

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## A MESSAGE TO YOUNG PEOPLE

THE question concerning your life-work is one of peculiar insistence and immense seriousness. Its importance is emphasized because of the state of the world. This is a time of great crisis and great peril. We are in the midst of violent reactions which have inevitably followed the World War. Human society is in a volcanic condition. You have to face the fact that the world's supreme need is Christ.

### PREPARATION

It is necessary to get ready by careful training, by patient discipline, if you are to accomplish something really worth while. There must be a season of waiting, studying, learning, practising, developing—the period of preparation. Many of you are in school or college. You are really carving out your destiny now. How much depends on your habits of thought and study, your spirit, your daily doings, and above all, your attitude to Christ! Careless, slipshod methods of doing things now will probably mean that kind of thing later on. Faithfulness, devotion, earnestness today will produce efficiency tomorrow. How regular are you in your habits, how prompt and faithful in keeping engagements and fulfilling obligations? What books are you reading? What kind of persons are your companions? Are you faithful to your church vows? Does the word of God receive studious, reverent attention from you each day? Do you know the joy and the peace and the power that come through intense praying?

### MOTIVE

You may follow the egoistic policy if you determine to do so. You may resolve that you are going to accumulate as much as possible of this world's goods, live in your own little shells, enjoy yourselves to the full, letting others take care of themselves. But such a life motive is very unwise and it proves terribly unprofitable in the end. The last scene is bitterness and distress. To shut oneself off from God and fellow men means spiritual degeneration and spiritual death.

What should be the supreme life motive? Is it not just this: to help advance the kingdom of Christ in the world? Is any other motive so big, so comprehensive, so ennobling? To invest one's life in the task of pushing forward the kingdom of truth, peace, goodness, righteousness, love, to labor to the end that God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven—surely that motive will make a human life beautiful, attractive, strong, and fruitful of good works.

### CHOICE

There are many legitimate channels through which human energies may flow. There are many honorable callings. This is the question for you to settle: Where and in what kind of work can I make my life count for the largest and best things in the service of Christ? In seeking the answer, make use of your own reason and judgment. Consider the matter of personal fitness. In what direction do your talents point? Give some weight to the query concerning personal inclination. Seek the counsel of experienced friends. Search the pages of the word of God. It is life's guidebook. Above all, ask for instruction at the trysting place where you meet with your Lord. Place yourselves fully, unreservedly in Christ's hands. Give him complete dominion over your life. Trust him to reveal the way in which he would have you to go.—*United Presbyterian.*



# From Here and There

There is less than two ounces of radium in the world, and less than one ounce in the United States.

A first-class railroad locomotive now costs from \$60,000 to \$100,000, and a sleeping-car about \$25,000.

New York State, the most populous in the country, has 10,384,144 persons in it, 1,270,530 more than it had ten years ago. New York City has more than one half of the State's population, or 5,620,048 persons. Texas is the fifth most populous State, having a population of 4,661,027 persons.

The Sinn Fein hunger strikers, according to the Associated Press, are well cared for in their prison quarters. "They have new mattresses made of eiderdown. These mattresses are more than two feet thick, and the sheets are stretched so tightly there is no crease whatever. The patients lie on air cushions reaching to their shoulders; they are covered with blankets as light as down."

We in America have come to take automobiles for granted. On Jan. 1, 1918, in the United States alone, 6,146,617 automobiles were registered, not counting motor cycles and machines licensed to dealers. The automobile business at that time represented a capital of \$1,297,000,000, and provided employment for 830,000 people. Yet on Jan. 1, 1917, all the countries in the world other than the United States were using only 719,246 automobiles.

"Now that I may no longer rule my people, my days are dark and my power has turned to ashes in my mouth." With this public declaration, Marie Adelaide, grand duchess and former ruler of Luxemburg, who abdicated after the armistice, has entered the Convent of St. Theresa. The former ruler of the buffer state between France and Germany has taken the full vows. She will never set foot outside the convent in which she has elected to end her days. She is twenty-eight years old and is called the most beautiful princess in Europe.

According to French tradition, the citation cord originated centuries ago, when the soldiers of a certain company that had mutinied were to be hanged. Before the sentence could be carried out, the French were attacked, and the condemned men were called upon to aid in the defense. They went into action, so to speak, with halters round their necks; but they fought with such supreme bravery that they were pardoned, and thereafter each man was permitted to wear as a badge of honor and as a token of suffering and heroism a knotted cord round his shoulder.

When the foggy season sets in this fall at the mouth of the Gironde River, ships will be guided into the channel and up to Bordeaux, France, by means of wireless signals sent out from a powerfully charged electric cable submerged to a depth of fifteen fathoms. The cable will follow the line of channel. By a simple electromagnetic instrument installed on all vessels making the Gironde port, the wireless operator will be able to steer the ship, the object being to keep the vessel along a course where the electrovibrations are most powerful. The plan has been tried and has been a complete success.

There are said to be at least ten primary kinds of cancer, and twice as many secondary kinds. Cancer is not one malady but a host of maladies, and its causes are many. It is claimed that worry and the wear and tear of modern civilization are largely responsible for the ever-increasing mortality from this disease. The following figures reveal an unfortunate situation: In 1864 there were 8,117 deaths from cancer in England and Wales. By 1874 the number had increased to 11,011; in 1884 to 15,198, and in 1890 to 19,433. The ratio per million of population was, in 1864, only 385; in 1874, 461; in 1884, 563; in 1890, 676; in 1901, 840; and in 1917, the last year for which figures have been issued, the rate per million was 1,210.

One of the most remarkable sights of London is the immense aggregation of warehouses bordering on the docks—warehouses in which the great merchants of London preserve their imports in bond until they export them again to other countries; warehouses which make the port of London the greatest *entrepôt* of international trade in the world. Some are devoted exclusively to ivory; others wholly to Japanese and Chinese porcelains; others again to furs, to spices, to rubber, to carpets from the Orient. One hundred million dollars' worth of wool shorn from the backs of 90,000,000 sheep goes in and out of these bonded warehouses within the space of twelve months, while Australia, New Zealand, and South America annually send nearly 200,000,000 tons of beef to the port of London. There is also below the surface of the soil an immense labyrinth of vaults, stories of them, scores of miles in length, some of them dating back to the reign of the Stuart kings.

A large party of American scientists next January will explore about 1,000 miles of almost unknown territory of the Amazon basin in eastern Ecuador and Peru, it was announced at Columbia University today. The ground to be covered includes a portion traversed by the Roosevelt expedition along the Madeira River. Among the members of the expedition, which will take an entire year, will be Henry H. Rusby, dean of Columbia School of Pharmacy, who will head the party; Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, who, with Dr. Carl H. Eigenmann, dean of the University of Indiana, will study fishes and reptiles; Dr. E. Kremers, University of Wisconsin, an authority on volatile oils; Professor Gill, Boston Institute of Technology; Dr. Ruthvan, University of Michigan; and many zoologists from the American Museum of Natural History. Harvard and Johns Hopkins University also are co-operating in the expedition for a study of drugs.

The big green tomato worms you saw on the tomato plants in early summer, after they had satisfied themselves eating, dug their way into the ground and buried themselves alive. Soon they changed their green coat for a hard, dark brown one, taking on the chrysalis form. They will sleep quietly in the ground throughout the winter months, and when another summer comes, they will make their way to the surface, having discarded their chrysalis skin, and come out large beautiful moths, able to fly from flower to flower and drink their sweets.

Chicago invites the international Olympic games of 1924, and offers for their accommodation the greatest stadium in the world. This stadium will be built in Grant Park, on the lake front. It will be constructed entirely of concrete and marble, the total length over all being 1,500 feet and the total width 1,000 feet. One and three-fourths millions to four millions of dollars is the estimated cost of the undertaking, depending upon how richly it is beautified with marble and statuary.

The Cadillac automobile made in Detroit is named for Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, a Gascon explorer who founded Detroit in 1701, and who from 1711 to 1717 was governor of Louisiana.



Press Illustrating Service Inc., N. Y.

Unloading a Military Motor Car from a Transport Ship



# The Missionary's Problem

THE Bible is the most widely circulated and universally read book in the world today. There is nothing new about this "best seller," except that its precepts shine with brighter luster each passing day. In fact, it is the oldest book in existence. "Its historical records go back beyond the chronicles of the nations to the very infancy of days. It was in circulation when Cecrops founded Athens. The book of Job was three thousand years old when Chaucer, whom we call the father of English literature, began to write. The book of Ruth was twenty-five hundred years old when Columbus sailed through the pillars of Hercules to discover the Western Hemisphere."

The Bible is the most enduring book in existence. Wars have raged around it, but while the ebb and flow of national strife have altered the geography of the world, this book has remained as unchanged as Gibraltar. Stern decrees have been issued for its destruction, but the onward march of its power has not been checked; and we still have this greatest of Books without even the smell of smoke about it, though hostile fires of criticism have burned fiercely in an effort to bring about its extermination.

The Bible is the masterpiece of all literature, and its popularity is evidenced by the fact that "within forty-eight hours after the Oxford Version was issued, 2,500,000 copies were in circulation." "There is only *one* book in the world," declares Sir Walter Scott, "and that is the word of God." If this be true, how important that all the world have an opportunity to read this *one* book. This responsibility has fallen chiefly upon the missionary, and when we realize that 2,000 different languages are spoken by the nations of men, the greatness of his task at once becomes apparent.

## Translation of the Bible

Statistics show that during the first 1800 years of the Christian era the Bible was translated into fifty languages, while during the nineteenth century it was translated into nearly four hundred languages. But though the book has been translated into only approximately one fifth of the languages of the world, it has been translated into the languages of seven tenths of the world's population. It is estimated that 3,250,000 copies of either a whole or a part of the Bible are sold or given away each year in the foreign field. With the exception of Tibet and the Hausa people of West Africa, "there is no nation with a population of ten million which has not the entire Bible at its command." The people of many smaller countries have parts of the Book in their own language.

One of the most difficult problems confronting the missionary in his work of giving the Bible to the world is its translation into the unwritten languages. There are many of these. Of the four hundred translations made during the last century two hundred nineteen were made into languages which had first to be reduced to writing.

Let us imagine — if we can — a man landing on a foreign shore, and settling among a people who are as strange to him as he is to them. None of them can read, and there is not a book in their language, because not a word of it has ever been written. First, he must establish a means of communication, and this is done by signs. Then gradually he learns their language word by word, and does his best to discover the meaning of each expression. He must compile a dictionary before he can begin the real work. Ab-

stract and descriptive words offer an almost endless puzzle. It is said that a missionary in Uganda wished to find the native equivalent for the word "plague." He listened and watched and waited for six years, until finally he heard a man lamenting on an influx of rats as a great *dibebu*. The long-sought word was of course captured safely, but this experience illustrates the slow, laborious process by which a vocabulary is acquired.

## Difficulties of Translation

And there is still another great problem. These heathenish languages are sometimes described as consisting of "clicks and grunts and squeaks and hiccoughs." It would be rather hard to translate into English or any other written form the sounds made by a man with a severe cold in his head, or one groaning in misery with the toothache. Yet one of these languages of South Africa gives us the word "*thlg*" without a solitary saving vowel in it, and the Erromangan word for fever is "*nxwx*"! Verily, the way of the translator is a thorny path. Then, too, the vocabularies of these peoples are small, and the worker has a hard time to express the wonderful truths of Christianity in a language that has not even a word for much of that of which the Bible speaks. One translator was obliged to render "holiness" as "bathing in the sacred stream," and "sin" by the phrase "bad to eat."

The missionary often works, too, among isolated peoples, those who have never been two hundred miles from home nor had intercourse with the outside world. Many things which are common to people in general are mysteries to them. It is said that until other animals were imported, the peoples of Oceanica had never seen a quadruped larger than a rat. Difficulties beset the translator in rendering the most familiar texts. For instance, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," when rendered in the Eskimo must read "little seal" instead of "lamb," for these people never saw sheep of any description.

The following enlightening account is given by an Alaskan missionary of his endeavor to translate a text for a Sunday sermon:

"Naturally that automatic text, the refuge of many a weary, overworked preacher, the first psalm, came into my mind. It always worked in Dakota, where every stream has a fringe of trees. I said, 'Aha, habes.'"

"The first two verses went all right, though 'blessed' is hard to translate. My interpreter could handle them. But the third verse, 'He shall be like a tree'! Two hundred miles and more to a tree! Few of the people had ever been there or seen one. There wood is driftwood, water-logged, branchless. I saw that for them the man would be too lonely. Next I thought of the shepherd psalm. But it is no help to us in the North. The twenty-third proposition of geometry would convey as much spiritual truth to these people. So I did not use a psalm that day."

In the far North the parables of the sower, tares, sheepfold, prodigal son, barren fig tree, vine and branches, and, in fact, all the parables except the lost piece of silver and the net and fishes, are impossible of adequate explanation.

"But that is not all. Try to think of the Christian life without using 'growth,' 'development,' or 'fruit.' Among the Eskimos the one form in which fruit is familiar is dried apples. Now, having no fruit to



which to liken apples, they use the word 'appki,' transferring the root and adding their own ending. Imagine my surprise to hear my interpreter give out such a text for me as this: 'Every log that bringest not up appki is cut up and used for firewood.' Disconcerting? Yes, but that is just what happened."

And when the missionary has finally reduced a language to writing, his troubles have only begun. Emphasis placed on the wrong syllable may plunge him into deep waters of difficulty. A foreign worker preached for a native Korean pastor one hot summer day. He chose for his text, "Thou shalt not covet," but by a very slight misplacing of the accent he all unsuspectingly made the commandment to read, "Thou shalt not sweat!" One pious, portly sister used her palm leaf fan heroically, but after the service sought the pastor in despair: "I did my best," she explained, "but why did he take such a text on a day like this?" A missionary among the Nova Scotia Indians worked hard and long and with exceeding care over the proofs of his translation of the Bible, but when the finished book appeared, it contained the astonishing text: "One pair of snowshoes shall rise up against another pair of snowshoes." A single wrong letter had crept in and changed "nation" into a "pair of snowshoes."

#### A Record Achievement

The record for achievement in Bible translation belongs to Hiram Bingham, who labored in the Gilbert Islands. He entered his field in 1857, and patiently began the work of picking up the language, preparatory to giving his parishioners the New Testament in their own tongue. He met the usual handicaps and did not complete his task until 1873. On his fifty-second birthday he started the translation of the Old Testament, finishing it in 1893. "So far as known, he is the only man in the history of the world to reduce a language to writing, translate the entire Bible into that language, and supervise the printing of the volume. In addition he furnished a Gilbertese dictionary, a hymn book, and other literature."

Yes, truly the Bible is the *one* Book, the *only* Book, the *greatest* Book, the Book of books. The placing of this treasure within the grasp of the whole wide world is a gigantic task, but coupled with the command, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," is the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and "God's biddings are our enablings." L. E. C.

"To feel that one's work is wasted, may well bring unhappiness; to know that one's life is wrought into a cause that must last and keep on blessing the world, is good ground for happiness. From this point of view, young people should feel the strength of the church's appeal for service on their part and for effort to invite others to share the opportunity."

## Education in China

THE Chinese have great regard for education. Paper with written characters upon it is not thrown into the street or upon the floor, and it is not put to common use. In the busy streets, on the bridges, in the fields, and on the rice paths, are seen little towers or altars where such paper is almost reverently burned. Often on these "burn paper furnaces," as they are called in Chinese, are engraved the characters, "Ih Dzi Tsien Gin," meaning that one character is worth a thousand ounces of gold. This is to give the people an idea of the value of education and to teach them to honor it.

A secondary meaning is that it requires a great deal of work to write one character. It is necessary for one to practise for years before he can write a character having its various strokes in the right position and balance, and in right relation to all the other strokes. Writing characters is an art, and the perfectly written character is beautiful.

The ancients established the custom of burning "character paper," and told the people that if any one saw such paper on the road being trampled underfoot, it would injure his eyes. This was figurative language, meaning that when the people lightly regarded education, the "eye of their soul," conscience, was injured, and that calamity would come upon their homes as the result.

These furnaces for burning paper are built and repaired mostly by Buddhist priests, and officials who wish to encourage the people to obtain an education and to respect the educated man. The custom has been preserved from ancient times, and some of these furnace altars are very old.

The printed newspaper is not held in so high regard as the written character paper, but even this is not thrown around nor put to a wrong use.

O. B. KUHN.



Altar for Burning Paper Containing Written Characters

#### The World's Verdict

ONE sent out his ships to earth's farthest shores,  
And brought to his coffers the Orient's stores;  
The wild desert sands  
Became gold in his hands,  
And the world called him Genius—and wondered.

One sought out the secrets of planet and star;  
He reveled in problems of granite and spar;  
He hungered to know  
All the earth could bestow;  
And the world called him Scholar—and praised him.

One looked on a suffering, downtrodden race;  
He wept as he gazed upon each troubled face  
And he set their hands free.  
And the world called him Brother—and loved him.  
—Thomas Curtis Clark, in *Presbyterian Standard*.

"PLEASANT words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."



## Honoring the Flag

[Since the INSTRUCTOR has been reduced, it seems best to publish articles from this series only every other week; also not to continue them in the Correct Thing Department.]

ON our way to Gettysburg, we passed through Frederick, Maryland. As we crossed the bridge in the edge of town, the gentleman at the wheel stopped the car, that we might read the inscription on the historical poster on the railing. Just there had stood the home of the brave, dauntless Barbara Frietchie. There Barbara Frietchie had leaned out of the window to save the falling flag the day the soldiers had shot it down when passing on the road where our machine was now standing. These lines from Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" came to mind:

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag!" she said."

Often the story of Barbara Frietchie comes back to me with peculiar emphasis. The Stars and Stripes were not popular in Frederick that day. Many who loved the flag held their peace. It was not safe to show one's colors. But Barbara Frietchie loved her country, and she wanted everybody to know it. It might mean death to her, but what was death when loyalty was in question? Others might ignore the flag; others might let it trail in the dust; others might even trample upon it. But not so with Barbara Frietchie. Cost what it might, the flag should wave from her window on that day of imminent danger—and it did!

Barbara Frietchie has given us a beautiful lesson of loyalty to the Stars and Stripes; but there is also another lesson in her example for Missionary Volunteers. We have been born into the kingdom of God. Are we as loyal to God's flag as Barbara Frietchie was to the Stars and Stripes? Sometimes I fear that you and I forget to honor God's flag as we should. I was reminded of this one Sabbath morning last summer when attending a certain camp-meeting. (The Sabbath, you know, is God's flag.) Near the camp two of our Missionary Volunteers were busy with a camera. One had dressed up in a uniform to pose for a picture. Why were they doing this on God's holy day? The Sabbath is the only day of the week that He reserves for Himself. His command is "to keep it holy," and not to seek our own pleasure on that day. Had those young friends quietly decided in the secret place that morning that the best way they could honor their Master on His holy day would be to snap each other's pictures?

After all, what does the Sabbath mean to you and to me? To the native in interior Africa who is ignorant even of the existence of the country that many of our Missionary Volunteers love so dearly, the Stars and Stripes mean nothing; but just a glimpse of that flag will send thrills through the American missionary working in a foreign land. It calls forth memories that make the heartstrings quiver. Just so there may be some to whom the Sabbath means nothing; but every week when God unfurls his sacred flag in its beauty of holiness, there is joy in the hearts of Christians all around the world—in the hearts of all who see the Sabbath as it is, the holy day of God. To every experienced Christian the Sabbath comes as a sweet assurance of the saving and keeping power of God, and he looks forward to it as to the return of a cherished friend. Its hours are fragrant with heaven. There is more time to visit with the Father, and there is oppor-

tunity to obtain a blessing that no other day in the week can bring.

Motorists are eager to understand the traffic regulations of the cities they visit. You have seen them poring over books, have you not? But what about Missionary Volunteers? Every week we travel through a sacred day. That day is not ours. It is God's! And we are asked to pass through it in God's way. Do we study the divine traffic regulations as carefully as we should? Are we sure that we know how to pass through that strip of holy time in keeping with the laws of heaven? Do you not think we should show as high regard for God's regulations as for those of the city we visit? Surely this is our reasonable service as Missionary Volunteers.

But what constitutes true Sabbath keeping? "It doesn't hurt my conscience to do that on the Sabbath," says one, just as if the conscience were a safe guide. If we are really in earnest in this matter,—and we should be,—we must study diligently to know the "Thus saith the Lord" in regard to Sabbath keeping.

As you and I study to know how the Father would have us pass through the sacred hours of the Sabbath, how He would have us honor the heavenly flag, we shall learn the deeper joys of Sabbath observance. We shall see that the hour just after sunset Friday night and just before sunset Saturday night are just as sacred as the hours that lie between. Do you not think we owe the Lord an apology if we are not ready for the Sabbath when it comes? The first hour of the Sabbath is not set aside for bathing, shoe polishing, etc. That is *our* work and should be done on *our* time. Secular magazines, we are told, should be put away during the Sabbath. What about secular visiting? Surely that is not a part of true Sabbath observance. No, the Sabbath is to be a delightful vacation from all these—a day of visiting with God and about God. It is a day for getting better acquainted with God through communion with friends, with nature, and with books, especially the Book of books. Such Sabbath keeping brings true happiness to the soul, and sends its rays of blessing down to brighten the coming week. Perhaps, dear young friends, there is no other lesson that you and I need so much to learn as this one: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

M. E. A.

### Courtesy

THE difference between courtesy and the lack of it is often a small thing. Once upon a time as I sat in a restaurant, a waiter from another table came up and, without a word, "yanked" the sugar bowl from my table in order that he might serve a customer across the room. In another restaurant another waiter wanted a bowl of sugar and came to the table at which I was sitting. With a bow that would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield, he picked up the sugar bowl, offered it to me with, "Have you had sugar, sir?" and then went off with it. These waiters were salespeople for the restaurant in which they worked, for what they did played as large a part in the impression that customers carried away as the food itself. One advertised his house badly; the other advertised it well, and got more joy out of his work at that.—*Forbes Magazine*.



## We Can and We Will

[This appeal was first sent out to the young people of southern Wisconsin by their Missionary Volunteer secretary. It is equally good for all, and, although it is late in the year, we are passing it on as a call to which *you* are asked to respond.—M. E. A.]

**I**N the decisive battles that were fought during the Great World War, the victories were gained by united action. If one man failed in his duty, it weakened the efforts of the whole army. So it will be in reaching our goals for this year; it will require the co-operation of every young man and young woman, boy and girl, to do it. We can do it easily if we will.

There will be lions in the way for some; but like the children of God in days of old, we can pass them and go up and "possess the land." When Joshua was instructed how to take the city of Jericho, no one said, This is a well-fortified city and it cannot be taken. It is not recorded that any one considered this task too great, or thought that it could not be done because it was a new undertaking. The instructions of the Lord were carefully followed daily, and at the time appointed by God the victory was won. The God of Joshua is our leader today.

Definite efforts bring definite results. Paul believed in goals. He said, "This one thing I do." Success in anything demands a definite goal. Theodore Roosevelt wrote encouragingly when he made the following statement: "Far better is it to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat." Let each one accept the responsibility which rightfully belongs to him and do faithfully all that is possible.

### Goals of All Kinds Desirable

This striking statement in "Christ's Object Lessons" encourages me to believe that we should have not only denominational and conference goals, but individual goals: "Thousands pass through life as if they had no definite object for which to live, no standard to reach. Such will obtain a reward proportionate to their works. Remember that you will never reach a higher standard than you yourself set. Then set your mark high, and step by step, even though it be by painful effort, by self-denial and sacrifice, ascend the whole length of the ladder of progress." "God will accept only those who are determined to aim high. He places every human agent under obligation to do his best."—Pages 331, 332, 330.

When Nehemiah and his coworkers were rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, the threats and taunts of the enemy had no effect on them. They attended strictly to business until the work was completed, because they "had a mind to work." Consecrated determination is as much needed today. Another feature of their success is recorded by Nehemiah in this way: "We made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch."

Greater responsibilities and larger goals are being assigned to our young people this year than ever before. Doubt as to whether we can reach them should have no place in our mind, for the Lord is our Leader, and His power is ours. Just as truly as He told Moses and the children at the Red Sea to "go forward," is He saying to Missionary Volunteers at this time, "Advance!" With Paul, let us say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

In youth we have physical strength, zeal, the en-

thusiasm which smiles at obstacles and storms, go-at-iveness, and stick-to-it-iveness.

In the past the young people have, through God, accomplished much. Most of their undertakings have been reached and passed, and we cannot believe that it will be otherwise at this time. The calls are coming louder to the young people to step into our work.

We shall reach the goals by each Missionary Volunteer's becoming responsible for winning one soul for Christ; by each reading the Bible through; by each making himself a winner of a Standard of Attainment or a Reading Course certificate, or both; by not only being a working member, but a reporting one; by each giving his share of the money to be given by the young people during this year to carry the gospel to the fields beyond.

### Co-operation Wins

"We will" accomplish this by all working together. One writer has said that "a single star seems nothing, but a thousand scattered stars break up the night and make it beautiful." So it is in finishing this work in the earth, and in reaching our society goals. Although God takes note of individual efforts and places His blessing upon the doer, if only one or a few individuals, or even a few societies, do their part, the work will not be done; but by all doing their part earnestly and unitedly we shall accomplish great things for God. So let us pledge ourselves that we will each bear our part in reaching the goals set for us.

## Young People's Response to the Service Call

**C**HRISTIAN young people respond eagerly to the call to service. We elders, according to Dr. Francis E. Clark, are prone to "see the lighter, amusement-loving side of youth, and forget that there are deeper depths in their nature that we have not plumbed." We therefore seek to minister to the lighter side, forgetting that youth will respond even more genuinely to the large and high tasks of distinctly *religious* service. Dr. Clark, in proof of his statement of the shortcomings of pastor and laymen in training young people to bear responsibilities in church work, says:

"In a list of notices in an important Congregational church, I recently read the following appointments for the young people: Meetings for the orchestra, for a musical club, a young men's gymnasium class, a girls' gymnasium class, a girls' club, the Girls' Guide Society, the Girls' Literary Society, the Elocution Circle, Boy Scouts, a girls' shorthand class, and a Sunday school play center. Here are eleven appointments for young people in one week, but no meeting for prayer, for mission study, for Bible study, except half of the Sunday school hour, or for any distinctively *religious* service, unless we take the ground, popular in some quarters, that one thing is as religious as another, a gymnasium as religious and as important for the church as a prayer meeting. I may add that a dozen or two young people only were found in the scant morning congregation of that great church.

President Wilson, in an address concerning amusements in the church, declared that amusements that simply amuse without resulting, year in and year out, in any addition to the spiritual working force of the church, have no right to exist. In this I believe he was everlastingly right.

"I believe that young Christians, as a rule, rejoice in real and earnest religious work. For five and forty years I have been delighted and sometimes, I confess, surprised and even amazed, and my little faith rebuked, to see the devotion, the zeal, the joy, the intelligent resourcefulness, of young people in their distinctively *religious* work, when appealed to on the highest plane of love for Jesus Christ and service for His dear sake.

"I have come to believe in young people, to trust them, to count on them for service more and more as the years go by. The way they undertake great tasks, when great tasks buttressed by great motives are presented to them,



has rejoiced me beyond expression — tasks that crucify their timidity and bashfulness, tasks from which older persons often shrink, tasks in their own church and community as well as outside, tasks for soldiers and sailors and prisoners, for slum children and the submerged tenth. They spring to them as did millions of youth in the late war when appealed to in the name of their country. The years of adolescence and the few succeeding years constitute not only the 'age of conversion,' but the age of religious enthusiasm. They are the years of great expectations, of high hopes, of strenuous endeavor.

"But it is only a call like Christ's own that will reach the young heart; not, 'Come and play; come and dance; come and enjoy delicious music and a soft seat and an eloquent sermon:' but, 'Leave all and follow Me; seek first the kingdom of heaven; sell all for the pearl of great price.' Happy is the pastor and the church which can reach the hidden springs of devotion that lie deep in the heart of every true young Christian by presenting to him Christ's own persuasive, compelling will."

### Racing with a Hurricane

**R**ETURNING from Honduras to New Orleans, en route to Mexico, I obtained passage on the "Tipton," a splendid ship of the United Fruit Company line, but which does not have passenger accommodations. Passage was granted me with the understanding that I would sleep either on a sofa or in the wireless operator's room. We began the voyage late at night, and that night was spent in the room with "Sparks," as the wireless operators are called.

The next morning the captain of the ship, Mr. John Hughes, invited me to share his room, which invitation I gladly accepted. His sofa proved to be a better bed than the berth in the room with Sparks, and his room was all that could be desired. I was about as comfortable as I would have been at home, and the good captain did all in his power to make me feel at home.

The first two days and three nights at sea were delightful. The weather was perfect and the sea calm, and the steady movement of the ship made us almost forget that we were resting on the bosom of the briny deep. On the third morning, Sunday, when I awoke, the captain was sitting in his chair, wearing his night clothes, with a wireless message in his hands. As I raised up in bed, he handed me the message. It read as follows:

"There are indications of disturbed conditions off the Yucatan coast, moving toward the Yucatan Channel. All vessels are advised that advices will be issued Sunday morning."

We were about two hundred miles northwest of the storm, sailing northwest. Just as I had finished reading the message, the door opened and Sparks entered, dressed in his night clothes, and handed the captain another message, explaining that it was about the same as the first, only advising vessels in the vicinity to "stand by" and wait for advice. The captain read it, handed it back to Sparks, and without waiting to dress, went up onto the bridge. Presently he returned and asked where he had laid the message. I replied that he had returned it to Sparks, and as I had dressed, I proposed to get it for him. To this he replied, "No, I will get it, as I want to see the chief anyway, and request him to push her ahead as fast as he can." Then began the race with the hurricane.

That afternoon a heavy rain set in and continued a regular downpour, with a few moments' let-up occasionally, until about nine o'clock that night. Captain Hughes has been a sailor all his life, and has sailed in nearly all of the world's waters, but these tropical hurricanes, which occur in the autumn months, and which are noted for their toll of ships

and human lives, made him apprehensive. Several times during the afternoon the captain remarked that he would be glad when we got across the bar. As the inky night settled down, the frequent flashes of lightning and the water filling the air gave us reason to believe that the shore and even the lights on the shore would be obscured.

Just at this time the following message was received, which had come to us twelve hours late:

"Tropical disturbances central this morning in latitude 18 and longitude 85, and moving slowly northwest toward Yucatan Channel. Apparently of considerable intensity. Vessels in or bound for Yucatan and northwest Caribbean Sea run risk of dangerous conditions."

Our location and our course being northwest, we had reason to be apprehensive. With a hurricane behind us, a lightning, thunder, and rain storm upon us, with the possibility of its developing into a gale, and the inky blackness of the on-coming night, with the air filled with water which would obscure a view of the coast, and possibly even the lights on the coast, naturally eager eyes were looking, longing for the lights along the shore, which we felt that we must be nearing.

I had been shipwrecked nearly three years before in this very way, the ship being beached fifteen miles from the point she was trying to make. I had also read in the newspapers of ships' missing this very entrance in a storm and being beached. So naturally I shared the anxiety of the seamen.

During our vigil, I went on my knees before God, and asked Him to clear the sky at the proper time to enable us to see the light. Then feeling assured of His protection, I retired for the night. Less than an hour later the captain came in, his anxiety evidently gone, and said cheerfully, "We picked up the



A View from the Steamship "Tipton"

light directly ahead of us." So accurate had been their calculations that the vessel was headed directly toward its goal. I arose and went out on deck. The sky in the direction of the light had cleared, and we went over the bar with the stars directly overhead shining brightly, while all around the inky blackness continued.



[When the hurricane referred to in this article, struck our coast, it was blowing at the rate of seventy miles an hour and did a great deal of damage along the coast.—ED.]

As I thought of those on the ship that night trying to pierce the dense darkness around us and find the light, I was reminded of the millions in this world who are groping in the darkness of sin and heathen superstition, many of whom are earnestly looking for the light. And I thought of the large number of young people of the INSTRUCTOR family who should become light bearers. From the receipt of the first radiotelegram, I resolved to write an exhortation to them to devote their lives to this blessed service.

I have just completed my visit to a field where many more light bearers are needed, and am now on my way to another field which is just as needy, and so it is everywhere. While sitting on deck the first day out, thinking of the needs of the work and where recruits might be obtained, the second officer of the ship sat down beside me, and asked, "Aren't you a Seventh-day Adventist minister?" Upon being informed that I was, he told me that he had been reared a Seventh-day Adventist, had attended one of our colleges, and was acquainted with some of our leading men. In the course of the conversation, he said he expected soon to make a visit to his home. I then said, "When you ship again, you had better be on a different mission." To this he responded, "I know that I ought to."

Yes, and so do many of our young people know they "ought to." We have no time to lose. The work of God calls for your service. There is no other work so important, so satisfying here, and that brings so great returns hereafter. There is room for every one. The Master's voice is heard, saying, "Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you." It would not be honest to want more than is here promised. So begin today. Begin where you are. Everywhere "eager eyes are looking, longing for the light" God has given you. Do not hide it "under a bushel." God has sent us a wireless, saying that the storm is gathering. We must push the old ship along as fast as possible, or the storm will break before our work is done.

A man in the Orient saw the initials of our denominational name,—"S. D. A." He pondered their possible meaning for a moment, and then said, "I know. It means, 'Steam dead ahead.'" Yes, that is one meaning. Every Seventh-day Adventist, old and young, should feel it his or her bounden duty to steam dead ahead. And if we who have this great light do not bestir ourselves, we shall be unprepared when the storm does break.

As we passed into the calm waters at the mouth of the Mississippi, a voice floated out to us from the megaphone on the shore, "Who are you?" From our bridge the megaphone responded, "Tipton." And then from the shore came the words, "All right." When we seek to enter the haven of eternal rest, and a voice inquires, "Who are you?" will the answer be, "The wicked and slothful servant, who having possessed a talent, did not use it for his Master"? May God forbid. On the contrary, it is the prayer of the writer that in the lives of all who read these lines or hear them read may be such a response that it will be "all right" with them to all eternity.

R. W. PARMELE.

### After the Storm

THE wind is sadly sighing,  
And the clouds are swiftly flying,  
The sun attempts to shine, but all in vain;  
For fine dust beclouds all eyes,  
So it gives no great surprise  
When we hear the pitter-patter of the rain,  
Refreshing rain;  
When we hear the pitter-patter of the rain.

Through the clouds the sun is shining,  
Giving them a silver lining,  
While a radiant bow of promise spans the blue;  
And all nature seems to say,  
Cast your doubts and fears away,  
For your life may be eternal; live it true,  
Live it true.  
Yea, your life may be eternal; live it true.

Life the universe upholding,  
This is but the first unfolding,  
To prepare us for the mansions love bestows.  
First a little time of sleeping,  
With the angels vigil keeping  
Until Jesus comes in victory o'er His foes.  
He arose,  
Alleluia! in victory o'er His foes.

MRS. CHARLES C. DUPEE.

### Paying Advertisements

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

THE world has learned the value of the slogan, "It pays to advertise." By the power of the printed word, every article in daily use has been brought to the attention of an eager public. Did the public know that they wanted it? Not until they read for the hundredth time, "You need a —." Persistence gains its point. Presently the mind, accustomed to the insistent phrase, begins to say, "I do need a —."

Are we as careful to advertise the Christian life? Do we keep the need of it constantly before the eyes of the world? Do we insist upon its worth, its pleasures, its rewards?

God wants us to be the shining lights along the pathway of life in this generation. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." All the world knows the worth of electric signs in dark places.

How are the styles popularized? They are written about, talked about, and worn. Are we wearing our advertisement of the higher life, so that others seeing its beauty may desire it, too?

The world says, "If you are satisfied, tell your friends." God's Spirit in our hearts says, "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious, . . . ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light."

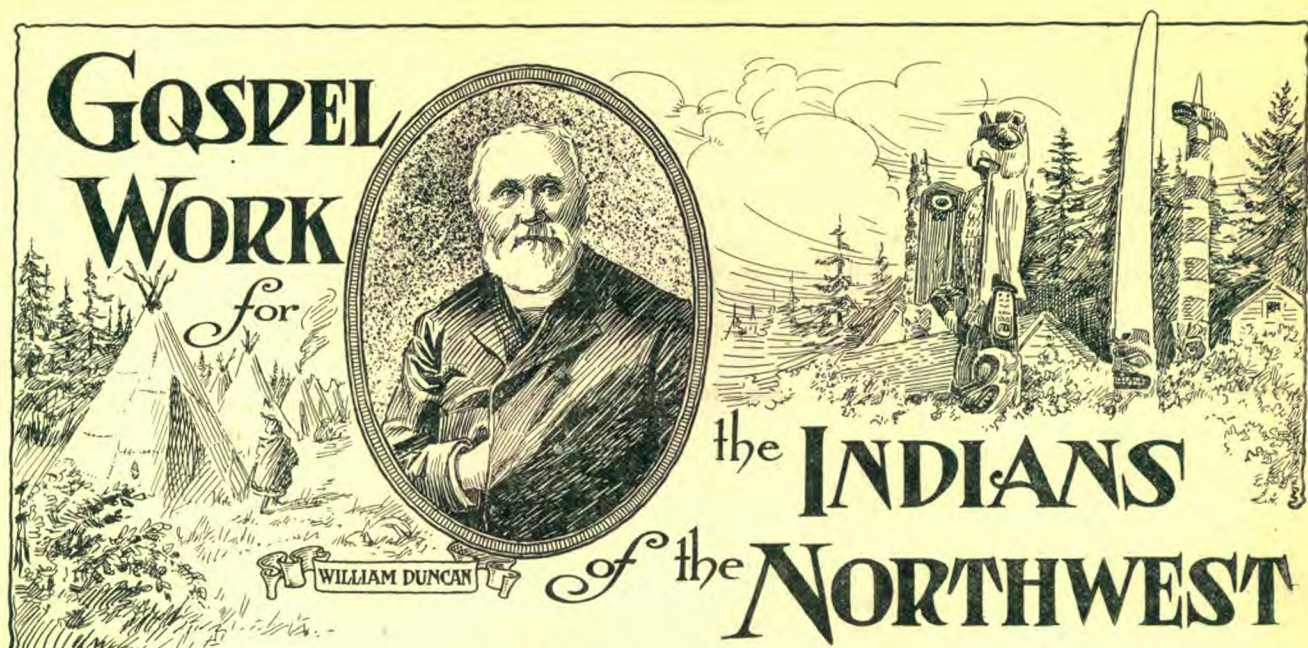
Let us try, then, to write it out, to talk it up, to wear it about, to shine it forth,—this glorious Christian experience which is ours, remembering that if, through our example, we save a sinner from the error of his way, we "save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

Ours is advertising that will pay.

MARY M. ROBBINS.

THE world has been compassed by wireless in one seventh of a second. The wonder of answered prayer grows less as we become more familiar with God's power and agencies.





## Chief Jackson's Visit

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS

**S**HORTLY after our missionary's wonderful experience with Jack Sheeshan, Chief Jackson, as mentioned in last week's paper, made the seventy-mile trip from his village on Admiralty Island to visit him.

His first words on reaching the house were, "You Mr. Watson?"

"I am," was the answer.

"I come to talk with you 'bout my people," announced the old Indian. It being about dinner time, the missionary invited his visitor to eat with him, which invitation greatly surprised and pleased the chief, as such treatment was very unusual from a white man to an Indian. During the meal, the missionary questioned his visitor as to his country and people.

"Good country, good people, and *hi-u* fish," was the brief but comprehensive answer.

When questioned as to the meaning of *hi-u*, the Indian explained by saying, "Stickum paddle, paddle no go way." To say that a paddle thrust in among the fish would remain upright, sounded like a "fish story" sure enough, but later it was proved to be true at certain seasons. The simplicity and honesty of the old man's answers won the missionary's confidence and sympathy, so arrangements were made to have the chief's two sons, Will and Frank, come after him in a large canoe within a short time, and take him to visit their village.

But in the meantime the missionary's wife heard disquieting tales. She was told that it was a tribal custom with these Indians that in case one of their tribesmen was killed by a white man, four white men must pay the penalty with their lives. She urged her husband to wait for a steamer to take him to the Indian village, rather than to go off into the wilderness alone with them.

But the missionary felt that as his promise had been given, he could not unsettle their confidence by changing his plans. Later he found that he had decided wisely, for it is a very serious matter to break, or even change in any way, a promise made to an Indian.

At the appointed time the chief's sons arrived with their canoe. A good supply of healthful food was

packed, the bedding was rolled in heavy tarpaulins to protect it from the rain, and all was loaded into the canoe for the journey. Armed only with the word of God and the sword of the Spirit, the missionary said good-by to his anxious wife and daughter, and embarked with his dark-skinned companions.

There being a fair wind, the Indian boys hoisted their sail and the canoe glided swiftly on its way. As they sailed along, Elder Watson engaged the boys in conversation, inquiring especially about their own family; the rather startling fact soon came out that their youngest brother had been killed shortly before by a drunken white man.

The missionary's mind reverted instantly, of course, to the report heard by his wife. "Is it true," he asked the boys, "that when a white man kills an Indian, four white men must die to pay the penalty?"

Frank's face hardened as the question was asked, and he answered briefly, "Yes."

At this reply the missionary wondered that he felt no fear for his own safety, but, instead, a feeling of deep anxiety for the salvation of these boys took possession of him, and he breathed a silent prayer that God might help him lift their minds above harboring such cruel, revengeful thoughts.

His first move was to show them that he was absolutely unarmed. Then, taking his Bible from his pocket, he said, "Boys, I should like to read you something from God's book."

They made no objection, so he read to them the precious words of Jesus, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you;" and also the command of God, "Thou shalt not kill." They listened, but made no comment on what they heard.

As darkness approached, it began to rain heavily, so the canoe was beached and a place chosen for their camp. Soon Will, the older of the boys, had a bright fire burning under the sheltering boughs of a giant spruce tree, and preparations were made for supper.

The Indian boys' provisions consisted of dried fish and seal oil, both noted for strength of flavor and odor. The missionary felt that here was an oppor-



tunity to gain their good will, so he insisted that they all eat supper from his box, and save their own food for some future time. The boys gladly accepted his invitation, and after he had given thanks to God, they all ate the supper he had prepared.

This was the first time these Indians had ever tasted health foods, but their liking and approval of them were self-evident. A pound can of protose was voted a good sample, a large pot of cereal coffee was drained to the last drop, while Graham sticks disappeared in surprising quantities.

After supper the beds were unrolled, and it was found that the boys' blankets, not being carefully protected, had been soaked by the continued rain. Again the missionary threw precedent to the winds, for when his dry, comfortable bed was ready, he said, "Come, boys, sleep with me; your bed is too wet."

A look of surprise spread over their faces — such an invitation had probably never before been heard by an Indian from a white man. As if not believing their ears, Will asked, "What you say?"

The invitation was repeated. A few words of council in their own tongue followed, after which Will answered, "Frank sleep with you; I watch." It might be mentioned as characteristic of Indian caution that not once during all the trip down and back did both boys sleep at the same time.

Being weary, the missionary, after bowing beside his bed in silent prayer, lay down to rest with full

As the hand moved slowly down the side of his face, the tension on his nerves was terrible. On the hand moved until it reached his shoulder, then it began carefully to tuck the covers in close to his body. As the missionary realized that the act indicated kindly care instead of heathen revenge, the feeling of relief was beyond expression, and his heart was lifted to God in thanksgiving, for he knew that he had gained the friendship of these boys.

About four o'clock of the second day they reached Chief Jackson's village, situated on a beautiful little bay, the entrance to which was protected by an immense rock, forming a land-locked harbor. When the Indians first saw them coming, they disappeared into their huts; but as soon as the canoe was recognized, they flocked to the shore to welcome their guest.

During his stay the missionary examined the surroundings carefully, and found everything exactly as Chief Jackson had represented, and most satisfactory in every way. Later on, industries were started here, and the Bible truths were taught and gladly received by the natives. The greater part of the tribe of four or five hundred Indians wished to be baptized at once, but the missionary felt that this was not advisable until they were better grounded in the knowledge of the truth, and industries were established that would make them self-supporting, for they were always discriminated against commercially as soon as they became Sabbath keepers.

A beginning was made, but through lack of capital, and misunderstandings, this promising site was finally absorbed by worldly interests, and no permanent mission was established there. The present head of the industrial enterprise at this place is disposed to be very friendly to us as a people, however, and has intimated to our missionary that he would gladly welcome a religious teacher for the Indians there.

As for the Indians themselves, their Macedonian cry of, "Come back and teach us," is sent out to their dear "Brother Tom," as they called him, ever and anon, and he is hoping and praying that very soon some one will be sent to answer their call.



Elder T. H. Watson's Daughter, Rose, Holding an Indian Child

confidence that the God whom he served would care for him through the night. Frank lay down beside him, but Will sat under the great tree beside the camp fire.

Sometime in the night Elder Watson was suddenly awakened by feeling a hand on his forehead. Instantly many thoughts flashed through his mind, and the question came, "What can this mean?" But he neither moved nor spoke; putting his trust in God, he awaited developments.

#### Life

If fair Fortune spreads her gain,  
Without care and without pain,  
Then we walk with jollity,  
Happy as the bird is free.  
Worry torments not the mind,  
Smiles upon our cheeks we bind.  
Life is always blithe and gay  
When 'tis smooth and clear the way.

But when obstacles we meet,  
And old Hardluck's "Howdy" greet,  
Listen to grim Failure's song  
As he 'side us trips along,  
Sad and dreary then we are,  
Wonder where's our lucky star,  
And what's life worth living for  
When success has closed her door.

Sun and raindrops beauty show,  
Both together paint the bow,  
And when Day courts darkened Night,  
Drape their walks with colors bright.  
Smiles and tears are nature's books;  
Life is there for him who looks:  
So whate'er your lot may be,  
Bear it bravely, patiently.

OLIN EVERETT NELSON.

My concern is not so much whether God is on our side. My great concern is to be on God's side, for God is always right.—*Lincoln*.





### "Rollicking, Raggedy Fall"

A ROLICKING, raggedy fellow is Fall,  
In his thin, tattered mantle of leaves,  
A prodigal, too, for he squanders his all  
From mornings to cool, starry eves.

He lavishly scatters his scarlet and gold,  
Till the hills are ablaze in the sun;  
And laughs at the wind, though his  
garments are old,  
And worn places show, one by one.

He gathers the wheat into stacks in the field,  
Till soft purple shadows creep there;  
But when he has garnered the full harvest's yield,  
His breast will be ugly and bare.

And millions of little brown seedlings  
he blows,  
As he tramps over meadow and hill,  
And laughs as he watches them float,  
though he knows  
Their pods are left empty and still.

A royally beautiful fellow is Fall,—  
In raggedy purple he's clad,—  
With a laugh and a shout he will  
squander his all  
Till he's given the last that he had!

—Eleanor Myers Jewett.

### Little Abbie's First Prayer

**A** BIGAIL was the youngest child of God-fearing parents. From babyhood she was accustomed to hearing the reading of God's word, and very early was taught the way of salvation.

Her father was a close friend of the late George Müller, the man whose childlike faith in God bore fruit in the great orphanages in Bristol, England. So little Abbie early learned that faith in God brought things to pass.

Her first childish prayer of faith was uttered on George Müller's knee. One day while in his home the little girl, then but three years old, said, "I wish God would answer my prayers as He does yours."

"He will," was the prompt reply, and taking the little child on his lap he repeated God's promise, "'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' Now, Abbie, what is it you want to ask of God?"

"Some wool," said the child.

So George Müller, clasping her hands in an attitude of prayer, said, "Now you repeat what I say: Please, God, send Abbie some wool." The child was satisfied and jumped down and ran out to her play. Suddenly she turned back and ran to Mr. Müller's house and said, "Please, God, send it wa-re-ga-ted."

The next day she was filled with joy and delight to receive a box by mail with a quantity of little balls of varied-colored wools. Her teacher, while away on a visit, had found the odds and ends of wool, and thought her little pupil might like them, so sent the box by post. Little Abbie's heart rejoiced and praised God for answering her prayer, and her faith in Him increased.

When she told the answer to her friend, George Müller, he again taught her words of the Lord Jesus in regard to prayer. "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy

door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." As God's word was also read daily and obeyed by Abbie's parents, she really loved the Lord and prayed to Him a long time before she openly confessed Him.

Early one morning she was playing in Mr. Müller's garden at the orphanage. Mr. Müller took her hand, saying, "Come, see what our Father will do," and he led her into a long dining-room. The plates and cups or bowls were on the table, but there was nothing on the table but empty dishes. There was no food in the larder, and no money to supply the need. The children were standing waiting for their morning meal, when Mr. Müller said, "Children, you know we must be on time for school." Then lifting his hand, he said, "Dear Father, we thank Thee for what Thou are going to give us to eat."

A knock at the door was heard. The baker stood there and said, "Mr. Müller, I couldn't sleep last night. Somehow I felt you didn't have bread for breakfast, and the Lord wanted me to send you some. So I got up at two o'clock and baked fresh bread, and have brought it."

Mr. Müller thanked the man and praised God for His care, then said, "Children, we not only have bread, but the rare treat of fresh bread." No sooner had he said this than there came a second knock at the door. This time it was a milkman. He said his milk cart had broken down right in front of the orphanage, and that he would like to give the children his cans of fresh milk, so he could empty his wagon and repair it.

These incidents made a great impression on little Abbie. She learned that God, in answer to the prayer of faith, made with thanksgiving, would supply His children with needed food. So step by step God was leading His precious little child, little both in years and in the faith.



Even a little child's faith is tested. Abbie's mother was ill. One night during her fifth year her loved mother had a severe hemorrhage, and was given up to die. An older sister hurried upstairs to bring the baby sister, to receive her mother's good-by kiss. Telling her that her mother was dying, and that they must hurry, the little girl began crying, "My mother must not die; my mother must not die." As they passed a closet at the foot of the stairs, Abbie asked her sister to let her go in the closet alone for a few minutes. The sister put her down, but told her to hurry. Little Abbie entered the closet, shut the door and closed the window, then kneeling prayed: "Dear Lord, here I am. I've done just what You said. I've come to the closet, and I've shut the door. No one is here but just You and me. Please, dear Lord, don't let my mother die till I've confessed Christ."

A great peace filled her heart, and she ran to her mother's bed, saying, "My mother will not die." Her mother reached out loving arms to enfold her baby, and to the surprise of the physician, fell into a natural sleep, clasping her little girl. When she awoke, the danger was past, and while she never became entirely well, God spared her life five years.

Then Satan began troubling little Abbie. Many people think it is not important for children to be saved, but Satan is on the alert to tempt even the little ones, so how necessary it is to lead them early to the Lord Jesus.

In the prayer for God to spare her mother's life, Abbie had said, "Don't let my mother die till I've confessed Christ;" so every time she tried to tell her mother she was saved and belonged to Christ, Satan would whisper, "The minute you confess Christ, your mother will die."

For two years this torture continued. Abbie longed to tell her mother she was saved. She knew her mother was praying and longing for her salvation, but Satan kept her lips closed, by causing her to fear her confession would mean her mother's death. The child believed with her heart, but was afraid to confess with her mouth, Jesus as her Saviour.

One Sunday she started, with her parents, for service. The mother was taken in a wheel chair, since she was unable to walk. Little Abbie would trot ahead to see things, then would run back to the chair to tell her mother. Soon they heard singing, but could see no singer. "Run and see what it is, dear," said her mother.

Abbie ran ahead and found a little ragged girl a few years older than herself, sweeping the street crossing. As she swept she sang,

"I do, I do, I do believe  
That Jesus died for me;  
And through His blood, His precious blood,  
I am from sin set free."

Again she sang,

"Oh, I do, I do, I do believe  
That Jesus died for me—"

"If you believe that, then you're saved, aren't you?" said Abbie.

"Yes," said the girl. "Do you believe it?"

"I don't know," answered Abbie, great fear of confessing Him and the thought of losing her mother coming upon her.

"That's queer," said the little crossing sweeper. "Your father told me how to accept the Lord Jesus. You are his daughter and yet you don't believe in the Lord."

This was more than the child could stand.

"I do believe, so there," confessed Abbie firmly and joyfully. Turning, she ran swiftly and climbed up in the chair beside her mother. Then throwing her arms around her mother's neck, she cried, "Mother, I'm saved, whether you live or die."

What a great burden was lifted from the heart of a little child as she confessed Christ with her lips. Later in the day she told her mother how she had accepted Christ two years before, but how Satan, through fear, had kept her silent.

God spared the dear mother for three years longer, until Abbie was ten years old, and many lessons of faith were learned at her mother's knee.—Mrs. Grace K. Swanger, in *Sunday School Times*.

## Indian Babies

ONE of the interesting things encountered among the Indians of the highlands of Peru and Bolivia, is the baby. In place of strapping the baby to a board, as our North American Indians did, the South American Indians tightly wind about the baby a woollen girdle about four inches wide. Beginning just below the head, the girdle is wound about the baby, strapping down its arms, until it is completely covered with this girdle. This makes baby as stiff as a board, and even the father can handle his first-born without fear of its breaking.

The baby is carried upon the Indian's back, tightly wrapped in a shawl, which is tied across the chest of the one who is carrying the infant. It is seldom that a man is seen carrying a baby, but it goes to the field or travels wherever the mother goes. The baby gets little attention; in fact, it appears that it needs very little. Every law of twentieth-century baby culture is broken, but baby grows like a little weed, and develops rapidly. When three or four years old, a child begins to do its part of the work. It learns early to tend the sheep, and it is not strange to see a little fellow of four or five years tending several hundred sheep, with no other help than perhaps his younger brother.

REID S. SHEPARD.

Of all the bad fairies who meddle with life  
The worst are a mischievous elf and his wife.  
So whatever you're doing, beware of these two:  
They are "Haven't Much Time" and "I Guess It Will Do."

— St. Nicholas.

"I KNOW not which I love the most,  
Nor which the comeliest shows,  
The timid, bashful violet,  
Or the royal-hearted rose."



Why Live Indoors?



**Follow Me**

LISTEN to the Saviour calling,  
Hear him calling you and me,  
Calling us from sin and sorrow,  
"Come, oh, come and follow me!"

Long ago he called the fishers  
Who were toiling on the sea —  
Called them from their work and people,  
Said to them, "Come, follow me."

He is calling, still he's calling,  
Calling you whoe'er you be;  
O, how earnestly he's pleading,  
"Sinner, come and follow me!"

When I heard the Saviour calling,  
Calling lovingly to me,  
By such love my will was conquered,  
And I cried, "I'll follow thee."

When from him I sometimes wander  
Till his face no more I see,  
Still I hear him in the distance,  
Faintly calling, "Follow me."

Listen, sinner, to his pleading;  
Jesus wants to make you free,  
Wants to make you clean and spotless;  
Only say, "I'll follow thee."

Then how sweet, when dawns the morning,  
And our blessed Lord we see,  
Just to hear this loving message,  
"Welcome home, you've followed me."

E. L. TERRILL.

Poor writing caused not long ago in Vermont a railroad accident, which resulted in the death of ten persons. The train order was written so illegibly that it had to be guessed at — and the guess was tragically wrong. The lesson is plain.

## For the Finding-Out Club

**1920 Finding-Out Club**

Emma Anderson — 2	James Ekstrom
Mrs. H. G. Bogar	Gladys Gidding
Maud Bostwick — 10	Loretta Heacock
Nellie Campbell	Hazel Hanson Howard — 7
S. H. Carnahan	Arthur G. Kierstead
C. S. Channing — 3	Evelyn Leo
Margaret Cosby — 2	Ardis C. Melvin
Winifred Craig	Mary Mickelsen
Mable Davis	Opal Rogers
Ethel Dearborn — 2	Mrs. W. B. Rollins
Katherine Deiner	Bessie Sargeant
Ruth Deiner	Tyler Turner
Alva Downs	Roy Sweatt
Laura E. Downs	Ivy Van Gorder
Louisa Downs	W. C. Van Gorder
Martha Downs	Wesley Webber

**Answers to Questions Printed in "Instructor" of  
August 10**

1. THE most famous statue of Venus in the world is Venus de Milo.
2. Serpents are represented in the Laocoon sculpture.
3. Raphael painted the "Sistine Madonna."
4. Michelangelo painted the picture on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.
5. Millet painted "The Angelus."
6. Corot painted landscapes.
7. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted portraits.
8. Greuze painted children.
9. Turner specialized on landscapes, particularly the sky.
10. Benvenuto Cellini was famous for metal work.
11. Genre painting is that portraying scenes of everyday life.

12. The "Last Supper," and also the "Mona Lisa," are famous paintings made by Leonardo da Vinci.
13. The Renaissance means a revival of learning.
14. Giotto was a great artist.
15. Israels was a Dutch artist.
16. The cathedrals at Cologne and Milan and Notre Dame in Paris are Gothic in architecture.
17. Bartholdi made the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.
18. Rubens was a Flemish artist.
19. Velasquez was a Spanish painter.
20. Stuart was the celebrated American painter who made a portrait of George Washington.

**August 31****PART I**

1. Rachel Preston was the first Seventh-day Adventist.
2. The first Sabbath tract was printed in 1845.
3. The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR was established in August, 1852.
4. The denominational name was adopted Oct. 1, 1860.
5. The *Signs of the Times* was established in June, 1874.
6. Battle Creek College was founded Jan. 4, 1875.
7. Our first foreign missionary sailed Sept. 15, 1874.
8. He was Elder J. N. Andrews.
9. His grandson, Dr. John Andrews, is laboring at Tatsienlu, on the border of Tibet.
10. The first General Conference was held May 20, 1863, and there were twenty delegates.

**PART II**

Ralph Waldo Emerson, essayist, lecturer, and poet.  
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, distinguished poet.  
Washington Irving, historian, essayist, and novelist.

James Russell Lowell, poet, essayist, and diplomat.  
Abraham Lincoln, lawyer, sixteenth President of the United States.

George Bancroft, statesman and historian.  
William Cullen Bryant, statesman, editor, and poet.

James Fenimore Cooper, novelist.  
Oliver Wendell Holmes, physician, poet, essayist, and novelist.

John L. Motley, statesman and historian.  
Edgar Allan Poe, poet and writer of tales.  
Francis Parkman, historian.

Horace Mann, educator and statesman.  
Mark Hopkins, educator and author.  
Jonathan Edwards, minister and metaphysician.

Henry Ward Beecher, minister, lecturer, and author.  
William E. Channing, minister, lecturer, and writer.

Phillips Brooks, minister and writer.  
Peter Cooper, philanthropist, and founder of Cooper Institute.

George Peabody, banker and philanthropist.  
John J. Audubon, naturalist, especially interested in birds.

Asa Gray, botanist.  
Louis Agassiz, naturalist and educator.  
Joseph Henry, physicist, and secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat.  
Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of telegraphy.



Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin.  
 Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine.  
 Daniel Boone, explorer and colonizer.  
 David G. Farragut, celebrated admiral in the Civil War.

Ulysses S. Grant, celebrated general in the Civil War, eighteenth President of the United States.

Robert E. Lee, distinguished Confederate general.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, writer of romances and short stories.

William T. Sherman, celebrated general in the Civil War.

Gilbert Stuart, noted portrait painter.

James Kent, jurist, and author of "Commentaries on American Law."

John Marshall, eminent jurist.

Joseph Story, eminent jurist and author.

Rufus Choate, distinguished lawyer, orator, and statesman.

John Adams, statesman, second President of the United States.

Henry Clay, celebrated statesman and orator.

Benjamin Franklin, philosopher, statesman, printer, and editor.

Thomas Jefferson, statesman, author of the Declaration of Independence, third President of the United States.

John Greenleaf Whittier, poet and editor.

George Washington, illustrious general, statesman, and patriot, first President of the United States.

Daniel Webster, famous statesman, orator, and lawyer.

James Madison, eminent statesman, fourth President of the United States.

John Quincy Adams, statesman, orator, and diplomatist, sixth President of the United States.

Mary Lyon, teacher, and founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary (South Hadley, Massachusetts).

Andrew Jackson, celebrated general and statesman, seventh President of the United States.

Emma Willard, teacher and educational writer.

Alexander Hamilton, illustrious statesman, orator, and general, the first Secretary of the Treasury.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and miscellaneous writings.

Frances E. Willard, temperance reformer, editor, and author.

Maria Mitchell, astronomer.

Charlotte S. Cushman, actress.

**An expedition to ascend Mount Everest in the Himalayas**, the highest peak in the world, is being arranged by a committee of members of the Royal Geographical Society and the British Alpine Club. Sir Francis Younghusband, president of the Royal Geographical Society, and Sir Martin Conway, past president of the Alpine Club, are among those interested. It is the first time a really organized official expedition up the slopes of Everest has been undertaken, and the date of the expedition's departure from England is not yet known. Everest looks down on the world from his 29,002 feet of height, and no mortal has ever yet come within 10,000 feet of his summit. Friendly folk at his feet have helped maintain his sanctity, for the powers that be in Nepal, the open front door to Everest, will not permit Europeans to go on excursions in their territory. Science accordingly will have to go around and come in the other way by way of Tibet.

"NONE but those who have fortified the mind with the truths of the Bible will stand through the last great conflict."  
 — Mrs. E. G. White.

## Our Counsel Corner

*Does Isaiah 3:10-24 apply to Seventh-day Adventists?*

R. E. H.

If by this question is meant, Was this scripture written originally to describe conditions that would prevail among Seventh-day Adventists? we would at once answer, No.

But if the questioner intends to ask if these words, written for another people living in a former age, are applicable to Seventh-day Adventists, we must say, Certainly, and not only to Seventh-day Adventists, in so far as they are guilty of the follies against which the prophet inveighs, but to any others who are thus guilty.

To what extent Seventh-day Adventists are following the ways of the world in the matter of immodest dress and foolish ornamentation is not for us to say. But certainly there is in the scripture referred to a warning and an admonition that Christian women everywhere, whether Seventh-day Adventists or not, should take to heart.

That person, either man or woman, is best dressed who attracts least attention by his dress. Dress should always be appropriate to the employment and station of the wearer. It should always be modest, and should not be such as to attract attention to the wearer by its richness, "loud" style, inferiority of material, or lack of neatness in design. Says the apostle, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10:31. The "whatsoever" would certainly include our habits of dress, and the principle should be applied not only in that, but in every relation and act of life.

C. P. B.

*Do you think it is wrong to drink pop, soda water, root beer, ginger ale, etc.?*

A READER.

The Counsel Corner is not a printed conscience. The question reads, "Do you think it is wrong," etc. What I may "think" on a question of right or wrong settles nothing for the individual conscience of another.

On general principles, the practice of Christian economy would govern the too frequent indulgence in such beverages. Some so-called soft drinks are positively harmful in their effects. This has been proved by analytical tests in the case of coca-cola, for instance. On the other hand, carbonated drinks, such as phosphates, seem to have, at least in some cases, a beneficial effect, as in nausea for example. No set rule can be laid down in this matter. The individual conscience must be a guide. Keep the conscience clear, and if there be any question in your mind, err on the side of self-denial rather than self-indulgence.

C. A. R.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### VIII — The Effects of the Flood

(November 20)

##### Origin and Significance of the Rainbow

1. WHAT did God say concerning the earth after He had created it? Gen. 1:31.
2. What texts show that before the flood came, rain had never fallen on the earth? Gen. 2:5, 6; Heb. 11:7. Note 1.
3. After the flood, what beautiful appearance was for the first time seen in the heavens? Gen. 9:14.
4. What special promise did God make to man at this time? Verse 15.
5. What other promise did He make to man also? Gen. 8:22.

##### After the Flood

6. Tell how the flood changed the face of the earth. Note 2.
7. After the flood, what did God permit man to eat for food? Gen. 9:3-5. Note 3.
8. How was the earth to be repopled after the flood? Gen. 9:1.

##### The Second Apostasy

9. In the course of time, what did these people try to do? Gen. 11:4.
10. What means did the Lord use to defeat their plans? Gen. 11:6-9. Note 4.
11. What is perhaps the chief lesson taught by all created things? Job 12:7-9; Ps. 19:1.
12. How dependent are man and all the animals on the Creator? Job 12:10.
13. What are some of the other useful lessons we may learn from the living creatures about us? Prov. 6:6-8; Matt. 6:26. Note 5.



## Notes

1. "The world before the flood reasoned that for centuries the laws of nature had been fixed. The recurring seasons had come in their order. Heretofore rain had never fallen; the earth had been watered by a mist or dew. The rivers had never yet passed their boundaries, but had borne their waters safely to the sea. Fixed decrees had kept the waters from overflowing their banks."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* pp. 96, 97.

2. "The earth presented an appearance of confusion and desolation impossible to describe. The mountains, once so beautiful in their perfect symmetry, had become broken and irregular. Stones, ledges, and ragged rocks were now scattered upon the surface of the earth. In many places, hills and mountains had disappeared, leaving no trace where they once stood; and plains had given place to mountain ranges. These changes were more marked in some places than in others. Where once had been earth's richest treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones, were seen the heaviest marks of the curse. And upon countries that were not inhabited, and those where there had been the least crime, the curse rested more lightly."—*Id.*, p. 108.

3. "Before this time God had given man no permission to eat animal food; He intended that the race should subsist wholly upon the productions of the earth; but now that every green thing had been destroyed, He allowed them to eat the flesh of the clean beasts that had been preserved in the ark."—*Id.*, p. 107.

4. "God had directed men to disperse throughout the earth, to replenish and subdue it; but these Babel builders determined to keep their community united in one body, and to found a monarchy that should eventually embrace the whole earth. Thus their city would become the metropolis of a universal empire; its glory would command the admiration and homage of the world, and render the founders illustrious. The magnificent tower, reaching to the heavens, was intended to stand as a monument of the power and wisdom of its builders, perpetuating their fame to the latest generations. . . . The whole undertaking was designed to exalt still further the pride of its projectors, and to turn the minds of future generations away from God, and lead them into idolatry."—*Id.*, p. 119.

5. "The ants teach lessons of patient industry, of perseverance in surmounting obstacles, of providence for the future. And the birds are teachers of the sweet lesson of trust. Our heavenly Father provides for them; but they must gather the food, they must build their nests, and rear their young. Every moment they are exposed to enemies that seek to destroy them. . . . The eagle of the Alps is sometimes beaten down by the tempest into the narrow defiles of the mountains. Storm clouds shut in this mighty bird of the forest, their dark masses separating her from the sunny heights where she has made her home. Her efforts to escape seem fruitless. She dashes to and fro, beating the air with her strong wings, and waking the mountain echoes with her cries. At length, with a note of triumph, she darts upward, and, piercing the clouds, is once more in the clear sunlight, with the darkness and tempest far beneath. So we may be surrounded with difficulties, discouragement, and darkness. Falsehood, calamity, injustice, shut us in. There are clouds that we cannot dispel. We battle with circumstances in vain. There is one, and but one, way of escape. The mists and fogs cling to the earth; beyond the clouds God's light is shining. Into the sunlight of His presence we may rise on the wings of faith."—*"Education,"* pp. 117-119.

## Intermediate Lesson

### VIII—At the Home of Mary and Martha; Dining with a Pharisee

(November 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 10: 38-42; 11: 37-54.

MEMORY VERSE: "One thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Luke 10: 42.

#### The Setting of the Lesson

Jesus had no home of His own. He was dependent upon the hospitality of His friends. "Our Saviour appreciated a quiet home and interested listeners. He longed for human tenderness, courtesy, and affection."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 524.

At the time of this visit to Bethany, the home of Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus, Jesus and His disciples had made the toilsome journey on foot from Jericho, about twenty miles away.

"O Lord, I pray  
That for this day  
I may not swerve  
By foot or hand  
From Thy command  
Not to be served, but to serve."

#### Questions

1. In whose house did Jesus at one time find rest? Who was her sister? How did she show her interest in the teaching of Jesus? Luke 10: 38, 39. Note 1.
2. What caused Martha to make a complaint? Verse 40.
3. With what kind words did Jesus gently rebuke Martha? What did He say of Mary? Verses 41, 42. Note 2.
4. With whom did Jesus dine on a certain occasion? What caused surprise to His host? Luke 11: 37, 38. Note 3.
5. In what way did Jesus set forth the pretense to goodness which the Pharisees claimed? Verse 39.
6. What were they foolish to forget? What should they be doing? Verses 40, 41.
7. How careful were the Pharisees in the matter of tithing? But what did they "pass over"? What did Jesus say they should have done? Verse 42.
8. For what other reason did Jesus pronounce a woe upon the Pharisees? Verse 43.
9. What did He say the scribes and Pharisees were like? Verse 44. Note 4.
10. What did one of the lawyers say to Jesus? What did Jesus say they had done in their work for the people? Verses 45, 46.
11. What was the reason for another "woe" pronounced upon this class? Verses 47, 48. Note 5.
12. What effect did the teaching of these men really have? Verse 52.
13. What did the words of Jesus lead the scribes and Pharisees to do? What was their purpose in this? Verses 53, 54.

#### Things to Look Up

The location of Bethany.

Meaning of "woe."

Three verses in Matthew 11 which are in sharp contrast to Luke 11: 46.

#### Notes

1. Jesus "had been glad to escape to this peaceful household, away from the suspicion and jealousy of the angry Pharisees. Here He found a sincere welcome, and pure, holy friendship. Here He could speak with simplicity and perfect freedom, knowing that His words would be understood and treasured."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 524.

2. "The 'one thing' that Martha needed was a calm, devotional spirit, a deeper anxiety for knowledge concerning the future, immortal life, and the graces necessary for spiritual advancement. She needed less anxiety for the things which pass away, and more for those things which endure forever."—*Id.*, p. 525.

3. This does not refer to the washing of hands to cleanse them, but to the ceremonial washing which was a religious form.

4. It was a custom of the Jews to whitewash a flat tomb, so that the passer-by might avoid walking upon it, and thus become "defiled" according to their traditions. The neglect of this custom would cause many persons to transgress unconsciously. The scribes and Pharisees had become useless as guideboards or signs of the way of righteousness.

5. By building these tombs they pretended to honor the prophets that their forefathers had put to death; but their actions show them to possess the same spirit as that which led their fathers to kill the prophets.

#### "He Abideth Faithful"

"FAITHFUL" to the mighty laws He made for sky and sea;  
"Faithful" to the great commands He gave to you and me;  
"Faithful" in His perfect love, and "faithful" to His name;  
Aye, "He abideth faithful," to eternity the same!

Man may doubt the promises within the written word;  
Man may fail and falter, and deny the living Lord;  
Yet "He abideth faithful," the sinner's faithful Friend;  
Aye, "He abideth faithful," to the very, very end!

—Sunday School Times.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,  
Is a healthy body and mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please.  
A heart that can feel for another's woe,  
With sympathies large enough to enfold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

—Selected.





# EDITORIAL



FANNIE D. CHASE, Editor

LORA E. CLEMENT  
MATILDA E. ANDROSS

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

M. E. KERN

C. A. RUSSELL

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

## A Quaint Sermon

IN one of the great Italian cathedrals a noted friar of the order of Saint Francis, then newly founded, was preaching. A great concourse of people filled the building, and twilight deepened the heavy shadows of the dimly lighted and heavily arched chancel and nave. The friar preached almost in darkness.

His theme was "God's Love to Men and Their Response." With the passionate eloquence of the period, he pictured God's mighty act of creation, the wonder of his gift of life to men, and the beauty of the earth. But more especially he dwelt upon the gift of the only begotten Son—the matchless beauty of Christ's life among men—the glorious redemption offered in him to all who would repent and believe. The friar's earnestness deeply impressed the people, and a solemn stillness hung over the vast assembly. The darkness by this time had deepened still further, and the congregation could only just perceive the outline of the friar's dark-robed figure.

"Now," he continued, "let us consider how mankind has responded to the divine goodness and mercy."

With those words he left the pulpit and passed slowly to the altar. From among its many candles he chose one and lighted it. The one gleam of pure light shone upon a great crucifix hung above the altar. Slowly and solemnly and without a word, in the breathless stillness of that vast throng, the friar raised the candle until it lighted up first one wound, then another, in the feet, the hands, the side, and finally the sacred head of the Crucified.

There the light lingered a moment, and the hush deepened upon the awe-struck congregation. Then he blew out the light and sat down. The sermon was over. The stillness was broken only by audible sobs.—*Selected.*

## What Are You to Be?

ONE of our workers while attending the Missionary Volunteer convention held in Indianapolis last month, was passing through University Park, and got into conversation with a lad of but few years and asked him what he wanted to be when he became a man. The little tot answered quickly, "An ice cream man." Perhaps his ambition was somewhat selfish, but it shows that one may very early in life set a goal for oneself, though of course this is subject to change with increase of years and knowledge.

If you of the INSTRUCTOR family had had the same question put to you by the interrogator of the small lad, what would you have answered? There are so many people in the world to make ice cream, sell goods, drive cars, keep books, build houses, and do the thousand other honorable and necessary things that must be done, why should you not plan to do one of the big things which the crowd in general overlook? Why should you not serve your fellow men as doctor, minister, teacher, colporteur carrying the word of life to the very doors of the

people, or as a nurse ministering to the sick, meanwhile directing them to the Great Physician, who heals both soul and body?

Is it not a great thing to be one for whom the Lord of heaven and earth prepares the way by sending an angel before him to give a dream or special impression to some man or woman, that that person may be prepared to welcome him and to receive the book that bears to him the saving message of truth?

Is it not a wonderful thing to be a medical missionary in heathen lands where ignorance is so great that the native "medicine man" will treat a patient suffering from gallstones, by puncturing the abdomen with a metal key and allowing the wound to remain open to become infected?

Is it not an interesting and responsible work to be a leader of the young people; to be an educational superintendent, or an efficient instructor of youth, pointing them along the upward way spiritually as well as intellectually?

Is it not an acknowledged fact that Jesus of Nazareth did the greatest work that has ever been done by any man for the world? Does it not follow, then, that any line of work that makes you tread the path of service for others that Jesus gladly trod for you, is a great work?

Boys and girls, in planning your life-work, keep your eyes on the great things, on the eternal things. There's more joy in service that saves but brings perhaps only small monetary reward, than in ordinary work that is rich in its financial returns but does nothing positive in healing sin-sick souls.

F. D. C.

## Mrs. Asquith's Gentle Rebuke

BEFORE the present Mrs. Asquith, wife of the British premier, went to the marriage altar, she, with Mr. Asquith, was dining with Sir Henry and Lady Campbell Bannerman. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone also were guests at this dinner. Some of the ladies present thought that Margaret Tennant, the prospective bride, was not serious enough to be the wife of a possible prime minister; so they volunteered some wise counsel as to the duties of one holding such an important position. Mrs. Asquith, in relating the incident later, said:

"When Mr. Gladstone came into the drawing-room, I felt depressed, and, clinging to his arm, I switched him off in a corner and said I feared the ladies took me for a jockey or a ballet girl, as I had been abjured to give up dancing, riding, and acting. He patted my hand, said he knew no one better fitted to be the wife of a great politician than myself, and ended by saying that, while I was entitled to discard exaggeration in rebuke, it was a great mistake not to take criticism wisely and in a spirit which might turn it to good account.

"I have often thought of this when I see how brittle and egotistical people are at the smallest disapprobation. There is no greater test of size than the way people take criticism, but, judging stature by this standard, most people are dwarfs."

We believe Mr. Gladstone's counsel is sufficiently general in its character to be worthy of appropriation by others than Mrs. Asquith.

F. D. C.

## Unadulterated Honesty

LITTLE George Caviness had just entered upon a new era in life, that of schoolboy. When asked by an elder, if he was not now going to school, he answered soberly, "Yes, we all have to come to it." When another friend inquired which part of school he liked best, he gravely replied, "Recess."