

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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© International

SUNSET, MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Here and There

The Union of South Africa is experiencing, it is said, the worst drouth known in fifty years.

A seat on the New York stock exchange was sold recently for \$100,000, the largest amount ever paid for membership. The previous record was \$96,000.

Six cones of the volcano Mauna Loa are active at an elevation of 7,150 feet, according to parties returning here recently from the source of the lava flow.

Belgium owns the great Kongo Free State of Africa, which is to Belgium a source of wealth. The colony is about the size of the twenty-six States east of the Mississippi. Its exports equal \$25,840,600 a year.

Breakfast in New York, lunch in Washington, dinner in Raleigh, North Carolina. Such was the schedule followed recently by Lieut. Belvin W. Maynard, the "flying parson," who travels over the United States with the frolicsome abandon that a young colt frisks about a two-acre lot.

Death came to nine of the sixty-two transcontinental air contestants. The aerial Derby was not a sporting event, but was a serious attempt to conquer the air for commercial purposes; and while it is appalling to think of this great sacrifice of splendid manhood, we are glad that the sacrifice was not made for selfish or frivolous ends.

The first pumping engine, made for sale by James Watt in 1775, was purchased by the Birmingham Canal Company, of England, the following year, and worked regularly from 1776 till 1892. The old engine was re-erected at Ocker Hill, near Wednesbury, in 1898, and last September was under steam again during the Watt Centenary Convention, attended by leading engineers from all over the world.

The new ambassador of Japan is Mr. Kijuro Shidehara. Seldom or never has Japan sent an abler man to fill the post here, Mr. Shidehara having given up the post of vice-minister of foreign affairs to come to Washington. More than half his forty-seven years of life has been spent in gaining diplomatic experience, his study beginning with his graduation from the Imperial University in 1895, since which time he has held many important positions. He was in Washington in 1912 as counselor of embassy. He is not a stranger, and it is wonderful how cordially Washington society welcomes back diplomats who have once been stationed here.

John D. Rockefeller has added \$10,000,000 to his endowment of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. The gift, the largest single one made to the institution, is to meet rapidly growing needs in its many lines of work and to make new knowledge available for protection of the public health and for improved treatment of disease and injury. The scientific staff of the Rockefeller Institute numbers sixty-five men. About three hundred ten persons are employed in its technical and general service. All discoveries and inventions made by those in the employ of the institute become the property of it, to be "placed freely" at the "service of humanity."

William O. Jenkins, American consular agent at Puebla, Mexico, gave his personal note, indorsed by five responsible citizens of Puebla and Mexico City, to procure his release by bandits who kidnaped him October 19. The full amount of the ransom included an agreement that the bandits keep \$25,000 worth of property stolen from Jenkins' hacienda. The first payment on the ransom consisted of 34,000 pesos and two drafts for \$5,000 each in American gold, the balance being covered by the note.

Dr. J. Harris Rogers, of Hyattsville, Maryland, inventor of underground and undersea wireless telegraphy, was recently awarded the inventor's medal by the Maryland Academy of Science at its centenary celebration held in Baltimore. Dr. Rogers' invention has been declared the greatest discovery of the World War. He placed his inventions without reserve at the disposition of the Government, "and by his patriotic act became the benefactor of every American citizen."

The new and the very first Polish minister to this country, is Prince Casimir Lubomirski, and with him came the princess, who was the Countess Wodzicka, daughter of a former minister of Sweden to the United States. In the prince's suite is also Francis Pulaski, counselor of the new legation and a direct descendant of the famous Polish general who fought by the side of Washington in the Continental Army.

Belgian princes of the reigning branch of the royal family are by right senators at eighteen, but have no voice in the deliberations until they reach twenty-five. Crown Prince Leopold reached his majority while on his return voyage from this country, so is now a member of the Belgian senate. A residence will be established for him in the palace formerly occupied by his father as heir to the throne.

In the early part of November the German government sought to prevent a national catastrophe due to lack of coal, and to safeguard the transportation of potatoes before the first frost came, by stopping railway passenger service for ten days. Some passenger coaches were attached to freight trains, and the Berlin suburban traffic was continued until eleven o'clock at night.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Sea Voyage

G. B. THOMPSON

DID you ever take a sea voyage? The psalmist tells how those who do so, see the wonders of the Lord in the deep. As one gazes on the vast expanse of water, one cannot fail to be impressed with the greatness and power of the Creator. Traversing the seas now is vastly different, however, from the time when the psalmist wrote, or in the days of our fathers. Where they experienced weeks of discomfort we may have days of comfort.

Before the war a ship usually left port about on time. Now, after an endless amount of red tape in securing passport, certified statements that you have paid your income tax, giving a genealogy of your birth, and having your passport viséd, you at last secure your ticket. You reach the dock on schedule time, only to find the stevedores are still loading cargo, and that sailing will be delayed several hours, or perhaps a day or two, in some parts of the world. As there is no other place to go, however, after a careful inspection by the customs officials, you may go aboard and in patience possess your soul, waiting till the cargo is all in and the start is made. The fresh sea breeze seems better than the stuffy dock; but it is not easy to wait patiently all day, as I did last summer while tobacco was being loaded.

The prospect of a pleasant voyage may seem bright enough at the beginning, but one little knows what lies before him on the sea. Surely on the ocean, if anywhere, "circumstances alter cases."

On a recent trip to Haiti we left the wharf in New York City at supper time. We were served a real banquet just as we started. As we passed the many ships at anchor, the Statue of Liberty, and the islands (the light of Coney Island in the distance), all seemed to be happy and enjoying the trip. The sea was as smooth as a mill pond.

But in a few hours the wind began to whistle through the rigging. We were heading into a gale. The sea became turbulent. The stars were hidden, and the moon refused to shine. Our old ship, though good and true, having weathered many a storm, began to cut capers. It rolled first this way and then that. It began to climb over mountains of water, only to

descend into the valley between them. The rain beat down in torrents, and not a person was to be seen on deck. The morning light brought us no relief, for the storm redoubled its fury and seemed like some avenger on a mission of destruction.

The stoutest hearts surrendered to that inexorable thing known as "seasickness." A disease? I do not know. This affliction has baffled even the medical fraternity from time immemorial. There seems to be no remedy, except to "grin and bear it." Fatalities are

few, but the victim sometimes feels that he would welcome death. During the entire day the ship, to all appearances, was deserted, except for some officer or sailor going about in oilskins.

As the storm grew in fury, the waves washed the deck, tons of water rolling like a cataract over the ship. Finally the captain hove to and ran with the storm, and we truly wallowed in the sea for hours. How changed from the time of starting! When a passenger appeared he was usually the picture of despair. Though the propeller continued its endless grind, we made only about one hundred knots in twenty-four hours. Outside, as if to mock us, porpoises sported and the sea gulls circled about.



The Captain Congratulating the Passengers on Their Successful Weathering of the Storm

During the storm one wave of tremendous size engulfed the ship, the whole deck, fore and aft, being submerged. But the old ship arose from her grave and went her usual way. The greatest destruction wrought was in the cabin of a young married couple who had for some reason opened the porthole. The whole ocean seemed to be seeking an entrance. Their cabin was flooded with barrels of water. Their trunks were *open* and *afloat*. Beautiful hats, dresses, and suits were soaked. Diamond pins had to be fished from the briny water. What they had on was no better, for they were in their berths when the sea came in so unceremoniously. A few lessons of this sort teach one to keep the ports shut, as the writer once learned from a similar experience.

The second morning brought an abatement of the storm. The sea grew less turbulent, and in a few hours was as calm and smooth as usual. The ship took on the appearance of life. The dining-hall was filled once more with animated hungry spirits, each

seeking to relate the horrors of the past two days. As the sun came out, deck chairs were requisitioned, and soon the past was forgotten in the contemplation of the beautiful sea and pleasant day. In seven days we reached Cape Haitien and found friends awaiting our arrival to take us to the place of meeting, where we enjoyed the blessing of the Lord and the comforts of life.

So it is in life. Trials and storms come to us. Days are dark, and for many nights no stars appear. But do not despair. It will be brighter in a little while. The clouds will pass away and the sun will shine in her strength, and if faithful through trial, we shall reach the haven of rest and eternal glory.

“Come unto Me”

A WONDERFUL privilege is ours through the invitation in the Bible to come to Jesus. David accepted the invitation, and found fulness of joy and unceasing pleasure in the presence of his Lord. Daniel learned to enjoy communion with the Lord so much that he chose rather to be cast into the lions' den than try to live in the palace without it. When Paul got close to the Master, he realized he had found the best gift life could bring him; and all the wealth and fame and pleasure that could be found in the Roman Empire, he counted but dross beside that incomparable privilege of dwelling in the presence of his Saviour and King.

Scorning the Invitation

There was a time when Paul, or Saul as he was then called, scorned the invitation to “come unto Me.” He saw nothing worth his while in being a follower of the Man from Nazareth. He even persecuted those who did follow him. Paul came from a good Hebrew family; he was a “Hebrew of the Hebrews;” he had a remarkably good education. His eloquent addresses matched favorably with those of the great orators of the Roman Empire. He could draw audiences without difficulty. He was a great success in the Jewish world. What use had he for Christianity? If he accepted it, what would become of his popularity? of his knowledge?

However, Paul's conscience troubled him. The invitation, “Come unto Me,” stared him in the face. But would it not be absurd for him to leave the popular Jewish church and join himself to the poor little clusters of Christians scattered here and there? He despised them. He was prepared to fill a high position in the world. Did ever a young man have brighter prospects? Surely fortune was smiling on him and casting her glittering jewels in his pathway. What more could a young man's heart desire? Still his conscience kept pricking him; but ambition and pride urged him forward, and with greater zeal than ever he persecuted the Christians.

A New Vision

Then a change came—sudden! great! Paul could go no farther. The glamour of the world held no charms for him now. Its glory faded. Why? Paul had a vision. Suddenly, unexpectedly, he caught a glimpse of the Man of Calvary. That was enough. Perhaps he saw the nail prints and the wounded side. Perhaps he caught a vision of the future and saw the grateful, happy faces of the redeemed who had washed their robes in the blood that was poured out on Calvary. We do not yet know all that Paul saw in that

vision. But we do know that he saw Jesus “in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,” and that was enough.

When Paul caught that vision of Jesus, he came to his senses. He realized how foolish he had been to follow the path that he considered right; how foolish he was to say no to Jesus and go chasing after the mirage that worldly ambition painted before him. And this time when Jesus again said, “Come unto me,” Paul hastened to obey, for as he tells us he “was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.” He left all and followed the Master he had been persecuting so zealously.

The Best, but Not the Easiest

It was not an easy matter for Paul to change. He was a prominent Jew, a leader among the persecutors of the Christians. What must his friends have thought of him? Was he fickle? No, they knew he was not. What could have come over him? Instead of persecuting the Christians of Damascus, he identified himself with them. Doubtless many ridiculed him, and said, “Why, I thought Paul had better sense than to make such a foolish move.” Some may have called him a traitor. But all this mattered not to Paul. He *knew* whom he had seen.

And just here Paul differed from many young people today. Just here he revealed one of the inevitable elements of true greatness. He saw clearly what he ought to do, and *he did it*. He did not waver nor dally. Had he done so, who knows that the skilful hand of the enemy might not have daubed the vision, and, retouching the picture of the world with a little false tinsel, he might have persuaded Paul to pick up the old reins again and—! But the very thought makes us tremble, as we think of the wonderful blessing Paul became to the world when he decided to let the Master have full control of his life. Through all the Christian era, Paul's letters to the believers scattered over Asia Minor have been leading hosts of soul-sick wanderers to the great Physician for healing. As we look back over the democratic past where all things stand out in their true values, we can see clearly that God's plan for Paul was incomparably better than the one he had been pursuing. His own plan—and the devil's—meant eternal loss to himself and to many others whom his influence reached, but God's plan meant eternal gain to himself and to a host of others.

There are young people today who have caught a glimpse of their Saviour and know that their only safety lies in fleeing to him; but at that strategic moment in their lives when indecision is so dangerous, they hesitate. That gives Satan time to dangle his choicest temptations before them. Jesus says, “Come,” but the master whom they have been serving says, “Wait.” Like Demas, one of Paul's friends, they love “this present world,”—some things they feel they cannot give up. Sometimes they start, carrying their treasures with them; but, of course, with these worldly things in their hands and hearts they cannot get close to the Saviour; they cannot know him as he is; they cannot get where he can keep them from slipping, and so before long, just as Demas drifted away from God, they, too, drift and get back into the world, saying, “What's the use?”

Are You Different?

Paul was different. He gave up all. There was nothing to drag him back. How is it with you, young friend? Are you another Paul? or only a backsliding Demas? Are you different? or are you like the many

who fail? You may have heeded the invitation before; but whether you have heeded it or not, won't you catch Paul's vision of the Saviour today, and without hesitating make the right decision? Then lingering before that vision, let it burn every detail deep down into your heart, so the enemy cannot destroy it. If you have been a Demas in the past, the Saviour is saying to you today: "Come unto me and let me make you a Paul." Will you let him? Will you let him change you from a failure to a success?

"Come unto me," and I will supply all your need. Are you in trouble? Do the burdens of the day well-nigh crush you? Well, he knows how your poor heart aches, and that is why he says, "Come unto me" with your troubles. He raised the widow's son, fed the multitude with almost nothing, sent an angel to slay the army which threatened to crush Israel, brought water out of a dry rock. He loves you and longs to take care of you in these trying times, so he says, "Come unto me."

"Come unto me" and "let us reason together." Recently a friend and I stood on a street in Buffalo, New York. We were trying to determine the best way to get to Elmwood Music Hall. "Wait a minute," said my friend as she produced a guidebook that told us quickly how to get there. How much we need a Guide to show us the way through life. There are so

many pitfalls. Jesus knows there are, and he lived and died to find a safe path for us to travel. He knows the way, and today he says, "Come unto me," that I may lead you safely home.

That Means You

What do you reply? He won't receive you? O yes, he will: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." That means you who have failed to be true to him. That means you who have wasted your time in forbidden pleasures, and you who have grown cold and are criticizing others who have failed. That means you who have tried to do right and long for a deeper Christian experience. That means you — every one of you.

Come unto me, that I may teach you how to make the most out of the days as they go. Come unto me, that I may multiply your talents a thousandfold — I can, for do you not remember how I used the little boy's lunch for feeding that great multitude? Come unto me, and I will show you pleasures that are infinitely better than those that tempt you today. Come unto me and I will teach you how to lead your friends to the foot of the cross. Come — come — come — and let me make your life like the divine Pattern! Will you accept the invitation anew today?

MATILDA ERICKSON.

West China's New Mission Station

RIVER of the Golden Sand, White Waters, Long River, and The River, are but different names for the great Yangtse-kiang, China's principal commercial watercourse, which is at least 3,000 miles long, while our own Mississippi is but 2,500. The Yangtse rises way out in Tibet, and in its eastern course divides China into two parts.

In the province of Szechwan, the great western province of China, is the city of Chungking, on the left bank of the Yangtse-kiang. This city is the commercial center for the trade of all southwestern China, as well as for the great province of Szechwan.

A few years ago Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Andrews, of Takoma Park, D. C., went to Chungking to engage in missionary work. Some of our own missionaries had labored for some years in this great city, while missionaries of other denominations also had well-established institutions there, hospitals, dispensaries, printing establishments, schools, and churches. Dr. Andrews felt that he would much prefer to enter a field where there was no medical missionary, and he would like to work for the Tibetans, who had had practically nothing done for them, and who had no religious literature or hospitals. He therefore, at the request of the Mission Board, went on an exploring trip through the western portion of Szechwan, and chose Tatsienlu as the most suitable place for the establishment of a medical mission. In due time he, with his family and goods, started for this new field of labor.

In a recent letter to Mr. E. R. Palmer, Dr. Andrews gives the following glimpse of their journey from Chungking to Tatsienlu:

"Our boat trip up the Yangtse of nearly a month was very pleasant except the last two days, when a hole was torn in the boat, which sank to the level of the boat floor, all our boxes being submerged. The glorious 'Fourth' we therefore spent in a little row-

boat piled high with our boxes. Part of the time it was raining. By the middle of Friday afternoon we reached the town of Kiatingfu, where we were to dry our goods. The hotel at which we stopped was a dirty wood-frame building, and the floor boards were so rotten that the proprietor had to borrow a door to lay over some holes where he stepped through the floor in showing us the room. We hastily strung up some clotheslines in our room, and hung out some of our wet things, but the doorpost, window, and framework over the door fell in under the weight.

"The rest of the trip was by land in two stages of several days each, our goods being carried by a band of nearly eight men — all opium eaters, 'fiends,' many of them. The Lord surely blessed in keeping together such a company of irresponsible men. A native company hired the men and undertook to get us to our destination, and they really did well, considering the men they had to deal with."

An exciting experience occurred at the junction of the Min River with the Yangtse. Their boat was being towed by men on shore. Dr. Andrews himself was on shore, only Mrs. Andrews and the baby being in the boat, when the rope broke and the boat went swirling down the stream. A half day elapsed before the men succeeded in capturing the runaway.

The new station was reached about the first of last August, fifty-two days having elapsed since their departure from Chungking, where Mrs. Andrews' parents, Elder and Mrs. W. A. Spicer, had visited them.

The China Inland Mission has a station at Tatsienlu, in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Sorenson. A young man, Mr. Clements, is also connected with the mission. These missionaries gave our friends a warm welcome, and assisted them in getting located, having before their arrival secured two rooms in a suitable house, and cleaned, papered, and partly furnished them for the newcomers. On their arrival, though Mrs. Soren-

son was away from home, Mr. Sorenson invited them over for one or two meals, while they were getting settled.

It was necessary to have room for the dispensary, the Sabbath school, and living quarters for the native helper who accompanied them, so Dr. Andrews and Mr. Sorenson started out in search of a suitable house to rent. They looked at two where foreigners had once lived. Mr. Sorenson remarked that he had at first intended to secure rooms in one of these houses for Dr. Andrews, but finally decided they were too dirty. The afternoon of the very day they were looking at these houses a fire swept the district and destroyed them. The fire also came toward the place where Dr. and Mrs. Andrews were living, but on one side of the road it stopped at an open lot. On the other side there was also an open lot. The fire jumped over that open space and started on. "We prayed earnestly for the Lord to stop it," said Dr. Andrews, "and the wind suddenly changed and the fire went out in the house where the fire had jumped to, and so we were saved. The wind, however, carried the flames on in the other direction, and house after house went down."

Dr. and Mrs. Andrews finally decided to rent the entire house in which were the two rooms they were occupying.

Tatsienlu is well populated with Tibetans, and as it is on the commercial highway, there are many of that nationality always passing through the city.

The Review and Herald Publishing Association has presented these workers with a printing plant. When this is installed, it is hoped that tracts and papers, at least,

will soon be provided the Tibetans in their own language. Dr. Andrews has been fortunate in securing a well-educated Tibetan as his language instructor.

Already the dispensary is treating many patients daily.

Labor Troubles

We may think England and the United States only are chiefly concerned with labor problems; but in a letter to his home folks, Dr. Andrews indicates by his experience that their labor problem is quite as perplexing as our own. He says:

"We are trying hard to get things moving, but everybody is so dreadfully slow! The days slip away and at night we wonder what has been accomplished. To get tables and cupboards made is a problem. This is an opium-eating town, and the workmen are too shiftless to get up in the morning, or to get any work done.

"We bought a big log of soft pine nine days ago. A head carpenter promised us men to come and saw it, but each day he would say we had to wait till 'tomorrow.' The seventh day I went with our carpenter to call on this man, and found him and his men still

in bed. Again he promised, 'Tomorrow,' but I said we were there to stay till we had men to cut up the log. At last he got up and persuaded two to come. It was then after eight. They began sawing at nine, then in a few minutes went out for breakfast. They stayed so long that we had to go out to look for them. They returned and sawed a little while, and then rested and smoked a while and went out to dinner. It rained a bit, and they came back very late. Soon after this they quit entirely; but about dark one of them returned and wanted money. I wouldn't give them any. They had sawed down two thirds the length of the log for a day's work — about six feet.

"The next morning they did not come. We went to find them. They did not want to come back. We went across town to the 'boss.' He said the first men had some other affair, but he would find some men 'tomorrow.' I told him we would stay until he got men, or go out with him. He protested that there were none to get. I mentioned two who were helping him



Dr. J. N. Andrews, with his wife and baby, on a Chinese houseboat on their way from Chungking to Tatsienlu, Szechwan, China. At their left stands a Chinese with his wife and baby. The Chinese family is accompanying Dr. Andrews to the new station.

there, and said perhaps I would take them along with me. At last he started out to look for men, and I followed him, almost stepping on his heels, from one place to another. At last he found two men and we took their saw and returned home. They came later. It was again late when they began work. They worked slowly, stayed away a long time for meals, and by night had sawed the length of the log once and one third or so down again — a ten-foot log, which should have been sawed down four or five times at least. Then the boss came around and wanted us to advance money on their day's work. He wanted the price for fine carpentry, while the men had scarcely done any work at the commonest kind of job. We discussed with him a long time. His price for sawing could not be paid by giving him the whole amount of lumber after it was sawed up. We told him we should figure at piece work, beginning the next morning, and gave them some money for the day.

"The next day they came around late again. They started sawing and we told them our price at piece work — a very reasonable price, high enough to buy the boards entirely, and we had already paid for the log. They put down the saw and quit. Another workman persuaded them to finish out the length of the log,

which they did, it having been half sawed the night before. Then we all went over to find the boss. It was ten o'clock. He was in bed. After quite a while he got up, and I told him we were there for men. He said he guessed he could not get any. I told him he had promised us men every day for a week, and we could not allow him to turn us off now; that there were men, and it was his business to make them work. We agreed at last to two cuts of the log as a day's work.

"The men went back, but he was demanding the price of the best furniture makers for men sawing up, at their extremely lazy pace, a rough log. I said we would pay what the China Inland Mission was paying (they are doing some building now), which was fifty cents a day, a very high figure by Chungking prices. He wanted sixty, and said the China Inland Mission was paying that. He reiterated strongly that fifty cents was not what his own men were getting at the China Inland Mission, and told me to go and ask. I told him that twice I had discussed the price with the China Inland Mission pastor, and knew what I was talking about. He was still telling me to go and ask, and pretending that I did not know.

"Well, so the days go along — trying to get something going, and busy all day, but somehow no method of getting action is effective with these opium-eating men. What we shall do when we try to build, is beyond my power to guess.

"Now I have written this at great length, but you will get an idea of how things go — nothing scarcely can be bought ready made, no one cares how many promises he makes about doing work for you or whether he ever keeps his promise or not. All are so steeped in this way of living and moving that they are perfectly content with it. Friday I dug around the little spring in our yard here and wanted some clean sand or gravel to put around it. We got a man to carry some in. He wanted a high price, made three short trips with a little basket, and then wanted an advance of money, so he could have a smoke of opium. It may sound on the outside of China as if this country is getting rid of the opium habit, but in this western part nearly every one smokes it, and it is doing its worst in making a hopeless, shiftless class of people."

F. D. C.

Information Corner

Have policemen a right to strike?

POLICEMEN have taken oath that they will do their utmost to protect life and property. They cannot therefore deliberately retire and leave the city in the hands of thieves and robbers. An editorial in a daily paper of the national capital voices the opinion of thinking men all over the country when it says:

"Take the case of those Boston policemen, who, in an effort to secure better pay and better conditions of work, deserted their posts and turned the city over to thugs and thieves. They overlooked the fact that they were officers of the law, in the same sense that the judges on the bench were, the legislators in their council chambers, the executives in their offices. Their station — modest by comparison with that of a judge, or legislator, or executive — imposed obligation. They had no right to leave the town defenseless as against the lawless element, which promptly emerged from the shadows and took possession. They betrayed their trust; and no thanks to them that the city was not picked to the bone."

Who does have a right to strike?

This is a hard question. At the present time there are better ways than through strikes for any class of

workers to obtain their just dues. In times past, under certain conditions a certain class of workers might have been excusable in resorting to such drastic measures, but never should the general public be made to suffer for the necessities of life by the effort of a comparatively small class to better their own condition. The *Washington Post* says of the present strike of the coal miners and of the threatened strike of the railway men:

"Take the case of these coal miners, who, in an effort to secure better pay and better conditions of labor, planned to freeze and starve the country, and, if possible, produce chaos. They seem utterly insensible to the fact that their station, their employment, imposes obligation to the public. The great majority of them are citizens of the United States, and enjoy the protection of its laws. And yet they are willing to paralyze the country for purely selfish purposes.

"Take the case of the railroad brotherhoods, threatening open opposition to authority if a certain measure which has been proposed to Congress is enacted into law. Their station — most important — imposes obligation. Transportation is essential to the national life. If halted, even for a brief time, the injury inflicted on the country would be incalculable. And yet the members of these brotherhoods, the great majority of them American citizens, are ready to defy the law and willing to throw everything into indescribable confusion."

Every one possessed of a true patriotic spirit should be willing while the country is seeking to readjust itself to peace conditions, to waive his own personal demands rather than harass the Government and paralyze industry. Now is the time for every one to lift, and to keep steady.

Will you summarize the main points in the coal strike case?

The half million workers in the bituminous, or soft, coal mines, which stretch from coast to coast and include nearly a score of States, were called out on strike by their union leaders of November 1, in an effort to secure for the miners a six-hour day, a five-day week, and a sixty-per-cent increase in wages.

The operators claimed that the miners had no right to strike, as they signed a contract during the war to work for the same wages until peace is declared, or until March 31, 1920, and a contract cannot be repudiated at will.

President Wilson, seeing that the industries and transportation facilities of the country must be greatly hampered by a shortage of coal, and that the general public must be seriously inconvenienced by a lack of fuel, and believing that the miners' contract was still binding, at once demanded that the strike be called off; but the acting president of the United Mine Workers of America, Mr. John L. Lewis, who called the strike, refused to heed the appeal, claiming that the strike was ordered by the Cleveland Convention of United Mine Workers of America, and could only be called off by that body.

President Wilson then placed the question in the hands of Attorney-General Palmer, who secured an injunction which forbade the disbursement of union money to the strikers and the union leaders from conferring with the strikers.

This injunction was pronounced illegal by the labor leaders, and they requested that it be removed, promising if it were, to settle the strike within forty-eight hours. The injunction was not dissolved, but the court was asked to pronounce upon its validity. Judge Anderson, of Indianapolis, held that the injunction was legal and demanded that the strike be called off.

Labor threatened not to call off the strike, thus defying the Government. Finally, however, after a strenuous session of the strike leaders, the strike was called off; and the union men and operators will meet



One division of the Passaic, New Jersey, Sabbath school set their goal at ninety dollars for the quarter. They succeeded in raising \$139.70. In order to save their car fare for the Sabbath school, many of these boys and girls walked three miles when attending the Standard of Attainment class. They bought milk chocolate at reduced rates, and sold it, giving the profits to their fund. They also sold the *INSTRUCTOR* and *Little Friend*. One boy picked up waste coal and sold it to his mother to get his dollar. There's always a way if there's a will. The picture shows the division with some of their friends while at a picnic.

with President Wilson to consider a satisfactory adjustment of the coal situation.

The general feeling is that the labor unions have gone entirely too far, as expressed by the Senate Committee on the steel strike: "There is no place in this country for industrial despotism. No one should be permitted to unjustly cause the great body of the public to suffer."

It is difficult to diagnose the disease that would permit men with any proper regard for the well-being of their fellow citizens, or with any true patriotic spirit for their country in its time of industrial stress and reconstruction, to stop the production of a necessary commodity in order to secure better terms for themselves. Senator Harding, of Ohio, must not have been far from right when in speaking of the present unrest, he said: "The trouble is we forget the other fellow. We are selfish."

How did Philadelphia get its name?

William Penn gave the city its name. The word means "brotherly love," and it was named for the ancient city of Philadelphia in Asia Minor. The church of Philadelphia is one of the seven churches mentioned by the revelator. (See Rev. 3:7-14.)

"A king whose name was Attalus Philadelphia built the ancient city one hundred forty years before the birth of our Saviour.

"The sale of sugar used to be the principal business of Philadelphia in Asia Minor, in ancient days, as sugar cane was grown on the plains. In later times, poppy plants, which yield opium, were cultivated instead of sugar cane. Fortunately for the people of Philadelphia, whose women and children worked in the poppy fields, they were not allowed to use the opium. It was against the law for them to keep a bit of it, because the Turkish government claimed every ounce of the opium to sell in China and other countries. This of course was the best thing that could have happened to the inhabitants."

A Message from God

(Concluded from last week)

MRS. THURLOW opened the pages of the little magazine until she came to the picture that had so impressed Dorothy, and read the words below it: "Daniel held one of the highest positions that the mighty nations of that time could offer. Yet Daniel, the prime minister, knew that these kingdoms could not establish peace and righteousness, nor make the world safe for generations to come. They would come to an end, and their glory and might would be gone."

Dorothy listened attentively. "Turn the page, mother, and read me the names of the kingdoms."

Mrs. Thurlow, obedient to her daughter's imperative demands, continued the narrative: "Babylon was called the kingdom of gold, Medo-Persia a kingdom of silver, Greece a kingdom of brass, and Rome of iron and clay. The gold and silver, the brass and iron, were broken in pieces by a stone cut out without hands, and the stone became a great mountain and filled the whole earth. That stone is the kingdom of God soon to be set up, and that kingdom shall never be destroyed."

Dorothy drew a long breath as her mother finished. "That must be the second chapter of Daniel, mother, for I read it not so very long ago, only I didn't think it had anything to do with us. Isn't it wonderful how God traced history down through the ages for us, even before there was the slightest sign of those things ever coming true?

"You know we had the rise and fall of these kingdoms in our history class, but nothing about the stone that destroyed them and filled the earth with its glory and power. To what does that have reference?"

Mrs. Thurlow had been reading even while her daughter had been talking, and now she laid the paper down and said quietly: "I think it means the soon coming of Christ, for all those kingdoms have passed



The Old Sligo Mill

By C. P. Bollman

Not far from the foot of a steep, sandy hill,
On the Sligo road, by side of the stream,
Stand the crumbling walls of a neighborhood mill,-
Full a half century old, or more, they seem.

The dam is all gone, and the old race is dry,
The water wheel's rusty, silent, and still;
And we need not to ask, nor to wonder why,
As we face the walls of the old brick mill.

One fancies he sees the old mill as of yore,
When it ground plump grain for the whole countryside,
The dam all intact, binding shore fast to shore,
And gath'ring water in pool deep and wide.

But the rush of the water, the hum of the wheels,
Die out as our daydream fast fades away,
And autumnal sunshine clearly reveals
Change wrought by weather and cank'ring decay.

Though empty and silent we find the old mill,
There's a charm in the landscape all can descry;
For here come the children, down dale and up hill,
And that they enjoy it none can deny.



away, and now we are on the threshold of the setting up of the new kingdom, even that of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"I noticed something else in this paper, daughter. It tells us that only those who keep the commandments of God and have the faith of Jesus can enter that new kingdom so soon to be established."

Dorothy's eyes were sparkling. "That is all right, mother; we have the faith, I know, and haven't we always kept God's commandments?"

"Not if what this article says is true. Come, and let us read it together." There was a serious look on the face of both mother and daughter as they studied their bedtime chapter that night, which was the twen-

tieth of Exodus, and their nightly petition closed with, "O Lord, teach me to walk in thy ways, and obey the voice of thy word."

The clock in the big town steeple marked the hour of twelve. Mr. Thurlow laid aside his pen, and taking his hat, left the office. A short distance from the building was a little blocked-in park, which at this hour of the day was usually deserted.

Mr. Thurlow followed the graveled walk to a bench underneath a spreading elm tree, and seating himself, drew a well-thumbed paper from his pocket. As he read, two paths seemed to stretch away before his vision. One was a well-paved road, parked with grass and beautiful flowers; magnificent homes reared their

stately towers in the background, while splashing fountains and singing birds added to the quota of joy. Truly it was a path to be desired.

The other was a rough and rugged pathway. Briars and thorns skirted its sides, and sharp stones hid themselves in the velvet brown dust. True, there were a few flowers of wonderful color and brilliancy, and occasionally a bubbling spring of sparkling water, but these must be searched for diligently, as they were not visible to the naked eye.

Over the "road beautiful" the mist clouds of doubt and uncertainty hovered; over the rough and rugged way a soft golden light filtered through the shadows, illumining the dark places and making bright the way. Over the entrance to the one road was the sign, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." The rugged way bore this inscription, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

"That do his commandments." Inadvertently, Mr. Thurlow spoke the words aloud. "Was that the question the king faced that memorable day when Daniel, God's messenger, stood before him?"

The business man turned the pages of the paper and gazed once more on the pictured balance of the present and the future. "Fear God, and keep his commandments." It was a tremendous thing to ask of a man with large business interests on his shoulders. Then Mr. Thurlow remembered the newsboy's story of the King's return. With a determined air he arose and returned to his office.

As the suburban train pulled into the depot at Ravenwood, a man in a gray business suit arose, and leaving the car, walked quickly up the street toward the cozy cottage near the corner of Pine and Alcott Avenues. He paused a few moments at the gate, then walked slowly up the flower-bordered walk to the porch. The house was beautifully in order, his daughter at the piano, and his wife seated near the window, reading. She looked up in surprise as Mr. Thurlow entered the room, and with tender solicitude inquired, "What is the trouble, dear, are you sick?"

"Never felt better in my life," was the quiet rejoinder.

His wife looked at the clock. "Why, it is only a few minutes past four, and you hardly ever come home before sundown. Something must be wrong."

"You will have no more surprises on that score from this time on, but I will explain to you and Dorothy a little later." So saying, he repaired to his own room.

Mrs. Thurlow looked at her daughter in wondering perplexity. "What can be the matter with your father? You don't suppose—"

Dorothy laughed gleefully. "It would be strange if God answered our prayers in a different way from the one we planned. Now I know, mother, that the answer must come, for we prayed so hard, but knowing daddy personally, I did not look for it for a long, long time yet. Why, I can hardly wait until he comes downstairs. Shall I ask him first thing?"

"No, daughter, wait. Perhaps his reason is different from what we think, and anyway he will want to make his own explanations."

Presently Mr. Thurlow came downstairs, clean shaved and dressed in a clean linen suit. Seating himself in the armchair, he said quietly, "I have some news for you. I have never made any profession of religion, never had the time to take any particular in-

terest in it. Some day I expected to be a Christian, some day make my peace with God, but that time was always future.

"One evening, on my way home from the office, I was accosted by a boy selling papers. He insisted that I buy one, because it told of the King's return. Naturally, I thought of the European crisis, and wondered what king he had reference to. I questioned him, but his reply was that the paper gave the name and told all about the King. It would cost me only five cents, and he seemed to think it was wonderfully cheap at that. The lad was so deeply in earnest that I bought his paper, and read it on my way home.

"There was a picture in that paper of God's prophet telling the king of Babylon the history of the world kingdoms, their rise and fall, and the coming of a kingdom that should fill the earth with its glory; that was the kingdom the boy spoke of, and the name of the king—"

"Oh, I know, I know," cried Dorothy, clapping her hands softly. "I know all about that picture too, but go on, daddy, and finish the story."

Her father looked at her in surprise, paused a moment as if to question her, then continued his story: "The name of the King is Christ. I nearly learned that chapter by heart, finding out to my own satisfaction that the coming of Christ is very near at hand. Then I found another article in the paper, relating to the keeping of the commandments of God, and the fact that the world at large is keeping another Sabbath than the one commanded of the Lord. More from curiosity than anything else at the time, I investigated the question thoroughly and found that the seventh day is the Sabbath according to the fourth commandment. Then the question came to me, 'Why do you not keep it?'

"I scoffed at it for a while and tried to forget it, but the harder I tried to forget, the more insistent the command became, until I was forced at last to the point of decision. Should I choose my own way, disobey God, and lose my right to the tree of life, or should I sacrifice all now, that I might gain more than all hereafter by obeying his commands?"

"Again and still again I counted the cost, until at last I faced the issue squarely, and, thank God, he gave the grace and strength for me to say, 'As for me, I will walk in the law of my God.' Now, dear ones, I do not ask you to keep the seventh day Sabbath with me at present, but I do want you to study and pray that God will make his word plain, simple, and easy for you to understand, and then some day—"

Dorothy could stand it no longer. She ran lightly across the room and perched on her father's knee. Rumpling up his hair, she exclaimed, "You darling daddy. Did you think you had a monopoly on God's truth? Well, you haven't, only there must have been two 'dream ladies,' but one of them was a boy. Of course you don't know anything about my dream, for you would not listen, but a lady came to me with a paper. It must have been like yours; let me see." She took the paper from Mr. Thurlow's hands and turned the pages. "Yes, that is the very one, the *Signs of the Times*. Mother and I read it, and learned all about the second coming of Christ and the Sabbath of the Lord, but it didn't take us so long to make our decision. Why, you precious daddy, we have been keeping the seventh-day Sabbath for weeks, and while we kept it we prayed for you, and now to think that God has answered our prayers and we will keep God's day together. It is simply wonderful."

It was a happy family gathered around the table for the evening meal, and pinned on the wall in a most conspicuous place was a paper bearing the inscription, "Signs of the Times."

RUTH LEES OLSON.

For the Finding-Out Club

What Am I?

I MAKE my home with the lowliest and the highest, in hotel and palace. I roam the fields, and I live in the crowded cities. I am connected with the most wonderful of musical instruments. One of my homes is called "the house beautiful." This very fact indicates my importance, though the world has been slow to accord me the honor due me. In fact, for years after I was discovered, authors of scientific books said I seemed to have no special work to do. They probably thought I could be dispensed with as well as not; but now they know that I am absolutely necessary to the proper functioning of many of God's creatures. In the Swiss Alps there are many persons afflicted with a disease known as cretinism. A person suffering from this disease is likely to be deformed, dwarfed, and idiotic. Physicians have found that if I am allowed to have part in the treatment of these persons, wonderful things are wrought; the cretins begin to grow, and finally the brain functions, so that they really become intelligent. In your own country I have wrought wonderful cures. If I am misused, I cause considerable inconvenience and suffering; but who would not? Otherwise, remember, I am your good friend.

F. D. C.

Answers to Questions Printed in "Instructor" of October 28

All our States have mottoes, and most of them are inspiring. Here is a list:

- Alabama — "Here we rest."
 Arizona — "God enriches."
 Arkansas — "The people rule."
 California — "I have found it."
 Colorado — "Nothing without God."
 Connecticut — "He who transplanted still sustains."
 Delaware — "Liberty and independence."
 District of Columbia — "Justice to all."
 Florida — "In God we trust."
 Georgia — "Wisdom, justice, moderation" and "Agriculture and commerce."
 Idaho — "Hail."
 Illinois — "State sovereignty, national union."
 Iowa — "Our liberties we prize, and our rights we maintain."
 Kansas — "To the stars through difficulties."
 Kentucky — "United we stand, divided we fall."
 Louisiana — "Union, justice, and confidence."
 Maine — "I direct."
 Maryland — "Manly deeds, womanly words," and "With the shield of Thy good will Thou hast covered us."
 Massachusetts — "With the sword she seeks quiet peace under liberty."
 Minnesota — "The star of the north."
 Michigan — "If thou seekest a beautiful peninsula, behold it here."
 Missouri — "The welfare of the people is the supreme law."

- Montana — "Gold and silver."
 Nebraska — "Equality before the law."
 Nevada — "All for our country."
 New Jersey — "Liberty and prosperity."
 New Mexico — "It increases by going."
 New York — "Excelsior."
 North Carolina — "To be, rather than to seem."
 North Dakota — "Liberty and union, one and inseparable now and forever."
 Ohio — "A government within a government."
 Oregon — "The union."
 Pennsylvania — "Virtue, liberty, and independence."
 Rhode Island — "Hope."
 South Carolina — "Prepared in mind and resources, ready to give life and property" and "While I breathe I hope."
 South Dakota — "Under God the people rule."
 Tennessee — "Agriculture, commerce."
 Vermont — "Freedom and unity."
 Virginia — "Ever so to tyrants" and "Perseverance."
 Washington — "By and by."
 West Virginia — "Mountaineers always free men" and "Liberty and fidelity."
 Wisconsin — "Forward."
 Wyoming — "Let arms yield to the gown."

— *Boston Transcript.*

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Just for the Juniors



The Junior Rally

GRANDMOTHER BROWN and Grandmother Gray
Met in a cottage just over the way
This afternoon for a social tea.
Grandmother Brown is rheumatic, you see,
And she dearly loves to have Grandmother Gray
Come in and chat with her any day.
And so today, as they cozily sat
Knitting and talking of this and that,
Said Grandmother Gray, "I must early go,
Because of the children's meeting, you know."

"The children's meeting?" said Grandmother Brown
As she laid her gold-rimmed glasses down;
"What is it? Do tell! I want to know
Where other people are glad to go.
You know it is now almost a year
Since pain has kept me a prisoner here."

"Has no one told you?" said Grandmother Gray;
"It is strange that I have not, anyway,
Since the band was organized last May.
Well, to the vestry the children went,
Some of the ladies their presence lent;
They organized as their elders do,
Adopted a constitution too;
Perhaps I can tell it over to you.
First, 'The Juniors' should be their name,
And, second, it should be their aim
To learn of heaven and Christ the Lord,
And to ask him to guide them along life's road;
Thirdly, their officers should be
A leader and a secretary,
With a treasurer to hold the purse
And all the funds receive and disburse;
Eight became members that afternoon,
And others were added very soon.
So now they have some fifty or so—
Good number for us in this place, you know.
Once every week they've met together,
And some have come whatever the weather.

Five the least number on any day,
And fifty the largest, so they say."

"Well, well! I declare!" said Grandmother Brown;
"There are some wide-awake folks in town.
What will they do at their meetings, pray?"
"Oh, as to that," said Grandmother Gray,
"They have Bible reading, singing, and prayer,
And they learn of the Saviour's tender care,
And their exercises are novel quite;
It is going to be held in the church tonight."
"A treat, indeed!" said Grandmother Brown;
"I wish I were able to go down.
I hope our friends will help them all,
And see that no harm to the work befall.
Come in and tell me about it, please,
Tomorrow, when we can talk with ease."

So early next morning Grandmother Gray,
As soon as breakfast was out of the way,
Without waiting to rest or to sit down,
Ran over to tell dear Grandmother Brown
About the Juniors' most grand success.
"Good morning," she said; "you'd never guess
What a real nice time we had last night.
Every one seemed to feel just right;
And the children dear! the songs they sang
And their recitations were finely done;
Our chorister's singing added zest,
And was, as usual, just the best;
Our minister spoke; and in fact, my friend,
It was a success from beginning to end.
I wish I could stay and longer chat,
But duties at home will not allow that.
One thing, I am sure, is plain to be seen:
That those who try for the Master to glean
Will find the *handfuls* so easy to win
That many a *sheaf* may be gathered in."

— Adapted.

The Hand of Providence

LYSLE SPEAR

CLARA and Ruth Brown were sitting on the veranda. The sun had disappeared behind the hills, leaving a rich halo of glory. This gradually faded, and the soft shades of evening crept in, pale yellow and delicate pink blending into tints of lavender and purple. The birds twittered their evening songs as they sought their downy nests and the frogs chorused down by the pond. But the girls were unmindful of these changes, for they were thinking of the forthcoming camp-meeting that was to be held at Hastings. They had been to camp-meeting but once, and were very anxious to go again.

"Clara, can't we manage it some way?"

"I don't see how we can possibly go. Father can't afford to send us and we have no way of earning the money," said Clara, with a sigh.

"It is right for us to want to go, and I believe that God will open the way, for he has promised, 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.'"

"You are right. If we pray in faith, God will surely answer our prayers."

"Then let us pray about going to camp-meeting."

"All right," said Clara, "we will do that."

The next day they looked for work and found it—blackberry picking. The work was hard and the weather was exceedingly warm. More than once Clara was about to give up when noontide's heat, blackberry briers, and mosquitoes combined to make

life almost unendurable; but Ruth would always point to their goal—fifteen dollars by the first of August. Every week-end they counted their money and many times between,—five dollars, eight dollars, eleven dollars, fourteen dollars and a half: their goal was almost reached. Work was no longer drudgery: the joy to come eclipsed the days of toil.

Ruth and Clara came home one night unusually tired, but happy in their anticipated pleasure. Mother and father were seated in the sitting-room. Father had a letter spread out before him, and mother looked troubled.

Mr. Brown read the letter to the girls. It was a letter from a business house, urging him to come at once, for they needed his services and would pay him well.

The girls knew what this letter meant to their father, for he had been out of work for several weeks; but they could not understand why mother looked troubled.

"Are you going, papa?" asked Ruth.

"I don't see how I can go without a new suit of clothes. I think I can manage my fare, but I can't provide all the money for a suit."

When Clara and Ruth were alone, it was again Ruth who spoke.

"Clara, what would you think of giving papa our camp-meeting money for a suit?"

"Oh, we couldn't do that; some way will open. But he ought to go, I know."

Clara turned the leaves of a catalogue, looking for some articles she wanted to send for before camp-meeting time. Finally she closed the book and ran over to a neighbor's for a recipe which she desired to work out; but the thought of father's suit kept coming to mind.

After supper the girls went out to pick flowers. The sweet peas were at their best, hanging in rich profusion over the garden fence, shedding forth a delicate perfume and modestly nodding their pretty heads in the quiet evening breeze. But Clara saw only her mother's and father's troubled faces.

Coming over to Ruth, she whispered, "I'll do it."

Ruth understood. They went together into the house and presented their treasured box to their father. He knew the sacrifice that it cost his children, and with tears in his eyes said:

"My dear children, God will make it up to you."

There were two weeks left before the time of the camp-meeting. Mother suggested that the girls continue the berry picking. Perhaps God would yet open the way for them to go. But the berries were getting scarce now and the outlook seemed dark.

One day Mrs. Nelson called. Mrs. Brown told her of the girls' disappointment.

"Clara and Ruth can go with us," said Mrs. Nelson. "We shall have a large tent, and they can help with the children. I shall be very glad to have relief from the entire care of James and Berta."

"That will be fine," replied Mrs. Brown. "I am sure the girls will be delighted to go with you. They have desired so much to go to camp-meeting, and they both love your children, and are good hands to care for little folks."

Ruth and Clara were very happy when they heard of the new plans.

Ruth said: "I felt sure some way would be provided; for the Lord loves to answer prayer."

A Junior Prayer

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon thy trusting child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

Lamb of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once thyself a child.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

— Charles Wesley.

"What Would God Say?"

THE carpenter looked up when the door opened. He saw a bright-faced boy in a brown suit and red cap.

"Good morning, my man, what can I do for you? Do you want a house or a bridge built?"

"No, I want those," said the boy, pointing to the shavings beneath the carpenter's bench. "I'm going to sell them for a cent a basket. May I have them?"

The carpenter nodded his head, and Fred went to

work filling his basket. Down on the floor he saw a piece of silver money, a bright, new dime. He had never had more than a cent in his life. He picked it up and put it in his pocket.

"This dime isn't mine," he thought; "if I keep it, I shall be a thief," and then came another thought, "What would God say?"

He ran back and gave the dime to the carpenter. "I found it in the shavings," he said, and ran off with a happy heart. It hadn't been hard to keep God's command, "Thou shalt not steal," because he loved God.—*Selected.*

Good English

"If you can sound your t's
And sound your u's
And sound *ing*, and lose that common touch;
If neither 'I seen' nor 'I saw' can hurt you;
If good expressions count with you—
You must use only such;
If you can fill the unforgetting minute
With sixty seconds' worth of correct speech,
Yours is the earth—and everything that's in it;
And what is more, my son,
Success you'll reach."

[We want the picture of the boy or girl in our church schools whom no one caught making a mistake in English, although teacher and pupils watched diligently to that end for eight long weeks.—EDITOR.]

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Missionary Volunteer Society Meetings

HOW can we make the Missionary Volunteer Society meetings most profitable during 1920? The answer must come from you. What you get out of them will depend upon what you put into them. They will be what you make them. Whether you are an officer or not, keep the list of topics in mind. Plan to have one good thought all your own to contribute each week. Think over each topic prayerfully at home, and you will get more out of the thoughts contributed by others. Put into each program your best effort, and you'll not only help to make all of them the most profitable you have ever had, but thus you'll reap the greatest help from the meetings.

The Senior topics for the first quarter of 1920 are:

- Jan. 3. Not Our Bit, but Our Best.
- Jan. 10. Our Goals and How to Reach Them.
- Jan. 17. History of Our Young People's Work.
- Jan. 24. Making Jesus Christ Real to You.
- Jan. 31. Open.
- Feb. 7. Standard of Attainment Rally.
- Feb. 14. A Backslider Who Succeeded.
- Feb. 21. Why Have a Missionary Volunteer Society?
- Feb. 28. How to Meet Temptation.
- March 6. Baptism.
- March 13. A Man Who Made the Supreme Decision.
- March 20. Organized Missionary Effort.
- March 27. Missions Survey.

The Junior topics are:

- Jan. 3. Not Our Bit, but Our Best.
- Jan. 10. Our Goals and How to Reach Them.
- Jan. 17. Our Gardens (Character Building).
- Jan. 24. Getting Acquainted with Jesus.
- Jan. 31. Open.
- Feb. 7. Our Junior Standard of Attainment.
- Feb. 14. Denying Jesus.
- Feb. 21. Junior Pledge—Loving and Trusting Jesus.

Feb. 28. What to Do with Temptation.
 March 6. Baptism.
 March 13. Being Something Worth While.
 March 20. Junior Pledge — Bible Study.
 March 27. Missions Survey.

The series planned for the year — both the Senior and the Junior — should be exceedingly helpful. The character studies run through both series. These are very important. Some one has said that no reading is more helpful than the reading of biographies. The Juniors will make a special study of their excellent pledge, taking it up phrase by phrase. The Seniors will specialize on the purpose and work of the Missionary Volunteer Society. Once each quarter the entire time will be given to a Missions Survey.

The meetings should be the best ever held. The great question is: Will you give your best — not your bit — to make the Missionary Volunteer Society meetings during 1920 what they should be? M. E.

Our Counsel Corner

WHO wrote the poem that begins:

*"Life is too brief
 Between the budding and the falling leaf?"*

L. O. P.

Margaret E. Sangster wrote the beautiful poem on "Life," which in full reads as follows:

"Life is too brief
 Between the budding and the falling leaf,
 Between the seedtime and the golden sheaf,
 For hate and spite.
 We have no time for malice and for greed;
 Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed;
 Fast speeds the night.

"Life is too swift
 Between the blossom and the white snow's drift,
 Between the silence and the lark's uplift,
 For bitter words.
 In kindness and in gentleness our speech
 Must carry messages of hope, and reach
 The sweetest chords.

"Life is too great
 Between the infant's and the man's estate,
 Between the clashing of earth's strife and fate,
 For petty things.
 Lo! we shall yet who creep with cumbered feet,
 Walk glorious over heaven's golden street,
 Or soar on wings!"

Have you any literature giving information about the Testimonies Reading Course? L. D. R.

Yes; Missionary Volunteer Leaflet Series No. 65 is on the Testimonies Reading Course, and tells briefly what the course is and how to take it.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XI — The Lord's Ownership

(December 13)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." 1 Chron. 29: 14.

The Extent of God's Possessions

1. How much of this world belongs to God? Ps. 24: 1; Deut. 10: 14.
2. Why does it belong to God? Col. 1: 16; John 1: 1-3.
3. What relationship to the world was man given at creation? Gen. 1: 26; Ps. 8: 4-8. Note 1.
4. After man yielded obedience to Satan, what false claim did Satan make? Luke 4: 5-7.

5. What does Jesus do all the while that shows him to be still the rightful owner of the world? Col. 1: 17; Heb. 1: 3.
6. What has Jesus done for this world that will finally give him dominion over the world, and forever settle the question of ownership? Eph. 1: 14; Micah 4: 8. Note 2.

The Extent of Man's Possessions

7. In ancient times in what commodity was a man's wealth estimated? Gen. 30: 28-32.
8. To whom do these possessions belong? Ps. 50: 9-12.
9. In these last days in what terms do men reckon wealth? James 5: 3.
10. To whom do the silver and the gold belong? Haggai 2: 8.

Man's Obligations to God

11. Who gives men power to get wealth? Deut. 8: 17, 18.
12. How has God told us to use that which he has given us? Luke 19: 11-13, last part.
13. When we "occupy" with our possessions, how much credit can we claim for generosity? 1 Chron. 29: 14. Note 3.
14. If we refuse to give, how does God regard us? Mal. 3: 8.
15. On what condition shall we be intrusted with the true riches? Luke 16: 11; Matt. 25: 21.

Notes

1. At creation, Adam was given dominion over all that God had made. He was therefore the earthly "ruler" of this world. But God was the owner, for he had created all things. While Satan, through man's sin, gained partial dominion over the world, the earth did not become his.
2. Jesus, by right of being Creator, Upholder, and Redeemer is the true Owner of this world. Satan claims to have unlimited authority and even ownership, but as long as God by his power upholds all things, so long is Satan's claim a false and deceptive one. Jesus while here on earth refused to recognize any such claim.
3. "Occupy" means to use as fully and completely as possible. It does not mean to waste or misuse or hoard. Of all that God has given us, he has made us stewards to use solely and wholly for his glory and the advancement of his work in the earth. Any use we make of these intrusted goods that tends in any way to turn souls away from Jesus, is failing to "occupy." Only if we truly occupy till he comes, are we promised access to "the true riches."

Intermediate Lesson

XI — Ezra, the Scribe; Nehemiah Visits Jerusalem

(December 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ezra 7; Nehemiah 1, 2.

MEMORY VERSE: "We made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night, because of them." Neh. 4: 9.

LESSON HELPS: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 607-617, 628-638; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 271-277.

"Quit ye like men! Be strong!
 With steadfast hearts and true
 We dare with an unshaken song
 The work we have to do.
 O Lord, be thou our strength!
 Upon thy word we wait;
 Thy squadrons white shall turn at length
 The battle to the gate."

Questions

1. Of what tribe was Ezra a descendant? What was his work? Ezra 7: 1, 5, 6. Note 1.
2. Who went with Ezra to Jerusalem? When did the company arrive at Jerusalem? For what had Ezra prepared his heart? Verses 7-10.
3. What third decree of a king gave Ezra his authority? What permission to the people was renewed by this decree? Verses 11-13.
4. What could they take with them to Jerusalem? What were they to buy with the gold and silver? Verses 15-18.
5. If more money was needed to establish the temple service, where could it be obtained? Verses 19-23.
6. Who were to be relieved from taxation? What was Ezra to appoint in the land "beyond the river"? What power was given him to enforce the law? Verses 24-26. Note 2.
7. How did Nehemiah in Shushan hear news of the progress of the work in Jerusalem? What did these men from Judah say? How did their words affect Nehemiah? Neh. 1: 1-4. Note 3.
8. Who was cupbearer to the king of Persia? What did the king notice one day? How did Nehemiah tactfully call

attention to the situation at Jerusalem? Neh. 2:1-3. Note 4.

9. What question did the king ask? Before answering, what did Nehemiah do? What favor did he then ask the king? Verses 4, 5.

10. What further questions did the king ask? What permission did he give? For what letters did Nehemiah ask? What favors would these letters give to him? Who were sent with Nehemiah? Verses 6-9.

11. Who were deeply grieved by the coming of Nehemiah? What did Nehemiah do in the night? What parts of the city did he visit? Verses 10-15.

12. To whom did Nehemiah say nothing of his plans? After viewing the entire situation, what did Nehemiah invite the people to join him in doing? Verses 16, 17.

13. What personal experience did he relate for their encouragement? What response did the people make? Verse 18.

14. Who scorned and despised them? What courageous answer did Nehemiah make to those who mocked? Verses 19, 20.

Things to Remember

How many kings made decrees providing for the return of the Israelites to their own land?

Name these decrees.

How many different times did companies of people return to Jerusalem from Babylon?

Who led each of these companies?

Notes

1. "Ezra was of a priestly family, and his great work was that of a scribe; not a mere copyist of the law, but a diligent student and interpreter of the law."—*Peloubet*.

Ezra is supposed to have gathered together all the sacred writings of the Old Testament that were then written.

2. "The decree of Artaxerxes included many things: (1) It permitted all Israelites to return to Judea; (2) to take with them contributions and offerings for the temple; (3) it gave Ezra permission to draw on the royal treasury for whatever would be needed to carry on the temple service and the work of rebuilding Jerusalem; (4) it relieved from taxation all who were engaged in the performance of any sacred duty in connection with the temple; (5) Ezra was given chief authority over the whole district 'beyond the river,' with power to appoint civil officers and to enforce his decisions by severe penalties."—*"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, p. 273.*

Between the time of the decree made by Darius in Ezra 6 and the decree of Artaxerxes recorded in Ezra 7, the events in the book of Esther, which we have already studied, took place.

3. "Nehemiah was walking one day outside the walls of Shushan, so Josephus tells us, when 'some strangers, making for the city, travel worn as if by a long journey, were overheard by him discoursing in his own language,—the Hebrew. Nothing touches the heart in a strange land more than one's mother tongue. He went up to them, therefore, and, introducing himself, found they were from Judah; and one was his own brother,' Hanani. (Compare Neh. 7:2: 'my brother Hanani.')

"'Certain men of Judah' (American Revised Version, 'men out of Judah') who had just arrived with the latest news.

"I asked them concerning the Jews that had escaped' from being taken captive, and those who had escaped by returning from captivity; that is, those who were living in the land of Judea, as distinguished from those who still lived in the lands of their exile. 'And concerning Jerusalem.' The people 'are in great affliction and reproach: the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire.' This was usually done in order to deprive a walled city of its power of resistance.

"Josephus adds that 'the neighboring nations did a great deal of mischief to the Jews, while in the daytime they overran the country and pillaged it, and in the night did them mischief, inasmuch that not a few were led away captive out of the country.'—*Peloubet*.

4. "The cupbearer's duties were to pour out the wine, to taste it in his [the king's] presence so as to prevent any scheme of poisoning, and to present it to the king."—*Cambridge Bible*.

"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"

IT is a blessed thing to be shut in by impenetrable walls when trouble comes—walls that cannot be scaled or battered down, gates securely barred. The Lord is just such a wall. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."

This was vividly illustrated in the life of William Carey, missionary to India. He was at Serampur at the time. He had worked for twelve long years, getting the Book that was to make such a marvelous

change in that land, ready to start on its mission. Many copies had been completed and stored in a room prepared for their reception. Carey was happily dreaming of the wonderful things those books were to do, and of the still greater things that would come about when the "twelve hundred reams of paper," the "sets of type for fourteen Eastern languages and more manuscripts of translation," should be doing their destined work. Was it to be only a dream?

How strangely God works! How "by water and by fire" he makes clean the vessels he chooses! In a single night those precious books, the paper, the costly type, the laboriously prepared manuscripts, were all turned to ashes.

It was appalling, but Carey was calm. He was walled in. The fire had not touched him any more than it did Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. The living One was still in his place. Why should he falter?

"And offer up bitter complaints
Instead of prayers?"

He did not. He trusted. His religion did not fail him. Safe in his hiding place, the storm swept by, and out of that very storm came wider celebrity for his work, more reams of paper, type, helpers, and everything he needed. God had been his strength, and others had seen that Carey had something on which to lean that they did not have.

It is for this very purpose that trouble comes to the Christian. It is to teach the unbeliever that God loves and cares for his own, and that no work started for him can come to a standstill or be utterly and finally broken down by disaster.

Carey's thought was like that of Horatius Bonar, and that thought kept him brave and cheerful and drew him ever onward. Bonar words it thus:

"I cannot raise the dead,
Nor from this soil pluck precious dust,
Nor bid the sleeper wake,
Nor still the storm, nor bend the lightning back,
Nor bid the chains fall from off
Creation's long enfeathered limbs.

"But I can live a life that tells on other lives,
And makes this world less full of anguish and of pain;
A life that, like the pebble dropped upon the sea,
Sends its wide circle to a hundred shores.
May such a life be mine."

May such a life be the life of all the young readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR—a life that will lead others to embrace the hope of the gospel, and help them to stand steadfastly therein.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

Rates of Postage

ANY magazine or paper published regularly every three months or more frequently is regarded by postal authorities as a periodical, and the rate of postage is one cent for four ounces or less, to any part of the United States or its possessions. Notice that Sabbath school cards are quarterlies, hence call for only the above amount of postage. Also remember that Porto Rico is a possession of the United States.

Periodicals and printed matter are two distinct classes of literature in the eye of postal authorities. Printed matter requires twice as much postage as periodicals. It consists of tracts, pamphlets, and other matter not published at regular periods.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Prohibition Closes Paper Pickery in Camden, N. J.

CAMDEN'S municipal workhouse was recently closed by prohibition. Known as the paper pickery and famous as an institution for the utilization of human derelicts, the workhouse since 1912 has been operated by habitual drunkards committed there by the police magistrates. Waste paper gathered there by the highway department has been baled by the prisoners, and the city has been reaping a yearly profit of \$4,000 over the operating expenses and the cost of boarding the inmates. In addition all the brooms for the street-sweeping machines and the hand brooms used by the white wings were made by the prisoners at a nominal cost.

"This industry cannot operate without help," said Street Commissioner Sayre, as the last of the baled paper was carted away. The pickery will be used as a warehouse.—*Washington Post*.

Enlarge Your Vocabulary

A WELL-MEANING but illiterate man was recently engaged to sod a lawn. The man for whom he was doing the work complained that the sods contained weeds and hence were unsatisfactory. The workman's response was: "Now, Mr. C., when this lawn is laundered, you will find it is all right." Then thinking this statement did not sound altogether right, he said: "Yes, when this lawn is lawned, it will be satisfactory." He wished to assure the man that when the lawn had been mowed it would be all right.

A sergeant on leave was invited by a friend to her home for luncheon. When he was introduced to her mother, the mother apologized for her appearance, but very shortly said: "I'll go and put on the percolator." The sergeant said: "Oh, you look all right the way you are."

You would hardly make either of these mistakes, but a larger vocabulary no doubt would make your conversation and writing more entertaining and profitable. It's worth your effort. F. D. C.

"Say It with Flowers"

A FLORAL offering was presented by the leading florists of the national capital on Sunday, November 2, to all the churches and missions of the city. Each gift bore the simple inscription, "Say It with Flowers."

Thus was ushered in what is known as "flower week," when every one was urged to send by means of a gift of flowers a message of happiness and good wishes to some one in need of friendly cheer.

Orphanages, institutions for the aged, and the hospitals of the city were remembered by the Floral Committee. Walter Reed Hospital, where thousands of sick and wounded soldiers are being treated, received several thousand blooms, little girls dropping some of these from airships flying over the city.

The good work in the capital could not be made so extensive as desired because of the high cost of flowers, one chrysanthemum blossom selling for \$1.50. However, despite the high cost of flowers, many lives were brightened by flower-borne messages. Good-cheer messages through gifts of flowers need not be confined to the national capital, nor to flower week, for they are timely in all places and at all times, and they rarely if ever fail to accomplish the end for which they are

sent. The flowers were made for the purpose of bearing messages direct from heaven to you. Do you read these messages? If so, pass them on to the sick and lonely, that they too may hear the whispered love and comfort hidden in the beauty and wonderful structure of the flowers. F. D. C.

The Real Trouble Between the Steel Workers and Their Employers

THE question at issue between the steel workers and Judge Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, is, on the surface merely, whether in their negotiations with their employers the steel workers shall have the right to be represented by men of their own choosing, whether selected from among themselves or from men not employed by the steel corporation.

In the ranks of organized labor, negotiations between employees and their employers, especially when likely to lead to a strike, are usually conducted, not by the employees themselves, but by a vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, a man, not only an expert in his line, but one not likely to be intimidated by fear of reduction of wages or loss of employment.

In the industrial conference held in Washington last October, organized labor demanded the recognition by employers generally, of the right of the men to organize and to bargain collectively. This, Judge Gary, speaking for the steel corporation, conceded, but with the qualification that his corporation would treat only with its employees; and this was the rock upon which the conference was hopelessly wrecked.

Small and technical as the difference appears at first glance, from the viewpoint of both employees and employers there is bound up in it most important issues. As the employers view the matter, bargaining, not with their own employees, but with a representative of the American Federation of Labor, would mean the surrender of the management of their business, very largely at least, into the hands of the federation. While as the workers view it, collective bargaining, merely between the employees immediately interested and their immediate employers, would amount to nothing to them.

It is here the issues are joined, and over this question of the right to be represented by experts not employed by the steel corporation, the battle between the steel workers and the steel corporation is being waged. C. P. BOLLMAN.

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