

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

January 13, 1920

No. 2



Photo, Western Newspaper Union

NINETY THOUSAND BOTTLES OF BEER FROM ZION CITY, ILLINOIS, BEING DUMPED INTO LAKE MICHIGAN





# From Here and There

Belgium has decided to electrify its railroads, beginning with the line running between Brussels and Antwerp.

Starfish, the bane of oyster fishermen, destroy almost a million dollars' worth of oysters every year in the waters of Long Island Sound.

The national air of Bohemia, "Where Is My Home?" is taken from the first Bohemian opera, which was written by Frantinek Skroup in 1826.

About thirteen million tons of coal were carried by the railroads during the last week in October, in anticipation of the miners' strike which began November 1.

The return of American dead buried in the cemeteries of France has been authorized by the French government, and the work of disinterment has already begun.

Automobiles are becoming more and more popular in China. There are five hundred cars in Peking alone, one being added to this number on the average of every two days.

Our national forest reserves are now being carefully guarded by a daily aerial patrol. By this means fires can be seen and accurately located at a distance of thirty-five miles.

An archaeological expedition under the direction of Professor James H. Breasted, is to be sent out by the University of Chicago this present winter, for research work in Egypt, Syria, and Mesopotamia.

Today the unions are so strong that the citizens of Chicago are forbidden under penalty of fines to paint their own houses or clean their own windows. Surely we shall not lose our liberty in a land of liberty!

A convention of the International Student Volunteer Movement was held in Des Moines, Iowa, December 31 to January 4. The motto of this organization is, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation."

A "billiard-ball" haircut is the latest style in Poland, made necessary by a government edict. The object of this command is a clean-up campaign with view to stamping out the typhus epidemic which is still raging there.

Prices in London, England, are twenty-five per cent lower than in New York City. A haircut in London costs a sixpence, or twelve cents, while in New York barbers demand thirty, forty, or fifty cents for the same service.

The sight-seeing tank is the latest attraction for visitors to French battlefields. Discarded war tanks have been transformed into sight-seeing busses, and they are able to climb the mountain roads in the Alpine country with ease.

Captain Ross Smith, with a crew of three men, left England on November 12, for Australia, flying in a Vimy bombing machine, the kind that Sir Arthur Brown used in his non-stop flight across the Atlantic. He reached Australia on December 10, and in so doing won a prize of \$50,000 offered to the first aviator to make the voyage. He flew by way of Italy, Egypt, Persia, India, and the Dutch East Indies. The flight covered 11,500 miles, and was made in less than thirty days.

Chinatown in New York City, long the synonym for all that is evil and vicious, has burned its idols. No, it has not accepted Christianity, at least not as a whole; but it has a Christian "mayor." He is Lee Tow, the missionary head of the joint work of the Baptists and Methodists in Chinatown. He now has a new dignity, for he has been elected president of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, to which all Chinese belong and to whose officers they go whenever in need of help of any kind. It is this position which makes him the virtual head of the colony, its "mayor," the first Christian who has held that office.

The election of Lady Nancy Astor to the British House of Commons marks a significant change of policy in the conservative Parliament of Great Britain. In anticipation of her advent a "boudoir" was provided for her convenience. Lady Astor received over a thousand votes more than the two candidates who opposed her.

The bachelor man and maid do not need to worry longer over how much it is going to cost them for yearly living expenses. Government statisticians have decided that \$1,067.78 is the amount necessary for a single man, while it requires \$1,151.15 to maintain a single woman in health and decency.

Palestine is to "blossom as the rose" if the plans of the British government can be carried out for the rehabilitation of the Holy Land. There are 2,065 square miles of arable land, only half of which is now under cultivation. Already 100,000 timber trees and 90,000 fruit trees have been planted.

The great Statue of Liberty, in New York Harbor, is to wear a helmet hereafter. It is patterned after the helmets worn by our soldiers in the Great War. Some idea of the immense size of this hat may be gained from the fact that forty persons can stand comfortably in the head of the statue.

William Ferrero was born in Portland, Maine. His parents returned to Italy when he was two years old; and now, at the age of thirteen, this remarkable boy is leading an orchestra of one hundred pieces, whose members include some of the most experienced musicians in Rome.

The American Bible Society has been asked to ship 20,000 New Testaments to France immediately. French people are so anxious to obtain the books which seem so popular with the American soldiers that the supply of the French Bible Society has been completely exhausted.

Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts is called "the man who defied Bolshevism and won." This title was gained through his successful stand against the Boston police strikers, and his equally successful appeal to the people for support in the stand he took.

During the last year the American Red Cross has been rendering service to the needy in Palestine from fifty-four stations. In the Jerusalem district it has regularly cared for 600 children in orphanages and 85 in day nurseries, and has taught 725 in schools.

A victory medal is to be given to 4,500,000 Americans who had part in the Great War. One side of the medal shows a winged victory, and on the other are found the names of those nations which actually took part in the conflict on the side of the Allies.

## The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the  
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.  
TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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VOL. LXVIII JANUARY 13, 1920 No. 2

| Subscription Rates                        |             |
|---|-------------|
| Yearly subscription                       | \$1.75      |
| Six months                                | 1.00        |
| Club Rates                                |             |
| In clubs of five or more copies, one year | Each \$1.50 |
| Six months                                | .80         |

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.



# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVII

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 13, 1920

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## The Answer

I PRESSED the button at my neighbor's door,  
But when I heard no sound, I turned and stood  
Irresolute. If I had moved a bell,  
He must have heard it. Should I rap, or go?  
But in a moment more my neighbor came.  
"The bell is far, and very small," he said.  
"You may not catch it, for the walls between;  
But rest assured, each time you push the knob,  
We cannot choose but hear the bell inside."

And what they told me of my neighbor's bell  
Has cheered me when I knocked at some hard heart

And caught no answer. Now and then  
I poured my soul out in a hot appeal,  
And had no sign from lip or hand or eye,  
That he I would have saved had even heard;  
And I have sighed and turned away; and then  
My neighbor's words came back: "We cannot choose  
But hear inside."  
And after many days  
I have had answer to a word I spoke  
In ears that seemed as deaf as a dead man's ears.

— *The British Weekly.*

## A Democratic Monarchy

IT is a surprising fact that the government of Great Britain is one of the most democratic in the world, even though it still retains the form of a constitutional monarchy.

True, the king is the nominal ruler, but his power is greatly limited by Parliament. In fact, he holds his title only by grace of Parliament, for "the British Royal House was created by an act of this body, and what Parliament can make, it can unmake." "A clear differentiation is made between the man and his office," says Sir John Foster Fraser, an English statesman of note, in an article appearing in *The Sentinel*, a Canadian publication. "The king is honored and revered because in his person he represents the crown, the apex of the constitution." Technically the British king has the right of veto, but he would never go so plainly contrary to the will of the people as to use it. As expressed by Mr. Fraser: "The business of the British king is to interpret the will of the people. He is never a politician. Whether a Unionist, a Liberal, or a Labor government be in power, he, as head of the constitution, as the crown, gives his approval to whatever measures are passed. In a word, he is a non-partisan chairman of the affairs of the nation."

The British Parliament is made up of two houses — the Commons and the Lords. Anybody, without wealth, without influence, without particular qualifications, can represent any constituency in the House of Commons if the people elect him. "Parliament is the voice of the people, and what Parliament decides, the king agrees to."

The most influential man in British politics is the prime minister. This official is never chosen because he is the representative of some particular political party. He must have clearly demonstrated his ability as a statesman, and it is necessary that he first enter the House of Commons as a humble member. There he must serve a long apprenticeship and prove his worth. If he demonstrates his ability, he may be asked to take an under-secretaryship, and if he makes good, he may later become secretary of state; but "he can only advance with the force of long and continuous public service behind him. Birth counts for little or nothing. By force of personality a man gains position in British politics. If by that agency he becomes the leader of a political party, and that party has a majority, then the king sends for him and appoints him prime minister. The king does not choose;

he names the obvious choice of the people. So the chief of the British executive reaches his position only after long and arduous training. He knows about government and administration. His party may be defeated, but he does not often retire. He remains a member of Parliament, probably the leader of the opposition. Anyway, he can serve his country in Parliament, twenty, thirty, even forty years. Britain does not depose its best administrators in their prime.

"Though the choice of his cabinet rests in the end with the prime minister, the public know that men in the ministry have served in other parliamentary capacities. A cabinet minister, just like an ordinary member of Parliament, has to be elected to the House of Commons. It is true that during the war Mr. Lloyd George called men to his aid like Sir Eric Geddes, Sir A. Stanley, Mr. Fisher, and others who had no parliamentary experience; but they had experience in special administration, and they had to be elected to Parliament before he could make use of them.

### Must Meet in Commons

"Mr. Wilson, when he finds antagonism to him in the Senate, can invite Senators to the White House to talk things over. Mr. Lloyd George must meet his critics face to face on the floor of the House of Commons. Ministers must be in daily attendance in Parliament. There is a period at every sitting each day when any private member can ask any minister any question concerning his department. Should there be a postmaster-general, or any other member of the government, open to criticism, he must meet his critics in public debate. If a motion that his salary be reduced — the technical method of attacking a minister — is carried, he must retire.

"The opposition may bring forward a 'no confidence' resolution, and then the prime minister and his government have to fight for their lives. If that resolution is carried, the government must resign, and the people of Great Britain are given an opportunity to elect a new House of Commons. The 'life' of a Parliament is five years, — that is, there must be a general election at least every five years, — but if a government cannot hold its own before the elected representatives, it can be thrown out in six months.

"The plan in the United States is very different. No matter how popular will changes the complexion of Congress, the Government can remain the same.



America can have a Democratic President and Government, while both Houses of Congress are Republican in majority—a proceeding absolutely impossible under the democracy of Great Britain.”

Membership in the House of Lords is hereditary. The descendant of a man who was made a peer by Queen Elizabeth still retains his membership. This is obligatory, but the powers of this branch of the government are also severely restricted by the Commons. This chamber has absolutely no power over national finance. “That is carefully guarded by the House of Commons. Indeed the commons is so jealous of its privileges that the king is not allowed to enter it, and even when the king ceremoniously opens Parliament in the House of Lords and a representative of the peers comes to the House of Commons to invite the presence of the people’s representatives, the door is always shut in his face and locked, and he has to knock and ask permission to enter and deliver his message—a proceeding which may seem rather theatrical, but it is a symbol that the people cannot be dictated to by either lords or kings.

“Before a bill reaches the throne for royal approval it has to be passed by both Lords and Commons. There is plenty to debate on what is called the first reading; the second reading, during the committee stage when it is considered in elaborate detail; and the third reading, when a decision is made upon the measure in its amended form.

“A quarter of a century ago, the Lords had the power of rejecting a commons bill and therefore killing it. That power no longer remains. All the lords can do is to delay and hold up a bill for a couple of sessions, and if the commons reiterates its approval during the two sessions, the bill can go straight to the king without the consent of the lords—a proceeding, however, which has never been necessary. For the

attitude of the lords is not, and never has been, to defy public opinion, but to act as a check on hasty legislation and give approval when quite sure the opinion of the country is behind a measure.

“The House of Commons in composition is as varied as a kaleidoscope. There are lords, manufacturing magnates, representatives of the professional and financier classes, and the squires from the shires, lawyers, authors and newspaper men, and workingmen members, engineers, farmers, men who have toiled in the coal mines, ordinary laborers, men born in the poorhouse and working at their trades until the confidence of their fellows sent them to Westminster.

“Of any individual class in the House of Commons the trade-unions representatives are the most numerous. Their views range from old-fashioned trade-unionism to advanced Socialism. Without exception they are capable, sincere men, and the House of Commons, the most critical assembly in the world, while it has no use for the flowers of oratory, always gives an attentive ear to the man who has something useful to say, and no men are better listened to than the workingmen members.”

Evidently the Government of the United States is not the only one administered “for the people, by the people.” Great Britain is more up to date in democracy than most of us realize. Her king reigns, but assuredly her people do the ruling. Inspired by patriotic fervor, Americans are likely to become obsessed with the idea that we have the very best form of government in the world. But, loyal ever to the Stars and Stripes; faithful always to the principles of “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness” for which they stand, let us not forget to give due consideration to our neighbors just across the way, who have adopted our principles of government rather than our methods.

L. E. C.

## True Value

THUS is it over all the earth!

That which we call the fairest,  
And prize for its surpassing worth,  
Is always rarest.

Iron is heaped in mountain piles,  
And gluts the laggard forges;  
But goldflakes gleam in dim defiles  
And lonely gorges.

The snowy marble flecks the land  
With heaped and rounded ledges,  
But diamonds hide within the sand  
Their starry edges.

The finny armies clog the twine  
That sweeps the lazy river,  
But pearls come singly from the brine,  
With the pale diver.

God gives no value unto men  
Unmatched by meed of labor;  
And Cost of Worth has ever been  
The closest neighbor.

Wide is the gate and broad the way  
That open to perdition,  
And countless multitudes are they  
Who seek admission.

But strait the gate, the path unkind,  
That lead to life immortal,  
And few the careful feet that find  
The hidden portal.

All common good has common price;  
Exceeding good, exceeding;  
Christ bought the keys of Paradise  
By cruel bleeding;

And every soul that wins a place  
Upon its hills of pleasure,  
Must give its all, and beg for grace  
To fill the measure.

Were every hill a precious mine,  
And golden all the mountains;  
Were all the rivers fed with wine  
By tireless fountains;

Life would be ravished of its zest,  
And shorn of its ambition,  
And sink into the dreamless rest  
Of inanition.

Up the broad stairs that Value rears  
Stand motives beck’ning earthward,  
To summon men to nobler spheres,  
And lead them northward.

— J. G. Holland, in “Bitter Sweet.”

## Home

I LIKE a home where voices ring  
In praise to God in song;  
Where each does to the Saviour bring  
His woes for healing balm.

I like a home where children dwell  
In loving kindliness;  
Where hearts in rapture ever tell  
Of sweetest tenderness.

I like a home where parents kind  
Reprove each wrong with love;  
Where, in God’s word, they seek to find  
The path that leads above.

I like to think of that blest home  
Where holy angels sing  
Melodious songs around the throne  
In praise to Christ our King.

ROXIE C. BARGER.



## Grow a Little New Wood

MATILDA ERICKSON

SOME one asked Longfellow why he was able to keep so vigorous and write so beautifully. He called the friend's attention to a near-by apple tree, and said, "I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than those which it now bears. The tree grows a little new wood every year, and I suppose it is out of the new wood that these blossoms come. Like the apple tree, I try to grow a little new wood every year."

Longfellow realized that one great secret of his success as a writer lay in growing a little new wood every year. And it is a secret all should learn; for it is one great essential to good work in any line. You and I cannot succeed unless we grow a little new wood every year. But growing new wood calls for diligence. It calls for a daily program that includes a little time for choice reading.

Could we read the heart life of the apple tree, we should know that each annual growth represents a great deal of hard work and constant, tireless effort on the part of nature. Nourishment is drawn from the soil, and little by little it is carried to every part of the tree to supply material for the new wood. The sad part of the tree story is this: If a tree fails to grow new wood, it will fail to yield any fruit—fail in the real purpose of its existence. But what of the young person who fails to grow a little new wood every year? That is a sadder story.

Just as I was starting this article, the morning mail was placed on my desk. Among the letters was one from west Michigan. Inclosed with the secretary's letter was a copy of one from a faithful Missionary Volunteer who has been using the circulating library in the conference. This letter reads in part as follows:

"As soon as I read 'The Moslem World,' I shall have finished all back courses. And when I receive certificates Nos. 3, 4, 5, I shall have all twelve. Then just as soon as I can, I want to get the books for No. 13, but at present I have not the money. I have now read seven courses this year, and along with them I have taken the Bible Year and observed the Morning Watch. I surely enjoy reading these books, they are so inspiring. I shall always speak a word of encouragement to any of the young people of our church to read the good books of the Senior courses."

When I read this inclosure, I said to myself: There is a busy Missionary Volunteer who is growing considerable new wood this year. It is remarkable how much spare time busy people have. Just the other day one of our committees was looking for a young person to fill an office in the Missionary Volunteer Society. A name was suggested. One member objected, saying, "That young man is too busy. He is doing very heavy work. He goes to night school and works daytime." But when we began looking, we saw that all who were carrying responsibilities were doing very heavy work. Then some one reminded us of the old adage: "If you want the work done, ask some one who is busy. The idle never have time."

We know you are busy—very busy. That is why we ask you to join other busy young people who are determined to grow a little new wood this year. "People insist on living merely to live," lamented a German paper, according to a recent issue of the *Literary Digest*. And to that low aim the German writer attributed much of the suffering of that new republic.

A low, self-centered aim always brings suffering. It incapacitates one for service—unselfish service. Then shall we not aim high this year? Let us insist *on growing while we live*. As the weeks of 1920 slip by let them find us more efficient workers. Let us study the excellent books in the Reading Courses—soul-winning books, books that tell of the needs of the mission fields. And there are several other good subjects. Choose one or two subjects like soul-winning; or conditions in India; or the Indians in America. Specialize on them. Of course you will not neglect your general reading of current events, but plan to grow this year. *Grow a little new wood during 1920.*

### Is Jesus Real to You?

ABOUT thirty years ago, there came into the home of godly Seventh-day Adventist parents two girl babies. There was but little difference in their ages, and strangers often supposed that they were twins. As much as they differed one from the other in some traits of character, they were markedly alike in two points, namely, intense devotion to each other and an early exhibition of interest in things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

I cannot say that the younger was more energetic than the older, but she preferred out-of-door work, often exposing herself to inclement weather against the wishes of parents and sister, because she thought that by so doing she could spare the father. Laughingly she used to say that she must be his boy, for he had no son, and a farmer could never succeed without a boy.

Possibly the things she liked so well to do contributed to her illness, yet back of all—who knows?—there may have been a natural frailty hidden from loved ones and friends by the sunniness of her temper and her ever ready service for others.

It is enough to say that, when she was about fifteen years of age, an organic affection of the heart developed which caused grave concern. She was less concerned than others, and worked when rest should have been taken, for if she did not work she was a burden, she felt. She attended Sabbath school and read the report when it was all too evident that it required not only effort but courageous effort. When friends protested, she replied that what she could do was at best so small, it must not be shirked.

One night, between midnight and dawn, she spoke to her mother, and when the light-sleeping, anxious parent came to her bedside she said, "Mamma, I think I am going to die;" to which the grief-smitten parent answered, "Darling, I fear you are." The brave sufferer then assured her mother that she felt no fear as she entered the "dark valley," that she trusted in Jesus and rested in a strong faith that she would have a part in the first resurrection. "But," she said, "I want you and papa and sister to pray that the pain I have to endure may not be too great."

Earnest prayer was offered. The sick one could not be dissuaded from arising and kneeling at the bedside, though Jesus could and would have heard just the same, had she remained in bed.

As a last act of earthly homage, she knelt before her Lord. Returning to her bed, as quietly, serenely,



calmly, and confidently as though she expected to arise at the break of the next earthly day, she went to sleep, assured that she would hear the call of Christ in the morning of the eternal day.

Time brought its healing balm to assuage the grief of the bereaved ones. The older girl grew to womanhood, and into the home established by her union with a young man of sound Christian character, there came, as the first-born, a baby girl. What a privilege to name her in honor of the aunt whom she would never know in this life!

Mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother found they loved her with a double portion of affection because of the sacred memories she inspired.

This lassie was but nine years of age when smitten with appendicitis. The seriousness of the sickness was not realized until the case was far advanced. To her home, far out from town, it was difficult to bring competent medical help. During a long, anxious night simple measures were used to relieve pain, and the child, though of such tender years, found comfort in having each member of the household pray alone with her.

With the morning's light, over the prairie a distance of fourteen miles to the railway station, the little cot in the back of a spring wagon, she was taken to begin the longer journey by rail to one of our sanitariums.

The physicians needed to note the alarming symptoms but a moment to decide that immediate operation was imperative. While they prepared, how did this little maid spend her time?—By assuring them all that she was not afraid, for Jesus would take care of her. With no fear and not a struggle, she took the anesthetic. The incision proved what they had feared—the appendix had burst. Small hope of recovery was offered to the mother. But with prayers on their lips and the best skill they knew, they worked for the child. When consciousness returned, her first words were, "I told you so; Jesus *did* take care of me." Four weeks later she was at home, on the way to complete recovery.

Is it any wonder that Jesus admonishes his followers to manifest the faith of a little child? Such simple confidence, such complete surrender, such unwavering faith will enable any one to know how real Jesus may be to the children of men in the crises of life.

May I ask you, dear reader, "Is Jesus real to you?"

HEBER H. VOTAW.

## Nature and Science

### Some Little Foreigners

I HAD experimented for a year or two with caging and keeping our native birds in my aviary before I tried introducing any of the little tropical or other foreign creatures I had seen from time to time at the dealer's. But they were so beautiful in their brilliant and odd plumage, their voices were so strangely different from those of our own songsters, that I could not forever resist them. So I began adding them one or two at a time to my colony.

They were a motley crew. The dealers had names for all; often, I think, of their own invention. Or they would twist and turn the scientific name for the species, and spell—or misspell—it as they pleased. There were amadavats, aurigos, waxbills, manakins, weavers, nutmegs, nuns, and bishops. The widow bird, with a very long sweeping train of black, is

called in its native haunts, I understand, the whidah bird, which word the dealers have changed to the more mournful and appropriate title of widow.

These were mostly African birds, but there were a few from South America, equally gay and lovely in plumage. Such were the bee eaters of brilliant metallic blues and greens, touched with ruby, like our humming birds.

### Native and Foreign Birds Friendly

Strange to say, I found no strong racial prejudices on the part of either our own or the foreign birds. Dissensions there often were, but so there were among members of the same race or even the same family. "Birds in their little nests agree," says Dr. Watts; and perhaps they do there, but not always in their little cages, as I know well from experience.

My aviary now became a thing of beauty, a delight to myself and to many visitors. The inmates had varied tastes and habits, and these must be allowed for and gratified as far as possible.

Some birds sleep at night sitting on their perches; others prefer their nests, or substitutes for nests, as sleeping places. For these last, small baskets were hung, or often half a cocoanut shell was suspended. One saw an odd and pretty sight in the evenings when he lifted the dark cloth that covered the cage for darkening when the room was lighted, and peeped into the big sleeping apartment. At the slightest sound tiny heads reached out of the basket or cocoanut; and a whole row of downy bodies, snuggled close together along a wooden perch, stirred restlessly, little black eyes open and watchful.

### Foreign Birds Love to Bathe

The foreign birds were much fonder of their daily ablutions than our natives. In fact, they were not simply daily ablutions, but often almost hourly. So a bath was always accessible, a large dish of water attached to the cage, with a door leading to it and always open. There were few hours of the day when there were not two or three, or often more, brilliant little fellows splashing in that water till it looked like a kaleidoscope or rainbow.

### The Pretty Nuns

The nuns were pretty, gentle little things, of chocolate brown and white, marked variously; and I always had several of them in the cage. I believe that they are kept as pets in most Oriental countries, as commonly as are canaries here.

### A Little Nun Leads the Blind

I have a pretty story to tell of one of these birds. In the same cage with her was a gray Java sparrow. Java sparrows, as also some other birds, are subject to a disfiguring disease, producing swellings and fleshy excrescences about head and beak. This bird of mine had suffered with the trouble until the swellings extended to the eyes, and finally covered them, making the poor creature quite blind. I did not discover this just at first, but finally the bird's extreme restlessness and vain attempts to leave the perch for food and drink made me aware of its condition.

I did not know what to do. How could the blind little creature be fed? As I pondered, looking through the wires at the bird, which was hopping about excitedly and at intervals uttering a sharp cry, I saw one of my little nuns approach the sufferer.

Ordinarily small birds avoid all Java sparrows, for these last are of the grosbeak tribe, their bills strong



and sharp, and any intrusion upon their rights is liable to be resented by a dangerous stabbing blow with the red beak. But the tiny nun had seen that something ailed the big bird, and she watched him curiously. Then her instinct (may I not call it in this case intelligence, reason?) soon showed her that her companion was troubled, dissatisfied. Well, what could relieve him? Why, food and drink. Why did he not take them? There was plenty and to spare just below his perch; why did he not go there?

She would give him a hint. And she did. Oh, it was the prettiest thing you ever saw to watch her doing it! Half scared, but very brave, she went nearer and nearer the afflicted bird, making all the time a friendly little sound, something lisping and sweet, and very soft. When close to him, she touched him lightly with her small bill, then sprang to the nearest perch, an easy distance. Then directly in front of the sparrow she called again and again, a sharp little call which seemed to mean: "Come ahead, it's all right. I'm here."

But he did not understand. So she went back to him, touched him once more, then left him again for the opposite perch. Again and again this was repeated till it was understood; and the big, awkward sparrow essayed the leap, and was welcomed and praised—or so I understood her soft utterances—by his guide. There were two more perches to be reached in the long descent, and the same process was repeated each time.

When the seed cup and drinking vessel were at last attained, my small nun stood by while her protégé fed and drank; then, by an even slower and more difficult process, she guided him back to his sleeping perch.

From that hour to the end of his life the little brown-and-white ministering angel led her charge several times a day "upstairs and down," not only to his meals and the "bar," so to speak, but even to his bath, where her pretty, fussy ways as she perched on the rim of the big dish and superintended the ablutions of her protégé were the admiration of all lookers-on. But the sparrow's disease increased; the swellings enlarged until the beak itself was partially covered; so a soothing anesthetic gave him rest. Nobody regretted him but the little nursing nun, which for some days afterward drooped and mourned, her cheery little song stilled, her ways languid.—*Annie Trumbull Slosson, in Christian Endeavor World.*

(To be concluded)

### A New Industry for America

WHEN you think of the silkworm and its wonderful products you think of China or Japan, don't you? This is not strange, for the United States imports each year nearly a half billion dollars' worth of silk from these countries. America, France, and other sections also have a share in providing us with the essential for our exquisite silk fabrics.

But this country is waking up to the fact that it should be growing its own silk. An acre of ground that normally would produce \$50 if planted to wheat, can be made to produce \$1,000 if planted to "silk" or mulberry trees, and the leaves of these used for feeding silkworms.

A start in silk farming was made in some of the Southern States before the Civil War; but this conflict put an end to the industry. It is now being revived with considerable promise.

"Improved mulberry trees, kept pruned back, grow hardly higher than one's head and yield large quantities of leaves for the silkworms to feed upon. Modern, scientifically-bred supersilkworms, twice the size of the old Oriental species, have been induced to weave eighteen fast colors, instead of only three,—cream, yellow, and white,—which was the limit of their ancestors. With these two essentials so highly improved, the silk industry is placed on a footing that bears promise of rapid strides in America.

"Silk culture, while requiring some study as well as care and attention in feeding the worms, is really rather simple after all. Improved mulberry trees are planted about fifteen feet apart, making nearly two hundred to the acre. If kept pruned back, a one-year-old tree will produce from five to ten pounds of leaves; a two-year-old tree from fifteen to twenty pounds; a three-year-old tree from thirty-five to forty pounds; and a five-year-old tree from one hundred seventy-five to two hundred pounds of leaves. The life of the trees extends up to five hundred years, but they are at their best when between twenty-five and fifty years of age.

"An acre of one-year-old trees should feed enough worms to produce \$100 worth of silk. An acre of five-year-old trees, properly kept, should grow enough leaves for worms to make \$1,000 worth of silk in a season. The trees produce several crops of leaves a year. Trees will thrive almost anywhere in the United States, but naturally, the farther South they are grown the larger will be the leaf crop.

"Worms from an ounce of eggs will eat about two thousand pounds of leaves and produce from one hundred fifty to two hundred pounds of cocoons—pure silk."

### The Blighted Blossoms

ONE afternoon my beautiful, stately cosmos waved its lovely blossoms proudly in the autumn sunshine; the next morning every blackened leaf drooped against the stalk, the blossoms turned their marred faces toward the ground, and every baby bud hung limp and lifeless, for during the night the thermometer had dropped below the freezing point. I could have shed tears over their forlorn condition.

As I turned sadly away, I thought of the time, more than six thousand years ago, when our first parents, "in humility and unutterable sadness, bade farewell to their beautiful home, and went forth to dwell upon the earth, where rested the curse of sin;" when "the atmosphere, once so mild and uniform in temperature, was subject to marked changes, and the Lord mercifully provided them with garments of skins as a protection from the extremes of cold and heat."

I thought how, "as they witnessed, in drooping flower and falling leaf, the first signs of decay, Adam and his companion mourned more deeply than men now mourn over their dead. The death of the frail, delicate flowers" must indeed have been "a cause of sorrow; but when the goodly trees cast off their leaves, the scene brought vividly to mind the stern fact that death is the portion of every living thing."

Truly, "the wages of sin is death," and "under the curse of sin, all nature" is witnessing "to man of the character and results of rebellion against God."

I resolved to learn the lesson nature had spoken to me, and to turn a listening ear and an understanding heart to the communications of God through the works of his hands.

GRACE E. BRUCE.



## Beginning the Day with the Bible

(Concluded from last week)

### George Muller's New Plan

IT is very desirable to learn from the experience of others what is the best order for the prayer hour; and here we may be greatly assisted by the example of the late George Müller, who was a past master in the holy art of intercession. He says, speaking of a definite change in his method, "Before this time my practice had been, at least for ten years previously, as an habitual thing, to give myself to prayer, after having dressed, in the morning. Now, however, I saw that the most important thing I had to do was to give myself to the reading of the word of God, and to meditation on it, that thus my heart might be comforted, encouraged, warned, reproved, instructed; and that thus, by means of the Word of God, while meditating on it, my heart might be brought into experimental communion with the Lord. I began therefore to meditate on the New Testament early in the morning. The first thing I did, after having asked in a few words for the Lord's blessing on his precious word, was to begin to meditate on the word of God, searching, as it were, into every verse to get blessing out of it; not for the sake of the public ministry of the word, not for the sake of preaching on what I had meditated on, but for the sake of obtaining food for my own soul. The result I have found to be almost invariably thus, that after a very few minutes my soul has been led to confession, or to thanksgiving, or to intercession, or to supplication; so that, though I did not, as it were, give myself to prayer, but to meditation, yet it turned almost immediately more or less into prayer."

To this testimony I should like to add my own, expressed nearly in his own words. Formerly, when I rose, I began to pray as soon as possible, but often failed to be conscious of having derived any special encouragement, comfort, or inspiration from the exercise. Often there was a long period of dryness, when the mind wandered, as though unable to concentrate its thoughts. But when the practice, now under consideration, becomes habitual, there is little suffering of this sort. The soul is already nourished with divine truth, and without effort translates into prayer and intercession those holy thoughts with which it has already been fed.

There are one or two hints that may further help us to make the best use of the Morning Watch. Use the same Bible—your own Bible—the Bible which is deeply associated with your saddest and happiest days. I like to handle my beautiful Bible. Its binding, print, and general get-up appeal to me. The oranges of gold ought to lie in a basket of silver filigree-work. At the same time your Bible must not be so beautiful that you fear to mark it or subject it to hard usage. For when its superficial beauty has passed, the marked passages, the penciled dates in the margin, the verses blotted with tears, communicate a fragrance and preciousness which no gilt or leather or printer's ink could give.

I often ask people how many Bibles they have worn out in their lives. I believe Mr. Moody's average was one a year. He left behind quite a library of Bibles, which were filled with notes and references. They had been passed around to his friends, on the understanding that for each suggestion they took out, they should put one in. It is a sorry matter when the same Bible lasts us from youth to age. You should grow out of

your Bibles, in the sense of discovering year after year new standpoints of vision and new levels of teaching. May the Spirit of God shine on each reader, each lover of the holy word, saying with the psalmist: "O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day."—*F. B. Meyer, B. A.*



## The Way to Breathe

### Incorrect Breathing

WITH "correct health habits" as our slogan and our objective in conducting a health column in our weekly INSTRUCTOR, we want to study, one by one, the things that enter into the matter of health preservation.

Air is indispensable to life, and breathing is common to both animals and plants. When we cease to breathe, we cease to live. Yet the majority of people—grown people, especially, and women in particular—do not know how to breathe correctly. When asked to take a deep breath, they pull up their shoulders (the clavicles, shoulder joint, and scapulæ) as though these bony structures were concerned in filling the lungs with air. No deep breath is obtained in this manner—nothing but a very shallow breath.

Breathing in which the chest is seen to move upward with each inhalation, is altogether wrong. It fails to send air to the lower parts of the lungs. Each breath taken in this way is less than a breath; it is only three fourths or two thirds of a breath, or even less than that. Just think, 20 times a minute, 1,200 times an hour, 28,800 times a day, 10,513,000 times a year, the system is deprived of a part of the oxygen it ought to have, just because the person has not formed the habit of correct breathing! Is it any wonder that people sicken and die?

### Deep Breathing

In deep breathing, expansion at the waist is the chief feature. The waistline enlarges with each inhalation. The size of the waist increases one and one-half to two inches. This movement can be distinctly felt by placing the palm of the hand between the ribs in the region of the waistline. There is no lifting of the shoulder girdle, and very little movement in the upper chest.

To learn deep or abdominal breathing—and there is a surprisingly large percentage of persons who have need of learning it—place the hands, thumbs backward, one on each side of the body at the waistline and compress the ribs. Then seek to release the compression by forcing the hands out with the breath. Keep the shoulders quiet. Repeat this until you have learned to do it unconsciously.

As a rule men breathe correctly. The tight garments of women hinder the movements of the ribs and abdomen and establish the habit of chest breathing. When the restricting effect of dress is removed, there is little or no difference in the type of respiration in the two sexes.

CLARA M. SCHUNK, M. D.



# BIOGRAPHICAL

## He Was a Mighty Hunter

**D**ID you ever think of this man who was called, "A mighty hunter before the Lord?" It seems that he was a hunter of beasts, that he was a hunter of men, and that he hunted a way to avenge himself on the Lord for destroying the world with a flood. Josephus holds out the idea that this man headed the rebellion of mankind against the Lord in the building of the tower of Babel when God confused the languages and scattered the builders throughout the earth in tribes.

The prowess of Nimrod became a saying, a proverb, among men. His admirers used his name to frighten the children, and to inspire the young men, and to stir the memory of old men, as they recited the deeds of the "mighty hunter before the Lord." It is said that even in the ballads of those days his name was sung as "a mighty one in the earth;" "wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord." Yes, Nimrod was a name to conjure by in the days after the flood; in fact, I think the devil owes this man a debt of gratitude for his achievements in his behalf.

He succeeded in establishing a kingdom among men, a sort of autocracy, where the king was semidivine and ruled by divine right. He cemented Babylon and several other small cities into a kingdom over in the plains of Shinar among the descendants of Japheth, his great-uncle. Then after he got things going well in Babylonia, from that land "he went out into Assyria, and builded Nineveh" (Gen. 10:11, margin) and several other places down there. He formed a small "league of nations" among the early descendants of Noah, his great-grandfather, who "walked with God" among the children of men.

Thus two cities famous in the Scriptures, owe their existence to a man mighty in fighting against the Most High, and their subsequent history is in harmony with their famous originator. I am thinking of Babylon, where Daniel grew up and where Nebuchadnezzar flourished; and of Nineveh, where Jonah had such success preaching.

Another famous but much less successful exploit of this great outlaw was his effort to build a tower "whose top may reach unto heaven." Josephus says that it was Nimrod who suggested to the people in the plains of the land of Shinar, "Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly," etc.; and later on, "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven." The city was Babylon, and the tower was Babel.

He is said to have established the worship of Bel in Babylon and of Baal in Assyria, to take the place of Jehovah in the minds of the people, and to avenge himself on God because he destroyed the world by a flood.

Nimrod was the grandson of Ham, the son of Cush, and was therefore of Hamite origin; and it may be that it was because of the curse pronounced upon the descendants of Ham that this man became embittered against Jehovah. You see, he had a chance to hear from the lips of eyewitnesses the story of the flood;

but it seems that the recital of the events of the dread catastrophe only served to incite his heart to further resentment against the Lord for destroying the people of the earth. In this respect he was like the first human rebel, Cain, for he resented the loss of Eden by his parents, and early learned to condemn them for the loss.

Nimrod is introduced in the Scriptures like this: "Cush begat Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one in the earth." Poor fellow, he thought perhaps he could frustrate the plans of God for mankind, and prevent the people scattering throughout the earth as God had commanded. "He began to be a mighty one in the earth," but he never became mighty enough to successfully combat the Mighty One in heaven.

So Nimrod died "as a fool dieth," but God still lives. He remains untouched by the antagonism of Cain, of Nimrod, and of you, reader, should you feel inclined that way. The Lord said to Saul, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks," and Saul found it even so. It was hard for Cain; it was hard for Nimrod; it will be hard for you and me if we are foolish enough to attempt it.

These men died, so you may; but our God is alive forevermore. I know he lives, for I talked with him this day; but as for these mighty opposers, I wot not what has become of them. "So teach us to number our days," dear Lord, "that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

J. D. MONTGOMERY.

Newark, Ohio.

## Jesse W. Stokes

**J**ESSE W. STOKES celebrated his ninety-ninth birthday Tuesday, Nov. 4, 1919. On that day several of his friends gave him a little birthday party



JESSE W. STOKES



Think indeed! Alice smoothed the crumpled letter out on the table before her. To teach the violin and English at the famous Beechmont school! To have all that money each month! Father could have the massage that might restore his health; mother might lose that tired wrinkle; Jack could stay on at his beloved school; even little three-year-old Teddy might profit by it. But — was it honest? It did not seem to her that she was capable of teaching the violin. She had so often met in New York struggling violinists with acquirements much greater than her own. She turned to her father.

"Daddy," she said, laying her hand on his, "is it honest?"

Her father smiled. "Women are often over-conscientious about business matters," he said. "Remember that, though you have not a great technique, what you *can* do you do well. I should write to Miss Vose at Beechmont, telling her how you feel, and let her decide whether she still wants your services."

To Alice's astonishment, the principal of Beechmont seemed undisturbed by her letter of confession, and it was settled that she should take the position in a month. As preparation, she worked over a few of the best pieces of music in her limited repertoire. She knew that at the school she must play and play often.

"Choose simple things and do them well," said her father. "Most violinists do big things badly."

How she blessed the work of that greatest of contemporary violinists, Jules Circeaux! It seemed almost as if he had known her problem, and that out of all the world of music he had chosen the loveliest things and arranged them expressly for her to play.

Her last night at home she played for them all as they sat around the crackling fire. "I can announce my program in one word," she said, with a laugh; "it's Circeaux. We have Bach, arranged by Circeaux; Paganini, simplified by Circeaux; et cetera, edited by Circeaux." Then, watching the firelight flicker on their dear faces, and wondering whether she could succeed for them, she began to play.

Presently Jack stirred. "Now, Alice, play the Home Tune before I go to bed, will you? Mother, you play the accompaniment for her."

Once more Alice drew her bow across the strings while her mother picked out the accompaniment from her father's manuscript. It was her own tune now, the one she had made for them round the fire, and for which her father had written the accompaniment.

"Here we are, all sitting round the fire," she began with the first low G-string notes.

Jack interrupted. "Yes, and then father and mother begin to talk together; I can hear them."

Alice smiled. She did not need to interpret that music — they knew every note. In silence, she played to the very end, tenderly, with the consciousness that it was the last time.

"Those last notes mean the fire's out, and every one's got to go to bed," said Jack.

The first weeks of her work at Beechmont went far more easily than Alice had dared to hope. Of her ability to teach English, there had never been any question. Her violin pupils proved to be beginners, and she soon realized that her sound, if limited, knowledge was helping them. As the busy, happy weeks slipped by, she began to be thankful that she had had courage to try the work.

Not until the end of the second month did anything happen to rouse her sleeping doubts of herself. A new

pupil came, a little, eager girl, tingling with the love of music and the desire to begin to study the violin. She was different from those other uninspired pupils: she listened absorbed where others waited only for the hour of teaching to end. Alice realized grimly that within two years this child would test all her powers. She determined that all she could teach her should be taught true.

Then a chance remark by a pupil to whom she was holding up Adele as an example made her heart sink.

"Of course Adele ought to do better than I!" said the sulky child. "Look at her uncle!"

"What has Adele's uncle to do with her playing?" asked Alice patiently.

"Don't you know?" asked the child. "Why, her uncle is Circeaux, and of course she ought to do well. His wife is Adele's very own aunt."

Alice heard no more of the child's grumbling. Adele the niece of Jules Circeaux! And she, impostor, was teaching her the violin!

It did not astonish her very much, somehow, when she met Miss Vose in the hall that very day, to find her beaming with pride and importance over some news that had just arrived.

"My dear, I have such a treat for you!" said the principal. "The great Jules Circeaux comes here to-night with his wife. Of course, they and little Adele will dine with me. In the evening I have asked several persons in to meet them, and I want you to come and play for us. Some of those little things you play so well."

"Oh, no!" gasped Alice. "I couldn't, Miss Vose — I couldn't!"

Miss Vose frowned a little. She was not used to being opposed. "But certainly, my child. Every one praises your work here at Beechmont. You are certainly qualified to play as I ask you to."

The unmusical lady moved majestically away, and Alice shut herself in her room, sick at heart. To stand before him whom she so revered — to reveal to him that in that great art which must be real to be beautiful she was a mere pretender — seemed more than she could bear. Those others did not know enough of music to realize it; he would see the truth the moment she first drew her bow across the strings.

In keen distress she paced up and down her room. It did not help that there was a jubilant letter from her home, acknowledging a check from her father. Father's paralysis seemed less complete, and Jack was at the head of his class. Well, she had given them a little time of help, at any rate. She would live that to think of, after the great Circeaux had told them all, and had put a real violinist in her place.

At last the hour came when she could delay no longer. Deliberately she dressed and, with her violin under her arm, started down the long hall to Miss Vose's apartment. As she approached the door, a man crossed in front of her from a side corridor. She recognized him at once — Jules Circeaux, the great, the dreaded. Quick decision came to her. Those twittering people on the other side of that door would never understand; but he should know that she knew.

"Monsieur," she said.

The figure turned courteously. "Mam'selle! Ah, a violinist!"

Alice spoke rapidly: "Yes, I teach the violin here. I teach Adele. I want to tell you myself what you will realize if I am forced to play. I know I am not a good violinist. I ought not to be holding this position. I



have to, though, and I can honestly say that what I know I teach true."

The great violinist was smiling kindly down at her. "The little lady is greatly distressed," he said. "Perhaps there is no need. If she can teach true, the greatest can do no more."

He opened the door, and Alice, cold with dread, entered the brilliantly lighted room. It seemed only a second before the principal was blandly insisting that she play for the master, only a second before she found herself facing a politely expectant group of parents and instructors.

"Play one of those little things we all like," urged Miss Vose. "I want Monsieur Circeaux to hear them."

Then in a flash the monstrosity of it dawned upon Alice. "Those little things" were all M. Circeaux's. There was scarcely a piece of music in her repertoire that he had not arranged and played himself at his great concerts. She could not stand up there and ruin them for him. For a minute she felt her hand grow clammy on the neck of her violin. Then out of her desperation grew determination, and she spoke quite calmly:

"I think I will play you something else if I may. It is a very simple melody called the Home Tune. At first, the mother and father are supposed to be sitting by the fire, talking quietly. Then the boy interrupts with some of his school news, and the three-year-old asks for a story about what the fire fairies are doing. After it is told, the family sit quietly and dream into the embers."

Then she began to play. As the familiar double stops formed under her fingers, the dear, dim picture grew in her mind. Gradually the staring, rustling group in front of her faded, and she was playing for the loved audience for whom she had composed the music. In memory she saw the smile on her mother's gentle face. She heard Jack's pleased voice say, "Now I come in," and Teddy's clear, high "An' now the fairies dance-an'-sing." Even as she played, she smiled at the way Teddy pronounced "dance-and-sing" as one word.

The last note ended, and there was an instant of hushed silence. Then a fat parent wiped away a furtive tear, and the principal said in a crisp, satisfied tone, "That is very sweet. Now, play one of those —"

But Jules Circeaux had walked over to Alice.

"Did you write that music?" he asked quietly.

"Why, yes," said she, startled. "But how did you —"

"Is there an accompaniment? Who wrote that?"

"My father; it is in my room."

"Will you get it, and let me play it for you? I should like to hear the music again."

So the bewildered girl found herself playing the Home Tune again, playing as if in a dream, with the great Circeaux for an accompanist. When the music ended for the second time, the master turned his back upon the audience.

"I want to talk to you," he said. "You were right in what you said: you are not a fine violinist. Why are you teaching here?"

Quietly she told him.

"This Home Tune was for your family?"

She nodded.

"Then listen. You told me that you tried to teach true. I know that is so, for I have this afternoon heard Adele play. The fundamentals of her work are right. Your technique is not far advanced, but its

principles are excellent. You are much better fitted to teach here than many with a more showy accomplishment."

At that Alice gave a little gasp of unbelief, but he paid no attention to it and hurried on:

"But this music — this is different. I spend my lifetime trying to find music for the hearts of the people. I find it pretty and brilliant and sentimental, but oh, so rarely — real. You said you tried to teach true. I believe you, because your music plays true."

"Thank you — but I —" stammered Alice; but again he hushed her.

"Listen only a minute," he said. "I want this music. I want to play it to my audiences, to make them see the firelight and hear the little boy's fire fairies. I will give you one thousand dollars for the privilege of playing it, and a royalty on every copy that is sold with my accompaniment. Is it enough?"

For an instant Alice felt the quiver of her lips getting beyond her control. Then under that kindly eager smile of Jules Circeaux she pulled herself together.

"It would be too much, if it were not for them," she said. "Do you really want it? And do you mean that you really want me to stay here — and teach Adele?"

The master smiled again. "Dear child," he said, "when Adele is grown, she will count herself blessed to have worked with a little lady who has a threefold care: to teach true, and play true, and live true." — *Dorothy Waldo, in the Companion for All the Family.*



A SUBSCRIBER to the INSTRUCTOR in far-off Canton, China, sent us this picture with the word: "This little lad was sleepy one day, and his mother suggested that he get into his bed and go to sleep; but he chose to take his small pillow from his bed and lay it on the edge of the big bed, and there he went to sleep in this position. I took his picture just as we found him." The editor is sorry not to be able to give the little sleeper's name.



## Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN ..... Secretary  
MATILDA ERICKSON ..... Assistant Secretary  
MEADE MACGUIRE ..... Field Secretary

### The Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topics for January 24

SENIOR: "How to Make Jesus Real."  
JUNIOR: "Getting Acquainted with Jesus."

The subject of the meeting today brings before the young people the most important question they will ever be called upon to face—their personal relation to Jesus Christ. It is the earnest prayer of those who prepared the general program in the *Gazette* that hundreds of young people will firmly resolve at this time to become intimately acquainted with Jesus, for to know him, *really know*, is life eternal.

#### When Absent

"We have heard much of late about giving our best instead of our 'bit' in our society meetings and in our society work this year. But there are times when we cannot give even our 'bit.' Take last Friday evening, for instance. I had a headache, and could not be present at the meeting." This confession, Margaret, a good, substantial Missionary Volunteer, made to a friend with whom she was discussing society plans.

How many other Missionary Volunteers feel just as Margaret did! If they cannot attend, they seem to think that there is nothing they can do. Of course, it is most desirable to be present every week, but necessary absence from the meeting does not cut one off from contributing to its success.

There may be times when you are unexpectedly detained, and do not even have opportunity to send a message, your weekly report, or yet your regular offering. But there is one way in which you may always help. Do you remember the story of a revival effort conducted by D. L. Moody in London? It was really a remarkable revival, and the longer the leaders in this effort searched for the cause, the more sure they felt that the revival came largely as a result of the earnest prayers of an invalid Christian who, although unable to attend the meetings, kept them in mind and prayed most earnestly that many would be converted as a result of the effort.

Are you as interested in the success of your society meeting when circumstances keep you from attending? You know the hour of the meeting. When it comes, spend a little time praying that a special blessing may crown the service. Pray for those who take part on the program; pray that they may be unobstructed channels through which the heavenly blessing may flow to others. And pray for those who have no special part on the program, that they may receive the blessing in the meeting for them, and may contribute something to its success.

Uphold those who attend with your prayers. In this way you may give your best, even when absent from meeting, for "prayer changes things," even in your society.

M. E.

## Our Counsel Corner

*I am twenty-one years old and have been out of school five years. I have had only eight grades. Is there any use for me to try to go on with school?*

D. M.

Do not fail to improve the opportunity of getting an education even though you may be starting late. In nearly every school there are those whose experience is similar to yours. Some of our most successful workers have been those who entered school late, and their unanimous testimony is that the time spent in training more than repaid them for the time and expense involved.

O. M. JOHN.

*Is not time too short for a long course in school?* I. O.

Time is short, and we do not recommend all students to pursue long courses of study. On the other hand, the shortness of time and the magnitude of the work to be done is a challenge to every worker to reach that degree of efficiency which the emergency demands. Christian education is accomplishing this for thousands of our youth today. With talents improved and multiplied it is possible to perform a far more effective work in a short time than is possible with only a few untrained talents.

O. M. JOHN.

*I have heard that you are offering a reward to those who finish five Senior Reading Courses. Will you tell me more about this? Are there any rewards for the reading of Junior and Primary courses?*

A. M.

At the time of the council of the Missionary Volunteer Department, held at College View, Nebraska, in August, 1917, it was voted that to each one finishing five Senior Reading Courses a little gift book should be presented. The book that has been chosen is one of a new series which the Review and Herald is getting out. It is entitled "What Think Ye of Christ?"

Yes, there are rewards for the Junior and Primary courses, also. A picture of Hoffman's Boy Christ will be given to each one who completes five Junior Reading Courses; and to those who complete three Primary Reading Courses a picture entitled "The Hope of the World" will be presented.

This plan of presenting gifts for the completion of reading courses went into effect Jan. 1, 1918, and no certificates issued prior to that time shall count toward these gifts. I. C.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### IV — Suffering for Christ

(January 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Phil. 1: 21-30.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ." Phil. 1: 27, first part.

#### Complete Consecration

1. How did Paul regard his life? Phil. 1: 21, first part. Note 1.
2. How did he look upon death if it should come to him? Verse 21, last part. Note 2.
3. What was Paul's determination, if he should be permitted a continuation of life? Verse 22, first part.

#### Complete Submission

4. How does he express his entire submission to God? Verse 22, last part.
5. How did his preference for life or death balance itself in his mind so that he could make no personal choice? Verses 23, 24.

#### Complete in Christ

6. What words of this apostle show that he understood the truth that the dead sleep in the grave until the great resurrection day? 1 Thess. 4: 16, 17.
7. What does he say which shows that he did not expect his future reward until the coming of Jesus? 2 Tim. 4: 8.

#### Complete Devotion

8. What assurance does he express of visiting the brethren once more? Phil. 1: 25.
9. Why does he believe that his life will be spared for this further service? Verse 26.
10. What does he exhort the brethren regarding their conversation? Verse 27, first part.
11. What does he say regarding their loyalty to Christ? Verse 27, second part.
12. What does he say regarding their unity in gospel service? Verse 27, last part.

#### The Gift and Salvation of Suffering

13. What did he hope would be their attitude toward their enemies? Verse 28, first part.
14. Of what is persecution a token to the adversaries of God's work? Verse 28, second part.
15. Of what is the adversaries' cruelty a token to God's true children? Verse 28, last part.
16. What two Christian privileges does the apostle group together? Verse 29.

#### Notes

1. No one who is fully consecrated to God can view life in any other way than did Paul. The spread of the gospel of Christ was to this noble apostle the sum total of life. It mattered not to him whether the opportunity of witnessing was by the riverside or in the palace of the emperor; whether to one or two or to the crowded populace; whether to King Agrippa or to Aquila, the tentmaker; whether to those who earnestly sought the way of life or to a frenzied mob; whether as a free man or as a prisoner; whether by word of mouth or by letter—to live was Christ.

2. It may at first seem akin to weakness for Paul to say, "To die is gain." But we must remember that Paul is now an old man, suffering no doubt from many a "thorn in the flesh," and fully conscious of his approaching death. He no doubt recognizes the fact that his life's work is nearly done, that he has finished his course, and that his martyrdom will do more to advance the gospel than his frail life could do. In his early ministry he "determined not to know anything . . . save Jesus



Christ, and him crucified.' Throughout his later ministry, Paul never lost sight of the source of his wisdom and strength."—*"Acts of the Apostles,"* p. 128. "To live is Christ, and to die is gain," has a different meaning than, "To live is Christ, but to die is gain." "To die is gain" is the final triumph cry of a life that has demonstrated "to live is Christ."

3. Scholars tell us that the word here translated "given" means graciously given, bestowed as a favor or honor. In modern Greek, it is the word used when making a present. This meaning shows us that it is truly an honor to be privileged to suffer for Christ. Jesus cannot trust suffering with those who would dishonor him by complaining and by failing to trust in his divine love. He is looking for those through whose patient life of faith he can demonstrate his power to keep in perfect peace, in the midst of trial, disappointment, or suffering, the life of his true followers.

## Intermediate Lesson

### IV — Visit of the Wise Men; Flight Into Egypt; The Childhood of Jesus

(January 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 2: 1-23; Luke 2: 39-52.

MEMORY VERSE: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34: 7.

LESSON HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 59-83.

PLACES: Bethlehem; a country in "the East"; Jerusalem; Egypt; Nazareth.

PERSONS: The infant Jesus; Herod; the Magi; Joseph and Mary; an angel of the Lord.

#### Setting of the Lesson

"The wise men had seen a mysterious light in the heavens upon that night when the glory of God flooded the hills of Bethlehem. As the light faded, a luminous star appeared, and lingered in the sky. It was not a fixed star nor a planet, and the phenomena excited the keenest interest. The star was a distant company of shining angels, but of this the wise men were ignorant. Yet they were impressed that the star was of special import to them. . . . Through dreams they were instructed to go in search of the new-born Prince. . . . It was necessary to journey by night in order to keep the star in view; but the travelers beguiled the hours by repeating traditional sayings and prophetic utterances concerning the One they sought. At every pause for rest they searched the prophecies; and the conviction deepened that they were divinely guided. . . . The priests and elders of Jerusalem were not as ignorant concerning the birth of Christ as they pretended. The report of the angels' visit to the shepherds had been brought to Jerusalem, but the rabbis had treated it as unworthy of their notice. They themselves might have found Jesus, and might have been ready to lead the Magi to his birthplace."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* pp. 60-62.

"Under the stars one holy night

A little Babe was born; . . .

And wise men came from far away,

And shepherds wandered where he lay,

Upon his lowly bed of hay

Under the stars one night."

#### Questions

1. Who was reigning in Jerusalem when Jesus was born? Who came to Jerusalem from another nation? What question did these strangers ask? What had they seen? Why had they come? Matt. 2: 1, 2. Note 1.

2. Who was troubled by the words of these men? How did Herod seek further information? What did he learn concerning the prophecies? Verses 3-6. Note 2.

3. Whom did Herod now privately question? What did he ask the wise men to do? What reason did he give for this request? Verses 7, 8.

4. What reappeared as soon as the wise men departed from Jerusalem? How did this cause them to feel? What did the guiding star cause them to find? Verses 9, 10.

5. How did the wise men show that they accepted Jesus as their King and Saviour? What naturally followed the giving of their hearts? Verse 11.

6. In what way were the wise men led to disregard Herod's command? Verse 12.

7. Of what was Joseph warned in a dream? To what country was he told to go? When did he start for Egypt? Verses 13-15. Note 3.

8. What caused Herod to become very angry? How did he show his real purpose in trying to find the infant Jesus? Verse 16. Note 4.

9. How was the death of Herod made known to Joseph? What instruction was given to him? Why was he afraid to go

back to Bethlehem? To what place did he go? Verses 19-23.

10. How is the growth of the child Jesus described? Luke 2: 40.

11. To what city did Joseph and Mary go each year? For what purpose? How old was Jesus when he was taken with them? Verses 41, 42. Note 5.

12. When the days of the feast were ended, how did Joseph and Mary become separated from Jesus? Where did they suppose him to be? Verses 43, 44.

13. When Mary and Joseph missed Jesus, what did they do? Where did they find him? What was he doing? What was a cause of astonishment to those who heard him? Verses 45-47.

14. How did Mary reprove her son? What was his answer? Why must Joseph and Mary have thought this a strange reply? Verses 48-50.

15. How did Jesus show a perfect spirit of obedience? Who remembered all his sayings? How did Jesus grow? Verses 51, 52. Note 6.

#### Find Out

What portion of this lesson shows the fulfilment of the following prophecies. Micah 5: 2; Hosea 11: 1; Jer. 31: 15.

Why the wise men would be most likely to go to Jerusalem to find the One for whom they were seeking.

How the memory verse is illustrated in this lesson.

How many times an angel of the Lord instructed Joseph as to his duty.

#### Notes

1. The wise men "have reached the land of Israel, and are descending the Mount of Olives, with Jerusalem in sight, when lo, the star that has guided them all the weary way rests above the temple, and after a season fades from their view. With eager steps they press onward, confidently expecting the Messiah's birth to be the joyful burden of every tongue. But their inquiries are in vain. Entering the holy city, they repair to the temple. To their amazement they find none who seem to have a knowledge of the new-born King. Their questions call forth no expressions of joy, but rather of surprise and fear, not unmingled with contempt."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 61.

2. "Herod suspected the priests of plotting with the strangers to excite a popular tumult and unseat him from the throne. He concealed his mistrust, however, determined to thwart their schemes by superior cunning. Summoning the chief priests and the scribes, he questioned them as to the teaching of their sacred books in regard to the place of the Messiah's birth.

"This inquiry from the usurper of the throne, and made at the request of strangers, stung the pride of the Jewish teachers. The indifference with which they turned to the rolls of prophecy enraged the jealous tyrant. He thought them trying to conceal their knowledge of the matter. With an authority they dared not disregard, he commanded them to make close search, and to declare the birthplace of their expected King."—*Id.*, p. 62.

3. "He who never slumbers nor sleeps, was watching over his beloved Son. He who had rained manna from heaven for Israel, and had fed Elijah in the time of famine, provided in a heathen land a refuge for Mary and the child Jesus. And through the gifts of the Magi from a heathen country, the Lord supplied the means for the journey into Egypt and the sojourn in a land of strangers."—*Id.*, p. 65.

The command to go to Egypt may have been very trying to Joseph's faith. It had been a land of bondage to Israel.

4. "Herod in Jerusalem impatiently awaited the return of the wise men. As time passed, and they did not appear, his suspicions were aroused. The unwillingness of the rabbis to point out the Messiah's birthplace seemed to indicate that they had penetrated his design, and that the Magi had purposely avoided him. He was maddened at the thought. Craft had failed, but there was left the resort to force. He would make an example of this child-king. Those haughty Jews should see what they might expect in their attempt to place a monarch on the throne."—*Ibid.*

5. "Among the Jews the twelfth year was the dividing line between childhood and youth. On completing this year a Hebrew boy was called a son of the law, and also a son of God. He was given special opportunities for religious instruction, and was expected to participate in the sacred feasts and observances."—*Id.*, p. 75.

6. "The parents of Jesus were poor, and dependent upon their daily toil. He was familiar with poverty, self-denial, and privation. . . . Neither gain nor pleasure, applause nor censure, could induce him to consent to a wrong act. He was wise to discern evil, and strong to resist it. . . .

"Jesus lived in a peasant's home, and faithfully and cheerfully acted his part in bearing the burdens of the household. He had been the Commander of heaven, and angels had delighted to fulfil his word; now he was a willing servant, a loving, obedient son. He learned a trade, and with his own hands worked in the carpenter's shop with Joseph. In the simple garb of a common laborer he walked the streets of the little town, going to and returning from his humble work. He did not employ his divine power to lessen his burdens or to lighten his toil."—*Id.*, p. 72.



"THE gift of clever speech is wider flung  
Than that of wit and sense to hold the tongue."

### A Thrilling Balloon Experience

**D**URING the war the United States naval dirigible B-12 was one day ordered to patrol the coast waters of the New England States in search of German submarines, which were then infesting these waters. Commander Griffin, in obedience to this order, set forth, taking rations for only one day, as he expected to return at night.

The dirigible cruised about until mid-afternoon, when it sighted a transport. As it circled about to escort the boat to port, a part of its rudder was carried away, making it impossible to steer her.

By deft manipulation of the broken rudder, the blimp was kept from drifting out to sea, but it went round and round in a great circle. Though frantic efforts were made to attract the attention of passing ships and seaplanes, they proved futile. In order to preserve the weight of the balloon the engines finally were stopped, the gasoline supply being conserved as ballast. With the engines quiet the dirigible was at the mercy of the winds, so went sailing off to the north before a twenty-five-mile gale. This uncontrolled flight of the great balloon, with darkness settling down over the seething waters below, and not enough food aboard for one good meal, did not give the occupants a pleasant prospect for the night. They finally cast out an anchor, which slightly retarded the speed of the balloon; but it was not long before the cable holding the anchor broke, and the balloon shot upward and onward at an increased speed.

"Shortly after this a ship was sighted. In response to the dirigible's rocket signals she turned about and started toward her. But within a few minutes the hearts of the anxious men sank, for the ship turned away, evidently for some reason deciding to leave the helpless B-12 to its fate.

"The wind continued, carrying the balloon relentlessly on, hour after hour.

"Early the next morning, as the northward dash continued, the gas bag buckled; and the horizontal fins assumed a vertical position. To add to the discomfort and danger of the men who by this time were beginning to suffer from hunger and thirst, the balloon now began alternately dropping downward, sometimes to within a few feet of the water, and then rising, at times to the altitude of 2,500 feet. Everything that could possibly be spared was thrown out to lighten the craft's load and keep her in the air.

"On the third day the sun came out warm, and within a short time the gas expanded so much that the balloon began to climb upward. Finally, however, it descended to the surface. In a little while after this, just when it seemed that all hands would be drowned, a Swedish vessel sighted the craft. It made its way to the scene and took the crew aboard. The balloon was drawn over to the ship, its rip cord was pulled, and when the gas had all escaped, it was taken aboard, only slightly damaged. To the great surprise of the men who in their involuntary cruise had lost all knowledge of their position, they were then only thirty miles distant from the home station."

So it is in life. When we lose our faith and trust in God, we lose the rudder that enables us to keep steady on the upward way. We drift with the world, and are at the mercy of wind and wave.

But as long as we have Christ abiding in the soul, as long as we adhere to the principles of the word of God, we have "an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast," that keeps us from being carried out into the troublous sea of wrong beliefs and questionable deeds.

This anchor is what the world needs today. Let us who are anchored in Christ, ever be ready to minister to those less fortunate. Could anything have been more disappointing to the men in the balloon than to see the ship which had seen their signal of distress, turn away and leave them to the perils of air and sea? But is it not really worse for the professed Christian to turn indifferently away from those who are perishing in their sins, and leave them unsaved?

Well did the apostle Paul admonish us to look "diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God."

F. D. C.

**W**E cannot be dragged up, we have got to push ourselves up. No law that ever was devised can give wisdom to the fool, courage to the coward, strength to the weakling. We must have those qualities in us, for if they are not in us they cannot be gotten out of us.—Theodore Roosevelt.

### Life's Fourteen Mistakes

**A**JUDGE has given his opinion as to what are the fourteen mistakes of life, as follows:

To attempt to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and expect every one to conform to it.

Trying to measure the enjoyments of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

Not to yield in unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, if we can.

Not to make allowances for the weaknesses of others.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To live as if the moment, the time, the day, was so important that it would last forever.

To estimate people by some outside quality.

Of how many of these mistakes are you guilty?

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