

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 8



"The fleecy clouds their bosoms bare,
And shed their beauty on the floating air."

FROM HERE AND THERE

YUAN SHI-KAI was crowned emperor of China on February 12.

ONE of our self-supporting missionaries in Java is supporting three native workers in China.

OLD calendars provide excellent drill material for number work in primary grades. Mothers can use them in home drill work.

EVERY church should support two pastors—one for the thousands at home, the other for the millions abroad.—*Jacob Chamberlain.*

IF a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he may build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.—*Emerson.*

ACCORDING to Teutonic reckoning, sixty-seven ships of the Allies were sunk by submarines during the last two weeks in October and the month of November. The list must have been considerably increased since that time.

WHEN we pray for our missionaries, let us pray with real solicitude that their health and lives may be preserved. Why should homes be broken, wives widowed, children orphaned, the work of God hindered by sickness and death? Surely this is not God's plan. His power and protection are promised in answer to prayer.

AVIATORS tell us that as they ascend, the fences that divide the country into fields and farms gradually fade out, until there is left only one beautiful landscape of meadow, field, and forest, with winding streams and shining lakes. And is it not true, O Christian, the nearer we get to the heart of the Infinite the less we note small things which ruffle Christian experience, and distract the attention from things of greater moment?

A MISSIONARY to Urumiah, Persia, besides being ill herself with typhoid, has nursed the sick, visited among them, held services whenever possible, played the organ for the church, and recommenced her Turkish lessons abruptly stopped at the beginning of the invasion of Urumiah by the Kurds and Turks. She writes: "In spite of the experiences of my first year in the foreign field, I would rather be a missionary than anything else in the world. The past months have taught me lessons of trust which I never would have learned in the same way under easier conditions."

THE recent flight of the Montenegrin royal family brings the number of sovereigns in exile, or held in durance through the war, up to nine. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth are serving on the battle front in Flanders. King Peter of Serbia is undergoing the rest cure in Greece. King Nicholas is reorganizing the Montenegrin Army at Scutari. Queen Milna of Montenegro arrived at Lyons, France, recently. Prince William of Wied, Albania's ruler, fled at the beginning of the war. The Duchess of Luxemburg and the shah of Persia are virtual prisoners in their own castles. Khedive Abbas Hilmi of Egypt has been deposed and exiled by the British.

WHEN the Indian chief, Wolf Caller, a prominent medicine man of Northwest Canada, became a Christian, he immediately gave up all his old heathen and medicine instruments (which meant, of course, all his wealth), saying he was conscious they stood for nothing but evil, and he did not want to be a half-hearted Christian. If we chose our amusements upon this Indian's basis, do you think we would have many that did not amuse? many that pricked the conscience? or many that divided the heart's best interest?

A Town That is Wet to Stay

KETCHIKAN, Alaska, has some beautiful gardens. The most of the homes are frame cottages, and nearly every one has its little lawn with bushes and flowers. Some of the citizens raise vegetables and berries. In the garden of H. C. Strong I saw raspberry bushes as high as my shoulder, which give him all of that fruit he can eat for more than two months during the summer. The berries are large and of a fine flavor, and they never become mushy when ripe. Ketchikan also grows currants and salmon berries, and it has as many beautiful flowers as a section of the same size in Seattle or Portland. It is a wet city, and the moisture is such that the plants will grow on the rocks with no soil to speak of. It has been raining steadily ever since I arrived, and today during a downpour I asked one of the citizens,—

"Does it never stop raining in Ketchikan?"

He replied, with a laugh, "I hardly know. I have lived here only fifteen years."—*Christian Herald.*

The Song of the Dough

A RESTLESS mound of white I lie,
Neath watchful eyes.
Once I was flour; now I am dough;
And as most lads and lasses know,
I have to rise.

Some magic principle within
Bids me aspire;
My destiny I must fulfil
In carrying out my maker's will
By rising higher.

What matter if I'm kneaded down
With manner curt?
Some greater good shall I achieve
By e'en this process, I believe,
Though it may hurt.

My value will be told in full
When I, at length,
Have passed through fire's pervading heat,
Becoming bread that all may eat
And build up strength.

Wouldst thou a staff of life become
That men shall prize?
Then hide within thy soul the Spring
Of every good and perfect thing;
And thou shalt rise

In value and in usefulness,
Without surcease.
When troubles come, 'tis but a sign
Thy God would thus thy gold refine,
Thy worth increase.

CORA FERRIS.

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 8

Elijah — the Man of Invincible Courage The Condition of Israel in the time of Elijah

C. C. LEWIS

TEXT: "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." 1 Kings 18:21.

Our subject is rather a character than a text. But the words quoted were spoken at a crisis in the life of Elijah, and are representative of his character. To understand and appreciate them, it will be necessary to trace the events that led to their utterance.

After the death of Solomon, some sixty or seventy years before this time, the ten tribes of Israel revolted from the rule of his son, Rehoboam, and under the leadership of Jeroboam established a government known thereafter as the kingdom of Israel.

Fearing that his subjects would turn again to Rehoboam if they went up to Jerusalem to sacrifice, Jeroboam made two golden calves, and set them up for worship in Dan and Bethel, proclaiming, "Behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." This open transgression of the second commandment brought swift condemnation and punishment. Assuming the office of priest in offering sacrifice, Jeroboam was smitten by the Lord, and his withered hand could not be brought back to his side until restored through the prayer of the prophet.

But even this manifestation of divine displeasure and power did not arrest Jeroboam's downward course. With stubborn blindness and hardness of heart he persisted in idolatry, until, near the close of his twenty-two years' reign, the prophet Ahijah declared that his house should be destroyed, and that the Lord would smite Israel as a reed is shaken in the water, and he would root up Israel out of this good land, which he had given to their fathers, and would scatter them beyond the river, because they had made their idol groves, provoking the Lord to anger. "And he shall give Israel up," said he, "because of the sins of Jeroboam, who did sin, and who made Israel to sin."

From Jeroboam to Ahab

The following fifty years was a time of idolatry in both Israel and Judah, of war between the two kingdoms, and of internal revolution in Israel. Six kings followed Jeroboam, of four different dynasties, and each seemed to strive to outdo his predecessor in wickedness, so that it became a set formula with the sacred historian, in closing his record of the life of each king, to say that "he walked in all the way of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, and in his sin wherewith he made Israel to sin." Of Omri, the father of Ahab, it is declared that he "wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord, and did worse than all that were before him." And of Ahab himself it is said, "It came to pass, as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, that he took to wife Jezebel the daughter of Ethbaal king of the Zidonians, and went and served Baal, and worshiped him. And he reared up an altar for Baal in the house of Baal, which he had built in Samaria. . . . And Ahab

did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him."

Jezebel and Baal Worship

Bad as he was, Ahab was but a child in wickedness as compared with his idolatrous wife Jezebel; for at his worst he was but weakly wicked, having some pangs of remorse; but he was a tool in the hands of his crafty, unscrupulous, conscienceless wife, who deliberately set out to introduce into Israel the hideous and cruel rites of Baal worship, and who would hesitate at no means, however base, to accomplish her evil ends. First, she seems to have erected a temple to Astarte in the neighborhood of Jezreel, and to have supported its four hundred and fifty priests from her private purse. Then Ahab and she built a temple for Baal in Samaria, the capital of the kingdom. Shrines and temples began to rise in all parts of the kingdom in honor of these false gods, while the altars of Jehovah were broken down. The land swarmed with the priests of these heathen deities, proud, insolent, licentious, rolling in luxury and enjoying royal favor, while the priests and prophets of Jehovah were hunted down and slain.

Things could not have been much worse. The knowledge of the true God was almost lost. Not only so, but the morals of the nation were fast becoming corrupt; for Baal, the sun god, was regarded as the male principle of life and reproduction in nature, and was worshiped in the groves and high places in association with the unchaste goddess Astarte, the female principle of nature, these false gods being "the patrons of the grossest sensuality and even of systematic prostitution." It was indeed a time of darkness,—a time for God to make bare his arm in judgments; for the wicked had made void his law, and the knowledge of his name was about to perish from the earth.

God's Opportunity

"But," in the eloquent words of another, "God is never at a loss. The land may be overrun with sin; the lamps of witness may seem all extinguished; the whole force of the popular current may run counter to his truth; and the plot may threaten to be within a hair's breadth of success: but all the time he will be preparing a weak man in some obscure highland village, and in the moment of greatest need will send him forth as his all-sufficient answer to the worst plottings of his foes. 'When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.' So it has been and so it shall be again."

The Story of Elijah, the Tishbite

To a young man beyond the Jordan, of the hamlet of Thisbe among the highlands of Gilead, came the word of the Lord. At times, as he kept his flock among those wild hills, the Spirit of God came upon him with power, and he grew to be intensely religious and earnest. He read or was told of the Lord's dealings with his ancestors; of his leading them out from the land of

Egypt, of their wanderings in the wilderness because of their sins, and finally of their occupation of the Promised Land. These lessons deeply impressed his mind; and as from time to time he heard snatches of what was taking place in Israel and Judah, he became "very jealous for the Lord God of hosts," and longed to do something to stay the apostasy of his people. Thus he grew to manhood; and as the news came of how Jezebel had thrown down God's altars, and had slain his prophets and replaced them with the impious rites of her Tyrian deities, his indignation was ready to burst all bounds. But what could he do? He could only think, and read, and pray.

Elijah read the warning of Moses, that if the people of Israel should turn aside and worship and serve other gods, the Lord's wrath would be kindled against them, and he would shut up the heaven that there should be no rain and the land should not yield her fruit. The conviction came upon him that only the severe judgments of God would arouse the people to a sense of their sins. Then he was led to pray earnestly that it might not rain until Israel should repent of their sins and seek the Lord. And with the assurance that his prayers were heard came the conviction that it was his duty to go to the king and tell him of the coming judgment. Accordingly he hastened to Samaria, and burst into the presence of the king with the words, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word."

Wherever this interview may have taken place, Ahab must have been profoundly impressed. Looking up at the sound of the first words, the astonished gaze of the king rested upon a tall, sinewy figure, girt with a girdle of leather about his loins, a sheepskin robe thrown over his shoulders, his hair shaggy and unkempt, his beard long and flowing, and his face and limbs bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind of his native hills. The powerful frame, the outstretched arm, the deep-toned voice, and the solemn message of the prophet must have struck conviction to the heart of the king; but before he could reply, the prophet was gone, as mysteriously and abruptly as he had come.

Beginning of the Drought

Ahab and Jezebel must have talked long and earnestly together about the strange visitor and his unwelcome message. What did it mean? Would it amount to anything? Who was this uncouth person who dared invade the royal courts so unceremoniously? Where did he come from? and where had he gone? What of his warning? Was there any danger? These are the questions that would naturally arise. And they would bring them up frequently for a time, and would laugh together over the strange appearance of the prophet, until the duties and pleasures of their station would cause the unpleasant circumstance to be almost forgotten.

At last it would be observed that no rain had fallen for several weeks. The streets had become dusty, and the grass had shriveled up. A good shower would be appreciated. But no shower came. What was it that strange man had said about there being no rain only according to his word?

The days came and went, but still no rain. They grew into weeks, but the drought continued. Matters began to be serious. The streams were dwindling and the pastures were drying up. Perhaps, after all, there might be some connection between his prophecy and the present dry spell. Where was this man who had

locked up the heavens with his word and had taken the key away with him? No one seemed to know.

The drought increases in severity. The crops are destroyed. The water is dried up in the brooks. Famine begins, it prevails, and spreads over the land. Some of the beasts perish, and mankind suffers want.

Unwillingly the thoughts of Ahab turn to the strange man and his prophecy. It is now certain that he is the cause of this dire calamity. He must be found as the only hope of relief. And so the search begins. Up and down throughout the land, trusty men seek in vain for Elijah. Messengers are sent to the surrounding nations and kingdoms, securing their cooperation in the search, and taking the oath of their rulers that no such man is to be found in their borders.

Retirement of Elijah

Meanwhile, as soon as Elijah had delivered his message, the Lord directed him to hide himself by the brook Cherith. Here he was miraculously fed until the waters of the brook were dried up. Then he was directed to go to Serepta, near Sidon, where the Lord had commanded a widow to sustain him.

The journey was made in safety, and as he arrived at the outskirts of the town, there was a woman gathering sticks. Testing her as well as bidding for acquaintance, he asked for a drink of water. Readily she complied with his request; for there was still water to be obtained, although with difficulty. As she was going to fetch the water, he called to her to bring him a morsel of bread as she returned. And then the sad truth came out, that she had left only a handful of meal and a little oil, and she had been gathering a few sticks to bake the last cake, that she and her son might eat it and then die. "And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." A hard test indeed for a heathen woman; but the Spirit of God had been preparing her heart, and she bore it nobly and well. And she had her reward; for in ministering to the wants of God's prophet she sustained her own life and that of her son until relief came.

Sent to Meet Ahab

What a test of patience must this season of waiting have been to Elijah! Anything but inactivity to a man of his make! But it was over at last, "after many days;" and the word of the Lord came to him saying, "Go, show thyself unto Ahab; and I will send rain upon the earth."

Like a lion loosed from his cage, Elijah sprang up to obey. Coming suddenly upon Obadiah, the overseer of Ahab's house, who was scouring the land in one direction while his master went in another direction, to find, if possible, grass to save at least a few of the horses and mules alive, he said, "Go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here."

Before Elijah spoke Obadiah knew him, and upon receiving the command he was alarmed; for he could not believe Elijah would brave the king's anger and vengeance, but thought the Spirit of the Lord would carry him away again and hide him; and when the king should fail to find him, he would think Obadiah was a deceiver, and would take his life as a penalty. Hence Obadiah pleaded to be excused from bearing such a message to the king, declaring that he had been a servant of Jehovah from his youth, and had secretly hidden

a hundred of the Lord's prophets in a cave and fed them there during the persecutions of Jezebel. But Elijah reassured him by solemnly declaring, "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely show myself unto him today. So Obadiah went to meet Ahab, and told him: and Ahab went to meet Elijah."

What a meeting was that, the second, between these two men! The king came to the prophet,— came with a retinue of soldiers, under a show of authority, but with fear and trembling.

"Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" he demanded, with a show of spirit, as soon as he saw Elijah.

But the prophet, who had calmly awaited the king's approach, answered, "I have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim."

The king quailed before the man of God, because he knew the charge was true; and the prophet, immediately following up his advantage, commanded the king to gather to him all Israel at Mt. Carmel, with the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and the four hundred prophets of the groves that were supported by Jezebel. The king obeyed without a word of protest. The edict was issued, calling the people together.

While the royal messengers are hastening throughout the land, and the people are preparing to obey the summons, let us go with Elijah in advance to the scene of the coming conflict.

Mt. Carmel is a wooded ridge, about twelve miles in length, rising on the east like a wall some 1,600 feet above the great plain of Esdraelon, mounting quickly to 1,728 feet above the sea level, and descending into a bold headland some 600 feet high, which dips almost directly into the waters of the Mediterranean. Along its base is the rocky bed of the brook Kishon. At the eastern extremity is a sort of natural platform, raised 1,000 feet above the adjoining plain, which bears the Arab name El Murahkah, "the burning," or "sacrifice." Less than a hundred yards distant is a spring, which is said to flow even in the driest seasons. The identification of this spot as the scene of the great trial is regarded as beyond dispute. It overlooks all the plain, and is in clear view from Jezreel, eighteen miles away, where Jezebel impatiently awaited the issue.

The Call to Decision

To this magnificent theater for such a tragedy as that which is about to be enacted, the people of Israel now come. By twos and threes, by dozens, and by companies they arrive, swarm up the foothills, and settle by thousands to rest before the natural platform chosen as the scene of the trial. When all is ready, the prophet, in tones that reverberate over that vast throng, sounds forth the challenge, "How long halt [or limp] ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him."

His words were received in silence. "The people answered him not a word." They were not ready to commit themselves. They preferred to await developments. Then Elijah said to them: "I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them therefore give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under: and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under: and call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the

name of the Lord: and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God."

And all the people answered in chorus, "It is well spoken." It is a fair test. The prophets of Baal ought not to object; for they worship the sun god, the god of the elements, the god of fire. We will abide by the result.

The Trial by Fire

And so the trial began. Round and round the altar the prophets of Baal circled, calling upon the name of their god from morning until noon, and leaping up and down at the altar in a frenzy of fanatical excitement. But no voice nor sign from their god indicated that he heard them or cared for their senseless performance. On other occasions they had secretly introduced fire into their altars, and thus deceived the people; but now the eagle eye of Elijah and the close watch of the people prevented any such attempt.

Noon came, and Elijah mocked them in as fine a vein of sarcasm as can be found in any language. "Cry louder," said he, "for surely he is a god. Perhaps he is engaged in conversation, or is enjoying the pleasures of the chase, or has gone on a journey; or perhaps he is asleep and must be awakened."

Goaded to still greater exertions by these taunts, they cried louder, and danced and leaped with still greater frenzy; and reaching the climax of their fury, they cut themselves with spears and lances until the blood gushed out from countless wounds. Thus they continued, their cries growing fainter and their movements feebler, until at last they sank exhausted to the ground, and ceased their efforts.

The True God Answers

Elijah's time had now come. His first act was to call the people nearer, that there might be no possible opportunity for deception. Then he sought out twelve stones to represent the twelve tribes of Israel, and with them rebuilt the altar of Jehovah which had been broken down. The wood was made ready, the sacrifice was laid thereon, and the whole was thrice drenched with water from the near-by spring. When all was in readiness, he bowed in dignified reverence before God, and uttered this simple but mighty prayer: "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again."

The Fate of the Baal Prophets

Then the fire of the Lord fell from heaven, and consumed the sacrifice and the wood and the stones and the dust, and licked up the water, and shone far out over all the plain. And all the people fell on their faces and cried out, "The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God."

But sterner work yet remains to be done; and Elijah issues the command, "Take the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape." And the people closed about them, hurried them down the mountain side to the Kishon, where they were slain. Stern work this! But the need was urgent, the punishment just. Ahab, indeed, was more guilty than they; but he was still the anointed of the Lord, and his punishment was divinely delayed until a later time.

(To be concluded)

On the Boundless Deep—No. 2

MRS. C. M. SNOW

THE two days' extremely rough sea was followed by such fine weather that Captain Koughan was able to speed the ship on, and make up all but an hour and a half of the time lost. So we said good morning to Honolulu on December 13.

The biggest day's run was 338 miles. She carried 141 passengers, and a cargo of 2,830 tons, with 1,073 sacks of mail. This was her first visit to Honolulu since sailing from there for San Francisco the fourth of July. Meantime she had undergone extensive alterations and repairs. The "Sierra's" run has formerly been only from San Francisco to Honolulu. This is her first long trip.

The "Sierra" has maintained steady wireless communication night and day for a radius of 2,500 miles. On arriving in the port of Honolulu, we had joined the bread line, although our first entrances to the dining room were made with lagging steps, and the exits were very hasty. The dining table had such an impolite way of rising up into our faces.

Even in our state of semiexistence we loved to watch old Ocean—miles and miles of restless water, as far as the eye, aided by a most powerful glass, could reach, nothing but white-capped, tossing water. At times it forms in long, rolling swells; again, the waves are short and choppy; often the high, dashing waves shoot right over the ship; again, the water curls and dimples in easy ripples; and at times the arms of the deep are thrown up wildly, thrashing the water about madly, and hurling abroad clouds of misty spray and showers of sparkling drops. Now they are rising like huge indigo mountains, higher and higher, then dropping down, down. And the colors—I cannot attempt to describe them. Always much of the water is the deepest possible blue, sometimes so dark as to seem almost black. Light blue-green pools are here and there, especially near the ship, like opals to adorn "Sierra's" pathway. All the waves are topped with the foamiest white frosting, which ripples in rivulets down their sides, spreading over them like a fleecy coverlet as they slide down—but never to rest. At the bow, where the ship's prow plows through the water, billowy masses of the frothiest white foam, united with blue, form whirling, swirling, sparkling whirlpools festooning the swells, or richest blue tossing into the air and forming into countless diamond drops.

One of the pleasures of the daytime is to watch the bright rainbows playing hide-and-seek among the waves. Another is to see the flying fish dart in and out of the dancing water, sometimes hundreds in a school. But as they glide down, enemies from above and beneath hover near to feast upon them. Two of these fish flew on deck in the evening. The first one was thrown into the swimming tank and escaped during the night. The other and larger one was killed by its impact with the ship. It was about seven inches long, with two pairs of wings, the larger pair coming out back of the gills. The belly is white and the back bluish-black. This coloring is to protect the fish from their enemies in the air and in the water.

An ocean dove came on board. The men took it to the butcher shop and fed it some meat, and then let it go. The tropic bird flies about occasionally, and a few others. One day a porpoise was seen at a dis-

stance. We saw one ship, the "Great Northern," far away, and some say there was another ship still farther away.

It is a delight to watch the sunset skies. Sometimes a little island of flimsy cloud lies in a golden sea. But the picture is ever changing, each new one more beautiful than the last. All the colors of the rainbow are mixed and blended in such delicate, ethereal loveliness as no artist could imitate, no poet describe. No intervening hills, trees, or houses mar the wondrous view—just the purity of the dimpling, gurgling waves as a setting for this incomparable loveliness.

There comes to mind a poem I once read. Though it is rather crude, I will copy a portion of it here with certain changes as hinting at the beautiful scene:—

"Should it be your kind fate to brave
At eventide old Ocean's wave,
No finer tints on sea and sky
Did ever meet your mortal eye.

"Not California's charming coast
A lovelier scene than this can boast,
Though Coronado's evening glow
Doth something of these beauties show.

"These colors, fresh from heaven poured,
Are tiny dust from God's own hoard;
And every evening spreads for you
God's wondrous web of many a hue.

"One eve, a sky of burnished gold
Almost too brilliant to behold,
Has lower edge of palest green,
A fancied pathway to the unseen.

"A lower sky of somber hue
Another night still meets the view,
With all above of lakes a chain
In tints to fire an artist's brain.

"O for a sail to waft us thence,
Afar from things of time and sense!
But now the cloudy veil of night
Shuts all these glories from our sight.

"Yet close your eyes, the vision still
Is yours, to summon when you will;
Where'er you go, wherever land,
You'll ne'er forget these sunsets grand."

In the evening we watch the peculiar shapes and burlesque pictures of the cloud cartoonist; the lovely sheen of the silvery waves, sparkling, dancing in Luna's golden beams, with the starry sky overhead. On the opposite side of the boat from the moon, Venus in all her brilliance looks down on the scene.

The gay-hearted opera troupe on board keep the air tinkling with their light tunes, occasionally dropping into one of the dear old melodies. Overhead twinkle myriads of glowing lights.

It is so delightful to rise early and watch these starry lights go out; to see the heavy darkness that precedes the dawn, broken by little pools of such delicate lambent colors as have no name. The restless, dark clouds become ever lighter, more flimsy, and finally disappear altogether before the long shafts of glory that precede the sunrise, and the birth of a new day.

But how can one tell the untellable? how describe the indescribable? Life can never again be just the same after seeing these wonderful moving pictures, morning after morning. Charmed by this beauty, lost to things earthly in such a scene, I felt how inappropriate the voice near by saying, "Doesn't it seem a tiresome while to wait for breakfast?" Evidently he

had risen early to smoke. I never saw so much smoking and tea drinking as during one week on this boat.

The bos'n knows me, and doesn't send me down even when he comes with his escort of — some bare-legged and some rubber-legged men to scrub the deck, for they keep the ship spotless. Even his sunburned face expresses appreciation of the glorious vision, although he has seen it every day for over twenty years.

Sometimes it seems as if nothing but the approaching Son of God could make a scene so filled with glory, and these morning vigils lead to a deeper heart-searching than ever before. All alone upon the deck, I hold sweet communion with the Creator of all these wonders. Surely "the heavens declare the glory of God."

There are sports and games on board, but so great is Ocean's charm that we like to sit motionless for hours gazing seaward. We see the rainstorm, the lightning, the heavens covered with blackness. But —

"Isn't God upon the water
Just the same as on the land?"

And so we "sail on, sail on, and on, and on," like Christopher Columbus. Our acquaintance with old Neptune causes an added respect for the intrepid navigator who started out in so crude a boat, not knowing whither he went, but sailing on and on over the waters of the great unknown sea until he found the land for which he sought.

So may we bravely sail on over life's tempestuous sea until we reach the Land of Promise.

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Strange Ways of Expressing Numbers

EVERY language has its peculiarities, and the Sesuto is no exception to this rule. As the Basutos are a primitive people, their language also must be primitive. Of course of late years words have been taken from both their English and Dutch neighbors and transferred to their own language to meet the advances of civilization, but a few years ago such words were unknown to the Basuto. For instance, originally cattle were the means of exchange, barter, and traffic, and as there was no currency system of any sort, there was no word for money. But when the traders introduced this medium of exchange, it became necessary for it to have a name in the Sesuto language; so the word *chelt* was borrowed from the nearest Dutch neighbors, and with the addition of the usual Sesuto vowel ending, the word *chelete* was added to their vocabulary.

An interesting illustration of the real primitiveness of the language may be found in the Basuto method of counting, which is done with the help of the fingers. Often instead of speaking the number they desire to express, they simply show the hand with the fingers in the proper positions. For instance, if one wants to indicate the number *three*, as three oxen, instead of saying "likhomo tse tharo" (oxen which are three), he extends the last three fingers of the left hand and says "likhomo tse kana" (oxen which are so many). To indicate *five*, all of the digits of one hand are extended with the words "tse kana" (which are so many), and so on.

The word *six* is "tseletseng" (having crossed over), because when we have counted on the fingers up to five, we must then "cross over" to the other hand. The extended thumb of the hand (usually the right hand) indicates six. Thus we see that if one holds up the little finger of the closed hand, it means one; but if he extends the thumb of the closed hand instead, it indicates six.

Seven is the verb "supileng" (having pointed out), because to indicate this number the index, or "pointing out," finger is extended with the thumb, the other three fingers being closed. *Seven men* is "batho ba supileng" (persons they having pointed out).

For *eight* we must "break (bend) two fingers;" that is, the last two fingers must be closed down. So, in the language, to say *eight people* we say "batho ba robileng meno e meli" (persons who have broken two fingers).

In a similar manner *nine* is indicated or expressed. All the digits of the hand are extended except the little finger, which remains bent, or "broken." One may show his hand with the fingers in this position and simply say "so many," or he can say the sentence which means nine. *Nine people* is "batho ba robileng mono o le mong" (persons who have broken one finger). To say *ninety-nine* we must repeat this sentence, for we say nine tens and nine units. For instance *ninety-nine men* is "batho ba mashome a robileng mono o le mong, a metso e robileng mono o le mong" (persons who have tens which break one finger, who have units which break one finger). And if it so happened that one desired to say or write out the words for 9,999, he would require more time or space for it than the average man would care to devote to such things. But since the Basutos always have had "more time than money," and since with them "deliberation is dignity," it is quite proper for them to take time to express themselves in a more romantic or tragic manner than do their white neighbors, whose time is so taken up that they are driven to curtail and abbreviate everything possible.

So for 9,999 *oxen* we say "likhomo tse likete tse robileng mono o le mong, tse makholo a robileng mono o le mong, a mashome a robileng mono o le mong, a metso e robileng mono o le mong," which is to say, "oxen which are thousands which have broken one finger, which have hundreds which break one finger, have tens which break one finger, which have units which break one finger."

The learning of the language, however, is not so difficult as some might think by reading the foregoing; and even if it were, the consecrated heart whose one aim is the salvation of precious souls, counts all things as loss and surmounts all difficulties with joy, for one "can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth."

E. C. SILSBEE.

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God's Love

I HEAR a voice so sweet and low
Speak from each budding flower and tree;
In softest cadence comes the word,
Which gently says, "My love to thee."

I hear that wooing, winsome voice,
As softly murmuring breezes go;
I hear the same sweet tones again
Where dimpling, rippling waters flow.

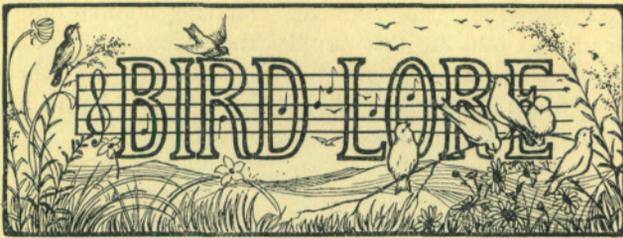
I hear it in the song birds' notes,
I hear it in the rustling leaves;
So speak the waving fields of grain,
And so, again, the golden sheaves.

The starry heavens proclaim his love,
Boundless as space, and full and free;
The clouds, the sunbeams, speak his word,
"Beloved child, come unto me."

IDA REESE KURZ.

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FAILURE is a fool's name for lack of grit; not being a fool, you will not talk of failure.—*Edward Earle Purinton.*



Birds as Travelers

First Flights

ONE of the best ways to prepare for a long journey is to make a short one. So we find that many birds, before they embark on their great air voyage which is to take them from their summer to their winter home, first make daily trips between their sleeping quarters and their feeding grounds.

This is the habit of our robin. Robins raise two and sometimes three families in one season. When the first family leaves the nest, early in June, it is taken by the father robin to some dense, leafy growth of young trees to pass the night. To this place they return every night. Many other robins, sometimes thousands of them, come to the same woods. Such resorts are known as robin roosts. In flying to and from them the young birds learn to find their way.

Meanwhile, mother robin is patiently sitting on her blue eggs, from which in about two weeks' time another little family will appear. In two weeks more they also will be large enough to leave the nest, and can join their brothers and sisters in the roost.

Grackles, or crow blackbirds, have the same habit. But since they have only one family, or brood, both the parent birds go to the roost with their young.

Sometimes the robins are joined by the grackles, and both by the European starlings, which, brought to this country and released in Central Park in 1890, have since become one of the most abundant birds in our Middle Atlantic States. Such a roost is visited nightly by many thousands of birds.

It is very interesting to watch them at sunset come streaming in from every point of the compass, and to hear their good-night chorus before they all go to sleep.

In the morning they begin to leave soon after day-break, and by sunrise few are left. The place which was thronged by myriads is deserted. Late in the afternoon they begin to return, and ere long the roost is again teeming with feathered forms.

The little journeys of swallows from their sleeping resorts to their hunting grounds begin in July and do not end until late September or early October. Swallows sleep in the reeds or cat-tails which grow in vast marshes. They are so hidden that you might pass very near them without seeing a bird. But suddenly, like exploding fireworks which fill the air with sparks, they burst from their roost, and there is a swarm of

happy, twittering birds above you. A moment later they have gone, each one to hunt its breakfast.

At midday and in the early afternoon one may see them resting in long rows on the electric wires. Late in the afternoon they begin to return to the marshes, darting for mosquitoes and other insects as they go. During the day they have flown far. Thus they gain the practice which makes them ready for the great journey to the South.

How they know when it is time to start, who can say? But that they all know it, is certain. On that day all the swallows which have been roosting within miles of one another rise up in the air together. From a distance they look like a snowstorm of large black flakes. There seems to be much excitement. The great day has come! Soon they leave the marsh, not to return until the following spring.

Chimney swifts, in their daily journeys, scatter far and wide over the country. One may see a swift coursing through the air here, and another there. But in the evening they all come racing in toward the chimney in which they are to pass the night. Before this country was settled, the swifts nested and roosted in hollow trees. Now, as we all know, they use chimneys, and the roosting chimney is usually a large one.

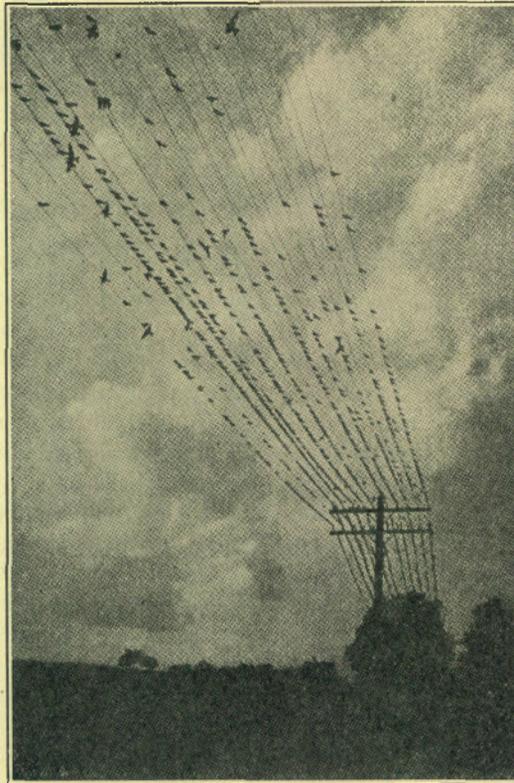
The early arrivals do not enter the chimney at once. In fact, no swifts go to bed until practically all have come, when they fly in a great irregular spiral around and around in the air over the chimney. Then, like a whirling column, a part of them pour into the chimney. The others go flying madly onward. Again they approach the chimney, and another group of birds darts spirally into it. This performance is repeated until not a swift remains outside. What a singular appearance the walls of the chimney must present at this time, with hundreds, and often thousands, of soot-colored birds clinging to it!

In the morning the swifts leave in small parties, and at once separate widely over the country in search of food.

In southwestern Minnesota there is a small lake, about five miles long and three wide, called Heron Lake. It is the favorite resort in the autumn of the beautiful Franklin's or prairie gull. There are many thousands of them there, and their daily journey from the lake to gather food out in the prairies is one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen in bird life.

The gulls sleep near the center of the lake, all crowded closely together. They leave before sunrise. All rise at once, and the air is then so filled with birds that one can scarcely see the lake. Many drop back to the water; the others begin their day's wanderings. Again they all rise; a part take leave, while those remaining return to the water. Within half an hour all have gone.

Some mornings they fly in one direction, on others in another direction. I think they are apt to fly toward the point from which the wind blows. Their favorite



St. Nicholas

SWALLOWS RESTING ON TELEGRAPH WIRES

feeding grounds are freshly plowed fields. Often they follow directly behind the plow, when it is a charming sight to see the snowy-plumaged birds hover over the plowman and alight in furrows to pick up grubs lying in the black earth. In this way they destroy many harmful insects.

The return to the lake begins late in the afternoon. At times they fly in even rows,—perhaps half a mile in width,—but not more than three or four gulls deep. Or they may come home in V-shaped flocks with as many as sixty-five gulls in each arm of the V. But whether in long, billowy lines or low-flying wedges, the flights of the gulls teach us in what an orderly manner birds perform these little journeys.

With the robins, grackles, swallows, swifts, and gulls, these daily trips to and from their sleeping quarters precede the real migration to their winter homes, where, in some cases, new flocks may be formed and new roosting places found.

There are other birds which gather nightly in certain roosting places, but which migrate little if at all. Among these are herons, which every evening gather in some marshy woods or thicket that perhaps has been used as roosts for many years.

Crows flock together in great roosts in the winter. Some crow roosts have as many as two or three hundred thousand tenants nightly. When the birds leave in the morning, they fly low and search for food. When they return in the afternoon, they fly high, heading straight for the roost. Hence the expression "As the crow flies."

Like the chimney swifts, crows do not enter their sleeping place until practically the last bird has arrived. In the meantime, they alight on the ground in near-by fields. As bird after bird returns and drops down among the others, the ground becomes black with crows. I have seen several acres covered with them. They seem to have very little to say about the day's experience.

It is almost dark before they go to bed. Then they rise from the ground, and in orderly procession silently fly to their roost in the woods.

Besides these daily journeys to and from their sleeping places, some birds wander about during the winter over land and sea. Their chief object in life at this time is the search for food, and they go almost anywhere that it is likely to be found.

So in the winter we may have visits from crossbills or pine grosbeaks. These birds feed on the seeds of cone-bearing trees. When there is an abundant supply of this kind of food in the far north, we see very few or none of them. But when the pines and spruces produce a small crop, then the crossbills and grosbeaks come to us in unusual numbers.

It is said that herring gulls have been known to follow a steamer across the Atlantic. They were not attracted by the steamer, we may be sure, but by the food which was thrown overboard from it.

The great albatross ranges so far over the southern seas that it is called the wandering albatross. In the museum of Brown University there is a mounted specimen of a wandering albatross which shows how well this name is deserved. When captured off the coast of Chile, on Dec. 20, 1847, the bird had a small vial hung on a string about its neck. This vial contained a piece of paper, from which it was learned the bottle had been attached to the bird Dec. 12, 1847, by the captain of a whaling vessel when it was about eight hundred miles off the coast of New Zealand. The bird therefore had traveled at least thirty-four hundred miles in eight days. But if a bird be a migrant, its wanderings, or daily trips to and from the roost, will end when the call comes for the great journey.—*Frank M. Chapman, in St. Nicholas.*



A SPIRAL OF CHIMNEY SWIFTS

Submarine Mines

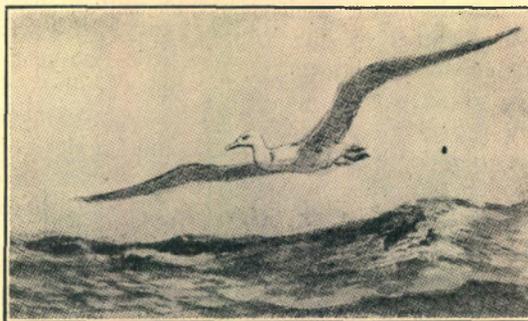
ORIGINALLY all forms of apparatus designed to explode under water to destroy ships were called torpedoes, but this term is now applied only to the well-known naval weapon. Submarine mines may be divided into three groups:—

1. Buoyant mines, having a constant depth of immersion.
2. Ground mines, which are used in shallow waters and rest on the bottom.
3. Floating mines.

The mines belonging to the first and second groups may be exploded either from land by an electric current or by automatic contact with a ship.

Electrically controlled mines are employed only for the protection of harbors and channels, and may be divided into two classes: those which are entirely and those which are partially controlled from land. A mine consists generally of two perfectly water-tight metal casings made of suitable shape. One of them is hollow, and is intended to act as a float to maintain the mine at a required depth below the surface; while the other one is filled with the charge, which may be guncotton, trinitrotoluene, or any other suitable explosive, and the detonator for firing the charge.

In coast defense work where electric control is employed, mines are anchored permanently in suitable positions, where hostile vessels are likely to pass over them, and are connected by means of electric cables to the shore. Where mines are entirely controlled from shore, an observer on land can fire any mine or group



THE WANDERING ALBATROSS

of mines by closing the electric circuit the moment his optical instruments inform him that the enemy's ship is over a mine.

Firing an Electrical Mine

Mines which are partially controlled from land are anchored only a few feet below the surface of the water. When a ship strikes such a mine, an electric contact is made which sends a signal to the shore station. The observer can then decide whether to fire the mine or not. An advantage of electrically con-

trolled mines is that neutral ships can be allowed to pass over such mine fields in perfect safety. The use of such mines has, however, been considerably reduced, chiefly because salt water is one of the greatest enemies of electrical apparatus, and makes it very difficult to maintain the electrical connections with the mine, and also because the permanent location of such mines could be discovered by spies.

The mines which have been chiefly used in the present war are automatic and mechanical, and are fired when the ship strikes against them.

It is by no means easy to design a satisfactory mine which shall have its firing gear carefully adjusted so as to insure explosion of the charge from the slightest shock produced by contact with the passing ship. At the same time provision must be made to prevent the premature firing of the mine, either on land, on the mine-laying ship, or when being launched into the mine field. Again, it is important that should one or two mines be exploded, the adjacent ones be not fired accidentally—a difficult problem, as the concussion



LOADING AN AMERICAN MINE

of the water produced by the explosion tends to disturb other mines. Another essential condition is that the depth of immersion under the surface should be constant so far as the rise and fall of tides allows.

Parts of a Mine

A mine consists of three parts: (1) The chamber containing the firing mechanism, the detonator and explosive charge; (2) the flotation chamber to give buoyancy to the mine; and (3) a detachable anchoring chamber provided with a winch having a paying-out cable.

A mine is maintained at the desired depth in the water by means of an anchor in which the cable, one end of which is connected to the mine, is unwound from a drum suitably braked and mounted in the anchor casing. The rotation of the drum is controlled by a plumb weight attached to a short sounding line. When the plumb weight reaches the bottom of the sea, the rotation of the drum is stopped, and the mine is pulled down to the required depth. It is only necessary to determine at what depth below the surface it is desired to anchor the mine and to throw into the water the complete apparatus, namely the mine and anchor, whereupon the whole apparatus will take up its proper position, the depth of submersion being determined by the length of the sounding line.

In order to make a mine field as effective as possible loose ropes are sometimes connected between different mines, with the object of getting the ship's propeller

entangled in the rope, and thereby drawing the mine toward the ship and exploding it.

Mines Which Become Ineffective After a Certain Period

Unanchored automatic or floating mines must be dead in an hour. They are used to some extent in naval battles, and are very cheap in construction. In some mines of this type, clockwork is used which after an hour throws the firing gear out of action, while in another type delay-action devices for opening valves to admit water are employed so that the mine is sunk after a definite time interval.

To some extent chemical methods are employed to fire the charge in floating mines, but a disadvantage is that the explosion does not take place instantaneously, as is the case with a mechanically fired mine. A glass tube is attached to the mine, which is broken when struck by a ship; water enters, and by coming in contact with sodium or potassium, fires the charge. Other chemicals, such as sulphuric acid, have also been used to fire the charges in floating mines.—*John Randolph Rexford, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Electric Hand Invented for Wounded Soldiers

AN "electro-magnetic hand" has been perfected with which it is said to be possible to grasp even the heaviest metal objects and work with them as advantageously as with human hands.

This inventor has evolved an unusually powerful battery which can be carried by the operator, making it unnecessary for him to be near an electric current in order to magnetize the "hand." The invention, it is said, can perform all the functions of the human hand, and others besides. The current is regulated by a switch operated by hand or foot.

It is hoped that the invention will solve the problem of livelihood for many crippled soldiers, enabling them to engage even in trades requiring considerable manual dexterity, such as carpentry. By its use the manipulation of knife and fork and similar instruments is a bagatelle.—*Selected.*

Kiss to Make Well

THIS pretty custom is almost universal among mothers, and on first thought it seems harmless and satisfactory. But what are the consequences?

My little two-year-old boy had many tumbles and falls, some really quite serious ones; but he seldom cried. He got to his feet, and went on with his play as usual; and I noticed him as little as possible. But when his aunt came to visit us, she began the custom of kissing the hurt to make it well. Now every bump and scratch has to be kissed and kissed again. It is a game with the child, and he magnifies all his little accidents for the pleasure of going through this ceremonial. As a result, weakness and selfishness and pleas for sympathy are developed, instead of self-control, independence, and courage. A mother must study every act and almost every motion she makes, for habits are formed in the baby from just one observation. Good habits are formed as easily as bad.—*Flora Huntley.*

To all who say you can do but little, I would say, "Do only the little that you can. The greatest things have been done by the aid of the smallest."—*Baroness von Suttner.*



(Texts for February 27 to March 4)

Meditation.—The texts for this week have strengthened my determination to be more like Him. I have enlisted in Prince Immanuel's army of soul winners, and I want to be liberated from every selfish plan and desire that I may please Him in whole-hearted service. I shall strive to avoid all amusement, all reading, and all talking that lessen my love for God and his service. If I put on the *whole* armor of God, I shall have to discard *every* thread of my own garb of selfishness. I ask Him to make this exchange for me, for I cannot be victorious in the Christian warfare without the *whole* armor. Then with the weapons that come with that armor I shall be able to "bring into captivity every thought." O the limitless possibilities before the young person who is fully surrendered to Christ!

Special Prayer.—Africa is the common burden of all our prayers this week. The Missionary Volunteer secretary of South Africa writes: "At the Maranatha Mission a society has been organized lately under the leadership of Sister Vickie Sutherland, the teacher there, and they have about fifty members. This is our first among the native races of this country, and as they are all bright, intelligent young people, we hope to see good results. They are putting in a missionary garden to raise funds, and are taking some tracts and papers each month to post out to help spread the message. I am sure this will make the hearts of our young people in America rejoice as they think that among the dark races of this land we are recruiting a band of Missionary Volunteers for the Master's service."

Surely we want to thank God for this society and pray that the Missionary Volunteer work may continue to grow until every mission station in Africa shall have a thriving young people's society.

M. E.

Christian Warfare

HAVE you been watching with as keen interest the daily records of the war waged in your own heart as those telling how Europe is being deluged in blood? Heaven is interested in the warfare conducted in your heart; Satan is acquainted with every movement; your friends are watching the results of the conflict within. Are you?

Your own heart is the battle field for which you are first and foremost responsible. God has given you control of it. You must determine who shall have possession. Look in now and make sure who is entrenched within the citadel. Is Jesus there? Others will know, for if he is there you will be pure, kind, courageous, cheerful, unselfish and eager to win souls. You will daily grow more like Him.

If he is not there, the first thing to do in this Christian warfare is to demand of the enemy within, an immediate and unconditional surrender of your heart to Christ. If you sincerely request this, he *must* decamp, and Christ *will* come in. But remember this is just the beginning of the struggle.

Set it down as a fact that temptations will not cease. Your enemy is not dead. He is defeated, but he will besiege your heart, and try in every possible way to get you to prove traitor to the new Friend to whom you have given possession. Your part is not to fight the battle, but to study your new General's orders, to obey them implicitly, and never to interfere with his campaign plans.

The enemy is ever changing his tactics. He has been at this infamous warfare for six thousand years, and you can never hope to keep him out of your heart alone. Do not regard any temptation as dead. Be on guard! And remember new and unexpected tempta-

tions are ever emerging from unsuspected sources. When certain temptations lose their power over you, he finds others to use. If he cannot lead you to do some great wrong, he will try to entice you to be careless in little things. If he sees you are determined to be a Christian, he will try to make you narrow and faultfinding; he will lead you to judge unkindly those who do not think just as you do; he may try to rob you of your humility by making you proud of being humble. He will be sure to work hard to make you believe that you cannot be a soul winner; and he will work hardest of all to make you feel that you are too busy to take time daily to be alone with God and his Word, for he knows if he succeeds here he has gained a strategic place in your heart.

So be on guard and keep up your courage. Satan sends temptations to discourage you; but the Lord permits them for you to overcome through Christ. Never dally with temptations, never invite them, but make each temptation an opportunity to gain a new victory, to reenforce yourself for greater struggles, to let Christ prove in your life that "he is able to keep you from falling."

You may be victorious in every attack of the enemy. Christ overcame; he vanquished sin; and he will repeat that victory in every human heart that will admit him—in your heart and in mine.

Then remember three things: 1. When you ask the Saviour to come into your heart to vanquish sin, *you must believe he does it*, for he really does enter and remains just as long as you will let him. 2. The faith that keeps Jesus in the heart lives in the atmosphere of prayer, so you must spend much time in prayer. This communion with God will produce the faith that never gives up, but overcomes all things. 3. You must *obey him implicitly*, and in order to know what he wants you to do you must study his Word faithfully.

Then, my dear young friend, be of good courage. Other Christians will cheer and help you along the way; but now and then there will be battles that you and Jesus must fight *all alone*; so never let even one known sin separate you from Him. Keep close to Him always and your Christian warfare will be a series of unbroken victories.

"Why do we do ourselves this wrong,
And others, that we are not always strong;
When with us is prayer,
And strength and joy and courage are with Thee?"

MATILDA ERICKSON.

A Good Suggestion

A YOUNG man whose health broke down in the mission field, and who is now endeavoring to recuperate, writes the following concerning his use of the Morning Watch,—a suggestion which is worth passing on to all our young people:—

"I have purchased a 1916 diary, with one full page for each day, and each morning I write the morning text at the top of the page, with some corresponding quotation from some other book or paper, or some thought of my own on the text. When I was first taken sick, I was writing two pages a day on each text. This greatly helped me to fasten the text in my mind, and it is interesting now to look over these thoughts written two years ago. It also gave me an experience in writing. But my physician made me stop everything. My present diary is much smaller, and I shall not write so much. There is nothing more important to record in our diaries than our religious experiences and thoughts."

M. E. KERN.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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 MATILDA ERICKSON Assistant Secretary
 MRS. I. H. EVANS Office Secretary
 MEADE MAC GUIRE }
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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending March 4

THE programs for the Missionary Volunteer Societies, Senior and Junior, for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for March.

The Bible Year

Assignment for February 27 to March 4

FEBRUARY 27: Numbers 34 to 36.
 February 28: Deuteronomy 1 to 3.
 February 29: Deuteronomy 4, 5.
 March 1: Deuteronomy 6 to 9.
 March 2: Deuteronomy 10 to 13.
 March 3: Deuteronomy 14 to 17.
 March 4: Deuteronomy 18 to 21.

NOTE.—For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* of February 24.

Where are Our Young People Going?

THIS is a question which interests every one who has been granted the great privilege of being a young person at this time.

John says, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." This exhortation does not apply to young men only, but extends to young women also. Their youth does not excuse them from the responsibilities resting upon them. They are strong, and are not borne down with cares and the weight of years. Of what service might they be to the advancement of the message?

Solemn responsibilities rest upon us as young people, which we lightly regard. Did you ever stop to consider that the places of importance now filled by such God-fearing men of wisdom, the places held by our loyal brethren in the mission fields, and on the frontier at home, will soon be left for us to occupy, perhaps be intrusted to us until the Saviour appears? Did you ever stop to think what it would mean to gain a preparation for such a work before the end, to stand before princes and rulers, to give a reason for our hope, and having done all, to stand after the closing hours of probation? And we are told that our time for preparation is very short.

If we but realized how earnestly Jesus worked to sow the world with gospel seed, we who are living at the very close of probation would labor untiringly to give the bread of life to perishing souls. But are our youth in a position where they can with meekness and fear give an answer to every man that asketh a reason of their hope?

How many of the strong young men of whom John speaks, have entered upon their education with a partial intention of entering the Lord's work? Some had this intention confirmed; others lost it. Some of these are today holding responsible positions in the message, but others have gone to the world to seek pleasure and

riches for themselves. But how much better to lay up treasure that fadeth not away! by prayer and entreaty to win even one soul to Christ! What a noble enterprise! One soul to praise God through eternity! One soul to enjoy happiness and everlasting life! One gem in your crown to shine as a star forever and ever!

Those who have really tasted the sweets of redeeming love will not, cannot, rest until all with whom they associate are made acquainted with the plan of salvation. We should inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Even those who are attending school can have an influence for the Saviour.

You may receive praise for your ability and talents, which will gratify you, and you may think that with such advantages and attractions it is a great pity for you to come out from the world and be separate. Satan tells you that with the advantages which you possess you could enjoy to a high degree the pleasures of the world. Here is where many of our young people become lost to the message. But consider that the pleasures of earth will have an end, and that which you sow you must also reap.

Tasks uncommended, labor without recognition, is the lot of most of the world's toilers. With such a lot, many are filled with discontent. They feel that life is wasted. But the little rill that makes its noiseless way through grove and meadow, bearing fertility and beauty, is as useful in its way as the broad river. And in contributing to the river's life, it helps achieve that which alone it could never have accomplished. This lesson is one needed by many.

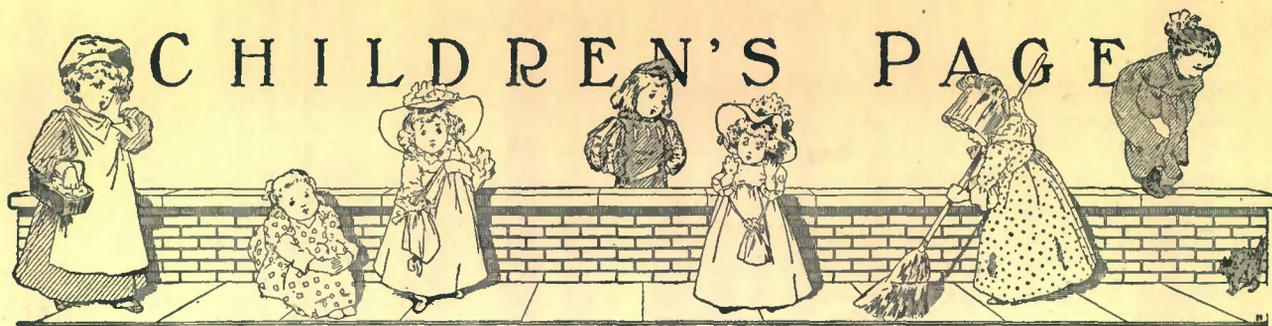
Talent is too much idolized, station too much coveted. But are personal attractions, ability, or talents too valuable to devote to God? There are too many who will do nothing unless they are recognized as leaders, too many who must receive praise, or they have no interest to labor. What we need to learn is faithfulness in making the utmost use of the powers and opportunities we have, and contentment in the lot to which heaven assigns us.

Suppose all our workers were conference presidents, religious liberty leaders, medical or educational secretaries, or editors in our publishing work. Who would do the all-important work of the humble laborers, the Bible workers, nurses, teachers, bookkeepers, and even those who set the type and do the manual part of publishing our books and periodicals? We know that just as surely as there is a place prepared for each of us in heaven, so surely is there a place for us in the closing work. It may not be an exalted position, but God asks only that we render him perfect service wherever we are.

In the common walks of life there is many a toiler patiently treading the round of his daily tasks, unconscious of latent powers that, roused to action, would place him among the world's great leaders. Such were the men who were called by the Saviour to be his co-laborers. And they had the advantage of three years' training by the greatest educator this world has ever known.

Of the twelve disciples, four were to act a leading part, each in a distinct line. In preparation for this, Christ taught them, foreseeing all. James, destined to swift-coming death by the sword; John, longest of the brethren to follow his Master in labor and persecution; Peter, the pioneer in breaking through the barriers of ages and teaching the heathen world; and Judas, in service capable of preeminence above his

(Concluded on page sixteen)



“So Many Grains of Wheat!”

S. ROXANA WINCE

MY husband was a careful, economical man. He did not like to see anything wasted; and yet, being of a kindly disposition, if rebukes came, they came in a way that would give no offense. One day I had filled my gem pans, deposited them in the oven, and set my mixing bowl on the worktable, with enough batter sticking to its sides to fill a gem cup. His eyes fell on it as he entered the door, but all he said was, “So many grains of wheat!” Yet it was enough. I never mix batter, pie dough, cake, or bread, but I think of the phrase, “So many grains of wheat.”

I do not know why I was so careless that one particular time, for my mother had taught me to be saving, fixing the lesson in my memory by telling me a little incident that happened when she was a young girl living in central New York. A young man had two lady friends whom he highly esteemed, but which of the two he should pay court to, with the thought of making her his wife, was a question he could not settle. One day his pretty bay horse was found writhing in pain from a severe attack of colic. Something must be done quickly. He had heard that the scrapings from kneading bowls were a sure remedy.

He would “kill two birds with one stone;” he would find out which of his lady friends was the more economical, and at the same time save his horse. He hurried off. The mother of the first girl said: “La me, I don’t believe I can get you a tablespoonful, Katie cleans the bread trough so carefully!”

The next woman, in reply to his appeal, exclaimed, “Certainly, you can have all you want, if it’s a quart.”

I do not know what became of the horse, but Katie won the young man for her husband.

It was not the custom in pioneer days to wash the bread bowls, for people then knew nothing about microbes. If they had, the young man would have been still more particular as to the choice of a wife; but, anyway, I learned the lesson my mother intended the story to teach.

The third lesson was given me by my husband when I was helping to stack our winter’s wood, and paid no attention to the thick pieces of bark that now and then slipped off. At last, noticing my carelessness, he said, “I paid for the chopping of that bark.” I left no more bark on the ground; to throw it away was to throw away money.

Batter for one gem thrown away twice a week would make one hundred and four gems in a year, enough to feed a little child fifty times. A quart of dough wasted twice a week would make one hundred and four loaves of bread in a year, or \$5.20 worth of bread; while the bark from twenty cords or more of wood would bring quite a sum.

Men and women laugh at the friend who drains the last drop of milk from the pail, saves the yolks of

eggs and remnants of cloth, does not throw out scraps of bread and left-over pieces of meat; but all these little savings count, and help her to help others.

“I must not throw upon the floor the crust I cannot eat,
For many a little hungry one would think it quite a treat,”

is a stanza worth remembering in these troublous times. Don’t waste anything. Men, women, and children are starving.

Mary’s Investment

HERE is a true story about a little girl, whom we shall call Mary. On her seventh birthday she received from her father, who lived in India, money with which to buy a Bible. No doubt Mary immediately began to picture to herself what a beautiful Bible she would buy, for the money sent by her father was enough to buy a very handsome one indeed. But before the Bible was bought, an idea occurred to Mary.

“Grandmother,” she asked, holding out her precious money, “is there enough money here to buy two Bibles, instead of one?”

“Yes, dear,” replied grandmother, “but what do you want with two Bibles?”

“Oh,” said Mary, “I want one myself, and one to send to India for some little Indian girl just seven years old, like me, who hasn’t any Bible of her own.”

And so it came about that Mary did not get such a pretty Bible as she had expected to get at first. But she didn’t mind about that, for she was thinking, not about herself at all, but about the surprise birthday present she was sending out to the little unknown girl in far-off India.

A letter was written asking that when the book was given to its new owner, the name of the little Indian girl should be written on the flyleaf, and after the name, the words, “From Mary —.”

A new petition was added to Mary’s evening prayer, for night by night, without fail, the little English child prayed to God to bless the Hindu girl who had a Bible like her own.

Years passed, and Mary grew to young womanhood, and in 1882 she went out to India as a missionary. One day, not very long after her arrival, she was visiting some zenanas with a native Bible woman who was a very earnest Christian. In the course of conversation, it somehow happened that the Bible woman heard for the first time the young missionary’s name. A look of glad surprise crossed her face, and hurriedly putting her hand into her pocket, she drew out a book and eagerly signed to her companion to read what was written on the flyleaf. Mary looked, and read her own name! Yes, this earnest Christian woman was the little Hindu girl whom she had remembered so often in her prayers.

God had blessed Mary’s first missionary work, for it

was through reading that Bible that this native woman had become a Christian; and now that Mary was a woman, she was to have the joy of having as her companion and fellow-worker the very one for whom she had prayed so long ago, and so far away.—*The Silent Evangel.*

The Good Old Times

I'LL tell you a story true:
'Twas when the country all was new,
And bears, sometimes, came ranging through.

On woods and fields, all brown and gray,
Was closing the November day,
With cold winds whistling every way.

Just eight years old was little Ned;
Along the lonesome path he sped,
With pa's old hat down on his head.

Changing, to give each hand its share,
A heaped-up pail of *pommes de terre*,
Just dug, all fresh, and white, and fair.

The pail was heavy, and too slow
His hurrying footsteps seemed to go,
Dark fears and darkness gathering so.

And now looms up just in his track,
A something, strange and awful black.
The woods are dark, he can't go back—

And that black something, growling low,
Is coming toward him, crawling slow.
Way down the hill the home lights glow.

"The candle's lit; pancakes for tea,"
He said aloud; "and here I be,
An' there's the cake ma promised me.

"If I could fly, or climb a tree,
Or pa would come, or somebody,
For that's a bear, I truly see.

"Oh, if I only wasn't Ned,
Or this a dream, and I in bed!"
Then popped a thought into his head.

*The steady gaze of human eye
Will make the wildest creature shy.*

So fixing on the moody bear
Both eyes fierce shining with despair,
He looked and looked, with all his might,
Crept sideways and outflanked him quite.

Slowly, full two rods the other side,
The magic of his heels he tried.
He scarcely minded logs and stumps,
Nor heeded many graceless bumps.

Still kept his pail, the contents too
(To lose them it would never do;
Though twenty bears were at his back,
Breakfast must not potatoes lack);
And reached home safe, poor little boy—
Back through the years, I wish him joy.

Close to the door, he thought a minute
What he would say, and how begin it.
For Ned was famed for seeing bears,
And having many causeless scares.
So, he said, creeping in quite still,
"I saw a black dog on the hill."

"What dog? How big?" the children cry.
"Large as our pig, and just as high;
He reared on his hind feet, just so,
And showed his teeth, and eyes aglow.
I called, 'Good fellow,' he growled more;
I don't know what it was, I'm sure."

"Seems like a bear," said Uncle Dick;
"I'll go and see; Ned, where's my stick?"
Short time sufficed his search to make,
It was a bear, and no mistake;
He saw it in the twilight dim;
It reared and made great mouths at him.

Mamma and children, all turned pale.
Papa came in and heard the tale.
"I'll go to Smith's," he calmly said;
"Hush, children, you have naught to dread;
Smith always keeps a loaded gun;
You get the pitchfork, Ned, now run."

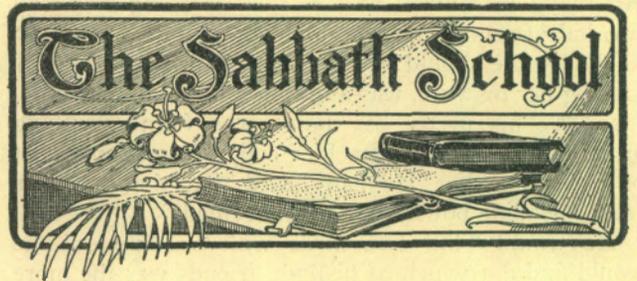
Pa, Uncle Dick, Smith, and his boys
Were soon en route, with little noise;
Their main dependence Smith's old gun,
Of long descent from sire to son.
Pitchforks were three, with three keen prongs;
Dick held aloft the massive tongs.

Darkness had gathered round the hill,
As cautiously they marched, and still,
Peering far off into the dark,
With now and then a whispered, "Hark!"
Till "Halt!" said Smith, "there sits your bear."
All looked; all saw his eyeballs glare.
They halted, held a consultation,
Giving to every man his station.
Smith made a speech. They all agreed
To march right up with fiercest speed;
Not to back out, or shirk, or run,
Until the victory was won.
Smith was to fire, the rest be ready
To meet the bear with weapons steady.
Flash in the pan did that old gun;
But bravely rushed they every one,
And all at once gave thrust and thump,
When, lo, 'twas nothing but a stump!

MORAL

So, children never let your fear
Make molehills mountain high appear.
And when your duty you've begun,
Be sure there's danger ere you run.
For Satan, sly and artful foe,
Is not well pleased that you should go
In paths of right, and hence will try
By fears to make you turn and fly.
But do not tremble at his scares,
They all are stumps, they are not bears.

—Selected.



X — Get Ready

(March 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 24: 42-51.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Matt. 24: 44.

Questions

1. What day is soon coming upon this world as a thief in the night? 1 Thess. 5: 2.
2. Upon what class of people will it come as a thief? Upon whom will it not come as a thief? Verses 3, 4.
3. When a man knows that a thief is coming, what does he do? Matt. 24: 43.
4. Therefore what should those do who know that the day of the Lord is coming? Verse 42.
5. About what should they be watchful? What should accompany their watching? Luke 21: 34-36.
6. In what condition are we admonished to be? Why is it necessary for us to get ready? Memory verse. Note 1.
7. What kind of servant does an earthly lord seek to set over his household? Matt. 24: 45.
8. When and why is the servant called blessed? Verse 46.
9. How will the faithfulness of such a servant be rewarded? Verse 47.
10. What will an unfaithful servant say in his heart? Verse 48.

11. How does his evil thought bear fruit? Verse 49.
12. How will he be taken unawares? Verse 50.
13. Only what may such a servant expect? Verse 51.
14. In view of all these things, what does the Lord again warn us to do? Rev. 3:3. Note 2.

Notes

1. "Those who watch for the Lord's coming are not waiting in idle expectancy. . . . Those who are watching for the Lord are purifying their souls by obedience to the truth. With vigilant watching they combine earnest working."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 634. In other words, they make haste to get ready and to help others to get ready, for that event.

This time spoken of for which all should be ready, is a time prior to Jesus' appearing on the cloud as he comes to the earth. It refers to that time when Jesus closes his ministry as priest in the heavenly sanctuary. That time comes suddenly upon all, and unless we are found ready then, with all our sins forgiven, we shall not be prepared to meet him when he comes for his people at his second personal coming, accompanied by all the holy angels. This is why Jesus tells us beforehand to be ready, and to watch. See "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. II, pp. 190, 191.

2. "The word came to Noah, 'Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me,' Noah obeyed and was saved. The message came to Lot, 'Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city.' Lot placed himself under the guardianship of the heavenly messengers, and was saved. So Christ's disciples were given warning of the destruction of Jerusalem. Those who watched for the sign of the coming ruin, and fled from the city, escaped the destruction. So now we are given warning of Christ's second coming and of the destruction to fall upon the world. Those who heeded the warning will be saved."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 634.

X — Get Ready

(March 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 24:42-51.

Questions

1. In view of our not knowing the hour when the Master comes from his mediatorial work, what does he admonish us to do? Matt. 24:42. Note 1.
2. What illustration does Jesus cite to impress the need for watchfulness? Verse 43.
3. In what condition are Jesus' followers to be? Verse 44, first part. Note 2.
4. Why are the people of God to be ready? Verse 44, last part. Note 3.
5. What will the faithful and wise servant be doing at this time when Jesus goes to his Father in heaven to receive of him the kingdom? Verse 45. See also Dan. 7:9-14.
6. What is said of such a servant? Verse 46. Note 4.
7. What is to be his final reward? Verse 47.
8. At this time what does Jesus say some of his servants may be saying in their hearts? Verse 48. Note 5.
9. What will these evil servants do? Verse 49.
10. What warning from the lips of Jesus is given them? Verse 50. Note 6.
11. What will be the portion of the unfaithful servant? Verse 51, first part.
12. When too late for repentance and his lost condition comes over him, in what way will the evil servant express his disappointment? Verse 5, last part. Note 7.
13. Draw the contrast between the rewards of the two servants. What causes led to the final reward of each?

Notes

1. This very definite instruction of Jesus is directed to his own servants, not to the world. There is danger that those who have long been looking for the end will become drowsy and fail to "watch." This time mentioned, of the hour when "your Lord doth come," therefore, must apply especially to

the close of probation, rather than to the second, personal appearing of Jesus on the cloud.

"Jesus has left us word, 'Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.' [Mark 13:35-37. Mark's record of this same instruction we are studying in Matthew.] We are waiting and watching for the return of the Master, who is to bring the morning, lest coming suddenly he find us sleeping. What time is here referred to? Not to the revelation of Christ in the clouds of heaven to find a people asleep. No; but to his return from his ministration in the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. II, p. 190.

2. These words of Jesus are a loving admonition to the people who are expecting their Lord. He desires that they shall be prepared for this hour that comes so suddenly upon all.

"In a view given June 27, 1850, my accompanying angel said, 'Time is almost finished. Do you reflect the lovely image of Jesus as you should?' Then I was pointed to the earth, and saw that there would have to be a getting ready among those who have of late embraced the third angel's message. Said the angel, 'Get ready, get ready, get ready. Ye will have to die a greater death to the world than ye have ever yet died.' I saw that there was a great work to do for them, and but little time in which to do it."—*Early Writings*, page 64.

3. Not Jesus, nor the angels in heaven, nor God's people on the earth, know the day and hour when Jesus is to lay down his censor in the most holy place in the heavenly sanctuary. This perhaps most important day of all days to the children of men, the Father keeps in his own power. See Acts 1:6, 7. On this day the destiny of every soul is fixed for either weal or woe, for life or death, beyond the possibility of recall. A most solemn hour!

"When Jesus ceases to plead for man, the cases of all are forever decided. . . . This time finally comes suddenly upon all, and those who have neglected to purify their souls by obeying the truth, are found asleep. They became weary of waiting and watching; then became indifferent in regard to the coming of their Master."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. II, p. 191.

4. The servant "ready" and "watching" when the gospel is being finished in all the world, will be at work seeking to rescue perishing souls. His heart yearns for those without Christ, without hope of everlasting life. His life is dedicated to his Master for service. Heaven's blessing will rest upon such, and they will hear the words from Jesus' lips, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

5. "They [the evil servants] longed not for his appearing, and thought there was no need of such continued, persevering watching. They had been disappointed in their expectations, and might be again. They concluded that there was time enough yet to arouse. They would be sure not to lose the opportunity of securing an earthly treasure. It would be safe to get all of this world they could. And in securing this object, they lost all anxiety and interest in the appearing of the Master. They became indifferent and careless, as though his coming were yet in the distance. But while their interest was buried up in their worldly gains, the work closed in the heavenly sanctuary, and they were unprepared."—*Ib.*

6. "If such had only known that the work of Christ in the heavenly sanctuary would close so soon, how differently would they have conducted themselves! How earnestly would they have watched! The Master, anticipating all this, gives them timely warning in the command to watch. He distinctly states the suddenness of his coming [from his mediatorial work]. He does not measure the time, lest we shall neglect a momentary preparation, and in our indolence look ahead to the time when we think he will come, and defer the preparation. 'Watch ye therefore; for ye know not.' . . . Those not found waiting and watching, are finally surprised in their unfaithfulness. The Master comes, and instead of their being ready to open unto him immediately, they are locked in worldly slumber, and are lost at last."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. II, pp. 191, 192.

7. "I saw that many were neglecting the preparation so needful, and were looking to the time of 'refreshing' and the 'latter rain' to fit them to stand in the day of the Lord, and to live in his sight. Oh, how many I saw in the time of trouble [after the sudden coming of Jesus out of the heavenly sanctuary] without a shelter! They had neglected the needful preparation, therefore they could not receive the refreshing that all must have to fit them to live in the sight of a holy God. Those who refuse to be hewed by the prophets, and fail to purify their souls in obeying the whole truth, and who are willing to believe that their condition is far better than it really is, will come up to the time of the falling of the plagues, and then see that they needed to be hewed and squared for the building. But there will be no time then to do it, and no Mediator to plead their cause before the Father."—*Early Writings*, p. 71.

The Youth's Instructor

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Congress and the Bible

IN the earliest days of the Republic, Congress, through a period of five years or more, it is affirmed, gave much consideration to ways and means for providing copies of the Scriptures to destitute Americans. On account of the War of Independence the scarcity of Bibles was very great, and the war risks were so high that a plan of importing types and paper for printing 30,000 copies had to be abandoned. Twenty thousand copies were therefore ordered from Scotland and Holland at public expense. When the Robert Aiken edition of the Scriptures was published at Philadelphia, Congress appointed Drs. White and Duffield to examine the work and to report on its accuracy. This having been done, they passed a resolution recommending this edition of the Bible and authorizing the publication of their recommendation.—*John Keller.*

Religious Liberty Achieved

FOR over fifteen years a campaign for religious liberty has been going on in three of the South American republics. In Ecuador, Bolivia, and Peru no public worship was allowed except in the established Catholic Church, and no marriages could be contracted except under Catholic forms. Several years ago these restrictions were removed in Ecuador and Bolivia, and full religious liberty was permitted; but in Peru liberty of worship was still forbidden, and any other than Catholic religious service had to be behind closed doors in private houses to which admission was by card. Although petitions and protests had been directed over and over again from citizens of this country to the Peruvian government, seeking full liberty of worship, it seemed as if the congress of Peru would never yield.

We are glad to learn through our State Department that with the beginning of this year that section of the Peruvian constitution which prohibited any public worship except after the Catholic manner has been annulled and legislation adopted granting full religious liberty. This does not mean that Catholicism ceases to be the established religion of Peru, but only that other forms of religion may be freely and publicly exercised. But it is a great victory that at last, throughout the entire Western Hemisphere, religious liberty has been achieved. This marks an epoch in

the religious history of the continent. No longer anywhere will those who would worship God in their own way be compelled to hide themselves behind locked doors. The dark ages have passed away. No longer will those who are not of the established church be compelled to live without the sanctions of legal marriage.

The next religious campaign will be over the question of an established church. At a period in the history of our older States it was thought the business of the government to care for and support religion. In New England the town meeting made contracts with the minister and paid his salary. In Maryland the Roman Catholic Church was established, as also in Louisiana and other States; in New York the Dutch Reformed; in Virginia the Church of England; but long ago the country learned that everybody should pay for his own religion, and that way the whole world moves. The example of the United States and Canada will before long be followed in South America.—*The Independent.*

"Ready-to-Wear" Shacks Still in Use

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, who has recently visited Messina, Italy, the victim of a disastrous earthquake in 1908, says that there has been no apparent effort made to restore the city.

"The post cards that were printed at the moment of the earthquake show her exactly as she is today. With no sign of life in the streets, with the inhabitants standing idle along the quay, shivering in the rain and the snow, with a background of crumbling walls, gaping cellars, and hills buried under acres of fallen masonry, the picture was one of terrible desolation, of neglect and inefficiency. The only structures that had obviously been erected since the earthquake were the 'ready-to-wear' shacks sent as a stop-gap from America. One should not look critically at a gift house, but they are certainly very ugly. In Italy, where every spot is a 'location' for moving pictures, where the street corners are backgrounds for lovers' trysts and assassinations, where even poverty is picturesque, and each landscape 'composes' into a beautiful and wondrous painting, the zinc shacks, in rigid lines, like the barracks of a mining camp, came as a shock.

"Sympathetic Americans sent them as only a temporary shelter until Messina rose again. But it was explained, as there is no rent to pay, the Italians, instead of rebuilding, prefer to inhabit the ready-to-wear houses. How many tourists the mere view of them drives away no one can guess."

Where are Our Young People Going?

(Concluded from page twelve)

brethren, yet brooding in his soul, purposes of whose ripening he little dreamed,—these were the objects of Christ's greatest solicitude. Will not the presence of the same Teacher in educational work today, produce the same results?

After his life of toil, teaching his disciples, healing the sick, preaching the word, and living a perfect life for us, Christ committed the rest to his disciples. Would not the angels gladly have continued and finished the work which Christ had begun? But this privilege was not granted them. Now it has been intrusted to us, and what a privilege we should esteem it! May God help us as young people to decide which way we are going!

CRYSTAL KNOX.