

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXII

August 25, 1914

No. 34



MRS. WOODROW WILSON, wife of the President of the United States, died at the White House Thursday evening, August 6. Let us pray that the President, upon whom such great responsibilities and perplexities fall, may be especially sustained and comforted by Heaven in this hour of severe trial.

WENDELL SOOY, who for the last twelve years has been a very successful newsboy in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, entered the University of Pennsylvania last fall with the intention of getting a thorough education. He began selling papers at the age of seven years, and now at the age of twenty he has saved \$2,800 from the sale of papers. His gross receipts were \$4,400.—*Selected.*

The World's Mail Bag

POST-OFFICE officials at Washington have discovered that English letters crowd the world's mail bag. It appears that of all the letters that pass through the post offices of the world two thirds are written by and sent to persons speaking English. Roughly speaking, there are over 500,000,000 persons speaking colloquially one or another of the ten or twelve chief modern languages, and of these about thirty per cent speak English. About 90,000,000 speak Russian; 75,000,000, German; 55,000,000, French; 45,000,000, Spanish; 35,000,000, Italian; and 12,000,000, Portuguese. Thus, while only a little more than one quarter speak English as their native language, two thirds of those who correspond do so in that tongue.

This curious situation arises from the fact that so large a share of the commercial business of the world is done in English, even among those who do not speak it as their native tongue.

Although 90,000,000 speak or understand Russian, the business of the Russian post-office department is relatively small, the number of letters sent throughout the czar's empire amounting to less than one tenth the number mailed in Great Britain alone.—*Popular Mechanics.*

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Itinerating in Hunan, China	3
Chancellor Day on the Situation in Ulster	5
Our Department as Seventh-Day Adventist Young People	6
Among the Indians in the Lake Titicaca Region	6
The Missionary Volunteer Quarterly Summary and Goal	7
For Our Girls	9
Little Georgie	12
SELECTIONS	
The Fog and the Sunlight	16
Choosing Employees	16

Religious Proclamations by the Nation's Executive

A Hitherto Unpublished Essay by James Madison, Fourth President of the United States

RELIGIOUS proclamations by the executive recommending thanksgivings and fasts, are shoots from the same root with the erroneous idea of a national religion. This idea just as it related to the Jewish nation under a theocracy,

True Principles of the Reformation

IN the year 1520, Luther's controversy with the papacy peaked to Rome. Luther

Religion

THE question of the relation between church and state and civil government

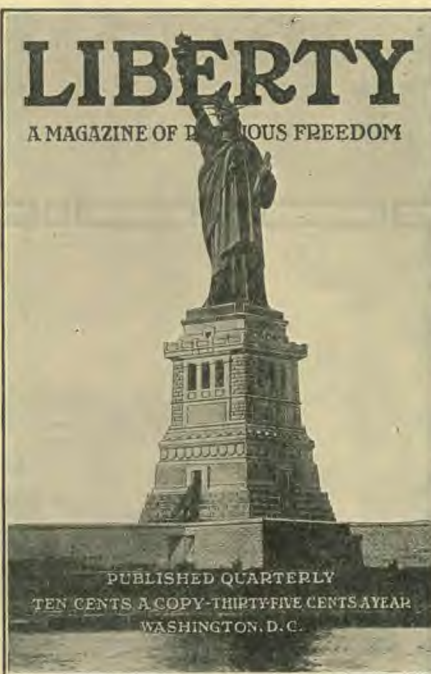
True and

NOTWITHSTANDING the true theocracy can exist upon human legislation

Baltimore

A Stirring

THE city of Baltimore has been ferment for weeks over permitting amateur baseball



And again: "Body, God has given over to heart he has reserved

State

declared: "No man self particular gods of shall worship by him-

—No. 2

is of history — a government bigoted, persecuting for an unselfish, liberal,

Sunday Ball

Lived In It

ise on Sunday than if d to spend the day or take the alternative

Why Rome Persecuted Christians

PAGAN ROME had conquered the world. Rome as being superior to their own. The emperors of Rome claimed the right Rome said, We will grant freedom to all to rule in all things, human and divine. nations to worship their gods in their

The Gospel and the Boycott

NOWHERE in the recorded sermons or instructions of our Lord; nowhere in any of the writings of his disciples or apostles The expression "that no man might buy or sell," designates that movement at once as a boycott. The power which

Study and Promote the Liberty Principles That Have Made Individuals and Nations Great and Free

Above you have a taste of SEVEN of the THIRTY-TWO articles, illustrations, and other interesting features found in the current or "Statue of Liberty," "Soul Freedom," "Blue Laws," "Religious Boycott," and "Temperance" number of *Liberty*. The Lord's Day Alliance Federal Council of the Churches, National Reform, Roman Catholic, and other organizations advocating RELIGIOUS LEGISLATION, realize that SOME AGENCY is nullifying their efforts. We know that this AGENCY is the *Liberty* magazine and other religious liberty literature that is being furnished to congressmen and legislators, and distributed among the people everywhere. *Liberty* is MOLDING PUBLIC OPINION. It is also MAKING MANY CONVERTS TO OUR MESSAGE. Will you not join us in HELPING TO EDUCATE THE PUBLIC? You can do this in TWO ways: (1) By investing \$1.00 in five or \$2.00 in ten yearly subscriptions sent to different addresses. Your name may be one of the five or ten; (2) by acting as our representative in your community, sending \$1.00 for 20 or \$2.00 for 50 copies of this number. Sell 10 or 20 to get your money back. Sell or distribute the rest. Write your tract society TODAY.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 25, 1914

No. 34

My Standard

IDA M. EGGLESTON

I do not reach my standard now,
For I have set it high
Above the marvelous stars that gleam
Beyond me in the sky.
Above the stars, I see it there,
The miles I cannot count;
But 'tis my goal in life's slow walk,
And toward my goal I mount.

When life seems hard, temptations press,
And sin's enticements lure,
My standard draws me to the sky
And turns my purpose pure.
I see it far above my head,—
The long space hurts my heart,—
Still I would keep my standard there,
And, mounting, do my part.

The way seems long; the mounting, steep;
I feel my low estate,
And crave the time when I have put
The world beneath my feet.
So, though my nature pull me some,
I shall not lose my stand;
For God is there, and I have placed
My standard in his hand.

It is a magnet to my life,
This mark that I have set;
It draws me with resistless force,
And I shall reach it yet.
It is my hope, my aim, my strength,
My God shall be its shield;
And while it stands, though sins draw down,
My spirit cannot yield.

Itinerating in Hunan, China

MYRTIE B. COTTRELL



LEAVING Changsha on the morning of April 13, Mr. Cottrell and I traveled by train about seventy-five miles, to the town of Li-ling. It was a bright, warm spring morning, and the birds chirruped merrily on the branches of the scrub pine covering the numerous hills and mountains among which our train threaded its way. The valleys were largely devoted to terraced rice fields, which are at this season of the year inundated by water until the rice is nearly ripe. The patient water buffalo plodded slowly along in the mud, dragging after him a sort of plow, which was directed by his likewise easy-going Chinese master.

No broad wagon road is to be found for the convenience of travelers, but instead are narrow, elevated footpaths bounding each rice plot, answering the two-fold purpose of an inclosure for the fields and a road for the passers-by. Sedan chairs, borne on the shoulders of coolies, and wheelbarrows are the carriages in ordinary use.

At this season of the year, red and yellow lilies and large white wild roses cover the mountain sides and fill the air with fragrance, while occasionally may be seen a pink rose as delicate in its coloring as the painted faces of the fair maidens in whose country it flourishes.

Arriving a little after noon at Li-ling outstation, we remained one day and two nights, filling the time with public services, and special meetings for the women and children, and visiting with those who came to see us.

On these itinerating tours, we supply ourselves with folding cots and bedding; also with such food as bread, zwieback, canned milk, fruit, and vegetables, of which we take sufficient to last during our entire stay away from home. These, prepared over Chinese fires, with the addition of such native products as we care to make use of,—sweet potatoes, eggs, green peas, rice, etc.,—furnish a nourishing and palatable diet, without the poorly cooked, and, for most foreigners, unwholesome native foods.

Leaving Li-ling early one morning, we traveled all day by sedan chair and wheelbarrow, wending our

way through the valleys. At night, we were glad enough to lie down to rest in a Chinese inn, where even the fleas and vermin, although doing their best, could not prevent us from catching short naps. Before daylight, we were up and on our way again, through a section of country where the people told us a white woman had never been. Everywhere, we were the center of curious, interested crowds. During the afternoon, we traveled by boat down a broad, swift river, which has a great many dams built to turn the numerous powerful water wheels used for irrigating purposes. These dams extend across the river, with only one or two small openings just wide enough for the passage of a boat. The current was very swift, and as we approached one of these entrances we almost held our breath for fear our boatman would not be successful in steering the craft straight through the rapids, or the boat not be strong enough to endure the fall over the cascade to the level of the water below.

We were indeed very glad that night to arrive at our next outstation, where we were warmly welcomed by Evangelist Ts'ao and family. Three and one-half years ago on a previous trip, we found this man holding the position of postmaster at an important county seat; he was then just beginning to inquire about the truth. Having an honest heart, he accepted the light as it shone upon his pathway, attended all our general meetings and Bible institutes held in Changsha, and later enjoyed the privilege of attending for one year our training school for workers at Nanking. Since his return home, he has been engaged as an evangelist, and is doing intelligent, conscientious, earnest work for the Master; and his family are with him in the truth. For some time his wife was bitterly opposed to Christianity, and did everything in her power to make it hard for him and the children; but she was won to the truth, baptized several months ago, and it truly seems good to see her developing into a worker for the women. Our previous visit was the first time she ever saw a white woman, and she herself was rather a wild specimen of heathenism, with a hatred of everything foreign; now she is a neat, intelligent-looking, loving sister, who cannot do enough for me. Her present attitude and numerous expressions of love are

in strong contrast to her former self. Here a modern demon-possessed Mary Magdalene has been transformed through the power of Christ into one of his devout followers.

We had a blessed stay of three days with the church at this place, and then spent two days on the road by chair and boat in reaching our next outstation. Much of the road traveled lay over the mountains through a very sparsely settled district where the red soil seemed to produce little beside scrub pine and luxuriant holly. I make mention especially of this fact for the reason that many who have never seen China but have heard of its immense population, form the incorrect idea that there are no vast arid or uncultivated lands to be found in this country. Located not far from this part of the country just described are the Hunan coal and iron mines, which give promise of increasing the value of this hitherto unimportant tract of land.

When we arrived at Lei-yang, we had reached our most southern outstation of the province, and had traveled in all a little more than two hundred miles. Formerly, the Catholics made much trouble for some of our believers at this place, assaulting their persons, and breaking up furniture. One of our inquirers is still in prison as a result of Catholic hatred and a hasty act on his part, while his poor wife is left penniless to be cared for by the church. Still suffering from the injuries she received from the Catholics several years ago, she was carried a distance of about ten miles on the back of her son to see us, to plead with us to do something to help liberate her poor husband from prison. It was a most pathetic sight; and I was glad I could point her to a Higher Court where justice is always meted out, and no mistakes are made.

Leaving Lei-yang, by invitation we went up on a mountain ten miles distant to spend the night at the home of some of our church members. All along the way at the little towns where we stopped to rest, we found the people very friendly to Seventh-day Adventists, and anxious to "feast" us to express their kindness. Of our visit to the Wang clan on top of the mountain, Mr. Cottrell has already written an account, which will probably appear in one of our papers; so I shall only briefly state that we enjoyed a most interesting visit with them, and trust later to be able to report that many from that place have forsaken their idols, and are worshipping the true God.

Leaving the top of the mountain in the morning, we traveled fifteen miles by chair, when we stopped at a small town where we are just opening an outstation. After eating the dinner the evangelist had prepared for us, we held a brief preaching service, ministered to a few of the sick, and passed on for the remaining seven miles' ride to be made before evening. We were met by most of the believers about a mile from the next town, and escorted to the chapel. Just

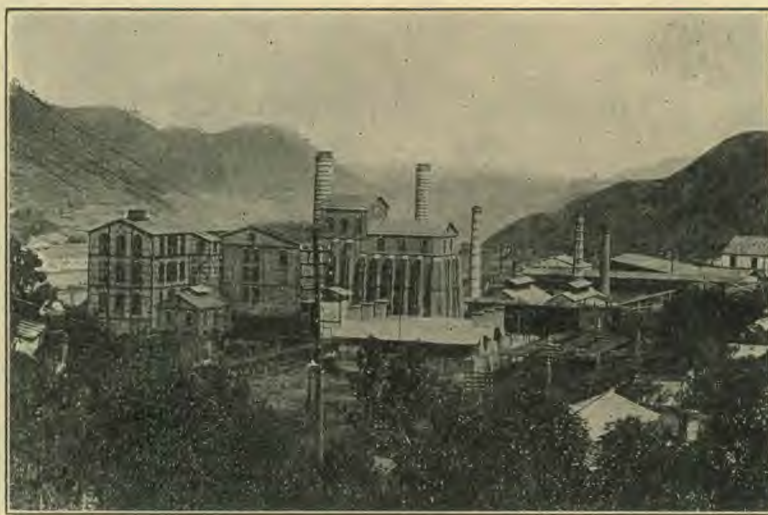
as we were about to enter the village, four men carrying two or more bushels of firecrackers on long poles, took their places on either side of our chairs; and before we realized what was about to happen, they had touched off the fuse. This serenading lasted for twenty minutes or more,—all the time we were passing through the streets of the village, and for some time after we reached the chapel. When we kindly remonstrated with them for thus squandering their money for us, we found that it had not been done by the church members, but by other friends. The believers said they had tried to discourage it; but the others said it was the first time a white woman had ever visited their town, and they knew of no way more fitting by which to express to us their joy and welcome. Here, as at all the other little companies we visited, we found the evangelists conducting Sabbath schools, working toward the organization goal. During our three days' stay, crowds were always present, and we realized more clearly than ever the rest and joy our Saviour experienced in getting away from the multitude to the mountain side to pray.

One day's travel by boat brought us to our next stopping place, at Heng Djou. There, the work has been started for over three years, but thus far no suitable house of worship has been secured; and we spent considerable time with them trying to

find a better location. Heng Djou is one of the largest and most important cities in central Hunan; and feeling that we needed a strong man to direct the work from that center, we placed our most experienced evangelist, Hwang Dzun Dao, a licentiate, with his family at that station some time ago. We feel that a good work is being accomplished, and we enjoyed a profitable season with the company there.

One night on a small steamer brought us to Hengshan, where we were not long in finding our commodious and convenient chapel. However, we spent only an hour with the believers there at that time, as we had planned first to visit another outstation in the country and then return to this place for the Sabbath. The ten miles' beautiful ride to Nan Yueh was made by chair. Nan Yueh is a small town built about a large, famous temple located at the foot of one of China's most noted sacred mountains. The mountain itself towers high above the clouds, and attracts annually tens of thousands of visitors. The ten miles to be covered in making the ascent to the top of the mountain is conveniently broken by temple resthouses along the way, so that the pilgrims may stop and rest while they worship the hideous idols with which the temples are filled. O poor, blind, priest-ridden China! When shall thy deliverance come?

Right in this stronghold of Satan, we were privileged to organize a church of ten members during this visit, which we feel sure, with the blessing of God, will prove but the nucleus for a growing work.



PING HSIANG COAL MINES, KIANGSI PROVINCE, ACROSS
THE BORDER FROM HUNAN

On our return to Heng-shan we remained two days with the company, then taking a small rowboat, one day and one night brought us down the river to Siang-tan, the last station to be visited before we returned to Changsha. Here we remained one day, making the home trip by steam launch the next morning, having been absent more than three weeks.

At all these places, the time was filled to the brim with preaching services, women's meetings, visits, ministering to the sick, baptisms, and ordinance meetings. During this time, Mr. Cottrell baptized twenty-four persons.

Although this trip was made in the rainy season, we were greatly blessed with favorable weather; for while there were hard rains at night and during our stay at various outstations, with our appointed time for departure the clouds lifted. This we recognized as a special providence.

At most of the places mentioned, we have creditable chapels in charge of fairly competent Chinese evangelists who are working faithfully. The work among the women is also gaining a foothold. Thus we feel encouraged, and our hearts are filled with gratitude for what the Lord is doing in Hunan Province.

Chancellor Day on the Situation in Ulster

CHANCELLOR DAY, of Syracuse University, is touring Europe, and in a letter from Dublin, dated June 29, 1914, he gives us his view of the situation in Ulster. The chancellor cannot be classed as a partisan, hence his letter will be read with more than usual interest:—

The feeling in the Ulster region is as intense on the home rule question as were the passions of men in the time of my boyhood on the Civil War. At the same time it is as calm as it is intense, showing that there is desperate determination in it. There is no bluster nor brag. Those who talk of a big bluff are mistaken.

The Irish of the north impressed me as independent, self-reliant, and quietly courageous. They do not want to fight, but they will fight for their liberty. Strange as it may seem, they associate their liberty with the very government that Redmond and his followers are trying to remove as tyrannical. The Irishmen of Ulster are satisfied and are prospering under the British rule. They are the most prosperous Irishmen of Ireland. They fear for their great industries, their Protestantism, and their common liberties under home rule. The ruling power will be in the south, where there are comparatively no manufacturing industries and no great invested active capital in commerce. Belfast fears the tax assessors looking for revenue to carry on a reckless political government.

The Protestants have no faith in the promises of religious freedom. They say, "Did Rome ever keep her word?" It is not all a religious question, nor all a commercial question. It is the combination of the two. And there are great considerations at Belfast. Shipbuilding is enormous there. We saw the "Britannic," of 50,000 tons, which was recently launched. Here the "Olympic," nearly as large, was built. We looked with sad feelings upon the stocks from which the "Titanic" went out to her fate. Was that fearful iceberg launched the same day?

The linen industry calls purchasers from all parts of the civilized world to Belfast. "Why," they say, "should we turn over prosperous Belfast to be used for taxes which we cannot control in either levy or expenditure, by a majority irresponsible and indifferent to our future?" Already it is more than whispered that the immense shipbuilding firm mentioned, employing over 10,000 men, is planning removal to Scotland.

There is no compromise between Protestantism and Catholicism. The Presbyterians are the strongest of the Protestant bodies. Methodism is numerically weak, but exerts a powerful influence. It is virile and aggressive. It knows its mind, and apparently does not cringe. It has been numerically weakened by contributing an average of one church a year of five hundred members for a generation to American Methodism. These two denominations are practically solid in opposition to home rule; but in the vote taken in the Irish Methodist Conference one quarter refused to vote against home rule. I was told by leading men that this was not as it appeared. Many of the men were decidedly against taking the question into the conference. Some of them, a comparatively few, live in regions where a too positive pro-

nouncement would cause division in the churches. They must practice the "wisdom of the serpent."

While the Ulster men are not making much noise, they are preparing with grim determination. I was awakened at my hotel the other night by the sharp voice of command, "Right, left," "Right, left," and the sound of manual of arms. The hour was past midnight. There is evidently a desire not to irritate nor to make a display. One sees very little of the volunteers in the daytime. A prominent home ruler told me yesterday on my arrival here that he had been through Ulster during the week; and he said, "The Ulster man will fight. I thought it was a bluff. It is not, he will fight." Some Catholics are opposed to home rule, fearing the consequences to their church if the politicians come into power. Just now the amendment of the bill introduced into the House of Lords is causing excitement, and is pronounced by those opposed to home rule insincere and farcical. It has only added fuel to the flames.

All Ireland is in suspense. One influential paper believes that the government will find a way out and that home rule will not become a law, that under no condition will the government force a civil war. An American naturally thinks there could have been a better solution; something like our States for England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, or better, for a land like Great Britain, the provinces of Canada.

Great Britain has been marvelously wise in her colonies. In this instance she seems to be the victim of a political bargain. It means destruction to the party in power, whichever way it goes.

England and Scotland, Not Ireland, Will Pay for Home Rule

Home rule in Ireland means a financial burden to England, Scotland, and Wales, a burden which the Nationalists are very willing shall be placed on the shoulders of these Britishers and not on those who it is claimed will receive the benefit of home rule. Here are figures worthy of careful consideration:—

According to the figures given in the Home Rule Bill, the imperial treasury will have to spend every year in Ireland, over and above the sum raised by taxes in Ireland, no less a sum than£1,500,000

This is, of course, to be paid by the taxpayers of England, Scotland, and Wales. But this is not all. For a term of years Ireland is to receive an additional grant of 500,000

Thus the British taxpayers are to pay each year in hard cash for the privilege of granting home rule to Ireland the sum of 2,000,000

And there is even a greater burden.

In his former home rule bills Mr. Gladstone put down a sum of several millions as Ireland's fair proportion to be paid toward interest on the national debt and the upkeep of the army and navy. But Mr. Asquith is demanding no such payment from Ireland; so the people of Great Britain must pay every year the sum Ireland should pay, amounting to 4,000,000

Thus the total amount that the taxpayers of Great Britain must pay every year for the privilege of giving home rule to Ireland will amount to no less than 6,000,000

If England and Scotland had insisted, as they ought to have done for years past, on Ireland's "playing the game" financially, home rule would have proved such an expensive luxury that no Irishman would have had it at the price. But England and Scotland, instead of adopting that sensible line of self-defense, played into the Irishman's hands.

Today it is Scotland that has a grievance against Ireland, and not Ireland against Scotland. The two countries are almost equal in population; then why should Scotland have to contribute nearly twenty millions a year (£19,909,000 in 1910-11), and get only £7,927,000 back for her local requirements, while Ireland pays in only £11,665,500, and gets practically the whole of it back (£11,344,500)? Why should Scotland contribute nearly twelve millions a year (£11,982,000) to the imperial expenditure, while Ireland draws a net surplus of a million and a half a year from the imperial purse? Why should Scotland in 1910-11 have had little more than a million sterling (£1,099,000) for old-age pensions, while Ireland in the same year and for the same purpose secured not less than £2,400,000?

Lovers of peace and lovers of the Emerald Isle will rejoice when a satisfactory solution of the Irish problem has been found. The home rule question is one of the perplexing ones to characterize the times just preceding the second coming of Christ. This event will solve all of earth's problems, and will usher in the day of eternal peace. May it soon occur.

JOHN N. QUINN.

Our Deportment as Seventh-Day Adventist Young People

As Seventh-day Adventist young people our hope and expectation is the coming of our dear Saviour in this generation; therefore the question of how we conduct ourselves is of the utmost importance.

If we tell the world that we believe Jesus is soon coming, our actions must show that we believe it, or our words are worse than wasted.

When we meet people, their first impressions are formed by our appearance. Our dress should not attract attention. If we are dressed in simple, modest, and becoming clothes, the impression formed will be a good one, although the clothing worn is hardly noticed. Of all people Seventh-day Adventist young people should be free from the extremes of fashion. If we are in earnest in our looking for Jesus, we shall have something of much greater importance to think about than what the latest styles may be; and shall care more for giving our money that the gospel may be carried to "all the world" than for buying needless ornaments and fussy clothes for ourselves. Then, too, we shall remember often that Christ sees us, and shall shrink from those fashions that are immodest and unrefined.

And do we ever remember that Christ sees our hair too? Certainly he does; for he says, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." Then let us comb the hair in a simple, neat, and becoming way, and avoid padding and rattling and snarling the hair to give it the appearance of a fashion plate.

For our girls, face paints and powders do not seem necessary nor proper. Remember how Jezebel, the most wicked woman the Bible tells us of, "painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window." Our time is not our own; and we cannot spend hours in dressing, combing the hair, and in other frivolous matters, when there is so much need for work to be done.

Then there are our words. What care should we who are expecting to live in heaven and associate with Christ and the holy angels take to use only pure, good words. There is such an excess of slang in the world today that our young people find it hard to keep from some at least of the senseless, common, and rude expressions in use. Yet it is worth while to cultivate the pure language that the Lord loves, and put away the evil communications which "corrupt good manners."

Conversation too highly colored by strong adjectives, or by exaggerations, is another common error from the path of exemplary deportment.

There is often too much joking among us also. Sometimes an opportunity to help some one is lost forever, simply by jesting and joking at a time when by being serious and in earnest we could speak a word to others of the wonderful love of Jesus and of his soon coming. Let us always be ready to say these earnest, helpful things. But we are not to be sour-faced and joyless because we are in earnest. We are to show by our gladness and cheerfulness how thankful we are that ours is a Saviour who forgives sin. Remember that joy is one of the fruits of the Spirit.

Then there is singing. Our hearts should be so full of praise that we cannot help but sing,—the kind of singing James exhorts us to. "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." How different this kind of singing is from some which we commonly hear! Low, cheap songs cannot help but cheapen and lower us if we sing them. Popular, trashy singing seems even more contagious than slang. Let us choose our songs with so

much care that others may know that our morals and our ideals in life are clean and pure and high. Let us sing often of Jesus, as this drives evil thoughts and temptations away.

Flirting should have no place among our young people. What reasonable person even of those whose profession is not as high as ours, is not sickened and disgusted with the silly, sentimental actions of some young people. We should be an example to the world by maintaining a dignified reserve and proper decorum in our associations with one another. One may be friendly and kind without being forward. Each one as a Christian should have a dignity that others cannot help respecting.

Of especial importance is our deportment on the street and when traveling. We are seen by so many that we must guard our actions that we may not bring dishonor upon God's cause. We should be careful to be quiet and orderly upon the street, avoid the chewing of gum, loud laughing, or any other thing that would attract attention and unfavorable comment. In traveling we should be especially dignified and reserved, not making friends unless it may be to point them to Christ, or tell of the shortness of time.

Our deportment in church will be without fault if we remember it as the house of God, and remember his greatness. We should be reverent, and then we cannot fail of the order and perfect quiet so essential.

Another point of deportment is our regard for the feelings of others. Let us be careful not to hurt others by our words or actions. We should be gentle, generous, and kind.

We should be useful Christians. Remembering first of all what our parents have done for us, we must in every way possible help and comfort them. Then we may hope to help and comfort others also. We must be more than good; we must be *good* for something. God expects this of us.

Then there are the places where we as Seventh-day Adventist young people may go, and the places we may not go. We may not go any place where Christ cannot accompany us. Picture shows, parties, and all places where no thought is given to Christ, will surely lead us away from the dear Saviour. Besides this, the world watches us more than we know to see where we spend our time.

I consider this a safe rule for all occasions: If in doubt as to whether a thing is right, do not do it.

RACHEL FIELD CLARK.

Among the Indians in the Lake Titicaca Region

ONE day we traveled thirty-six miles through a thickly settled Indian country. We reached Iyacachah, a large Indian village, about five in the afternoon. The Indians treated us kindly, and I was reminded of our mission Indians, as these seemed to be so much like them. The next morning at four we were again in the saddle, as we had to make forty-five miles that day. We reached Caraboka, a fine Indian village on the shore of the lake. The governor was the man who received travelers, the Indians told us, so we went to him. On learning that I understood medicine, he took me at once to a very sick child of his. By the blessing of God I was able to help the sick one. After supper he showed me to a room in which was a real bed. This he told me I could use. As we had only twenty-four miles to go to the next village the following day, I took advantage of this bed to the fullest extent of time, and felt much refreshed. We

continued our journey, reaching Haucho, the border town of Bolivia. Over the line was Peru. It was four in the afternoon on Friday, and we found a place to stay with an Indian family just outside the village.

I sent Stephen, our Indian brother, for feed for the mules. He came back saying that no one would sell him anything. We just had to have feed, as we were going to stay over the Sabbath at this place. I went to the village, but found the people very ill-tempered. They would sell me no feed for our mules. As I was wondering what to do, a man came across the street, who I thought was a German. I addressed him in German. He was surprised and pleased. I explained to him my troubles. "O," said he, "you must go to the prefecto." This being a border town, every one is regarded with suspicion.

We went to the prefecto, who, I found, was a very busy man. My German friend told him what I needed. The prefecto gave me an order for feed, asking me at the same time to return and have supper with him. I did not promise, as I was very tired. I secured the feed for our mules, returned to our Indian hut, took a refreshing bath in the river near by, and made ready to meet the welcome Sabbath on time.

I had made up my mind not to take supper with the prefecto, it being Sabbath, and I was so very tired. But just as Stephen and I were about ready to sit down to our frugal repast, a messenger called for me to come to the prefecto's house. I went with him, and found the prefecto, my German friend, and two other head men of the village awaiting supper for me. They were all so kind and sociable that I soon forgot my weariness; and as they seemed disposed to listen, I told them of our work and what we intend to do for the Indians.

The prefecto said, "O that you would come among us here! We need just such a work right here." After a very pleasant evening I departed, promising that I would remember them in our work for the uplifting of humanity.

About four the next morning I was awakened by an Indian boy calling to us through our door. I asked Stephen what he was saying. He said the boy was telling us that some one was stealing our mules. We jumped up very quickly. I threw a rain coat about me, as I had made myself comfortable for the night by removing my outer clothing. As I reached the road, I found our Indian brother Stephen struggling with two men trying to gain possession of our mules. I grappled with them, telling them at the same time that I intended to take them to the prefecto's office. This seemed to make them more desperate than ever to get away, and finally one of them did make his escape.

As I was making ready to take the remaining man to the office of the prefecto, an army officer with soldiers entered the yard, and with a very stern voice said that I was under arrest. "What for?" I asked. "Because you have struck Bolivian soldiers," he said. I explained to him about these men taking our mules, and that I wanted to take the men to the prefecto. "Well, you struck these men, and they are soldiers," he said. I explained that I had not struck them, adding at the same time by way of proof that these men were not wounded in any way, which would be hardly possible had I struck them. [Brother Stahl is a rugged, stoutly built man.]

I made ready to go with him. As we were about to start, a well-dressed man came running in and spoke to the officer in a low tone. Then they both came to

me and begged my pardon for what had taken place, scolding the two men for trying to take our mules, and asking them why they did so. One answered that he saw the mules were "such good ones."

They then left me, and I was very thankful to God for delivering me from what might have proved a long delay, with much hardship. I could then see God's guiding hand in that I did spend the evening before with the prefecto; for it was he that countermanded the order for my arrest.

I found out afterward that it is the custom in this part of the country, whenever soldiers are on march and need saddle animals, to take them wherever they can find them, and without asking for them, but it is usually from the Indians.—*F. A. Stahl, in Monthly Missionary Reading, Jan. 10, 1914.*

The Jewish Home Tie

THERE is a peculiarity about the Jew which enables him to stand under discouragements and lack of sympathy from the outside world, and which binds him closer to his brethren in the flesh. It is the traditions of the past.

There is a tie that binds the Jew to his kindred and brethren in the flesh, which bond appeals to him above that of any other people. It is the home tie.

No matter where one may be, how far from his home and family, if he can only enjoy the atmosphere of some *Jewish home*, he feels himself blessed. But let him be cut off from such association, and he is like a fish out of water; he is out of his element, and finds existence a problem.

Next to his loyalty to tradition, the family and the home have his consideration; but the traditions of the fathers come first. The home is the depository of the infallible traditions of the past, and is sacred on that account.

Tradition and religion overrule the strongest family ties. Let an Israelite give up his religion, and his family at once become as strangers to him. No matter how deeply his wife, or his children, or his relatives may have loved and respected him, he is now cut off from them, and his existence is forgotten.

Their hope ever has been with the traditions of the fathers, and no matter what the sacrifice to affection or ambition, they sink or swim with that hope.

H. MAYER.

The Missionary Volunteer Quarterly Summary and Goal

I HAVE sometimes wondered, as we have labored hard to collect and compile the quarterly reports of our Missionary Volunteers from all the conferences, how many of our young people make a careful study of this condensed summary of our expanding work.

We sometimes say that figures are not interesting, but I notice that the figures which tell the score of the baseball game are very interesting to many persons. Even men will stand in the street for a long time watching the bulletin board which marks the progress of a ball game, and sometimes crowds will cheer as figures are put on showing some good score made, perhaps in some distant city, by the team from their city.

The business man scans with great interest his financial statement, to see whether it is "loss" or "gain," or how much gain compared with his previous statement.

And will not our loyal Missionary Volunteers who are working and praying for the finishing of the gospel work, study with deep interest our quarterly summaries?

There is much in the summary published in the INSTRUCTOR of August 4 to encourage us. The totals show an increase over the last quarter of 1913 in the majority of the items. It looks good to see 79,805 missionary visits against the previous report of 18,711, and this aside from 5,835 Bible readings and cottage meetings held. This certainly shows that our young people are becoming more active in their efforts for others. Let every one strike the denominational keynote for 1914, "Save one soul." There is also a fair increase in papers sold, lent, and given away, books lent or given away, in Christian Help and temperance work, and in conversions.

There is a falling off, however, we are sorry to see, in several other lines of work. The falling off in our foreign mission funds of almost three thousand dollars surely was not expected. Only two conferences in the United States have passed the quarter mark of their proportionate goals. All honor to South Dakota and Western New York for this! East Michigan also almost reached the quarter mark, and doubtless the next quarterly report will show that many conferences have made up the loss and gone ahead.

It is said that Napoleon at one time after being defeated in a battle in the morning, rallied his men and said, "Boys, it is only two o'clock; we have time to fight another battle and win." With respect to our goal, "We can do it, and we will."

M. E. KERN.

Converted Purses

THERE are those who say that C-onvert means turned over, and that a purse turned over is emptied out. O-ne has not really found Jesus till his hand is open toward Jesus with a proffer of his best gifts. "N-o wise man will desire more than he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly." V-oicing religious enthusiasm with gifts of money sometimes contradicts the word of mouth. "E-very Christian should label his pocketbook with the words of the Lord's lease: 'Occupy till I come.' " R-iches are most dangerous when they stand in the way of duty. T-rue happiness is the hunger to give. E-nough riches to be charitable are riches enough. D-ying thou shalt not die if thou hast freely given what Heaven has lent thee.

P-ennies can create as great an impediment to spiritual life as pounds. U-sing money divinely best prepares one for divine use. R-iches are a passport to everywhere and everything except heaven and happiness and health. S-elfishness, sitting upon our purses, is worse than being without a purse. E-very bit of love given to humanity increases our liberality toward them. S-uch conversion of purses cannot come forth without prayer and fasting.—*Record of Christian Work.*

True Courage

A WRITER in *Young People*, a Baptist paper, gives a suggestive article on the present-day need of true courage, and the occasions that call for its manifestation. Our own young people may find in the following excerpts helpful counsel:—

"There is a great difference between courage and recklessness. It takes as much courage *not* to do a

thing as it does to *do* a thing. Often we confound rashness with a real spirit of bravery. No man should foolishly expose himself, but when duty demands it he should respond without any thought of the consequences; for after all, the path of duty is the path of safety.

"We are considering courage here, not so much from the viewpoint of risking life. The courage I have in mind is a spirit that calls for action, not at the point of a gun, but a greater point—that of certain established customs.

"It takes courage to say 'no' in the face of many customs of our day. A young woman said to me the other day, 'Since I came here I have allowed myself to do things I never did at home;' and she mentioned certain social customs. In answer to the question as to why she did things away from home which she would not do at home, she said: 'I am ostracized if I do not engage in them; all the young people here do these things, especially those with whom I have come in contact.' This is one of the common difficulties of our day. The line of demarcation between the church and the world, has been almost obliterated. This is not said in a spirit of pessimism, but simply to state a fact,—one that is grief to many good and sensible people. To say 'no' to the social custom of mild drinking; to say 'no' to the social custom of refined gambling—for indeed that is what a great deal of the modern card playing is—calls for courage of a rare sort. To say 'no' to the custom of careless, bold dancing which so many young people indulge in thoughtlessly today, demands courage. It takes courage to say 'no' and stand by it; but that is courage worth while.

"It takes courage to combat the common spirit of irreverence. The lines between the secular and the sacred are also in danger of being entirely obliterated. What is ragtime in music?—Irreverence. That open door has led to great wickedness. It is irreverence in every sense of the word. The distressing aspect of fashions, the heartaching looseness of our forms of dress, these things are simply 'ragtime' in fashions. Here is a call to our young people, our Christian young people, to have courage to oppose this tendency to lower the tone of life.

"It takes courage to be a witness for Jesus Christ. By this is not meant that type of witnessing that is associated with a gospel meeting. True, it takes courage to say the things that are in our hearts. It is not easy to get up and talk about these spiritual experiences that are sacred between us and God; and yet confession, witnessing, in the atmosphere of friendliness and encouragement, is much easier than the constant witness for him out where unfriendly currents flow. But the latter confession is the need of the hour.

"It takes courage to fight the battle of life manfully. Think for a minute what it means to be strictly upright, honest in dealings, frank to a competitor, giving every man a 'square deal.' It isn't easy. And yet one is glad to note the steady rise of the true sentiment that honesty is the only path in which to walk; that the question of policy has no place in the thinking of honorable men. It takes courage always to be true.

"Jesus is our fine example of courage. Once the path is made plain, he steadfastly sets his face to go to Jerusalem, and to Calvary. We have him for our example. Let us be courageous. 'Courage, brother, do not stumble.'"



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best;
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



My Flower

ALL day long I had worked and worried,
Too sad for solace, too tired for thought.
Under life's crushing burdens buried,
I had spent my strength and my brain for naught.
I dropped my head on my hands, despairing,
Vanished my future's golden gleams;
Conquered, bitter, and no one caring,
Was this the end of all my dreams?

Close to my side in the lengthening shadows
Crept my beautiful five-year-old,
Flushed with play in the flowering meadows,
Head like a nodding marigold.
Voice of the wood thrush in the clover:
"Does big folks get tired and s'eeepy, too?"
Look at ze rose I bringed you, muvver,
Pretty and sweet. It's dus' like you."

Quick to my desolate heart I strained him.
He had known no shadow his whole life long.
He should know none now. The soul that trained him
Should wring from sorrow his even-song.
He had given me love and a rose. O Father,
Though my dream had faded, my eyes were dim,
I would not fail him. Lord, help me rather
To give the rose of my life to him.

And when comes that day of all dole to mothers,
I shall gird on my young knight's stainless sword;
He shall strike for the right, and for men — his brothers;
Let him strongly win, where I failed, dear Lord.
And alone, afar, where no banners glisten,
I shall know my dreams have at last come true.
Bend low o'er my heart's fair flower, and listen:
I will give my all. Let him bloom for you.

— Eleanor Duncan Wood, in *Christian Herald*.

For Our Girls

IDA HUDSON



A FEW years ago at a large school in an Eastern State there was a young girl whom we shall call Belle Munson. The quiet sincerity of her manner and the simplicity of her dress distinguished her from the most of the girls there.

Belle entered this school to prepare for her life work, bringing with her the memory of a devout Christian mother. This mother had prayed without ceasing for her daughter's purity, had imparted early in Belle's life wise counsel, and had given her the noble example of pure womanliness — that priceless possession. Ah, how she learned to appreciate and thank her sensible mother! Even a young girl's delight of low neck and short sleeves her mother did not indorse. Belle's soul was early in life filled with the spoken conviction that virtue is not an old-fashioned whim.

Of the difficulties and temptations that arose, increased a hundredfold more in a worldly school than in a Christian home with a consecrated mother, one experience stands out prominently. It was in the early spring, when all nature was teeming with life; and the school was unusual in its activity. An entertainment, the last of the term, was announced and hailed as a great function; and one and all pledged themselves to make it an unusual success. Several hundred girls and boys, having talents wide and varied, stood ready to give of their best. Through the campus, the dormitory, and the assembly hall the youthful voices and peals of laughter rang with the merriment of the never-to-be-forgotten preparation days. And here and there groups of girls discussed the style and material of their gowns for the occasion.

Belle had been taught principles of economy. She had a simple but very neat evening dress of white lawn. How dainty and pretty it had appeared in her eyes as she carefully folded and packed it away in her trunk when preparing to leave home for school! But some way its charms departed, and it became a plain and unbecoming dress as the discussions regarding what others were to wear reached her ears.

The all-eventful day drew near, and, weary with the rehearsing, she went to her room one evening, and found a box addressed to her. Within lay a dainty, exquisite waist, from a worldly aunt who had three society daughters of her own. With fast beating heart Belle drew it slowly forth and spread it out for inspection. She had never before possessed such a creation; and more insignificant than ever appeared her white lawn dress. With crimson cheeks and pounding heart she donned the new waist, first locking the door lest some one intrude. The supper bell roused her, and, hiding the waist, she went to the dining room, to eat but little.

The battle raged between Christ and Satan; and as Satan whispered, "Wear it; do not appear so differently dressed from the other girls; do not lose the opportunity of once in your life dressing in harmony with the prevailing styles," the Master seemed to take her by the hand and lead her beside the cool, still waters, bidding her take deep drafts from the cup called "Pure Soul," held out to her by a white-robed angel. Her heart grew calm as he softly said: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Then he brought vividly to her mind her mother's influence; and the waist with its worldly attractiveness was lost sight of.

Was the battle won then?—No! She left the temptation there; so the tempter thought it an invitation to come again. Three times before the evening passed, she drew forth from the hidden nook the forbidden fruit; and but an hour before the entertainment the waist was firmly fastened upon her. Slowly she walked to the door; but she could not open it. It was as if a host of angels stayed her hand. She had had trials and temptations before, many of them, but it seemed as if all she had ever had were added together and projected upon her. It was a bitter struggle with self; and it seemed to be Satan's "hour

and the power of darkness." She felt alienated from her mother, and from her Saviour; she tried to pray, but the words were inarticulate.

Recognizing in part her danger, she tore the waist from her, threw it at her feet, and, falling on her knees, cried, "Lord, O Lord, forgive!" She prayed as she had never prayed before, not in the minor key of mourning and despair, but in ringing tones of victory. Dressing herself in her modest apparel,—the dress that now seemed beautiful to her,—with a wonderfully light and happy heart she descended to the room of gayety. Had she known all that was at stake that night, she would have seized the box before it was opened to reveal its hidden beauty and committed it to the flames. It was only an innocent waist, girls, low in the neck, very short in the sleeves. About me daily I see scores dressed in just this manner. Ah, a life was at stake that night, a life of noble integrity, a life of unspotted manhood; but she knew it not!

Soon after that evening she was taken critically ill, and lay hovering between life and death a long, long while. When she was at last free from fever and able to think again, the doctors said she must go away to take a complete rest of brain for at least two years. As strength returned, she made ready to go back to her home. The day for the good-bys came; and one by one the old ties were severed. Among the schoolmates was a boy of her childhood days, who had come from the same State and city. He came to her on this day, explaining that he could not see her go home,—perhaps to die, for all they knew,—without making a confession to her. As she listened to his story, her heart almost stood still; and the conviction was borne to her soul of the enormity of the evil the inordinate love of dress is accountable for, and how imperceptibly this comes about when one begins to adorn the body instead of the soul. In agony of spirit she covered her face with her hands and sobbed a prayer of thanksgiving to the One who had kept her from so great a sin.

This was the story her schoolmate had to tell. He had inherited tendencies from a grandparent, making his battles against the adversary doubly hard. It was a continual battle lest the serpent from the cup should wind its clammy death coils around his very heart. It was a struggle lest he taint his blood with the poisonous weed, tobacco. War was waged in many ways, as Satan fired his darts with determination to win his manly heart.

This young man was from a Christian home, bearing the influence of a Christian mother. Amid the worldly surroundings of the school he had readily detected that Belle was not of the world, though in it; and, almost unconsciously to himself, and entirely so to her, he had watched when live issues were at stake to see what course she would pursue, ready to follow her example.

The boys had persistently placed temptations before him, urging that he join them in their "good times." His mother's life and Belle's life of integrity had proved an inspiration to him, and he answered them emphatically, "No!" A day came that found him weak and weary with the awful struggle; it was the day of the entertainment. Not weary in his satanic devices, the tempter came again. The air seemed alive with demons hurling their fiery darts at his defenseless head. The boys implored him to join them in their sports that night. After the excitement of the entertainment should be over, they planned for a "good

time" in the stolen hours of the night. Faintly he reechoed, "No!" They jeered; they ridiculed; they laughed him to scorn, asking, "Why such decisions of honesty?"

Cries and prayers of fear and utter despair rose from his heart as he saw lurking among his schoolmates hellish shadows, and heard insinuating whispers. Darkness more penetrating and more dense than the outside fog filled his heart. In mental anguish, he cried: "Because of a praying mother; and, boys, as long as there remains one girl in this school true to the Christian principles she learned at her mother's knee, I'll live a life of purity. So long as there remains one girl who dresses modestly, and acts accordingly, I'll be worthy of the term 'manhood.'"

"Ah," the boys replied, "but you'll soon learn that one girl cannot stand alone in such an assembly! She will soon do as the others do in actions and in dress. We'll dare say tonight she will wear an evening gown with its alluring low neck and fascinating short sleeves."

Hysterically he turned to them with the awful thought burning in his soul, "What if she fails me?" and hoarsely whispered: "Boys, if Belle comes into the assembly tonight dressed in the prevailing custom of the evening, if she steps aside from her simplicity and her modesty, if she wears the low neck and short sleeves that Satan has invented as a means to win hundreds,—yes, thousands,—I'll go where you want me to go and do what you want me to do tonight."

He went from them to his room. It would take volumes to describe the intensity of the battle with self. The mere thought, "Will she fail?" nearly drove him mad. Yet he meant what he said, and would have to be true to his word.

Haggard and looking years older than a few hours before, he descended the steps that night and slowly entered the assembly hall. As he raised his eyes to meet the display of fashion, he well-nigh despaired. Watching eagerly to see Belle, yet trembling lest in beholding her his doom be settled, he waited.

Some one has asked the question: "What is the most wonderful, the most beautiful thing in the world? Is it the stars in all their matchless splendor, the glory of the setting sun, the grandeur of the lofty mountains with their snow-capped peaks, the hidden, marvelous beauties of the caves, nature in its profusion, the gnarled, majestic oaks, the melodious songs of the birds, or the sweet, delicate odors from the flowers?" The answer was: "No, none of these. The most wonderful of God's creation, the most beautiful thing in the world, is a womanly woman."

As Belle entered the assembly she was worthy to be called a womanly woman. She stood absorbed for a moment, little realizing that somewhere in that vast audience her arrival was eagerly taken note of. The young man turned to the boys at his side, and in a voice vibrating with the conviction of his decision, said, "Thank God; you have my answer for time and for eternity." With that he turned and left them.

It is true there yet remained seasons of cross bearing; but the hardest battle in the world—the battle with self—had been fought. Once more was the victory gained.

As the young man completed his story, Belle gazed in astonishment at his pale face, while tears flowed down her cheeks,—tears of joy and hidden pain. Bidding him good-by, she went her way with a feeling that, even though the cold grave might await her in

her Western home, her life had not been in vain.

Ah, girls, there is nothing more sure than that we are indeed our brothers' keeper. There are struggles about us that we know not of. Belle did not know of her friend's Gethsemane till later; had she failed, she would never have known; and he never knew of hers. O, let us pray as David of old, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not"! Let us beware lest we place a stumbling stone in the way of a weaker brother or sister. Let it never be said of us that we made the hard, thorny road more difficult because of our actions; but let us send forth into the world true, courageous manhood, that with the memory of our lives others may say, "I am better because she lived." And when the Saviour comes in the clouds of heaven may he say to each of our girls: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The future world is close at hand, with its unalterable and solemn issues — so near, so very near, and such a great work is to be done, so many important decisions are to be made. O, let us earnestly labor to save souls!

Suggestions Worth While

DAMPEN a clean felt blackboard eraser with kerosene. Wash your gas stove, and then, when it is dry, rub over with the eraser. I have been doing this for two years, during which time my stove has never needed blackening; and it still looks like new.

Campers will never suffer the inconvenience of having their matches refuse to light if, before setting out, they dip them in very hot paraffin. As soon as they are cool, the matches are ready for use and are absolutely damp-proof.

Muslins and cotton goods can be rendered almost fireproof if an ounce of alum or sal ammoniac is put in the last water in which they are rinsed or in the starch when they are stiffened. This is a particularly wise precaution to take with children's clothes, for even if the clothes do manage to take fire — which is highly improbable — they will burn without flame.

Japanese lanterns may be used on the porch in the summer more safely and satisfactorily if a little earth or sand is put in the bottom of each. This, by adding to the weight, steadies the lantern, even when the wind is blowing, holds the candle firmly in place, and in case the latter should tip over, removes the danger of fire.

Living in a town where there is a great deal of lime in the water, and knowing that sand soap and "gritty" powders are bad for porcelain bowls or bathtubs, I use kerosene for such cleaning. This does the work satisfactorily; but it always left an unpleasant odor until I began to mix in oil of lavender and vinegar. I use about twelve drops of the lavender and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to a pint of kerosene. The only odor that remains after cleaning now is a fresh and invigorating one.—*Good Housekeeping*.


Questions Worth Noting

Do you allow others to perform favors for you without your acknowledging them even by a Thank you? If so, don't do it again.

Do you keep all appointments, or else make speedy apology in case you are unavoidably prevented from doing so?



A New Tribe

 AN English captain claims to have recently discovered a new wild tribe of human beings, the Daffas, on the upper Brahmaputra, in India, one of the most inaccessible of places. The captain declares this tribe to be the wildest he ever saw. "They would not accept money for their honey, and seemed to be rather afraid of coins. They wanted nothing but white beads and salt. They dress their hair by tying it in a knot over the forehead, through which a brass or bamboo pin about a foot long is passed horizontally. In this is often a tuft of palm leaves."

The Candlefish

THE marine animals of the world, according to figures gathered by the United States Fish Commission, annually yield 18,000,000 gallons of valuable oils for the use of man. Of this enormous quantity, 5,500,000 gallons are derived from whales and seals, 3,500,000 gallons from the livers of cods and sharks, 7,500,000 gallons from the menhaden and other fish.

The most remarkable fish oil is obtained from the eulachan, or candlefish, which is so rich in fat that the Indians of the northwest coast use this fish instead of a candle. Stuck in the neck of a bottle and lighted with a match, it will burn brilliantly for a long while, giving a light that one may read by. The species is vastly numerous, running alongshore in schools numbering billions, so that the natives need never lack candles of this kind. But they know how to extract from the fish its oil, which is used in lamps and as a substitute for butter.

The oils of the dugong and manatee, though almost unknown in this part of the world, are of importance in Brazil, and in Australia and New Zealand, also. Dugong oil, which is almost as limpid as water, is utilized as a substitute for butter. Manatee oil is similarly employed, but is chiefly valued as a medicine, possessing properties which cause it to be esteemed superior to cod-liver oil. Without the unpleasantness of the latter, it has like virtues.

Alligator oil is used by hunters and swamper in the Gulf States as an illuminant and for softening leather. To similar purposes, especially currying, are applied the oils derived from many species of turtles, the chief supply being obtained from the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers. Along those streams immense numbers of turtles are found, and even their eggs, which are laid in the sandy banks, are collected for conversion into oil. The eggs are crushed, covered with water, and exposed to the sun, the oil soon coming to the surface, from which it is skimmed. One gallon of oil is extracted in this way from three thousand eggs.—*Chas. J. Barnard*.

MASSACHUSETTS received \$3,850,865.45 in one year for liquor licenses, and paid out \$9,255,576.25 for helping people ruined by strong drink. Good business!

We have over 4,000,000 paupers, and over 10,000,000 on the very edge of pauperism, nearly all of which is due to the licensed liquor traffic. Does it pay?



CHILDREN'S PAGE

Picnics

Sing a song of picnics;
Down the hill we run,
To the wood across the brook;
My! it's lots of fun!
Nurse has got a basket
Full of things to eat,
So we dance, and skip, and play;
Picnics are a treat.

Sing a song of picnics;
Now it's time to go;
Home seems miles and miles away,
Feet are dragging so.
O, so tired and sleepy!
Soon we're tucked in bed,—
But "it was a lovely picnic,"
Everybody said.

—Christine K. Davis.

Little Georgie* "The Jesus Boy"

W. S. CHAPMAN



HIS name was George Engelson, and his parents were members of our Brooklyn (New York) Scandinavian church. A number of years ago they moved to the South, residing in Tennessee and other States. They spent some time at Savannah, Georgia, moving there when Georgie was quite young. They lived a few miles outside of the city in a delightful little home, but it was in a very malarial and otherwise unhealthful place, where all the members of the family suffered more or less from fevers.

Surrounding the house was a grove of magnificently tall and stately hardwood trees. Here was Georgie's playground, where he spent many hours. He never seemed to care for the companionship of other children, but was devotedly attached to his mother. It was his delight to be with her, assisting when able in her work, talking with her, and plying her with questions concerning Jesus, heaven, and the new earth. Hour after hour the two would talk on these and kindred subjects, such as immortality, the state of the dead, and the resurrection.

This constant communion with his mother concerning heavenly topics naturally resulted in his acquiring a highly intelligent conception of spiritual things, and a power of analysis of truth most remarkable in so young a child.

When in the course of conversation something particularly interesting was brought to his attention, he had a peculiar way of expressing his delight. He would burst into song, selecting one of his "Jesus Songs," as he named those which were about our Lord; and, singing gleefully, would rush out into the grove and scamper about under the trees, round and round the house, singing with a vim, until he was tired out.

Then he would return to his mother's knee to con-

tinue the interrupted conversation. It was this constant talking about Jesus that won for him the name of the "Jesus Boy" among the neighbors, all of whom loved him.

One afternoon as the sun was about sinking in the west, Georgie came to his mother, who sat in the kitchen preparing the evening meal, and stood beside her for a moment, then, bending so as to reach her ear, whispered, "Mamma, there'll be ponies on the new earth, won't there?"

"Why, yes, dear, of course there will be."

Again he questioned her with some increase of timidity, as if not quite sure of the propriety of what he was asking: "Mamma, dear, do you think that Jesus will give me a pony on the new earth?"

"Certainly, darling, you will have a pony there."

"O, goody, goody!" he exclaimed, as he clapped his hands and pranced about the room. Then he stopped, reflected, and again whispered in his mother's ear, "Mamma, do you think that Jesus will let me have two ponies?"

"Yes, dear," the mother replied, "I think that you can have two ponies."

Eagerly the boy had listened for her reply, and when she confirmed his hope, he seemed to be filled with an ecstasy of delight and rushed gleefully out into the garden, and ran, as usual, round and round under the trees, singing his favorite air,—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
'Cause the Bible tells me so."

This was the last song that he ever sang.

There had come a very hot spell, and some of the summer days were almost unbearable even in the dense shade that surrounded the Engelson home. On this particular day of which I am writing, the father had gone to his work; the other children were at school; the mother was busy at her housework; and Georgie was under the trees playing, and humming his melody, "Jesus loves me." The mother was listening and mentally following the words, when suddenly



*The facts embodied in this story were obtained, mainly, from a conversation had with the mother, and partly from a half-finished letter written by her to a friend and found in her effects after her death.

Georgie stopped singing. The quiet that followed alarmed the mother, as it was unusual, and she went to the door to investigate.

Georgie stood under the trees looking intently up to heaven. She called to him, but not until the second call did he seem to hear. Then, with a start, he turned and came to her.

"Georgie, dear, what is the matter? What ails my darling boy?"

Slowly he raised his face to hers and looked intently into her eyes as he placed his hands lovingly on her cheeks, and drew her lips to his own, kissing her sweetly. Then, pressing her into a seat and cuddling down in her arms, he spoke: "Mamma, dear, you must not tell any one, will you?"

"Why, no, Georgie, not if you don't want me to. What is it, dear?"

"Mamma, I'm going to die!"

"O Georgie!" the startled mother shrieked, "what do you mean? You must not say such a thing; for it is not true."

"Yes, mamma, I shall die in a month from now, but you must not tell any one."

In vain the now terrified mother sought to convince the child that it was not true. Quietly, but firmly, the boy would each time reply, "Yes, mamma, I shall die, and sleep till Jesus comes."

"Why, Georgie! You don't want to die and be put into the cold, damp ground. No, no, dear, stay with mamma, who loves you so. You must not think of dying, dear. You shall not die."

"Yes, mamma, I shall die and rest till Jesus comes," would be his only reply.

After that day he seemed to be greatly changed. He played but little and never sang again. His conversation now was mainly concerning the resurrection, the coming of the Lord, and the new earth, and after each conversation he would remind his mother of his first statement that he was soon to die.

The mother grew wild with anxiety and fearful foreboding. Earnestly, and almost continuously, she prayed for the safety of her boy. She could not entertain the thought of his death, of giving him up; but what was she to think—a small child like Georgie quietly and gravely and persistently saying that he was about to die? Sleep forsook her, and her days were passed in miserable suspense.

The father's custom was to rise very early in the morning, as he lived some distance from the city where he worked, and it took time to reach the shop. He was, therefore, obliged to eat breakfast long before daylight, and before other members of the family were astir. Georgie, however, always rose and ate with his father.

One morning a month after Georgie had told his mother about his soon-coming death, he failed to appear at the breakfast table to eat with his father. While it was strange, it was supposed that he had overslept, and he was not disturbed. The father was yet eating when the mother stole softly upstairs to press a loving kiss upon the lips of her darling while he still slept. Soon the sound of a piercing shriek almost curdled the blood in the father's veins. Rushing upstairs, he found the mother with her boy in her arms, and the child in strong convulsions.

Quickly a tub of hot water was brought, it being wash day and hot water on the stove, and the boy was placed in it; but it was without avail. Gently the mother lifted him into her arms, and there he died.

Before the end came, consciousness returned for a moment; the child opened his eyes and gazed fondly upon his mother, then a little hand was raised and the index finger pointed to heaven. With a smile upon his pinched face, and another tender look at his mother, his eyes then closed in death.

Hour after hour the stricken mother sat speechless with the cheek of her dead boy pressed to her own. Not a word was spoken, not a tear shed, not even a moan escaped her lips, as she struggled with the agony of her bereavement. For hours the husband and the undertaker strove to influence her to give up the child; but not until six hours after his death did they succeed in unclasping the hands which held the stiffening corpse.

What that mother suffered, how she ever conquered the awful grief, no one ever knew. She buried it all, apparently, in the tiny grave where they laid her boy. Coming home from the funeral, she took up her daily tasks as if nothing had happened. She never referred to the matter if it could be avoided. Now she, too, sleeps, let us hope, in Jesus, to rise at the Master's call and pass, with her boy, into paradise.

St. Petersburg, Florida.

Lightning Calculation

ACCORDING to the editor of *Machinery*, lots of fun may be mysteriously had by any boy by performing these "lightning calculations."

The boy who is to do the "stunt" says that the audience must select three lines of figures, and he will select two, and the instant the first line of figures is written he will tell them the whole sum of the five before the rest have been selected.

Thus, suppose the adults or others in the room were to write the figures 4,962,783; then the "mind reader" will "calculate" as swift as lightning that the other four lines of figures will sum up to 24,962,781.

Here is the illustration:—

The audience selects	4,962,783
The audience selects	8,652,794
The boy selects	1,347,205
The audience selects	2,339,964
The boy selects	7,660,035
<hr/>	
	24,962,781

The boy picks out the third line of numbers by selecting such numbers as will make nines when each is added to the number just above it.

Thus the second number, 8,652,794, will give a total of nines if 1,347,205 is placed beneath it and the two lines added up. This also holds for the last two numbers above.

If the number of horizontal rows of figures is increased by two—one for the audience, one for the boy—the sum can be obtained by subtracting the number three from the last figure in the first row instead of the number 2; for nine horizontal rows 4 should be subtracted; and so on. The number subtracted from the last figure should be prefixed to the first row to give the final total.—*Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg.*

GET and keep a healthy brain. Keep it fine. Train it to sharp and accurate impressions.—"Norwood."

THERE is many a Waterloo that is fought in the soul of a man.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

6. Where was Elisha during the three days when search was being made for Elijah? About what did the men of Jericho complain to him? For what did Elisha ask? Where did he go? What did he do? What was done to the waters? To whom did Elisha give all the glory? 2 Kings 2:18-22.

7. Of what other healing of waters does this remind us? Ex. 15:23-25. What was the healing of the waters to teach the Israelites? Verse 26. What should we learn from them? Ps. 103:2, 3. What salt must be cast into the fountain of our life before we can overflow with life and blessing to others? Note 2.

8. From Jericho where did Elisha go? 2 Kings 2:23. What school was at Bethel? Verse 3, first part. What had Jeroboam placed there? 1 Kings 12:26-29. How were God's prophets regarded by these idolatrous people? 2 Chron. 36:15, 16.

9. As usual, when Elisha passed by, what did even the children do? What did they cry out after him? 2 Kings 2:23. In thus mocking one of God's servants, whom were they really mocking? Matt. 25:40. In telling Elisha to "go up," of what were they making sport? 2 Kings 2:11, last part.

10. What did Elisha do? What punishment came upon these wicked children? Why did Elisha curse them? Verse 24. Note 3.

11. By what shall all be judged? Matt. 12:36. How are we to treat the aged? Memory verse. What is a good rule for every one to follow? Matt. 7:12.

Notes

1. "WHERE IS THE GOD OF ELIJAH?"

As he turned to begin his great life work,
Lo, a river across his way!
O, "where is the God of Elijah?"
Were the words he was forced to say.

But by faith he laid hold of his mantle,
And smote the proud waters before;
And they parted, both hither and thither,
Until on dry ground he passed o'er.

Young friend starting out to your life work,
Do you find a broad river before?
Falter not; for the God of Elijah
Is as able to help as of yore.

Are you sure of your call as Elisha?
Lay hold of your mantle by faith.
There is nothing that can stand before you.
"I will help you. Go forward," He saith.

2. "All who would present themselves 'a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God,' must receive the saving salt, the righteousness of our Saviour. . . . If there is only a profession of godliness, without the love of Christ, there is no power for good. The life can exert no saving influence upon the world. Your energy and efficiency in the upbuilding of my kingdom, Jesus says, depend upon your receiving of my Spirit."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 439.

3. "Not in personal revenge for the indignity done to himself, but as the mouth of divine justice to punish the dishonor done to God."—*Matthew Henry*.

X — Returning to God the Tithe

(September 5)

Questions

1. In view of the approaching end, what exhortation is given us through Peter? 2 Peter 3:14.

2. What is Christ's aim for his church? Eph. 5:26, 27.

3. Against what must every soul take precaution? What word is used to describe Esau? Heb. 12:15, 16.

4. What is it to profane the holy things of God? Eze. 22:26.

5. When men treat the Sabbath as a day for common use, what are they doing? Verse 8.

6. In what matter besides the Sabbath of the Lord may men profane God's holy things? Lev. 27:30, 32.

7. To whom does the tithe belong? Verse 30. Note 1.

8. What does the Lord call it when that which he has reserved for himself is taken for common use? Mal. 3:8.

9. What is the Lord's appeal and promise to his people in this matter? Verse 10. Note 2.

10. What may some be tempted to say as they see unbelievers prosper while still refusing to recognize God's ownership of all things? Verses 14, 15.

11. But to what time is the Lord looking forward as he exhorts to faithfulness in tithes and offerings? Verses 16-18.

12. Did God's claim to the tenth of every man's income originate with the Levitical system? Gen. 14:18-20. Note 3.

13. Under what order of priesthood are we? Heb. 5:5, 6.

14. To what purpose has the Lord dedicated the tithe? Num. 18:21; 1 Cor. 9:13, 14. Note 4.

15. What are we doing in devoting our means to the work of God? Matt. 6:19-21.

Notes

1. The Lord reserved one day of the week from common use by man, and made it holy, to be kept by man in recognition of the Creator's sovereignty over all. So he has reserved one tenth of man's income as his, to be returned to God in recognition of the Lord's ownership of all things. "It is he that giveth thee power to get wealth." Deut. 8:18.

2. "All the tithes." The Revised Version renders it, "Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse." The word tithe means a tenth. It does not meet his call to bring a twentieth, or a thirtieth. The Lord asks for "the whole tithe." We are to bring to the Lord's treasury, the treasury of his church, a tenth of all our income.

3. This record shows the payment of tithes over four hundred years before the establishing of the Levitical service. And the text suggests that the devoting of the tithe to God's service was not a new thing even to Abraham. It is treated as an obligation well known to Abraham, the father of the faithful. Later, when Jacob made his vow to God, he said: "Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee." Gen. 28:22. These patriarchs, with whom God held communion, were taught the reservation of the tithe as the Lord's.

4. "Even so," says the Scripture. Just as the tithe was set apart by God in old time for the service of the sanctuary and the ministry of his word, "even so" the gospel ministry is to be supported in the carrying of the message of salvation to all the world. The priests, as well as the people, paid a tithe of their income. Num. 18:26. All are to recognize God's ownership.

"Let none feel at liberty to retain their tithe to use according to their own judgment. They are not to use it for themselves in any emergency, nor to apply it as they see fit, even in what they may regard as the Lord's work. . . . The minister should, by precept and example, teach the people to regard the tithe as sacred. He should not feel that he can retain and apply it according to his own judgment because he is a minister. It is not his. . . . Let him not give his influence to any plans for diverting from their legitimate use the tithes and offerings dedicated to God. Let them be placed in his treasury, and held sacred for God's service as he has appointed."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, Nov. 10, 1896.*

THE exhilaration of a true and manly friendship lies in the thought of its continuance. There can be no deep friendship which does not sigh for endlessness.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

GIVE the boy a handle and let him put in his own blade. There's nothing like working out a thing yourself.—*Norwood.*

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription	- - -	\$1.25
Six Months	- - -	.70

CLUB RATES

in clubs of five or more copies, one year	- - -	Each \$.85
Nine months at the rate of	- - -	.90
Six months at the rate of	- - -	.95
Three months at the rate of	- - -	1.00

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The Ministry of Song

"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives." Matt. 26: 30.

THEY sang an hymn, these of the upper room;
They sang an hymn, despite the gathering gloom.
They sang, and out upon the midnight air
The notes like incense odorous and rare
Went forth from burning altars. In that hour
Love's sacrifice was anointed with love's power.

O God, teach me the ministry of song,
In day's brief hour or midnight's vigil long;
And when the path is dark with troublous care,
And I know not which way to go, nor where,
Give me some strain of melody divine,
That I may sing and know that I am thine.

—Charles N. Pace.

The Fog and the Sunlight

SOME years ago I was crossing the Atlantic on my way back to the States. It was Sunday. I was on deck at twelve o'clock, reading my Bible. We suddenly passed from bright sunshine to dense fog. The foghorn sounded, and it had hardly begun before we heard a second. As you know, it is impossible to say under such circumstances whether the second one comes from the right, the left, front, or rear. Under such conditions the crowd always gets nervous. We were on a German boat, and all kinds of desecration of the Sabbath day were being indulged in,—gambling, drinking, reveling, and the like. In less time than I have been telling it, when our ship had made only three or four lengths into the fog bank she gave three blasts of the horn, one right after the other. While we did not understand the language of the horn, we knew that something extraordinary had happened. Following that came such a terrific wrenching of the ship that most of us on deck got up and made our way to the captain's bridge as best we could in the darkness of the fog. Just as we got there, and while on either side it was still as dark as midnight, the fog lifted in front of the ship, and the sun poured down through the channel in the fog. It was one of the most peculiar freaks of nature I ever saw; I can explain it only as a miracle. As the fog lifted, we saw a huge ship that had lost its moorings in the fog. It was pointing directly at us, and had struck the bow of our boat and scraped it considerably, but beyond giving us a sudden shock no danger resulted. The people, however, were greatly frightened. Men and women went into hysterics. We were about one thousand five hundred miles out, almost in mid-ocean.

After the fog had passed and the disturbance settled, and I had seated myself to think it through, there came over me this feeling, "Thank God, if it had happened, I am saved." My brethren, there is nothing in all the universe of God, never mind what it costs, that can do for a man in the hour of his greatest need what the consciousness of his salvation can do. Think of it! Think of the thing to which you are giving yourself most, think of the success that you are engaged in, and there is nothing in it that can do for you half what the calm, quiet consciousness of the fact that you are saved can do in the hours of greatest need.—*Dr. Len G. Broughton.*

Choosing Employees

"How do you pick out your stenographers, by their clothes or by their looks?" asked the sales manager of the correspondence man.

"By neither. Just by their hands. I look at those much more carefully than I do at their faces. A combination of rings and ink stains or of rings and carelessly kept nails means that the girl cannot have the job.

"It is simple enough when you come to think of it. The girl who takes pains to keep her hands immaculate and her nails trimmed will turn out letters that are just as carefully neat. If she has a white, clean, well-kept hand she will be a good employee; and you are welcome to the information. It took me some years to discover it for myself. How do you pick out your salesmen?"

"Not by their hands," laughed the sales manager, "but by another physical characteristic. I pick them out by their mouths.

"Every man who applies has recommendations. I never read them. If a man's jaws close with a snap when he talks, that man has opinions that are strong and can put up a good argument. He will put up a good argument with our customers, and a convincing one.

"On the other hand, if he closes his mouth loosely or his jaws wobble when he finishes a sentence, he will put up a lame and uncertain line of argument with an obstinate customer, and obstinate customers are the ones we are after. Take a look at the jaws of the men who have been great vote getters and politicians, and you will see what I mean. It's a simple thing after all, isn't it?"—*Selected.*

And Adam Hid Himself

A CERTAIN pastor one day visited a family belonging to his church. The daughter saw him coming and quickly went out through a side door. She loved the world and did not want to hear the eternal truths, therefore she always tried to avoid meeting the faithful pastor, the good friend of her parents. When he had gone, she came in and asked her mother whether the pastor had asked after her. The mother answered: "Yes, and he has left something for you. Here it is, he has marked the passage." With these words she handed her daughter the Bible, opened at Prov. 28:1: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion." The girl read the verse, but said nothing to her mother at that time. However, she soon visited the pastor and told him that the words had pierced her heart, and she wished forgiveness. What a joy it was for him to lead this penitent soul to Christ, where her heart was thoroughly cleansed in the precious blood of the Lamb!—*Selected.*