you tell her for me that I am anxious to see her, and ask her to call me up?" was the message Jane left with the landlady.

A week passed, and there was no word from Marjory; so on Friday evening Jane set out over the rather lonely country road to call on her friend.

Disappointment awaited her, for Marjory was "out for the evening," the lady said. "Ask her to be sure to come to church tomorrow, and tell her that I will be looking for her," Jane requested as she turned away.

Another week passed; Jane had neither seen nor heard from Marjory. She decided to write her a card, inviting her to dinner the next Sabbath. She made her invitation as cordial as possible and sent it, hoping to have it answered in person; but it failed to bring the Sabbath guest, or any word from her. It began to look as if Marjory really did not want to see Jane. Yet they had been such good friends, surely it was worth while to make one more effort to get in touch with her, and to help her if she needed help.

A letter was the next resort — not a long one, but written straight from the heart of Jane. "When you get this, won't you tell me when I may see you?" were the closing words. Ten days passed, and there was no answer. Have you ever done your level best, or what you thought was your level best, and then given up in discouragement because results did not follow? That is what Jane was tempted to do. "She doesn't want to see me," she thought. "Perhaps she is working on the Sabbath, and would rather be left alone." But no, that was the enemy's suggestion. She put it from her quickly and resolved to try once more.

It was Sunday morning. Marjory would be sure to be home. Jane went to the telephone and called her number. "The party you wish has had the telephone temporarily disconnected," came the operator's crisp voice. Again the temptation to give up seized Jane strongly. "But you *mustn't*," came that inner voice. She heeded it, and leaving word at the office where she worked that she would be away a short time, she knelt a moment in prayer and then started out for Marjory's.

Through the open door Jane caught a glimpse of her friend. Would there be a welcome for her? she wondered. In another moment her question was answered as two arms went round her and Marjory's voice said, "I'm so glad you've come."

Why had Marjory been silent all these weeks? The answer was very simple. It was a case of discouragement. "Every day I am tempted to give up everything," she confessed. "No, I have not been working on the Sabbath; but I have been *blue*, blue as indigo." For an hour the girls talked, the time speeding by all too quickly. When Jane finally left, it was with Marjory's promise to attend church the next Sabbath, and then go home to dinner with her.

And Marjory kept her promise, though there were circumstances which would have made it very easy to do otherwise. The sermon that Sabbath was a stirring, heart-searching one, just what she needed. That God's hand was in her coming could not be doubted.

There is no need to say that Jane was glad she persevered. But how sorry she was that she had failed to get in touch with her friend sooner! Those weeks of continued discouragement had weakened Marjory's faith almost to the breaking point; and perhaps it might all have been prevented if the "helping word" had not been so long delayed.

There are many, many discouraged ones right in our own churches who need our friendly interest. Watch for them, and be a friend, a real, true friend to them. Do not be satisfied with one attempt at friendliness, but persevere. Every day defeat overtakes some one who could have been helped over the hard places and saved by the grasp of a friendly hand at the crucial moment; and on the other hand, there are those about us who, if asked the secret of their happiness in the Christian life, would be able to say with Charles Kingsley, "I had a friend!"

Let us remember that it is never enough to *begin* to do something worth while; true success comes only to the one who persists in spite of discouragement, perseveres in the face of obstacles, and will not give up until the end aimed at is achieved.

E. I.

## Just for the Juniors

### The Covert Juniors

BOYS and girls, allow me to introduce to you the Covert Junior Society in Michigan. We are very glad to see them, aren't we? This is a nice clear pic-



The Covert, Michigan, Junior Missionary Volunteer Society



ture, too. These boys and girls live in just a small village where there are not so many missionary opportunities in some ways as there are in the cities; but in spite of that, what do you suppose they did to raise missionary funds?

One day last spring their Junior superintendent went with the boys and girls to every home and gathered up all the books, papers, and magazines to be found. Then they called at the church and stripped it of all the old Harvest Ingathering papers. Loaded with this gospel ammunition the little band made a trip to South Haven, a near-by town, and spent the day. They returned in the evening with \$11.98 for their foreign mission goal. Don't you think that was splendid?

"Quality, not quantity" is the old saying. And so it is with a Junior society. It may be small, but if the boys and girls who belong to it are true missionaries and full of life and enthusiasm it is a good society. *Quality* is what counts. Of course, it is a fine thing to have both quality and quantity, but it isn't absolutely essential; and I would give, oh, ever so much more for a little band of *real workers* than for a very large society whose members were only half awake.

E. I.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### XI — The Ten Virgins

(September 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 25: 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh." Matt. 25: 13.

#### Questions

1. To what does Jesus again liken the kingdom of heaven? What did the ten virgins do? Matt. 25: 1. Note 1.
2. What two classes of virgins were there? Verse 2. Note 2.
3. In their preparation, what did the foolish virgins lack? Verse 3. Note 3.
4. How did the preparation of the wise virgins differ from that of the foolish virgins? Verse 4.
5. While the bridegroom tarried, what did all the virgins do? Verse 5. Note 4.
6. Until what hour did the bridegroom tarry? What cry then aroused the virgins? Verse 6. Note 5.
7. What did all the virgins then do? Verse 7.
8. What request did the foolish make of the wise? In what condition were their own lamps? Verse 8. Note 6.
9. How did the wise virgins answer? What did they advise their companions to do? Verse 9.
10. While they went to buy, what three things took place? In what condition were those who went in? Verse 10. Note 7.
11. When the foolish virgins returned, what did they say? Verse 11.
12. What emphatic answer did the master of the wedding give? Verse 12. Note 8.
13. With what earnest words does Jesus impress the lesson of this parable? Verse 13.
14. In what other words does he urge upon us the importance of being ready for his coming? Luke 12: 35-38.
15. What will those who are ready say in the day of the Lord's coming? Isa. 25: 9.

#### Notes

1. "Christ with his disciples, is seated upon the mount of Olives. The sun has set behind the mountains, and the heavens are curtained with the shades of evening. In full view is a dwelling house, lighted up brilliantly, as if for some festive scene. The light streams from the openings, and an expectant company wait around, indicating that a marriage procession is soon to appear. In many parts of the East, wedding festivities are held in the evening. The bridegroom goes forth to meet his bride, and bring her to his home. By torchlight the bridal party proceed from her father's house to his own, where a feast is provided for the invited guests. In the scene upon which Christ looks, a company are awaiting the appearance of the bridal party, intending to join the procession. . . .

"As Christ sat looking upon the party that waited for the bridegroom, he told his disciples the story of the ten virgins, by their experience illustrating the experience [not only of those who in 1844 were expecting the coming of the Lord to the wedding, but] of the church that shall live just before his second [visible] coming [to this earth]."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 405, 406.

2. "The two classes of watchers represent the two classes who profess to be waiting for their Lord. They are called virgins because they profess a pure faith. By the lamps is represented the Word of God. . . . The oil is a symbol of the Holy Spirit."—*Id.*, pp. 406, 407.

3. "The class represented by the foolish virgins are not hypocrites. They have a regard for the truth, they have advocated the truth, they are attracted to those who believe the truth; but they have not yielded themselves to the Holy Spirit's working. They have not fallen upon the Rock, Christ Jesus, and permitted their old nature to be broken up. . . . They do not know God. They have not studied his character; they have not held communion with him; therefore they do not know how to trust, how to look and live."—*Id.*, p. 411.

4. "The ten virgins are watching in the evening of this earth's history. All claim to be Christians. All have a call, a name, a lamp, and all profess to be doing God's service."—*Id.*, p. 412.

5. "The coming of the bridegroom was at midnight,—the darkest hour. So the coming of Christ will take place in the darkest period of this earth's history. . . . The Scriptures pointing forward to this time declare that Satan will work with all power and 'with all deceivableness of unrighteousness.' His working is plainly revealed by the rapidly increasing darkness, the multitudinous errors, heresies, and delusions of these last days. Not only is Satan leading the world captive, but his deceptions are leavening the professed churches of our Lord Jesus Christ. The great apostasy will develop into darkness deep as midnight, impenetrable as sackcloth of hair. To God's people it will be a night of trial, a night of weeping, a night of persecution for the truth's sake. But out of that night of darkness God's light will shine."—*Id.*, pp. 414, 415.

"The Jewish weddings were generally celebrated in the night; yet they usually began at the rising of the evening star; but in this case there was more than ordinary delay."—*Clarke*.

6. Midnight is the time when everything is shrouded in darkness and buried in slumber, the most unsuitable time to atone for a neglect of the day.

Tarbell says that "lighted lamps in a bridal procession symbolized joy and welcome; extinguished lamps symbolized mourning and death. It was this fact that caused such distress among the foolish virgins when they noticed that their lamps were going out."

"Personal character cannot be given by one man to another. You cannot give me your patience to support me in the hour of my anguish. I cannot give you my courage for the discharge of dangerous duty. There is much, indeed, we can and ought to do for each other. But we cannot give to any one the qualities which we ourselves possess, but in which he is deficient."—*Wm. M. Taylor*.

7. After the bridal procession had entered the bridegroom's house, the door was shut to prevent the intrusion of strangers.

8. Earnest prayer, when resorted to in time, may do much good; but it appears from this parable that there may come a time when prayer to Jesus may be too late. Those who came after the door was shut, were "strangers" to the master of the house. "Verily, I know you not."

## Intermediate Lesson

#### XI — The Story of Hezekiah

(September 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Chronicles 29; 30; 2 Kings 18 to 20.

MEMORY VERSE: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Ps. 46: 1.

STUDY HELPS: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 331-366; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 195-197, 202-209.

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold;  
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen.  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.  
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed:  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!"

#### Questions

1. How old was Hezekiah when he began to reign? How did he show his faith in the Lord? 2 Kings 18: 1-3. Note 1.
2. What work of reform did Hezekiah begin? In whom was his trust? How did he compare with the other kings of Judah? Verses 4-6.



3. What had been the condition of the temple? What steps did Hezekiah take to establish the services of the temple? 2 Chron. 29: 3-7. Note 2.

4. What trouble came upon Hezekiah in the fourteenth year of his reign? How much money did the king of Assyria require of Hezekiah? How was Hezekiah enabled to pay so large a sum? 2 Kings 18: 13-16. Note 3.

5. Even after receiving this vast amount of money to leave the kingdom alone, where did the Assyrian king station his army? Verse 17.

6. What appeal did Rab-shakeh make directly to the Jewish people? How did he try to shake their faith in the true God? What did he promise to do for them if only they would open the gates of the city to him? Verses 28-32.

7. How did Rab-shakeh exalt his king? With what idols did he compare the true God? How did the people treat his mocking words? Verses 33-36. Note 4.

8. What threatening message was sent to Hezekiah? 2 Kings 19: 8-13.

9. Before whom did Hezekiah spread the letter? What was the burden of his prayer? What words of comfort did the Lord send to the king through the prophet Isaiah? Verses 14, 19, 32-34.

10. How was this prophecy fulfilled that very night? What became of the "great king" of Assyria? Verses 35-37.

11. What further trouble came upon Hezekiah? To whom did he take this burden also? 2 Kings 20: 1-3.

12. How quickly did the Lord hear and answer Hezekiah's prayer? How many years did he promise to add to Hezekiah's life? For whose sake would the Lord defend Jerusalem? Verses 4-6.

13. What did Hezekiah ask of the prophet Isaiah? What choice was given the king? What sign did he choose? How was it granted? Verses 8-11. Note 5.

14. What did Isaiah say should be done for the king? What was the result? Verse 7.

15. Who heard of Hezekiah's sickness? Verse 12. Note 6.

16. How were these messengers from a heathen king treated? What opportunity did Hezekiah fail to improve? Verse 13. Note 7.

17. What questions did Isaiah ask concerning the visitors? What did Hezekiah say concerning them? Verses 14, 15.

18. What message from the Lord did Isaiah give the king? Verses 16, 17. Note 8.

#### How Does This Lesson Teach

That a young man may become good even though his father is bad?

The foolishness of boasting of the power of man when opposed to God?

That trouble leads to prayer?

That the Lord hears and answers prayer?

The danger of overlooking opportunities for missionary work?

#### Notes

1. Uzziah was the great-grandfather of Hezekiah. During the later years of Uzziah, the kingdom of Judah began to show in a marked way the evil effects of separation from the Lord. Ahaz, the father of Hezekiah, is said to have been the worst of all the rulers of Judah. Hezekiah seems to have understood the evil effect of his father's course, and to have determined upon a great reformation.

Hezekiah was the thirteenth king of Judah.

2. "Hezekiah appealed directly to the priests to unite with him in bringing about the necessary reforms. . . . It was a time for quick action. The priests began at once. Enlisting the co-operation of others of their number who had not been present during this conference, they engaged heartily in the work of cleansing and sanctifying the temple. Because of the years of desecration and neglect, this was attended with many difficulties; but the priests and the Levites labored untiringly, and within a remarkably short time they were able to report their task completed. The temple doors had been repaired and thrown open; the sacred vessels had been assembled and put into place; and all was in readiness for the re-establishment of the sanctuary services. . . . Once more the temple courts resounded with words of praise and adoration. The songs of David and of Asaph were sung with joy, as the worshipers realized that they were being delivered from the bondage of sin and apostasy."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 332, 333.

3. "Three hundred talents of silver and thirty of gold (about \$1,000,000), not to be paid annually, but as a present ransom. To raise this sum, he was forced to empty not only the public treasuries but to take the golden plates off from the doors of the temple, and from the pillars."—*Matthew Henry*.

4. "Among the most dramatic scenes in all history were the interviews between the Rab-shakeh, one of the chief Assyrian officers, on the one hand, and on the other, Hezekiah's officers, and the people of Judah answering from the walls of Jerusalem. The Rab-shakeh demanded an unconditional surrender. He appealed to the people themselves, promising to spare their lives, and take them to a country far better than Palestine, if they would only open the gates in spite of their rulers. He warned them that no power had stood before the Assyrian force; the gods of no place had been able to save their people. 'Who are they among all the gods of these lands, that have

delivered their land out of my hand, that the Lord should deliver Jerusalem out of my hand?' Isa. 36: 20. And this was doubly true, for they had forfeited the protection of Jehovah, by despoiling his temple of its gold to pay the Assyrian tribute. His argument was conclusive, except that he left God out of the account. King and people answered not a word."—*Peloubet*.

5. "The dial was probably a pyramid of steps, on the top of which stood a short pillar or obelisk. When the sun rose in the morning, the shadow cast by the pillar would fall right down the western side of the pyramid to the bottom of the lowest step. As the sun ascended, the shadow would shorten, and creep up inch by inch to the foot of the pillar. After noon, as the sun began to descend to the west, the shadow would creep down the eastern steps; and the steps were so measured that each one marked a certain degree of time."—*George Adam Smith*.

6. "In the fertile valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates there dwelt an ancient race which, though at that time subject to Assyria, was destined to rule the world. Among its people were wise men who gave much attention to the study of astronomy; and when they noticed that the shadow on the sundial had been turned back ten degrees, they marveled greatly. Their king, Merodach-baladan, upon learning that this miracle had been wrought as a sign to the king of Judah that the God of heaven had granted him a new lease of life, sent ambassadors to Hezekiah to congratulate him on his recovery, and to learn, if possible, more of the God who was able to perform so great a wonder."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 344.

7. "The visit of these messengers from the ruler of a far-away land gave Hezekiah an opportunity to extol the living God. How easy it would have been for him to tell them of God, the upholder of all created things, through whose favor his own life had been spared when all other hope had fled! . . . But pride and vanity took possession of Hezekiah's heart, and in self-exaltation he laid open to covetous eyes the treasures with which God had enriched his people."—*Id.*, pp. 344, 345.

8. "The story of Hezekiah's failure to prove true to his trust at the time of the visit of the ambassadors, is fraught with an important lesson for all. Far more than we do, we need to speak of the precious chapters in our experience, of the mercy and loving-kindness of God, of the matchless depths of the Saviour's love. . . . Those with whom we associate day by day need our help, our guidance. They may be in such a condition of mind that a word spoken in season will be as a nail in a sure place. Tomorrow some of these souls may be where we can never reach them again. What is our influence over these fellow travelers? Every day of life is freighted with responsibilities which we must bear. Every day, our words and acts are making impressions upon those with whom we associate."—*Id.*, pp. 347, 348.

#### Arbitrary Signposts

AN old-fashioned minister was once driving along a country road with one of his young parishioners, who, like many young men, liked to argue on matters of religion. The wise old minister listened to him without much comment as he expounded his views, merely saying bluntly:

"So you object to the ten commandments?"

"N-no," stammered the young man, "not their purpose and object—but—well, a fellow hates to have a 'shall' and 'shan't' flung in his face every minute! They sound so sort of arbitrary!"

The old minister clucked to his horse and hid an involuntary smile as he bent to arrange the old chaise boot. A few minutes after the boy caught hold of his arm suddenly.

"You've taken the wrong turn. That guidepost said, 'This way to Holden'!"

"Oh, did it?" returned the other, carelessly. "Well, maybe it might be a better road, but I hate to be told to go this way and that by an arbitrary old signpost!"

An embarrassed laugh from his red-faced traveling companion told the old man that he was understood. They were soon facing the other way and following the directions of the "arbitrary" signpost.—*Mrs. A. B. Bryant*.

"If you have faith, preach it; if you have doubts, bury them; if you have joy, share it; if you have sorrow, bear it."



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

### How to Pray — No. 1

**D**O you give thought to your prayers? If you are to give a talk before a small company of your fellow men, you spend much time in preparation; but do you not present yourself before the Ruler of the universe and make your requests without giving a thought to what you are to say or how you are to say it?

The disciples felt the need of being taught how to pray. While only the Spirit can teach us how to pray as we should, we can learn much from the experience and counsel of others. The Rev. W. G. Scroggie, in his admirable book, "Method in Prayer,"<sup>1</sup> suggests the following outline as an order worthy of being followed:

1. Adoration, the worship of God.
2. Confession, the acknowledgment of sin.
3. Petition, faith's claim for personal need.
4. Intercession, the soul's ministry at the throne of grace on behalf of others.
5. Thanksgiving, the heart's expression of joy in God.

Dr. Scroggie says: "These ideas are closely related, and yet they must be separately apprehended, and, in some sense, separately put into operation. It will not be possible, of course, rigidly to sever them in the practice of prayer, and yet the distinctions must not be lost sight of. How best these various parts may be balanced in the exercise of prayer, must be discovered by each individual; but, unless one can remain a considerable time in the 'secret place,' and thus have opportunity to traverse the entire field of devotion, it is well, on the whole, to make one or other of these parts prominent each time one goes aside to meet with God. As a suggestion only, for no hard-and-fast rule can be made, I would say: Let worship be prominent in the morning, intercession at midday, and thanksgiving at night; and each time let the other two circle around these. Such a method would give definiteness and directness to prayer, and, where one was fully surrendered to God, would prove an unfailing source of joy and of power."

### Prayer Requires Time

In time of special temptation or trial one may breathe a petition for grace and help and receive the desired answer without stopping one's work; but this is an emergency prayer.

Ordinarily one who prays must devote himself, body and soul, to the exercise. This requires time. It is conceded by all true Christians that "a prayerful life is always a powerful life, and a prayerless life is always a powerless life;" that "if we cannot pray aright, we really can do nothing aright;" and that "prayer is the power-room of all Christian service worthy of the name."

Though we assent to all this, still we do not pray, because "we cannot find time to pray." We can find time for everything but that which is the most important of all. "Time spent in prayer will yield more than that given to work." If we could but discern aright, prayer would be "the very last thing for which we cannot find time."

F. D. C.

"We shall do well to reflect that being sure is not always the same as being right."

<sup>1</sup> "Method in Prayer," by the Rev. W. Graham Scroggie, is a readable and instructive book. It is worth keeping as a daily guide in the devotional hour. Price, seventy-five cents. Address Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

### The Reformed Japanese Drunkard

**S**OME years ago a high Japanese official was touring this country under the auspices of our Government. He was entertained hospitably, and everywhere was served freely with intoxicating beverages. As a result of this experience he became addicted to drink, and after his return to Japan, though intrusted with high official duties, he became a drunkard. His wife having embraced the Christian faith, suffered much because of his intemperate life.

She prayed earnestly for him, and appealed to him to renounce the drinking habit, but he persisted in his downward course. One day he received word from a friend that he had sent him a barrel of sake. He was pleased with the gift, but his good wife was distressed. She prayed much over the matter, and fortunately the barrel was delivered during her husband's absence from home. She therefore had it brought to the rear of the house where she broke it open and emptied the contents on the ground. Her husband was disappointed over the loss of his sake; but was finally persuaded that it was the wisest disposition that could have been made of it. This experience led him to say, "I shall never drink again." He later joined the Christian church and began a vigorous effort to organize a strong temperance campaign among his people. He is now at the head of an organization which is doing a great work for the temperance cause in Japan.

This gentleman was recently offered a European ambassadorship, but refused to accept it that he might continue his temperance work. This work had become so much a part of his life that he would not renounce it for the highest political honor his country could offer him.

Well is it for us if the work of God has become so much to us that no worldly consideration could tempt us to abandon it unfinished.

F. D. C.

### A Fitting Epitaph

**O**NE of America's greatest women, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, said at her ninetieth anniversary in 1909:

"I, for one, feel that my indebtedness grows with my years. And it occurred to me the other day that when I should depart from this earthly scene, 'God's poor debtor' might be the fittest inscription for my gravestone, if I should have one. So much have I received from the Great Giver, so little have I been able to return!"

If this is true of one who did so much for God and home and country, how much more true for the most of us who do so little — except for ourselves.

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