

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 16

Too Busy to Freeze

How swiftly the glittering brook runs by,
Pursuing its busy career,
Reflecting the beams of the cheerful sun
In waters transparent and clear;
Kissing the reeds and the lowly flowers,
Refreshing the roots of the trees;
Happy all summer to ripple a song,
In winter, *too busy to freeze.*

Onward it glides, whether sunshine or rain
Awaits on its vigorous way,
And prattles of hope and sustaining love,
Whether cloudy or bright the day;
Chill winter around may his torpor fling,
And on lazier waters seize,
But the nimble brook is too much for him,
Being far *too busy to freeze.*

May we, like the brook, in our path through life,
As active and steady pursue
The course in which real utility lies,
Which is lovely and useful, too;
Still nourish the needy, refresh the sad,
And, despising indulgent ease,
Adorn life's current with generous work,
With love that's *too busy to freeze.*

—*Selected.*



"PORTUGAL is kind to its deposed king. Instead of confiscating the royal estates, it has consented that he may receive the revenues from them, pending a complete financial settlement."

"IF Texas were as thickly settled as Rhode Island, it would have one hundred thirty-four million inhabitants—almost one tenth of the entire population of the globe. Every man, woman, and child could have more than an acre of land at that."

THE quick lunch on wheels is what the Southern Pacific Railroad Company calls its new form of restaurant cars, designed for day-coach travelers who do not care to patronize the expensive diners, or risk their digestion in the hurried bolting of meals at the meal stations. The new cars reproduce within the dimensions of an ordinary railroad car the important features of the dairy lunch room of the business districts of large cities.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *World's Work* says: "I was brought up in a log cabin with one window and four small panes of greasy muslin. My children were born in similar cabins. One of these children is professor of botany in Maryland Agricultural College; another is an expert in plant-breeding in the Department of Agriculture at Washington; another is a landscape-gardener's wife at Buffalo; another is the wife of a prosperous contractor and builder in Idaho, and my baby girl is teaching domestic economy in a county high school in Colorado."

Look thou with pity on a brother's fall,
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault;
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all;
Were that withdrawn, thou too wouldst swerve and halt.
—J. Edmeston.

"Aero Traveler," Newest Air Craft, May Solve Many Problems

AN airship which, in the opinion of its designer and many experts, has solved the greatest problems of airship construction, and which, if proved as practicable as expected, will revolutionize aerial navigation, has been invented by John H. Nolan, of 18 Bowden St., Boston, a seventy-five-year-old war veteran.

The most amazing characteristic of the machine, which is known as the "aero traveler," is its reputed ability to rise abruptly from the ground or from the deck of a war-ship. Another of its great properties is that it is claimed it can hold at any height, and should any of the numerous motors with which it is equipped get out of order, the quick turn of another motor will prevent any possible accidents.

Not only is it so equipped as to prevent loss of life from sudden turning in cross air currents, but it will exceed in speed any craft yet invented. It is claimed by the inventor that when completely perfected one can safely navigate the distance from here to Europe in thirty hours.

Mr. Nolan, who has had his latest machine patented, started work on it at the time of the Spanish-American war, but owing to his inability to procure the proper fuel, gave it up for a time. About a year ago, he again commenced work on it, and has at last, as he believes, invented a machine that will meet all requirements of the aerial navigator, especially those necessary to operate from vessels.—*Boston Post*.

The Courage of Queen Mary as Princess of Wales

QUEEN MARY, of England, is very averse to women's smoking. Once when Princess of Wales she was a dinner guest of a well-known London hostess. After dinner the hostess sought and obtained the royal consent for some of the women to smoke cigarettes, it not being then generally known how opposed the princess was to this practise. "But, while the cigarettes were being smoked, she remained standing, and of course, every other woman in the room had to do likewise.

"The hostess, however, had the shrewdness to guess why her royal guest did not sit down, and in a few minutes managed to convey her wish to the women who were smoking that they should throw away their cigarettes, which they did, for they also suspected why they were kept standing.

"The queen then sat down; and she has never since had reason to express her dislike of ladies' smoking in her presence."

Books Young People Should Read

"Adoniram Judson," by Edward Judson

THIS little book tells in a simple, straightforward way, the life story of that noble man who is known as "the father of American missions." India was his chosen field, and there he spent himself in heroic service. Through famine and sickness, and even in the face of death, the little mission family remained at their post of duty. During the war with England, Judson was confined in the "death prison" at Alva. It will strengthen your faith to read how his unfinished translation of the Bible into Burmese was concealed during this trying time. Each chapter will bring you closer to one of the men who, recognizing his Master's call in the great commission, answered, "Here am I, Lord, send me." The price of this book is seventy-five cents in cloth binding. Order from the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

"The Lover's Love," by William P. Pearce

Luther once spoke of John 3:16 as "the gospel in a nutshell." "The Lover's Love" is an exposition of this text. The author gives many forceful illustrations which show how boundless and fathomless is the love of our Father. To take God at his word is the greatest honor we can accord him. The gift of eternal life he has offered free to all. Each reader is drawn to answer for himself whether or not he will accept "Calvary's Substitute," of whom Paul said, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me." The book contains 172 pages, and may be obtained from the Review and Herald Publishing Association for seventy-five cents, cloth binding.

HANG on, cling on, no matter what they say.
Push on, sing on, things will come your way.
Sitting down and whining never helps a bit;
Best way to get there is by keeping up your grit.
—Louis E. Thayer.

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Rouse to Action, Volunteers!

MAX HILL

THE message of the kingdom
O haste to bear away
In this our generation!
It must go forth to-day.
Far the joyful message bearing,
Glorious tidings gladly sharing,
Matchless love of God declaring,
Bear the message, Volunteers.
Bear the news to every land;
Bear the message true and grand,
Hopeless millions waiting stand;
Rouse to action, Volunteers!

Gird on the gospel armor,
Be girt about with truth;
Go forth unto the battle,
Grand army of the youth.
Take the helmet of salvation,
Toil with prayer and supplication,
Ever new thy consecration,
Bear the message, Volunteers.
Up! the need is great to-day.
Charge the foe, nor longer stay,
Forth into the battle fray.
Rouse to action, Volunteers!

The tribes of earth are calling
In tones of piteous woe;
The millions now are pleading,
The way of life to know.
Bravely to the battle springing,
To the promise ever clinging,
Victory in Jesus singing,
Bear the message, Volunteers.
Up! the Master calls for thee.
Up! the dying millions see.
Up! and claim the victory.
Rouse to action, Volunteers!

The Power of Influence

RHAE ALLBON

COME with me through the boundless realms of space, and behold a vast array of worlds, each rolling on in its own orbit. As we reach those twinkling points of light which to our present vision seem to bound the universe, we find them but a small part of the limitless expanse of worlds beyond our ken. Yet never through the startled air comes the sound of world crashing upon world, destroyed by turning aside from the appointed paths. Why not?—Because over each and all some silent, mysterious power is exerted, silent as the realms of death, mysterious as God himself, yet very real and lasting. Call it by what name you will, and ascribe its existence to any cause, still the power remains. Long ago Job asked, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

In the nineteenth century the science of astronomy had advanced far on its way. It was in 1846, however, that one of the most satisfactory discoveries was made. The influence of the planets over one another is measurable, and the fertile brain of man discovered the exact quality and direction of these influences. Uranus was up to this time the limit of our known system, but a close examination of its movements showed them to be erratic, unless some unknown cause was at work. Such an irregularity must not be allowed to pass unnoticed, so the inquiries were all directed to the point of ascertaining why Uranus so moved from the path mapped out for it by man. Leverrier, of France, was the first to publish the astronomical calculations, and direct attention to the supposed position of another planet whose presence would explain these perturbations. Galle, of Berlin, made the actual discovery, bringing forth to our finite knowledge another member of the sun's family. The astronomer Young says, "Uranus failed to move precisely in the path computed for it, and was misguided by some influence to an extent which could almost be seen by the human eye."

These men worked on a known law thought out a century before by Sir Isaac Newton, whose name is so familiar to us all. He named this influence gravitation, and summed it up in technical terms, "Every particle of matter is attracted by, or gravi-

tated to, every other particle," etc. As his discovery began to dawn upon him, its greatness overwhelmed him, and well it might; for he had found out the greatest power in the universe. Newton's work was not done in a day, and the world has unanimously accorded him the wreath of laurels he so richly deserves when it names his work as the "grandest effort of human genius."

It answers questions often asked by the children, and by grown-up children too: Why do not the people on the other side of the world fall off? Why does the ball we throw so high return to us? Why should the feather loosened from the bird's wing as it flies far above us come fluttering to the ground? Newton's discovery helped men to plan out the path of the heavenly bodies, and to spy out Neptune. It explains why the tides rise and fall so regularly on our coasts. Yet when all is said and done, who can understand it?—I think only the Christian who traces back the influence to the Mighty Being from whom it emanates, as he sits enthroned in light and keeps his vigilant eye on the affairs of the universe.

The mighty, restless, boundless sea attracts us all. There is no sameness about it, but in its varying moods we may ever find a reflex of our own. To-day we shall find it mild and calm, almost playful as it gently laps the sand at our feet. No one would think there could be any danger in such a playfellow, even as the tiger hides its cruel claws when amusing itself with its victim. To-morrow the sea displays its power and lashes itself to foam, as a tiger waiting its prey. Upon its bosom it now carries the wrecks of its anger, the victims of its wrath. It rushes upon the land, and flings itself against the mighty bulwarks of nature in quest of further spoils, till the earth trembles lest all her children should perish.

But a voice sounds through the raging tumult, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Is this mighty power then held in check?—Yes, constantly it is dragged a captive at the triumphal car of that pale goddess who beams so serenely upon us night by night and sheds her influence with those beams. This is her most important task. Should she neglect it, commerce would be stopped till it could readjust it-

self to unconceived conditions. The tides ceasing to ebb and flow, would shut up the ports and leave the vessels stranded either without or within. But her influence does not cease. To-night we stand upon the shore, and watch the waves run up and up, then shrink back again. To-morrow we are in the same place, but a stretch of sand lies between us and the water. The moon is tardy in her footsteps, and we must wait her hour before the waters reach us once more.

Noise and show are not necessary adjuncts to influence, but rather the reverse. Influence is defined as the "bringing about of an effect, physical or moral, by a gradual process," "controlling power quietly exerted." We have not far to seek for an illustration. The sound of Aurora's chariot wheels ushering in the day is dispelling nature's dreams and recalling her to consciousness. The spirits of the night retire, and the great orb of day springing up behind the distant hills, dispels the mists and laughs at the fears engendered by the darkness. Birds twitter, and the air hums with life. The sunflower wakens and bows its face in adoration to the visible manifestation of the Power that made it. Noon comes with its blare of trumpets, and the flower holds up its head in pride, gazing with undazzled eye at the source of its glory. But as the day wears on, and the sun declines in the west, the flower follows its downward path in despair, and bows its head in sad farewell. How quietly the power which drew that flower throughout the day, was exercised, yet how real is the power which can so affect not only one single flower, but call upward the mighty forests with their summits towering to the sky! If the center of our system should weary of one part of its work, and refuse to smile upon vegetation, upon what would the life of our world depend?

In reading an introduction to a "Life of Wesley" recently, I noticed these sentences: "The influence of a good man circulates long after he is dead. Indeed, some men never die, they are perpetuated as active forces in human life by the influence they have created." How true! Even finite man exercises a power; it may be a repelling power or a drawing power, an evil or a good control, but "no man liveth to himself, nor dieth to himself." Is it not man's privilege to draw others the right way, even as the stars hold each other to their paths? The difference in the power with which God has endowed man is that it is to be controlled by his will.

From an impure source comes only impure water. So let us turn to the source,—the thoughts and intents of the heart. What but these influence our every word and action? "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." We put it figuratively when we speak of a heart black with guilt. Must not Cain have harbored evil thoughts of jealousy until his heart was stained, and his hand raised for the murderous blow? Eve, too, the first on earth to cast her influence on the wrong side, doubtless thought much ere she seized the fateful fruit. And down the stream of time, every action has sprung from the secret thought. Does the stream which bubbles suddenly from the sand of the desert have no beginning? Surely, away back in the hills it gathered and has trickled along out of sight, until the opportunity presents itself which permits it to come to light again. The course of thoughts may be submerged, but the apparently thoughtless word or act is but the springing up of the hidden stream.

"Who would appear clean, must be clean all through." "He who would write heroic poems should make his whole life a heroic poem." We never can rise above the level of our thoughts, as water never rises above the level of its source. How careful, then, we should be to guard against the first temptation along some new path of evil! A twig may change the course of a brooklet, but a mighty dam scarce holds the river's torrent.

Our thoughts primarily affect ourselves, making us what we are and what we ever shall be; but the crystallizing of them into words and actions affects others. There came a time in Alexander Graham Bell's scientific research when poverty and apparent failure almost discouraged him. He met Prof. Joseph Henry, who gave him a kindly hearing and advised him to keep on. One thing stood in the way,—Bell's lack of electrical knowledge. Two words gave him all the impetus he needed, "Get it." They helped him beyond measure. He "got" his knowledge, and also that for which he sought, and presented to the world the telephone. Many times has a word in season cast the balance on the right side.

The boys have been numerous who in later life have acknowledged the potency of the life of some teacher, employer, or maybe the mother, to direct in the right way. Perhaps the mother has the greatest power. Alice Cary says, "The still, sweet influence of a life of prayer quickens their hearts who never bow the knee." Many a wandering son has been recalled to the paths of rectitude by that influence, while others have been kept from straying. Edison gave a noble testimony to the work of his mother when at the height of his career he attributed all his success to her. Standing round the grave of Dwight L. Moody's mother, Mr. Moody, Dr. Pier-son, and Mr. F. B. Meyer all made the same confession. Probably Mackay, of Uganda, would never have seen his field of labor had it not been for his parents' training. And the same may be said of a large number of others.

Would John Ruskin ever have developed the literary ability which he did had not the best of books and pictures and scenery been provided for him in childhood by his wise parents? John Coleridge Patteson, of the South Seas, is described as "one of the purest, saintliest, and most heroic of characters, conspicuous for truth and love." Did such traits spring up spontaneously? We are told they "may be traced to his parents." It was their influence which drew him to the right. On the other hand, may not the reason of a spoiled life, such as Byron's, be found in the unwise, capricious training of childhood?

In a congregation of two thousand, only sixteen testified to a change of life after being molded forty years by sin. Here are two lessons for us: We realize the need of great carefulness in our contact with children. They are great imitators, and we never know when and how closely we are watched. One was asked what turned her thoughts to the necessity of a Christian life, and she replied, the devout attention shown by her Sabbath-school teacher in the church service. The other lesson is the awful power wrong thoughts and deeds must have, as evidenced by the difficulty of breaking away from them. Satan's long experience has taught him how to secure the shackles on the sinning soul, and often the new leaves turned are soon spoiled and disfigured.

Who has not been stirred to a desire for nobler, better things by the recital of the deeds of some of

the world's heroes? Hero worship is common to humanity, though all might not acknowledge it, and all heroes are not the same. The deeds of Nelson, Drake, and other sea kings, and of military heroes, as Napoleon and his enemy Wellington, Alexander of ancient times, and Kitchener of modern,—all these stir the minds of our boys to emulation. Patriots, such as Washington and Lincoln in the States; politicians, as Gladstone; men who struggled for an almost hopeless cause, as William of Orange and Bruce of Scotland, all inspire us, breathe into us, the hope of greater deeds. For what do the names of Florence Nightingale, Mary Lyon, and Fidelia Fiske stand in the hearts of our girls? Before the mind passes a long procession of men and women who have made their mark in the world's history. Above them all rises the majestic figure of the Divine Man, without whose silent, permeating influence this world would be a chaos of evil. Every manifestation of virtue comes from that source.

While the great men of the past help or hinder, it is from our daily companions that we receive our constant impressions. Truly terrible is the power each wields; but rightly used, how great a blessing! Mrs. E. G. White has given a good summary of the question, so I quote:—

"Every act, every word, is a seed that will bear fruit." "By the atmosphere surrounding us, every person with whom we come in contact is consciously or unconsciously affected. Our words, our acts, our dress, our deportment, even the expression of our countenance, has an influence. . . . By our unconscious influence thousands may be blessed. Character is power."

The Chinese New-Year

THE Chinese New-year presents many peculiarities to the foreigner. The date of this festival is flexible. Last year it came on the tenth of February; this year on the thirtieth of January. Next year it will be celebrated about the middle of February.

The New-year is the greatest day of the year to the Chinese. It is about the only general holiday, though there are many local or more or less general celebrations of one kind or another. The fifth day of the fifth month is quite generally celebrated.

The New-year celebration begins six days before the real new year by the celebration of what is called the small new year. Business does not stop, but people indulge in some extras, if they can afford them. The firing of firecrackers is a prominent feature of this early celebration, and exceeds that of the American Fourth of July celebration.

The night before New-year's the popping of firecrackers is kept up all night. Our friends tell us that the people are accustomed to staying up all night on New-year's eve and New-year's night; but after they learn the gospel they abandon that custom. They also lose the desire to throw away their money in the purchase of firecrackers. I do not think ten cents was spent this year by our people here for firecrackers. Doubtless our custom of sitting up to see the new year in was borrowed from the Chinese; for I suppose they celebrated their new year in this way long before America was discovered.

The Chinese New-year resembles our Christmas, in that it is a time for the giving of presents. This is not an iron-bound custom, but many persons exchange presents at this time.

New-year's day itself is not so noisy as the night

before, perhaps because many of the people want to sleep. No business is performed. The day is devoted to giving and receiving presents and to making calls. No stores are open, and supposedly nothing is sold on the street. The celebration lasts for fifteen days. The second day, however, there are a few persons on the streets selling food. I saw only one store open, and that a drug-store. The third day a few stores and restaurants opened. The front of the store is boarded up at night; so when a merchant is ready to do business on a limited scale, the door is left open, and perhaps a board is removed from the front. The next day a few more boards are removed, and so on until all are off, and the merchant is ready for full business. There is no particular time when the different kinds of stores can open; but it seems to depend on how long the owners can live on what they have laid up, and how anxious they are to make money. This is the seventh day of this year's celebration, and nearly half of the stores are open; but there are yet eight days left of the proper New-year celebration.

It is not strange that the Chinese want to have a real celebration at New-year's time, because it combines more than any one of our holiday occasions. The Chinese have a queer way of reckoning their ages. They call a child one year old when born, and if it should be born in the first or the last of the year, New-year's day is its birthday, and so another year is added. A child, then, only a few months old may be called two years old. I have heard that in the case of the emperor, if he comes to the throne very young, the people are sorry because he is so young and has such great responsibilities to bear, so from sympathy they add another year to his age. You see, then, that a person can celebrate his own birthday at New-year's, also that of the emperor, and that of the new year; altogether making this the one great Chinese celebration.

Every one is supposed to be especially polite and pleasant at this time. It is amusing to see two gentlemen of the high class meet. They shake their own hands and bow at each other. Another custom is to call upon all one's friends, or at least send them one's card. If a person calls upon you, you must return the call sometime during the two weeks. If some one sends you his card, you must return yours.

A Chinese New-year's call is a formal affair. The first thing is to shake your own hands and bow very low to each other. Then some refreshments must be served. These consist of tea, without cream or sugar, and some dainties. You may have some candies and cakes of different kinds, but one very popular thing on all great occasions is watermelon seed. The seeds are dried, and I think roasted a little; some are salted. These furnish pastime. The natives are quite expert in extracting the kernels; but if a foreigner gets them out fast enough to keep a flavor in his mouth, he may consider he is doing quite well. One must always have these seeds on hand and ready to serve. So passes the Chinese New-year.

C. SPARK.

Chang-sha, China.

I SHALL pass through this life but once; any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow being, let me do it now; let me not defer it or neglect it; for I shall not pass this way again.—*Mrs. A. B. Hegeman.*

Education in Nyasaland

JOEL C. ROGERS

WE had arranged for a special council of our native teachers at the main station, to be held January 13-16. It was also planned to celebrate the ordinances of the sacrament at the same time, and we hoped a baptismal service could be held for some candidates who have been receiving instruction two or more years. Notices were sent to our teachers in the out-schools, and all came except four at the new school lately opened by Mrs. Rogers and six at our Monekera out-station, who failed to receive the notice. It was not thought best to call the teachers from the school which was only well begun. And we now see that this was wise, as the school has grown from forty-five at the opening to about ninety at the last report.

The teachers in heathen villages find a strong tide of wicked customs and practises to work against, and we like to gather them in to the main station two or three times a year for communion with the church. Thus they are greatly strengthened and encouraged. It is our plan to send "them out two and two," and if the school is large or perhaps two schools near together, even three or four go, some of them being beginners under a head teacher. The teachers of near-by schools usually meet together on Sabbaths, and they always gather the people for Sabbath-school and preaching. Some of our European workers try to make a visit to each out-school once a month. Unfortunately, we are not always able to accomplish this desirable end, on account of other duties or sickness.

At the time of our special January meeting, we had cause to appreciate fully the help of another brother at the station, Brother Ellingworth. Mrs. Rogers experienced about the worst attack of fever that she has yet suffered, which began two days before the appointed meetings and continued until they were over. On the seventeenth we were obliged to send her to Blantyre in a *machila* for the higher altitude. The fever finished with congestion of the brain, which no person, apparently, could live through for many days. This experience forces upon us the necessity of having a cottage in Blantyre, or at some other favorable place, for a refuge in sickness. Such a place would save more than its cost in a few years' time. At present the only place we can go is to a hospital or a hotel, where the expense is from ten to twelve shillings a day. As nearly as I can estimate, without going into the accounts, our workers have paid about fifty pounds in this way during the past four years. This amount would build a comfortable cottage, and furnish it with plain necessities. It is probable that we could get some income from renting it part of the year.

At the ordinance service twenty-six members, besides Europeans, took part. The participants seemed to realize the meaning of this sacred service. Many members are scattered at their homes this time of year. And some twenty or more live at Monekera, sixty miles away. We hope to celebrate the ordinances at that place soon. In council with our teachers we have planned some changes in the school terms which we believe will add very much to the success of our educational efforts. Instead of one long term running through the fever season, we have arranged for two terms, one of them particularly for the train-

ing of teachers, and to have our long vacation during November, December, and January, which are the very hot, trying months, as also the native planting time.

It will be necessary to bring about these changes gradually, which we shall do during this year. In 1912, if all works as planned, our school terms will be as follows:—

1. February, March, April, teachers' training school. The whole of these three months are to be given to those preparing for teaching, and the better training of those already teaching.

2. From May to October, village out-schools, and Anglo-vernacular school at main station, six months.

3. From November to January, general vacation, three months. During this vacation period, some teachers will go to their homes, from one hundred to two hundred or three hundred miles away, to preach among their villages. All students who want work for earning tax money, etc., will be given work at regular wages in our cotton fields and other industries, as these three months are the time of hoeing and planting. This plan will also leave the European workers free to oversee industries, and to take needed rest or change without breaking into school duties.

There are also other advantages which those in the field will appreciate. It is not unlikely that these changes may reduce the number in our schools temporarily, but we are very sure that ultimately the attendance will be increased thereby. We trust it will be as the time of gathering and concentrating the various units of a great army preparatory to the final charge,—in this case upon heathen superstition in this part of Central Africa. For this we pray and invite you, our readers, to pray sincerely.

A few more items must close this story of Malamulo mission at the opening of a new year. One of our faithful teachers from Malavi out-school reported twenty-four in special Bible class, as candidates for baptism. He and his brother established that school over two years ago, and opened another recently. Said Andrea, the teacher, "You must come and teach them more fully and then baptize them." Fourteen have been in the class two years, and eight are women, which is rather remarkable. The older women are usually among the last to receive the gospel. Six of these women are elderly, two are girls. The best I could offer this teacher in response to his wish was a compromise. I said: "You can see that my wife is dangerously sick. How can I leave her now? I should stay there a month. Please bring those longest in the class to Malamulo, and I will prepare them, and they can be baptized with our candidates here." He replied, "I can not leave my school, but will send the people." Our intended baptism was deferred because of sickness, so I hope these from Malavi will be ready the next time.

We have been praying for the old men in villages near the mission. Three of them came to join our candidates' class, which rejoices our hearts greatly. So far no old man here has fully accepted Christ. We are now instructing them in the way of life. May God change these superstitious heathen hearts fully, and may they be the seed for a large harvest of others like themselves!

Our council suggested that the teachers of all out-schools each try to bring two bright boys to the main station at the beginning of the session May first, for training as prospective teachers and evangelists. We have openings for schools across the River Shire near the Portuguese border in virgin territory, densely populated.

We Have No Time

No builder will dispute the statement that it never pays to put poor material into the foundation of a building. If it is to be a large one, and for a special purpose demanding firm floors and walls, the builder is all the more anxious that the foundation may be so deep and firm that not a jar can be felt in all the building. The joists will be of the best lumber, firmly set in a base of stone or concrete; and then the superstructure will be secure.

The development of character is often spoken of as character-building. The poet has truly said that "our to-days and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build." Then can we afford to use in that foundation days which are of poor material? Can we build them on an insufficient foundation, and hope for a firm structure? — No, indeed. Carelessly performed tasks are not good material. Neglected duties soon decay. Slighted opportunities soon pass away. All are builders; all must build; every day adds something to the character-building — something good or something poor. With each one rests the responsibility of choosing his own material. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." MAX HILL.

The Name of God

A WHITE officer in one of the colored regiments recruited in 1864 long remembered among his soldiers a colored man of fifty-five, with gray hair, wrinkled face, and somewhat feeble in constitution; for he had been a hard-working slave, and his life had not been free from sorrow.

He had a great desire to read, and when the regiment was in camp he procured a primitive old First Reader, and begged one of his officers to teach him the alphabet. This he successfully mastered, and then went on by painful efforts to acquire the words of two letters and the disconnected syllables, "ab," "ba," which in those days followed the learning of the alphabet. These, too, he learned with tolerable correctness, and in the process of time advanced to a new section in the book, where words of three letters awaited him.

Among these he found one day a word which halted him somewhat longer than the others, for it was spelled in capitals — GOD. He knew the small letters somewhat better, and so labored longer over this word than those that had gone before.

"That is the name of the Being you sometimes preach about," said the officer, for the grizzled old negro was a preacher among his people. The old man dropped his book and held up his hands in surprise, and exclaimed with deep emotion: "Is that the name of God! Is that the way it looks when it is printed!"

The officer could not for some time understand the old man's emotion; then he considered the days of painfully slow progress which had been consumed in the learning of the alphabet and the syllables, and

the words of two letters, and that now suddenly he had come upon the first suggestion in the course of his education of the use to which his study might be put; and it came as a kind of revelation, sweeping and wonderful in its suddenness — the name of God in its arbitrary place in the column of words of three letters. Evidently to the old man it was, in one sense, like seeing God himself.

"You can't understand it, captain," said the old negro. "You've always knowed how to read, but I've been preaching about it all the years and all the years, and now, thank God! these old eyes have lived to see and read the name of God."

It impressed the officer at the time, then dropped into the background of his mind among the many memories of the war, but in the long years afterward it came up again, and among the memories which he cherished in his later years was that of the radiance of the grizzled, wrinkled black face when first he was able to read the name of the God he loved. — *Youth's Companion*.

The Value of Prayer

PRAYER is the highest mode of spiritual energizing of which we know, and achieves results in life. If this were not so, men would have stopped praying centuries ago, just as they would have stopped planting, had not their seed brought forth fruit. It is the history of all human effort that men abandon a mine when there is no longer gold in it. They have not abandoned prayer, because it has vindicated itself as a great silent force that fights for men.

If we accomplish real communion with God by prayer, that is far more than to bring rain to the earth, or to have money or food mysteriously left at our door in answer to prayer. If prayer brings God near to us, and satisfies our spiritual craving for his strength and companionship, it is a mightier force than if it could make the stars fall from the skies, or contravene all the known laws of nature. — *John F. Cowan*.

The Change

SAID a friend to a literary woman: "I am going to tell you frankly that your writings did not grip me at all till the past year. Is the difference in you or in me?"

"In me," she replied. "I may tell you really I feel now not only a kind of 'general' love toward humanity at large, as I always have done; but I feel as well a love for those with whom I come in contact, those whose faults are as palpable to me as mine are, in all probability, to them. The consequence is that I look at things differently, and, of course, write differently. One day the thought came to me, 'What am I that I should push this one, that one, and the other away, metaphorically speaking, simply because their faults happen to be of a different stripe from my own?' It seemed so senseless and unchristian that I pondered long and deeply upon the matter. I asked God to warm my heart, and my prayer was answered. Almost insensibly my whole inner being was changed. Of course, it has affected my work, for all work not purely mechanical is bound to be changed for the better when the vision is clarified and humanized." — *Selected*.

"My little children, guard yourselves from idols."



THE HOME CIRCLE

*She that will eat her breakfast in her bed,
And spend the morn in dressing of her head,
And sit at dinner like a maiden bride,
And talk of nothing all day but of pride,—
God in his mercy may do much to save her;
But what a case is he in that shall have her!*

—Poor Richard.

A Man's Ideas of a Wife

What She Should and Should Not Be

IN reply to the question as to what constitutes an ideal wife for a farmer, I can but tell you about my Alice. Before our marriage she had received a high-school education and had taught a few terms of school. Her talent for music and painting had been improved, and her love of literature gratified as far as compatible with her condition in life; however, these she considered but accessories, her parents having trained her for a home-keeper in the fullest sense of the word. Hence she understood ordinary cooking, mending, and dressmaking, together with the care of the home and children. Quietly, but quickly, she went about the house, keeping it in order, not only where most seen, but even to the attic and storeroom.

She understood and followed the common rules of hygiene, and knew what to do for the minor ailments of the smaller children, how to dress a cut finger, etc. While a good conversationalist, she was no gossip; all tales of scandal that reached her ears went no farther. She loved nature; could tell the children about the common birds, flowers, rocks, and stars; seemed to know when her father needed her to rake hay or drive the horse-fork; could milk, feed the calves and chickens, and was loyal to parents, brothers, sisters, and friends.

All these accomplishments she brought to our home, at our marriage, they constituting the most of her dower—an ideal dower, too; and as years passed, this dower accumulated interest, as it were. While not given to much advice, yet many times has a quiet suggestion from her restrained me from plunging headlong into some enterprise which afterward revealed her wisdom and my folly; however, she is always glad to talk over with me any matter or project which interests me or which I may present to her; hence, in a short time, I learned that her judgment in much which I thought beyond woman's sphere, was frequently invaluable. But when I disagreed with her, or refused to follow her desires or suggestions, no cloud was on her brow; and afterward, did my plan result in loss, never was there an "I told you so," or, "Perhaps you will know better next time." Rather, she took upon herself a share of the burden, as though she were the cause of the folly.

Seldom has she asked me for money, for soon after our home-coming she suggested that a certain department of the farm interests be for her own management and expenditure. We settled on the poultry; and I guess, cousin, I acted wisely, for more than once has wife's pocketbook come handy. While economical she is not niggardly, as all know who live in touch with her.

When melancholy settles over me, she knows,

seemingly by instinct, what to say or read, when to caress and soothe, when to encourage and cheer up; perhaps she suggests a song, a hymn, or an instrumental selection; possibly a walk or a drive. She seems to know what I need; and the same with the children, also.

While she knows all about the farm stock and crops, and can mow or even run the binder, if necessary, yet no one ever thinks of her as tending toward masculinity.

Once I asked her if I could join the Odd Fellows; her reply was, "Certainly, they all should be together." Later, when I became a Mason, she said, "Do not let lodge work take the place of nor interfere with your duty to the church." I finally gave up my lofty thoughts of high Masonic degrees and honors, for I realized that church, family, and business had more of real enjoyment and worth for me than those things could give, since life at longest is so brief.

I remember, after one of your visits, you said, "How neat and tasteful your house looks!"—and, "What a good cook Alice is! How does she find time for so much and keep everything in such order? How does she find time for painting and fancy work? for reading the magazines and books you have in such numbers? And you say that she reads the farm journals, and has taken, with you, a correspondence course in agriculture! How well she is informed on current topics! Abram, how is it?" The answer I could not give then, but will venture one, in part, now. Naturally she is quick, but not nervously in a hurry; hence, every movement accomplishes something. Orderly and methodical, she knows beforehand the general trend of her work, and, being resourceful, can adapt herself and methods so as largely to counteract the effects of hindrances and accidents. She improves every moment until the regular work is done, then relaxes for play or recreation. In this, while methodical, she does not hurry, but actually rests.

Did you notice how inexpensive her cooking is? how dainty yet wholesome? We have a good garden, which, largely, she oversees; but we men do most of the work. This, with the products from the dairy, poultry, and orchards, the berries, fruits, and nuts, furnish enough, and good enough, for an epicure. I once heard of some one so neat that she "had to clean up after her own feet, she was so dirty." But you said, I remember, that no one felt uneasiness in our home, fearing that he would soil something; and that is true of her family. We became careful and considerate without knowing it; with no admonition from her. True, were she not healthy, she could not do as she does; but much of her good health is due

to her good sense, coupled with knowledge of hygienic laws and adherence thereto.

Now as she is still living, and has not become to me by her departure an imaginary deity; moreover, as I am not in my dotage, being scarcely fifty, I believe that I am not exaggerating her virtues. The little of worldly goods we have is largely due to my Alice—to her thrift, economy, and wise foresight. She has made our house the ideal home for our family. "Her children will rise up and call her blessed." She is my idea of a true wife for a farmer. Such are born, then trained; they are rare, but they do exist.—*Farm Journal*.

Mumps

No Laughing Matter, but a Really Serious Disease

MUMPS is not the exceedingly simple disease that it was once supposed to be. While the exact germ that causes it is as yet uncertain, there is no question that it is a germ disease. It is highly contagious, and sometimes does a great deal of damage.

Here, for example, is a mere list of some of the things that may follow this disease. It is true that most of them are rare, but owing to their danger great care should be taken to prevent them. Without giving any of the technical possibilities, consider the dangers of the following: high fever and delirium, inflammation of the brain, paralysis, rheumatism, mania, inflammation of the kidneys, heart-disease, deafness, and blindness. Deafness, by the way, is not at all rare following this trouble.

Several of the other glands of the body may become infected by this disease, especially in older patients. Mumps is, for the most part, a disease of children; but it may and does attack adults, and is usually far more severe in these older patients.

The treatment of this disease should not be attempted without a physician. Owing to the fact that it is very contagious, it should be strictly quarantined.—*Ernest F. Robinson, M. D.*

Two Kinds of Tragedy

"O AUNT JANE, did mother tell you what a terrible thing happened this morning?" Lois Martin asked, as she met her aunt coming down the walk as she was going in, late in the afternoon.

"About the Graydon girl's mother? Yes, she told me," Aunt Jane answered briefly.

"I never heard of anything so terribly sad," Lois said, with a quiver in her voice. "Marjorie Graydon and her mother were so perfectly congenial, just like chums, and for her to be killed instantly in that wreck, so soon after she had said good-by to Marjorie, seemed too terrible for words. Marjorie was telling us, just after her mother had started for home, what a perfectly lovely summer they had had together. We girls have just been so nervous we couldn't study all day. It is the first time I ever had a tragedy come so near me."

Aunt Jane looked at her niece grimly. "There are tragedies and tragedies," she said. "I've seen the quick kind, and I've seen the slow kind, and if you're killed, you're killed, I guess, whichever kind it is.

"The slow kind is mostly where people are giving up their whole lives for others who are too blind to appreciate their efforts, or ever say, 'Thank you,' or a kind word.

"I've never been a mother, but it seems to me that if I had been, and if I'd been given my choice of a death, I should rather have gone like the Graydon girl's mother than like some I've seen. They had had their good times together, you say, and so, not having any bitter regrets, the Graydon girl can get over her sorrow after a while, and she'll always have the last lovely summer to remember. Yes, there are quick tragedies and slow ones, but when a mother's gone, she's gone."

Aunt Jane turned, and went down the street toward her home. Looking after her, Lois said, half to herself: "Aunt Jane is so queer. She didn't seem one bit sympathetic over poor Marjorie's trouble."

Lois went through the library, sitting-room, and dining-room in search of her mother. Out on the kitchen table she found the pretty dish of salad and the roll of pressed meat which she had promised and her mother had prepared for the spread which was to follow the party that evening. On the rack in the dining-room was the weekly ironing, and the greater part of it was the fluffy summer apparel belonging to Lois. The beautifully ironed white dress which she was to wear the next afternoon always required an hour of mother's skilful work, and Lois wondered casually how she ever accomplished so much in a day. She went on up to the sewing-room, where her mother was putting the finishing work on a filmy party frock, which Lois was to wear that evening.

She was running the narrow ribbons through yards and yards of dainty lace beading. Something in the tired droop of the slender figure and the wistful look in the eyes, as she glanced up with her usual cheery smile, gave thoughtless Lois a curious shock. What if the tragedy had come to her instead of Marjorie! What could she ever do without her little mother! Then Aunt Jane's words seemed to ring in her ears: "There are quick tragedies and slow ones, but when a mother's gone, she's gone."

Lois took the dress from her mother's hands, saying, "You are going right down-stairs this minute, and you're going to lie on the couch and rest until father comes home to supper."

"But you wanted your dress for to-night, and there are yards of ribbon to run yet," her mother objected weakly.

"Yes, and I know who will run them," Lois answered. "And I've plenty of time to get supper, too, before father comes. I'll take the dress down-stairs and sit right by you, to see that you lie still."

Mrs. Martin lay quite still, watching Lois with loving eyes, wondering a trifle what had made her daughter suddenly thoughtful of her comfort; but she understood a little later when Lois had finished the dress and started to prepare the supper, then came back, and dropping down beside the couch, threw both strong young arms about her mother and clasped her close, as if she could never let her go, and said, in a choked whisper, "O mother, dear, what if it had happened to me, instead of Marjorie!"

And as Lois went about her work, she whispered over and over, pleadingly, "If You'll only spare her to me, I'll be more thoughtful." And the One for whom the whispered words were intended must have heard and granted her request, for Lois Martin and her mother have had a number of summers together since that day—lovely summers that can be remembered without any bitter regrets.—*Youth's Companion*.

Missionary Volunteer Work in Southern California

MATILDA ERICKSON

ALL conferences have heard the call to enlist and train their young men and women for Christian service; but few, if any, have laid more careful plans for answering that call than has Southern California. In that conference there are associated with Brother M. H. St. John, the Missionary Volunteer secretary, several district leaders, to each of whom a certain portion of the conference is assigned. These district leaders give no specified portion of their time to the young people's work; but they are appointed that they may help the societies in their respective districts to see the opportunities for service, to learn the most effective methods of doing missionary work, and to know how best to relate themselves to the more general plans for aggressive Missionary Volunteer work. These leaders are also to urge the societies to be faithful in following the Reading Courses, in observing the Morning Watch, and in striving to become Members of Attainment. Aside from this arrangement, other plans are laid for acquainting the young people with the Reading Courses, Standard of Attainment, and best methods for systematic distribution of literature.

Recently two conventions were held in this conference, at Los Angeles and Loma Linda. The meetings were very good, and generally well attended by both old and young. Music contributed to the success of each program. The stirring words and vigorous music of the convention song inspired us to more enthusiastic, whole-hearted service. The young people in Southern California gladly share their song with their comrades, and the workers there pass it on with the suggestion that societies everywhere use it. Surely it is worth our while to learn it and to heed its call to service. [The editor failed to receive a copy of the song for insertion in this paper.]

The Morning Watch, the temperance work, the Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR, opportunities for doing missionary work, our reading, and the importance of the Standard of Attainment plan were among the topics that were briskly discussed. And I believe that as young people and as workers we turned away from the convention meetings not only more determined to be faithful in service, but also better prepared to serve.

The good reports given at the meetings by the district leaders and other workers made our hearts burn within us, and we caught a clearer vision of what young people may do in God's service. Only a few of these reports can be passed on.

One of the Los Angeles societies has sent one hundred dollars to Mexico for a chapel at Mesquitic, and fifty-two dollars to Brother Lucian Scott's mission school in Carolina. The same society has given ten volumes of our books to Russia, sending them to Brother J. E. Rankus, who some time ago left Los Angeles to take up work in his native land. The society is also helping to send two students to school at San Fernando. Not long ago it surprised some poor Mexican laborers in the vicinity with a box containing one hundred twenty-five garments. The young people in Los Angeles are also doing systematic house-to-house work with the Family Bible Teacher.

At San Pedro is a small but energetic Missionary Volunteer society. Each week it supplies from eight

to ten ships with literature. Other societies help to collect the papers needed for this work.

The San Diego society does a similar work. Its members are also doing systematic house-to-house work with the Family Bible Teacher, and helping to support two students in the San Fernando Academy.

The report of the society at Paradise Valley Sanitarium was also splendid. That company, with a membership of about forty, is supporting a native worker in China, selling "Ministry of Healing," and mailing sixty *Signs of the Times* weekly. These papers are sent chiefly to former patients of the sanitarium. The efforts with the papers are followed by missionary correspondence. Aside from this the society has six or eight prayer bands, and an orchestra, which does good service in cheering the patients.

The young people in Escondido and San Pasqual are helping to support a native worker in China. They carry on missionary correspondence with persons to whom they send papers weekly, and keep a tract rack filled at a junction.

Down at Loma Linda is another Gideon's band. The students there in one year held twenty-six temperance meetings. They have purchased about one thousand dollars' worth of "Ministry of Healing." One of their number in forty hours sold enough copies of this book to amount to eighty dollars. Busy as the students are, they have recently opened a Sunday-school in the vicinity, and are distributing about one hundred papers each week.

Another item must be pressed into this report. One of our workers located near Riverside needed a cow very much, but no funds could be spared for this purpose. The Missionary Volunteers saw in this situation an opportunity for Christian service, and now the worker's family are the grateful possessors of a cow, which helps to supply their daily needs.

And thus reads a portion of the book of the acts of our Missionary Volunteers. Truly "blessed are they that do." May the faithfulness of the few spur us all to greater earnestness.

Witnessing When It Costs Most

"God wants our conspicuous crises to be occasions of conspicuous testimony." When the strain is greatest, it is his call to us to let our witnessing for him be greatest. When we are most deeply wounded in our feelings, or treated with greatest injustice, or ignored most contemptuously, or set aside most unfairly, that is the time of all times when we have opportunity to let Christ show what he can do with a life that has ceased to live to itself because it has lost itself in him. If at such a time those who are watching us see only a radiance of selfless love and sunshine and trust pour out from us, they will begin to believe that there is something in this Christ whom we profess. But if we break down, and act as any one else would in the crisis time of pressure, why should the world believe in our Christ?—*Selected.*

In the hour of greatest sacrifice, faces will not be clouded with gloom, but will be lighted with angelic light, if Christ dwells in the heart.



Honey at the Phone

HONEY'S mama had gone to market, leaving her home with nurse. Nurse was upstairs making beds, while little Honey, with hands behind her, was trudging about the sitting-room looking for something to do.

There was a phone in the house which was a great mystery to Honey when it first came. She could hear voices talking back to mama, yet could not see a person. Was some one hidden away in the horn her mother put to her ear, or was it in the machine itself?

Honey never failed to be on hand when the bell rang, and found that her mother generally talked to her best and dearest friends, ladies who were such frequent callers that Honey knew them all by name.

Her mama wrote down the names of her friends with the number of their phones, and, because the child was so inquisitive about it, she very carefully explained to her just how the whole thing worked, never thinking that Honey would sometime try it for herself; and, indeed, for a while she satisfied herself by playing phone.

She would roll up a piece of paper, and call out through it, "Hullo!" asking and answering all the questions herself.

One day, on finding herself alone, she took down the receiver and tried to talk to one of her mama's friends, but it was all a failure.

She watched mama still more closely after that, and on this particular morning, while mama was at market, she tried again, commencing with the first number on her mama's list.

Taking down the receiver, she called out, "Hullo!" Then soon came the answer back, "Hullo!"

"I wants A-215," said Honey, holding the receiver to her ear.

"Yes," came the reply.

"Are you Miss Samor?" asked Honey.

"Yes," was the reply.

"We wants you to come to our house to-night to supper, mama and me."

"Who's mama and me?" asked the voice.

"Honey," was the reply.

"Honey, through the phone, eh?" laughed the voice. "Tell mama I will come with pleasure."

Honey was not only delighted, but greatly excited.

She used every number on her mother's list, inviting them all to supper.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the guests began to arrive, much to Honey's mama's amazement and consternation, especially when they divested themselves of their wraps, and proceeded to make themselves comfortable.

What could it mean? She would think she was having a surprise party if every one had not come empty-handed. Perhaps it was a joke on her. If so, they would find she was as game as they.

There was not enough in the house to feed half that crowd, but she had the phone, and she fairly made the orders fly for a while.

When her husband came home from his office, he was surprised to find the parlors filled with company.

While helping the guests, he turned to his wife, saying, "Why, this is a sort of surprise, isn't it?"

Honey's mama's face flamed, and she looked right down to her nose without saying a word.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going to invite them, and I would have brought home some flowers?" said Honey's papa.

Honey, who sat right next to her papa, resplendent in a white dress and flowing curls, clutched his sleeve, and said: "It's my party, papa. I 'wited 'em frew the phone. Honey likes to have c'ean c'o'es on, and have comp'ny."

It was the visitors' turn now to blush, but Honey's papa and mama laughed so heartily it made them feel that it was all right even if Honey had sent out the invitations.

Not one went home without extending an invitation to her host and hostess to another dinner or supper, and in every one Honey was included.

"Just what she wanted," said her papa, as he tossed her up in his arms and kissed her. Then turning to his wife, he said: "Never mind, mother, she will learn better as she grows older."—*Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell, in Sunday School Times.*

Her Clipping Bureau

THE year after Grandma Thurlow, at the age of eighty, came to live with her married daughter, Sarah, her eldest grandson — hot-headed, warm-hearted Ben — had a disagreement with his father and ran away from home. He was missing for six months, to the untold sorrow and anxiety of his family, and then suddenly appeared once more, full of manly shame for the trouble he had caused, and manly determination to atone for it.

Everybody was thankful over his return, but perhaps no one was quite so demonstratively glad as a little white-haired, black-eyed old lady, sitting, with a crutch by her side, in a sunny bay window up-stairs.

"I say, grandma," said Ben to her, when he had been at home a few days, "I don't see you cutting out scraps from the newspapers and leaving them round for the rest of us to find, the way you used to."

The two were alone in the room, but grandma lowered her voice.

"I do cut them out, Ben," she confessed, "but I don't leave them round any more."

"Why not? That was the best of it. You'd always put one by Margie's plate and one on Bob's tennis racket, and mine was usually on top of my hat, I remember. What made you stop?"

Grandma hesitated loyally. "It made the rooms look mussy," she admitted. "Your mother wouldn't say anything to hurt my feelings, but I could see. She's such a fine housekeeper, you know, and — well, I stopped scattering 'em, but I couldn't stop clipping. I got into the habit when I used to make scrap-books, you know, and to tell the truth" — she gave a shamefaced smile — "I've saved a whole envelope of things on purpose for you, since you've been gone."

The broad-shouldered young fellow leaned forward and looked at her with a curious earnestness.

"I want them — every one," he said. "See here, grandma." From a note-book in his vest pocket he drew a newspaper clipping. "That's a little preach about a boy's duty to his father and mother. I found it lying on my pillow the night before I went away. It didn't quite keep me from going, but

I've read it over and over and — it did bring me back."

"Benny!" cried the little old lady. "O Benny — I'm glad!"

That night Ben thought of the Grandmother Clipping Bureau, which has since become a popular and indispensable neighborhood institution. To-day, in a sunny bay window, a contented old lady sits clipping newspapers unashamed. Within reach she has a paste-pot, a pair of shears, and a dish of pins. At her elbow is a small table heaped with newspapers and periodicals, and beneath it yawns a capacious waste-basket.

These surroundings, added to a keen feeling for all things human and progressive, make up Grandma Thurlow's content, but whether she is conning the pink sporting-page for Bobby's football news, glean-ing household hints for her practical daughter, or collecting spicy bits about equal suffrage for the woman in the next block, she is never too much absorbed to drop her work and look up with a smile of delight when her tall grandson strides into the room with a fresh bunch of papers for her table, and hails her with a cheery, "Well, grandma, how's business to-day?" — *Youth's Companion*.

Training Young Children in Betting

IT is easy to become confused as to the lines between harmless and thoroughly evil practices; but it is a perilous thing to do. An earnest mother in Montreal is under pressure to sanction an amusement that is far from right: —

Should I permit or forbid my children to play marbles "for keeps"?

Is the principle wrong? I find other children would not care to give, or have given to them, the same marbles at the finish of the game as they had at the start. Yet one mother of my acquaintance does not allow her children to play for keeps.

The children say there is no "fun" playing at all if made to give back, yet they are quite willing to play fair. In a child of selfish disposition it seems to develop the willingness-to-lose idea, which otherwise (that is, on the give-back principle) he would never have learned.

I object to the saying that marbles is the same principle as cards, for it seems to me marbles is a game of skill, with no chance element.

Betting does not depend upon chance as over against skill; there is much betting of heavy stakes upon games or events of pure skill. The unhealthy excitement and demoralization of a bet or a wager is due to the fact that it rests upon the vicious principle of getting something for nothing; that is, every winning is the result of another's loss. That principle is absolutely contrary to decency, humanity, and Christianity. A child into whose life it is permitted to enter is deliberately being trained in the practise of a principle that wrecks honor, character, and life.

Playing marbles "for keeps" is straight-out betting. It is exactly the same kind of betting as that which the owners of thoroughbred horses indulge in when they enter their favorites in races of pure skill, and place some thousands of dollars on the results. The race-track horse owners relieve each other of their money; the children relieve each other of the marbles they were playing with, — and the marbles cost money. Betting on events of skill and gambling on events of chance never stay long apart.

So the practise would seem to be rather a costly way of teaching a child unselfishness, even if there were any unselfishness in it at all, which there is not.

Unselfishness is the giving up of something that we do not have to give up, not something that we do have to give up. But no child lives of whom it is true that "he would never have learned" how to give up freely unless he had played marbles for keeps. If any parents and teachers suppose so, it is they who need to learn some of the simplest lessons in what unselfishness really is, and how to take advantage of the thousand opportunities in child life to teach it.

If the children complain that there is no fun in a game without material winnings or losings, this shows that their practise is already destroying their normal sense of enjoyment in a real game. A game ceases to be a game when its chief interest is other than relaxation or recreation through amusement or the healthy exercise of skill. The moment the interest turns on what one is going to "get" out of it, the game value is gone. These children need to be taught what a real game is. They will not learn while they are allowed to bet and gamble. — *Sunday School Times*.

The Christian Revenge

THERE is in the Church Missionary Society's hospital at Bannu a bed with this inscription over it: "Conolly bed. In memory of Captain Conolly, be-headed at Bokhara." The story connected with this memorial is very touching. Captain Conolly was executed on June 17, 1842, although he was offered his life if he would become a Mussulman. His sister desired to have what she called "the Christian's revenge" for her brother's death. So she supported this bed in the hospital. Many a wounded Afghan has lain in this bed while a missionary has told the story of the brave English officer who died rather than turn aside from the Christian faith. — *From "Sunday at Home."*

SIXTY thousand children attend the mission primary schools of China.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, May 6

Missionary Volunteer Methods, No. 7 — Committees and Their Duties

LEADER'S NOTE.—This meeting should prove that, while committees are educational, they also form the very best method of doing systematic missionary work. Every society member should belong to one of the committees; and all should be members of prayer and personal workers' bands. Nothing is more important in the society than earnest prayer and faithful personal work. Some societies combine the literature and missionary correspondence committees. If your society has not already been divided into committees, have plans well laid for doing so at this meeting. Show the necessity of reporting, and outline the plans for your society to follow for committee reports. The article entitled "The Prayer Bands," on this page, may be helpful to the one preparing on topic three.

Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).

Purpose of Committees (five-minute paper).

Who Should Be on the Committees (three-minute talk)?

Essential Committees and Their Work (eight-minute paper).

Too Busy to Freeze (recitation). See cover page.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 4 — Lesson 28: "Christ's Object Lessons," Pages 95-134

Test Questions

1. Of what is leaven a symbol? What change will it make in the heart where it is allowed to work?
2. How will this change of heart affect our relation to others?
3. Why is it that the lives of some professed Christians fail to reveal a Christlike spirit?
4. What is the hidden treasure of which Christ spoke? How is it sometimes concealed?
5. Of what value is this treasure? How will diligent search for it be rewarded?
6. Make two applications of the parable of the "pearl of great price."
7. Note that *all* must be given in exchange for the treasure.
8. What precious promise is given regarding the gift of the Holy Spirit?
9. Mention four important truths brought out in the parable of the net.
10. Why did Christ give the parable of the householder?
11. What is meant by "the Word of God"? Give reasons for your answer.
12. Which book of the Bible merits special study at this time? Why?

Junior No. 3 — Lesson 28: "The Story of Pitcairn Island," Pages 118-144

Test Questions

1. WHAT did Admiral Morseby see would be necessary for the welfare of the islanders? Why?
2. Where did some of the people go? How did they feel about it? How long did the journey take?

3. Relate Mrs. Waterson's dream.
4. How did "Bloody Bridge" get its name?
5. What did the Pitcairners think of their new home?
6. Give a short description of the island, its buildings, etc.
7. Name some of the fruits found there; also some other comforts which they did not have at Pitcairn.
8. Who was Mr. Rossiter? What work was assigned him?
9. Why did James Dawe and the stone-cutter leave the island?
10. Why did two families want to return to their old home? Tell about their landing on Pitcairn.
11. Tell the story of the wrecking of the "Wild-wave." How did the captain send word back of their safe arrival?
12. When the mate of the "Wildwave" returned to Oneo Island, in what condition did he find things? What had happened to Captain Knowles's wife during his absence?

The Prayer Bands

THE Bible contains perhaps no lesson more practical and inspiring for our prayer and personal workers' bands than the story of Gideon and his little army.

From this army all the "fearful and afraid" were sifted out. It took out more than two thirds of the number, but in this cause mighty deeds were to be done, and success depended not so much upon numbers as upon courage and unity. But even these characteristics were not enough. They might be brave enough to face a much larger force, and yet not possess the humility to give God all the glory, nor the enthusiasm and determination to follow up the victory the Lord gave, and press the battle to the gates.

So the third test was made, and nine thousand seven hundred broke rank and turned toward home. Only one out of one hundred six was prepared for service. Without waiting for elaborate equipment, with only the firebrands and pitchers and the mighty war-cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," this devoted three hundred went out to battle against an army of one hundred thirty-five thousand. God could do through the three hundred what he could not do through the thirty-two thousand. They had the zeal, the devotion, the enthusiasm. It was once said to a man engaged in fighting for a great cause, "You are too impetuous, too red-hot—you will injure your own cause;" but he replied, "I have to be red-hot to melt the icebergs around me."

So in our bands, let us not be discouraged though the majority may be faint-hearted and indifferent. Let the few who love Jesus, and whose hearts beat as one, engage in earnest, faithful prayer and service, and the victory is as certain as the promises of God. Is your society lifeless? Are your members indifferent? Rally your Gideon's band, and, whether there be thirty or three, let every one be a hero. And when faith has been tested, the heavens will open, and refreshing showers will come. Your hearts will thrill with the joy of victory over the enemy and over souls saved for eternity.

"THE habit of looking on the bright side of things is worth more than a large fortune."



V — The Gospel to the Gentiles

(April 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 10: 24-43.

MEMORY VERSE: "God is no respecter of persons."
Acts 10: 34.

Questions

1. Why did not Peter refuse to go with the servants of Cornelius? Note 1.
2. How long did it take to travel from Joppa to Cæsarea? Who was waiting to receive Peter? Whom had Cornelius called together? Acts 10: 24; note 2.
3. As Peter was coming in, who met him? What did Cornelius do? Verse 25.
4. How are people of high rank greeted in Eastern countries? How did Cornelius regard Peter? With what was he overwhelmed? What lessons may we learn from this incident? Note 3.
5. What did Peter do and say when Cornelius tried to worship him? What did he then begin to do? When Peter entered the house what did he find? Verses 26, 27; note 4.
6. What did Peter say first to the company? What did he say God had shown him? Why had he come as soon as sent for? What question did he ask? Verses 28, 29.
7. What did Cornelius then relate? What did he say he had done? What did he say of Peter's coming to his house? In whose presence were all then assembled? What did Cornelius say he and his friends wished to hear? Verses 30-33; note 5.
8. What did Peter say in reply? Who did he say is accepted of God? How does he regard the people of all nations? Verses 34, 35; note 6.
9. Concerning whom did Peter preach in his first discourse to the Gentiles? Of whom is Jesus Lord? Where had the word concerning Jesus been published? How did he refer to the anointing of Jesus? What did this anointing lead him to do? Who was with Jesus? Verses 36-38.
10. How did Peter assure his hearers that these things were true? How did he refer to the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus? Verses 39, 40.
11. By whom was Jesus seen after his resurrection? How were these witnesses led to believe that he was risen from the dead? Verse 41.
12. What did Peter say Jesus commanded them to do? Of what were they to testify? How many of the prophets bore witness of Jesus? How may all receive remission of sins? Verses 42, 43.

Notes

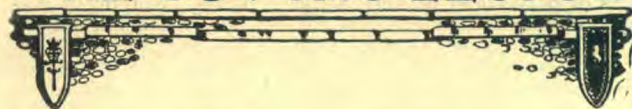
1. No matter how much Peter might dislike the experience of visiting a Gentile home, nor how fearful he might be as to the outcome, he did not dare to excuse himself from going with the servants of Cornelius after he had seen the vision sent of God.
2. Cornelius had felt so certain that God would not disappoint him that he had invited his relatives and friends to come together to hear the message which Peter should bring. He desired the salvation of others as much as he wished to be saved himself.
3. It is a custom in Eastern countries to bow low before persons of high rank. Cornelius felt that a messenger from God had entered his house, and he was overwhelmed with feelings of reverence for Peter and a sense of his own unworthiness. We should have the spirit of reverence such as he manifested when we enter any place where God is worshiped, and should listen when God's word is spoken as if we were listening to God himself.

4. Peter could not consent to receive worship that belongs to God alone. He lifted Cornelius to his feet and began to talk to him in a familiar way, as to a friend, to remove the sense of extreme reverence with which the centurion looked upon him.

5. God is present in all meetings where we assemble to learn his will. If we realized this, how differently we would conduct ourselves from what we do when we are unmindful of it.

6. Though God had given the Jews many blessings, yet he kindly regarded those of other nations who were walking in all the light they had. Jesus said, "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." John 10: 16.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



V — The Gospel to the Gentiles

(April 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 10: 24-43.

PLACE: The home of Cornelius.

MEMORY VERSE: Acts 10: 34.

Questions

1. Who were gathered together to welcome the brethren from Joppa? Acts 10: 24; note 1.
2. How did Cornelius receive Peter? Verse 25; note 2.
3. Why would Peter not receive such homage? Verse 26.
4. Cite an example of an angel refusing the worship of men. Rev. 22: 8, 9.
5. With what remarks did Peter introduce himself to the company in the home of Cornelius? Acts 10: 28, 29.
6. What question did he ask Cornelius? Verse 29.
7. In reply, what experience did Cornelius relate? Verse 30.
8. What two things had moved heaven in behalf of Cornelius? Will the same things prevail in behalf of man to-day? Verse 31.
9. By whose authority did Cornelius say he had sent for Peter? Verses 30-32.
10. Whom did he recognize in it all? and from whom did he expect to receive instruction? Verse 33; note 3.
11. As Peter listened while Cornelius related the vision, with what truth was he forcibly impressed? Verse 34; note 4.
12. Was this a truth of recent revelation? Gen. 18: 18.
13. Who did Peter say was accepted of God? Acts 10: 35.
14. With what words did Peter begin his discourse? Verses 36, 37.
15. How was Jesus enabled to do his great work? Verse 38.
16. Of what were the disciples witnesses? How did Peter speak of Christ's death? Verse 39.
17. What did he say of the resurrection? Verse 40.
18. What did Peter say of Christ's appearance publicly after his resurrection? Who chose the disciples as witnesses? What conclusive evidence did they have? Verse 41.
19. By whom was Peter commissioned to preach? What important fact was he commanded to preach? Verse 42.
20. What wonderful truth is proclaimed by all the prophets? Verse 43.

Notes

1. "It was nearly two days before the journey was ended, and Cornelius had the glad privilege of opening his doors to a gospel minister, who, according to the assurance of God, should teach him and his house how they might be saved. While the messengers were upon their errand, the centurion had gathered together as many of his relatives as were accessible, that they as well as he might be instructed in the truth. When Peter arrived, a large company was gathered, eagerly waiting to listen to his words."—"Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. III, page 329.

2. "As Peter entered the house of the Gentile, Cornelius did not salute him as an ordinary visitor, but as one honored of heaven, and sent to him by God. It is an Eastern custom to bow before a prince or other high dignitary, and for children to bow before their parents who are honored with positions of trust. But Cornelius, overwhelmed with reverence for the apostle who had been delegated by God, fell at his feet and worshiped him. Peter shrank with horror from this act of the centurion, and lifted him to his feet, saying, 'Stand up; I myself also am a man.' He then commenced to converse with him familiarly, in order to remove the sense of awe and extreme reverence with which the centurion regarded him."—*Id.*, pages 329, 330.

3. "This chapter (Acts 10) has much precious counsel in it for us, and we should study it with humble attention. When the Lord has his appointed agencies whereby he gives help to souls, and men disrespect these agencies, refuse to receive help from them, and decide that they will be directly taught of God, the Lord does not gratify their desire. The man who takes such a position is in danger of taking up with the voices of strangers, and of being led into false paths. Both Cornelius and Peter were instructed what they were to do, and they obeyed the angel's word. Cornelius gathered his household together to hear the message of light from Peter. If he had said, I will not be taught of any man, the angel of God would have left him to himself."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, No. 40, 1893.*

4. The disciples of Christ must not be respecters of persons. Neither nationality, nor social rank, nor poverty, nor riches must influence our interest in the salvation of souls. "If ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin." James 2:9.



The "Instructor" Band of Mercy

SOMETIME in November of last year a request appeared in the INSTRUCTOR for those who wished to put themselves on record as intending hereafter to be kind to all dumb animals, to send in their names as members of the INSTRUCTOR Band of Mercy. Quite a number have responded to this call.

This week we have received a list of names from Brooklyn, New York. We are glad to welcome our friends from Brooklyn, whose names follow:—

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Elder A. V. Cotton | Miss S. Segeleke |
| Ruth M. McCormick | Julia M. McCormick |
| Ruth Speaker | Minnie Speaker |
| Ruth Brown | Esther Lang |
| Edith G. Kimber | Florence M. Kimber |
| Helen F. Kimber | Hazel Jordan |
| Vera M. West | Gladys E. West |
| Camille Wilms | Francis Aff |
| Ethan Hafner | Paul Sittig |
| | Gladys L. Mitchell |

Won Elephant's Friendship

THE elephant's manner of showing its appreciation of kindness is a most affecting sight, if we may judge from several instances which are on record. That these huge beings possess excellent memories and become fondly attached to kind attendants has been

often shown. The good will and lasting gratitude of one of these mighty giants, whose disposition toward his keepers had been anything but friendly, were won by a Japanese veterinary surgeon, whose story is told by a missionary in the Indianapolis News:—

I was called upon to treat the elephant, and although I felt much afraid of the big beast, as I had heard how wild he was, I determined to attempt it. First of all, I took ropes and endeavored to fasten his trunk to an iron bar, but my efforts were unsuccessful, for as he moved about, the ropes were cut at once.

As this plan failed, I knew it would be impossible to treat him by force; but a happy thought came to me. I called in the elephant's keeper, stood him in front of the elephant, and told him to pretend, by some gestures, that his eyes were sore. I then treated his eyes and bandaged them, and he went away. This I repeated three times while the elephant stood quietly watching.

After the third treatment I took off the bandage, washed the keeper's eyes, and told him to pretend he was quite well of his sore eyes. He pretended to be very grateful, thanked me many times, and went away.

Then with a strong determination I went up to the elephant, and, putting a ladder against his big body, climbed to his back. With a pair of sharp scissors I tried to cut off the piece of torn eyelid; but as I began cutting, the elephant screamed very loudly. I had never heard such a noise, and was filled with fear. I sprang to the floor and backed away, trembling in every nerve.

On looking up, I saw the scissors still dangling from the elephant's eyelid. I then climbed up again very carefully, and, summoning all my strength, cut off the piece of eyelid, this time succeeding also in treating him as I desired. Then I washed his eyes.

I went every day for some time to treat and wash his eyes, and he soon became so grateful and so fond of me that he would kneel down for me to treat him. Thus I succeeded by strategy where force had failed.

I visit this elephant once in two weeks, and he is always delighted to see me and looks upon me as his friend.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Dog With Human Voice

It seems paradoxical to read it in *Our Dumb Animals*, but we give the account as reported, that a dog, owned by a German gamekeeper, possesses the power of human speech and is attracting no little amount of public attention by his wonderful performances. Now, according to a late despatch to the Philadelphia *North American*, this remarkable dog has been subjected to a critical examination by a number of scientists, and has proved to their entire satisfaction that he is able to utter distinctly no less than six different words.

He speaks German. After a very careful test it was found that he uttered the following words, of course in the German tongue: yes, no, hunger, want, cakes. He also spoke his name, which is Don. His vocabulary is increasing, as he has acquired a seventh word, quiet, since he began to talk. The examiners assert that Don's words are not growls or barks, but constitute, for all practical purposes, actual speech.

First the investigators heard Don put through his paces by his master, then by the latter's daughter. Then they took the dog into a room alone, and tested his powers by themselves. Later, phonographic records of the dog's voice were made. The animal did not fail at any point. The scientists will publish a report on their examination of Don, who himself will appear before public audiences at the Hamburg Zoological Garden.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

GOOD news for the seals comes from Paris; for it is said that furs are no longer in the vogue of fashion. Could she have heard from afar the bleating of those orphaned baby seals whose mothers were slain to adorn her beauty, perhaps milady these many years would not have been so imperious in her demands for their fur.—*Technical World Magazine.*

The Youth's Instructor

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An Appointment

I MADE a sweet appointment once
With Pleasure, glad and gay;
But Pleasure then forgot to come,
And sad I turned away.

I made a tryst with Duty stern,
With aching heart the while;
Then Pleasure round the corner came
To greet me with a smile.

—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Go at Them With a Song

We can sing away our cares better than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything else I know of. O, that we, too, might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the day through! O, that we could put songs under our burdens! O, that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! Then sad things would not poison so much. Sing in the house; teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go at them with a song. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven, and among God's people on earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Who Will Volunteer?

WHEN Nathan Hale was asked by General Washington to go to the British camp and secure the information so much needed by the American army, he did not permit the dangers nor the hardships to keep him from duty. He boldly took up the task, and was just starting on his return with the necessary information when he was betrayed by a friend. He was tried and condemned to be hanged as a spy. His last words as he stood on the scaffold were, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

I relate this incident to show the high ambition that fills the heart of many a brave soldier. If men can do so much for an earthly country, an earthly glory, should we do less for the heavenly? "No, no," I hear you say; "we should do more." And so we should. Again I hear the question, "What can we do?" For answer to this question look upon the great fields white unto harvest. There are one billion heathen in

the world. Forty million heathen die every year. They are dying at the rate of one hundred thousand a day. Every tick of the watch sounds the death-knell of a heathen soul. Every breath we draw four persons perish never having heard of Christ. We have one worker in China for every twenty million heathen. If we should place workers in the United States in the same ratio, we would have hardly five workers in the entire United States.

One day a party of people were standing on a river bank just above the awful Niagara Falls. Suddenly they saw a man carried by the resistless waters straight toward the falls. No human power could save him. With terror they watched him struggle. But it was all over in a few moments, and he sank to rise no more. But suppose, as they watched this man, they saw another coming, and another, and another, then women and children, all carried swiftly on by the black waters over the falls to death,—more than four thousand every hour.

This picture illustrates in a faint way the number going down to heathen graves every hour. Then, dear young people, should we not pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into the field? Will you go? Perhaps you say, "I am not prepared." Then will you begin to prepare? Do you ask, "How can I?" I answer, Be a faithful home missionary.

Is God laying the burden upon you? It may be that you should spend a year or more in one of our schools, or perhaps you should go to one of our sanitariums and take the nurses' course, thus preparing yourself for the place God has for you. Teachers are needed; Bible-workers are needed; nurses, canvassers, ministers are needed; in fact, the call is for workers in every department. Will you prepare for the place God has for you?

"Have you found the heavenly light?

Pass it on;
Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone:
Hold the lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in some one's sky;
He may live who else would die.
Pass it on.

"Be not selfish to thy greed,

Pass it on;
Look upon thy brother's need,
Pass it on:
Live for self, you live in vain;
Live for Christ, you live again;
Live for him, with him you reign.
Pass it on."

C. R. KITE.

Seed Thoughts

THE only remedy for war and a warlike spirit is reformation of character; and the reformation of a nation must of necessity extend to the individuals composing the nation.

It is extremely absurd and foolish to suppose that nations can cease from warring as long as individuals have a selfish and quarrelsome disposition.

All efforts on the part of nations to settle disputes by arbitration will prove utterly futile as long as the great majority of human beings retain their old carnal nature. Reason ought to convince any intelligent person of this fact.

It is most amusing to hear officials of the nations talk about settling their differences by arbitration alone, and at the same time constantly increase their facilities for war. They talk peace, and prepare for war. They teach one thing, and practise another.

J. W. LOWE.