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THE MOUNTAINS OF GOD (YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK)

The Birth and Growth of the Red Cross Movement

ON a midsummer day in 1859, a great battle was fought at Solferino, in the northern part of Italy, a battle in which the Austrian army was defeated by the combined forces of France and Sardinia. At the end of the terrible struggle more than thirty-five thousand men were on the field of battle, either dead or wounded, and there was no adequate aid for their relief. For days many of them lay uncared for in the places where they had fallen.

Henri Dunant, a Swiss gentleman of wealth, passed through the battle field in the midst of the terrible conditions, and he was aroused by the sight that he witnessed. He gave all the assistance that he could to the few surgeons on the field, and helped save many wounded men from death.

When he reached home, he wrote the story of the field of Solferino, gave lectures, and issued circulars asking all the nations of the world to join in organizing a world's society for the disabled soldiers on the battle fields.

The result of his agitation was a conference held at Geneva, at which eleven nations decided upon a plan of a world's society. The members of the society, its helpers, its hospitals, and the sick and the wounded under its care should not be molested on the field of battle, and in order that all the members and equipment of the society should be safe from danger, the representatives of the eleven nations resolved that a badge should be chosen. This badge, a red cross on a white ground, was adopted in compliment to the Swiss government, whose flag is a white cross on a red ground.

In 1861, at the opening of the Civil War, Clara Barton was a clerk in the Patent Office at Washington. She was about thirty years old, well educated, had been in the Patent Office seven years, and had been a very successful school-teacher prior to that time. When she read President Lincoln's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers to save the Union, she gave up her position in the Patent Office, and volunteered as a nurse without pay in the Army of the Potomac. Her work led her on the field of battle even during the firing, but she and her helpers worked faithfully and fearlessly to give aid to the fallen men.

Not long before the end of the war, Clara Barton was appointed "lady in charge" of all the hospitals at the front of the Army of the James. A little later, President Lincoln appointed her to conduct a search for the missing men, for whom relatives and friends were inquiring, and so thoroughly did she do this work that she was able to report the names and fate of more than thirty thousand missing men of the Union armies.

But the strain had been too much for her strength, her health broke, and she went to Switzerland to regain her lost strength. There she came in touch with the Red Cross, with which the United States was not as yet allied.

When the Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870, Clara Barton was still in Europe, and she at once gave her services to the work of the Red Cross in the camps and battle fields.

Then Miss Barton returned to her own country and began founding a Red Cross here. In 1882, the United States pledged itself to the Red Cross Movement. But under Miss Barton's vigorous and far-sighted management, the Red Cross Association of America was organized not only to relieve wounded

soldiers, but to relieve suffering wherever it was found, in times of famine, pestilence, floods, fires, earthquakes, and other disasters.

Less than a month after its foundation, the Red Cross was called upon for help. A great fire swept for days through the Michigan forests, leaving destruction and suffering in its wake. The Association was hardly prepared for so great a calamity, but under Miss Barton's leadership, men, women, and children responded to the call for aid, and \$80,000 in money, food, clothing, and other necessities, was forwarded to the sufferers in Michigan. In the Michigan forests the white banner with its red cross was unfurled for the first time in the United States.

Then followed the great floods along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers; Charleston, South Carolina, was partly destroyed by an earthquake; frightful cyclones in the West wrought wreck and ruin; Texas suffered a drouth for eighteen months, and famine ensued; Johnstown, Pennsylvania, was overwhelmed by a flood; a hurricane swept over the sea islands off the coast of South Carolina; massacres occurred in Armenia and Turkey; war arose in Cuba, and in every one of these calamities Clara Barton and her helpers conducted the work of rescue and of giving the people in the devastated areas a new start in life, by sympathetic ministrations and by actual contributions of money, clothing, garden seeds, and whatever was needed.

In 1893, the American Red Cross was reorganized as the American National Red Cross, but not until 1905 did its membership number over three hundred persons. In 1900 the society was incorporated by an Act of Congress and placed under government supervision. From that time forward, it was to be managed by a central committee consisting of eighteen members, six of whom were to be appointed by the President. On the first day of each year, the association reports to the War Department, giving a full account of the past year's work. In 1905 it received a new charter.

Since its reorganization, the work of the Red Cross has been greatly extended, and its power has become correspondingly greater. Founded by one woman, Clara Barton, the American National Red Cross has grown until it knows no boundaries of nations, but sends aid wherever there is need. Its present activities in connection with the world conflict are stupendous, and throughout the world the banner with its red cross is honored, and respected, and loved.—*Young People's Weekly*.

By the will of the late J. G. Johnson, one of the largest collections of paintings in the United States has been given to the city of Philadelphia. The Johnson collection is made up of the works of some of the most noted painters. It is valued at more than \$5,000,000.

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The Hills and Mountains of God

[The following papers on "The Hills and Mountains of God" were given at a program in the Pacific Union College chapel, and were submitted to the INSTRUCTOR by the senior class editorial committee.—Ed.]

Introduction

A FEW summers since, it was my pleasure to canvass on horseback through central Oregon; and I think

I have never more thoroughly enjoyed a summer. At least I remember no other with so much pleasure.

The experience is still so fresh and vivid in my mind that I can easily imagine myself mounted on my buckskin pony galloping over those barren hills; inflating my lungs with the pure ozone spiced with the sage and an occasional breath of the juniper; casting my eyes over the broad and rolling expanse of that land of far distances,—and fairly feel my soul expand. Here it is that one feels the freedom of room; here it is, to quote an expressive phrase, that one has "sweep and swing and amplitude." The very bigness of the country is deeply impressive.

But especially inspiring is a view to the westward, across the intervening plain, waving in golden grain, or across hills as barren as those over which one rides, to the mountains beyond. The dark green of the Cascades, deepening almost to a purple as the sun slips down behind the wooded ridge or behind some icy peak, is a welcome and refreshing barrier to the vision. How restful to the eyes and the heart are those sylvan slopes! How productive of thought are those venerable peaks! Away to the northwestward on the Washington side of the Columbia is Mt. Adams; then the majestic Hood, the Fujiyama of us Portlanders; Mt. Jefferson, the sentinel to the west; and the Three Sisters clustered in the southwest,—a chain of lofty peaks all wrinkled with age and hoary with the snows of unnumbered winters.

It was here, I think, in the freedom of the great outdoors and under the spell of these mighty mountains, that I first began to muse upon the philosophy of the "everlasting hills," and where I first conceived the idea that we have endeavored to work out in this program, "The Hills and Mountains of God," those great landmarks towering above the plain of history, each one vastly significant and clothed in majesty and immortal glory,—the stately stepping-stones of Jehovah,—Ararat, Sinai, Golgotha, the Alps, and eternal Mount Zion.

L. LAMBERT MOFFITT.

Mount Zion

You have gone forth in the silent flush of morning, before the world has awakened to its weary routine of toil, and have seen the sunlit mountains flooded with radiant, golden light; and they have spoken to you—strength.

And yet again you have gone out in the tranquil hush of evening, after the turmoil of the day was ended, and have turned your face, yet burning with the fever of care, toward the peaceful and glorified hills; and they have spoken to you—rest.

They were barren and cold during the day, in the valley where I lived, but in the crimson and orange and gold of sunrise and sunset, they were tinged with the translucent



ANNA CREEK CANYON, NEAR CRATER LAKE, SOUTHERN OREGON

splendor of heaven. And as I have watched them, rising so majestic, so bold, so firm, so calm, roseate with softening, mellow light, I have had almost a vision of the eternal mountains over there where the sun goes not down, and the light does not fade. And then I have remembered that upon a summit like these, the city, the beautiful city, the hope of the ages, the joy of the eternities, shall come down and forever abide,—even upon that hill whose name is so precious, so sweet, to the Christian's ear, so sacred to the Christian's heart—Mt. Olivet.

So I have been lost in contemplation and wonder at how unspeakably grand, how supremely beautiful, how awfully sublime, shall be the lofty peaks in that other, brighter world. I hope that the mysterious whispers of the oracular hills of this sphere shall be made plain in the heavenly summits, when all the mists of perplexity have vanished, and the shadows cleared away. And oh, if there is courage and strength and triumph upon these sylvan terraces that climb toward the immeasurable arches of the azure, how infinitely truer shall be their thrill and grasp upon us, when we see them in an earth made new.

I know not half of the supernal excellencies of that Elysium, but herein is my hope, my trust, and my prayer, that amid the towering grandeur of its ineffable heights, I too may roam, among the redeemed who walk there, and "the ransomed of the Lord," who shall "return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads," who shall "obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Then, for all we have suffered here, for all we have endured and passed through, it were enough reward,

it seems to me, just to catch, afar off, one vision of that joy of the whole earth, even Mount Zion; and upon it, shining like a crown of unutterable glory, the glittering New Jerusalem, scintillating, flashing, blazing, with the immaculate whiteness of spacious palaces, magnificent pavilions, immortal towers, and avenues of light, where walks the Divinity who made the hills, and in imperishable purity, the blessed host of the sanctified, purified, glorified ones, bathed in the perpetual radiance of God!

In that illimitable realm of peace, we shall ascend to worship on that holy hill within the awful presence of the throne. And every mountain, resplendent with the shining of the angels, shall burst forth into celestial music, too sweet for mortal ears, till all the environing hills are as the choir lofts of heaven, vibrant with the life of melody because the children have come home. What infinite wonder! What incomparable joy! "Oh, the latitude, and longitude, and sublimity, and profundity, both of the word and works of God!"

I love the strength of these rugged hills that seem like shrines to the invisible Omnipotence. But, above and beyond all beautified inspiration in this transient, ephemeral world—higher and deeper and nobler and grander shall be my inspiration in the everlasting hills of paradise!

LLEWELLYN WILCOX.

Sinai

THE three grand features of earth—the sea, the desert, the mountains—combine in the peninsula of Mt. Sinai. It is between two gulfs, Suez and Akabah; two tides never flowing together, one falling as the other rises, but imparting to each of the barren valleys through which they flow a life and activity hardly less than that which has animated the Nile.

White shells strew their shores. A forest of submarine vegetation gives the whole sea its Hebrew appellation of the "Sea of Weeds." Trees of coral may be seen even on the dry shores with the red rocks and the red sand.

In contrast with the deep waters, and in harmony with the red coral fields, mighty masses of crimson rock stand out alone against the crimson sky. "It is as if Arabia Petræa were an ocean of lava, which while its waves were running mountains high, had suddenly stood still." It is the sandstone and granite alike that lend this rich red hue which is so wholly unknown to the gray and brown suits of our northern hills. It is the wild rents, the fantastic forms, the grotesque rocks, that have shaped these three groups—Mt. Serbal, Mt. Catherine, and Omm Shomar, the traditional Sinai.

Beyond the range lies the third grand feature—the desert. Blanched sand, with a few scattered palms, stretches for miles beneath the burning Arabian sun,

which when like ruddy ore it lies sinking in the barren skies, seems to burn the entire heavens with its blazing rays. Then the shadows, to be in harmony with the constant quietude, stealthily creep across the plain—and night with her thousand eyes keeps vigil until again the sun bursts in upon her.

Mt. Sinai combines the three grand features of earth—the sea, the mountains, the desert. Thus her union of grandeur with desolation makes her scenery absolutely unrivaled. "The entire range is the 'Alps of Arabia'—but the Alps planted in the desert, and therefore stripped of the variegated drapery of oak and birch and pine, of moss and grass and fern. The very things that impress the traveler when viewing the European Alps are in the Arabian Alps wholly unknown," yet the impression is no less wonderful.

History was born that night when Moses led forth

his children from Goshen. Through these waters, across this desert, around these mountains, wandered the people whose days and experiences are parallel with our days and experiences. As the green fields of Egypt receded from their view, and while advancing farther and farther into the desert—into the great sweep of burning sands and toward flaming mountains—the monotonous expanse of



SINAI GROUP OF MOUNTAINS

wilderness laid its depressing grip upon them, and they murmured. Doubt filled their minds. Under each morning sun, the desert stretched away before them, a distasteful barren solitude. They forgot the marvelous deliverance through the Red Sea, when all before them was terror and all behind them death; forgot the sweetening of the bitter waters of Marah; forgot whence came their daily food. The scenery around them was bare, dreary, desolate. For they had not learned that—

"Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
And those who walk with him from day to day
Can never have a solitary way."

And thus they came to Sinai.

"The dawn gilded dark ridges of the mountain, and the sun's golden rays pierced the deep gorges; on every hand vast rugged heights seemed in their solitary grandeur to speak of eternal endurance and majesty." But slowly "a dense cloud wrapped the entire mountain in blackness, from out the thick darkness vivid lightnings flashed, while peals of thunder echoed and reëchoed among the surrounding heights. The whole mount quaked violently, Sinai was altogether a smoke, the Lord descended upon it in fire. Now the thunder ceased, the trumpet no longer sounded, the earth was still, there was a period of solemn silence, and the voice of God was heard. Speaking from out the thick darkness that enshrouded him as he stood upon the mount surrounded by a retinue of holy angels, the Lord made known his law." A law which has molded individuals, has molded tribes, has molded nations—yea, has molded the universe!

In influence Sinai is enhanced by the fact that there she stands alone. "Over all the other great scenes of human history—Palestine itself, Egypt, Greece, and Italy—successive tides of great recollections have rolled, each to a certain extent obliterating the traces of the former. But in the peninsula of Sinai there is nothing to interfere with the effect of that single event. The exodus is the only stream of history that has passed through this wonderful region,—a history which has for its background the whole magnificence of Egypt, and for its distant horizon, the forms, as yet unborn, of Judaism, of Mohammedanism, and of Christianity."

DUFFIELD STURGES.

Ararat

ARARAT may be called the most venerable mountain in the world. It is the first to be associated with the story of the human race, and is earlier mentioned in sacred literature than any other. It looms on the border line between the antediluvian era and ours, and seems to shut our vision from that former age. This fact disposes us to feel that if we could retrace the steps of history to that mountain range, and from the vantage of its highest summit, could turn our vision backward over the span of twenty centuries, before our eyes would roll the lands and peoples of the world when it was young. What a picture we might look upon, if that were so!

If that were so, there would be opened to our sight a country more enchanting and enchanted than that of any story ever told! A land in which the first hearths and altars of the race were lighted, and where was committed the first black deed of malevolence and blood! A land of mighty giants, whose deeds were exploits, and whose dominion over the wild herds of the plains and the denizens of deep forest solitudes was but half questioned. A land almost as fair as Eden, where the sword of flaming light still guarded from its gate the touch of feet polluted, and whose flowers made all the air more fragrant than the plains of Sharon!

But that vision is denied us. We may continue long and frequently return to seek such a point of outlook, but in vain. The meager chapters of those days are written in the Book. There are tablets of them graven in all the penciled face of nature. They have memorials in the black remains of their ancient forests, and in the fossil bones of animals that roamed their glades. Indeed, the next skeleton you see may have come out of that distant past, and the next piece of coal you burn may once have been a bridal or a festal flower or a bough of shelter under which the children of that country played and sported long ago. Every chiseled hill that anywhere keeps vigil above the universal grave, and most of all Ararat, their headstone, the rock at the mouth of their sepulcher, on which a greater than the Roman seal is set, through some miracle in his heart of stone, seems always to mourn for them in tears, which, falling either side his feet, move in two great rivers to the Persian Gulf. But of that land and those centuries themselves, we may have no

closer glimpse. There stands their monument, and in the impenetrable mysteries of its shadows, their countries lie and their figures move unreal and shadelike through the dusky solitudes.

Thus is Ararat a monument to the dwellers before the flood; but to us he stands in quite another relation. For when the ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat, it bore all the potentialities of the human race out of the wreck of the old world into the opportunity and promise of the new, and thereby committed to those mountains the first sponsorship of the new era. It was in the valleys of Ararat that, in its second infancy, the race was cradled and nurtured until it dared to walk abroad again; and from their sheltered defiles, issued the progenitors of every people under heaven.

Today the inhabitants of the world are divided and estranged by racial prejudices, and heavy upon the hearts of men is the accumulated heritage of centuries

of hate. There is no race which has not suffered at the hands of a brother race, and neither is there one which shows a disposition to forgive or to forget its just or imaginary grievances. Furthermore, the tastes, temperaments,* and standards of men, and even their mental processes, are so widely diverse that the human family is divided by

them into uncongenial and incompatible groups. Indeed, it seems that races have been innately so constituted that in color, taste, and character they tend to repel each other, to disassociate, rather than to mingle and to fuse; as if, at the tower in the plain, God designedly exaggerated the most distasteful peculiarities of men, so that very dislike for each other would drive them as far apart as the boundaries of the world would permit.

But in the shadows of Ararat, this condition did not yet prevail. There the whole human family dwelt together in blood relationship. And thus it falls out, that Ararat, to us, stands for the original equality and brotherhood of man, and prophesies of that day when the animosities of mankind will be subdued, and their exaggerated characteristics sufficiently modified, so that the race may dwell together again in genuine congeniality and unfeigned devotion.

And Ararat has yet another meaning, not so profound as this perhaps, but sweeter because it touches more intimately upon our lives of every day.

Upon the floods that destroyed the old world, there was one voyager, the first sailor of a sea unknown. He felt his craft caught roughly to the breast of ocean, where hungry waves drove at it with their fangs, and wild tides reached for it out of the soundless depths. Day and night the din was in his ears of waters beating the deck overhead, and wind and water bellowing on every side; and not one light in all the heavens smiled courage to his anxious eye. But after forty days, he saw the elements break from the grip of storm. The lunging war horses of the deep tossed their foamy manes less and less high in air. The fury of the winds abated, and their wild yells died into low-voiced whisperings about his bark. And he saw the hours



MT. ARARAT, BETWEEN CASPIAN AND BLACK SEAS, ASIA

begin to lengthen into days of endless unbroken tedium, when from sky to sky his eye was met by nothing but the long unvarying stretches of the deep, and no sound was on the stillness but the lap and wash of waters and the rustling flutter of light fingers of the wind at sport with this curious disturber of their solitudes. And then, when he was sick with longing for quietude and rest such as was nowhere in the floods, he found at last in the arms of Ararat, upthrust dripping with ocean ooze to receive his bark, the answer to his heart's desire. And from that stable height he watched the toiling surge recede until the long green fingers of its foaming margin slipped, clawing at the sands, back and farther back till they were lost in the distance. And he turned to the interrupted duties of his life again, and came to forget the wrangling waters, locked within their rocky prison far away.

There are other hearts who on the troubled floods have sought, in passionate desire, a refuge from the wilful elements and fickle sea. And there is a mountain firm and steadfast whose towering majesty looks down unmoved on all the tumult of the world, and in whose high, pure atmosphere, the heart learns to forget its doubtings and unrest in the calm assurance of mastery and trust. And, if Ararat has for this day one message more than another, it seems to me it must be the blessedness of finding in uncertainty and discontent, a resting place upon that mountain crest, and drifting on the shifting floods no more.

CHESTER A. HOLT.

Calvary

NORTH of Jerusalem, under the Damascus gate, through which pass now the Bedouin and the rabbi, even as they journeyed in the days of splendor long past, lies the road which since the city was first built has been the golden highway of the world.

Near this golden highway is the mound, so I read once in an ancient book, where our Lord was crucified. And as I read, I saw the eleven and their Teacher wind their way among the Passover tents to Olivet. I saw again Gethsemane, not as it is now in its artifice and false tradition, but as it was when the olive trees heard the wail of grief we cannot know, and witnessed the price of our redemption — and were silent. Over against it lay the guilty city clothed in night and its pride, the temple desolate, cold as the cold moon that cast its rays between the pillars and hastened before the coming dawn. In the shadows the forsaken Saviour wept and prayed alone; and the world slept on, unmindful that its destiny hung in the balance, and careless of its sins and of the weight of woe borne by the Son of man in the garden there. Round about him were the legions of darkness, and his heart was rent nigh to death; and there was none, none to comfort the Comforter, or even to watch beside him.

Ere the day broke, the Man of Sorrows felt the traitor's kiss and stood condemned in his righteousness, the jest of his children, cursed of his sons, sentenced by power he had ordained. He saw his own

deny him, his followers turn, and he suffered the lash of those who called themselves the sons of Abraham. When at last they drove him to the mound outside the city and shamed him with the cross, not knowing that they shed the blood of God, he saw them cast the dice for his garments, and — wonderful love — prayed for them, and those for whom he died jeered and scorned his perfect sacrifice.

Near him, mock courtiers, hung the thieves, their lawless deeds full written on their faces, black and pale in turn, felons in the felon's dying place. But one of these had yet that grace of God left in his soul

that he could see through dim eyes beyond the grave, and ask for pardon, and a diadem to wear within the kingdom of the Crucified. And mark the answer, proof of kingship true as any that ever gave mercy in the hour of death, — promise of a home in paradise. And then in that last hour, the faith of man almost quenched, see thou his own Father turn from



LEAVING CALVARY

the awful scene, and the earth all steeped in sin till the very air was heavy, and the elements, confused, knew not their places; and hear the cry of that worst agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And as the pall of death settled down upon Golgotha, and the broken heart of the Anointed, drained of all it held, rested and ceased to beat, far from the distant past rang the echo of a familiar tongue, and the voice that spoke the universe in place spoke again to his own creation, "It is finished!" "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Out across the valley rang the cry, out and far out, past Orion — till it reached the throne, and the weeping angels heard it, and so it went from eternity on to eternity.

On the mound day drew to a close, and before the Sabbath fell, Joseph came and tenderly laid the body of the King within his tomb, and there He waited, lying with the dead until his resurrection. And out on Calvary, when the stars came out, dimly against the sky three crosses stood, and the cold wind dried the blood that stained them, and now and then beyond the distant hills a solitary jackal called, and in his goat-hair tent the Arab drew closer about him his cloak to shield him from the wind.

Forty years went by, when Titus came and the mound saw the siege of Zion, the chosen city. Cæsar's legions stood on Calvary whence they could see the temple in its magnificence, and the old men within the walls saw the glittering destroyer and knew that the promised desolation was at hand. Following this came many Gentiles, Crusader and Saracen, Moslem and Christian; and now today, were we to stand on Calvary, we should again see soldiers marching, marching, marching out of the North to seek the ancient battle field of God.

But on Golgotha, when the night is come the bare and lonely knoll revives again the scene, and Olivet, Zion, and Calvary remain. faith, hope, and love, and the greatest of these is love.

MARVEL BEEM.

The Alps

TOWERING up among the clouds, as if to storm the very heights of heaven, the kingly Alps, the theme of poet, naturalist, and historian, have for ages stood as noble sentinels, guarding that Alpine country around



LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND, AND MOUNTAIN OF SAVOY

which so many of our conceptions of beauty, sublimity, and grandeur cluster.

Let us bestow a glance upon this entrancing region. Coming from the south across the level plain of Piedmont, we see the Alps stretching before us like a great wall upon the horizon. From the gate of the morning to that of the setting sun, these mountains run on in lines of towering magnificence. Some rise like lordly castles, others shoot up like needles, while others have their summits torn and cleft by the storms of many winters. Range upon range lift their lofty summits heavenward amid the moving stars that light the vaulted blue, while at their bases luxuriant vegetation furnishes a carpet of emerald green, besprinkled with flowers of every hue and delicacy of odor.

Held tightly in these mountains' arms, are the Waldensian Valleys, seven in number, each so related to the other as to form one impregnable fortress of matchless strength. What a picture these fertile valleys furnish, with their fields of golden grain, mantling vines, darkened aisles of pines, fragrant acacias, and feathery birches, with here and there a meadow dotted over with purple cyclamens! Now and then a lake arises in whose breast at night the countless eyes of heaven are reflected, and in whose mirrored depths by day the picturesque and frowning peaks catch glimpses of their wrinkled visages. Here, too, the pine tree tells its story to listening brooks and waterfalls, who prattle it in turn to romantic vales, dainty and lovely as dimples in the cheek of nature can ever be.

Along the crest of snowy ramparts, what a glory kindles at sunrise, and at evening, glows anew, when the golden orb of day, weary with his long journey, finds in their towering heights an inviting resting place. Slowly he sinks beneath these misty peaks, leaving behind an illumination of gleaming gold and gorgeous splendor soon replaced by lengthening shadows which lend their charm to eventide.

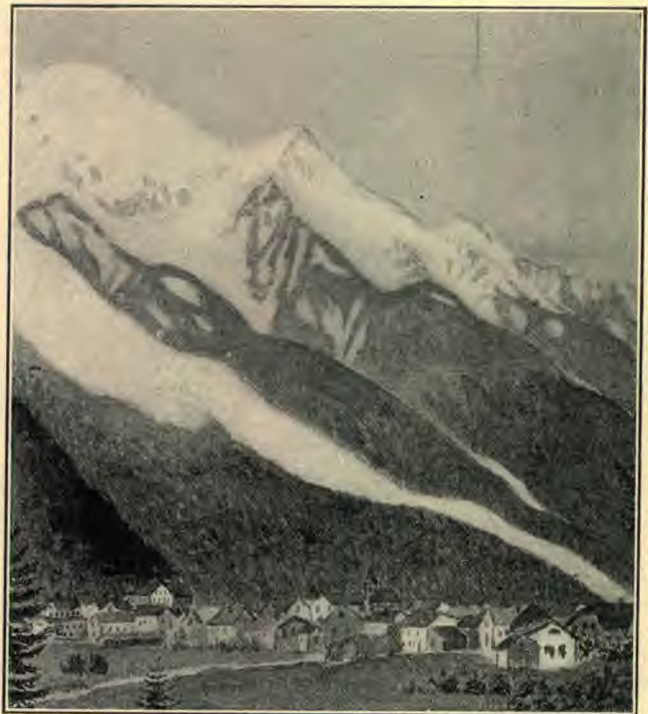
As we turn from these pleasing and suggestive scenes of nature we are not surprised that the humble peasants of these blest heights saw in them the gate of paradise. Behind their lofty bulwarks, the persecuted and oppressed have in all ages found a refuge; and to those faithful exiles the mountains were an emblem of the unchanging majesty of Jehovah. To them they stood as giant mountains of God's creative power—the gem of all stupendous wonders.

Yes, higher interests than that of mere symmetry and grandeur are here entwined—forever linked with them are martyr memories that borrow a halo from their sacred place in Christendom. Amid the gloom that settled upon the earth during the dark period of papal supremacy, the faithful men of the valleys held high the beacon light of truth. Heroically and with unabating zeal they resisted the sweeping tide of papal encroachments. Careless of hardships and unmindful of the loneliness of mountain solitudes, they kept their ancient faith alight when it was threatened with extinction. Their mountain fastnesses were the lamp of Christendom through all the long night when the shadows of apostasy lay like an impenetrable pall upon the world.

And when at length the shadows began to break away in the dawn of the Reformation, a light was kindled anew among the mountains by the coming of Ulrich Swingli, the zealous Swiss Reformer. Born in a herdsman's cottage, amid the scenes of natural grandeur, he early learned to sense the greatness of God's might. To him these unrivaled peaks and tranquil spots of sylvan beauty were molding influences that fitted him for his noble career. And through him and their other children, the pure influence of the mountains has gone forth to the whole earth.

Blest mountains of the Alpine land,
Protectors of the Waldensian band,
Our debt to thee, we ne'er shall know
Till there shall be no Alps.

ELLA NELSON.



MONT BLANC, FRANCE

THE Bible is a rock of diamonds, a chain of pearls, the sword of the Spirit; a chart by which the Christian sails to eternity; the map by which he daily walks; the sundial by which he sets his life; the balance in which he weighs his actions.—*T. Watson.*

The "Instructor" Canning Club

UNCLE Sam, with all his weighty and multitudinous tasks and problems, has not forgotten the young people of the nation. He knows that sensible boys and girls get more real fun from learning to do useful things than in any other way. So for several years he has been organizing garden clubs throughout the country. The response to this work has been very enthusiastic, but not all the products raised could be sold or eaten while fresh; so Uncle Sam bethought himself that the young gardeners should know how to preserve the products of their gardens. He therefore started the canning club work, and he has proved himself such a capable instructor in the art of canning fruits and vegetables that even experienced housewives as well as boys and girls, gladly sit at his feet to learn of him.

The government's slogan for the coming canning season is, "A can of fruit, a can of vegetables, and a can of soup for every man, woman, and child in the United States." Many of the INSTRUCTOR readers, with thousands of other boys and girls, are making gardens. Why not all join hands in canning the products of their gardens?

The INSTRUCTOR will give "Stories Worth Re-Reading," or "Manual of Pronunciation," or four pictures of the life of Christ (9x11), to every boy or girl under fifteen years of age, who fulfils the following conditions:

1. Can according to the government recipes given in the INSTRUCTOR three dozen quarts of food products, there being among these samples of berries, apples, pears, peaches, greens, string beans, peas, tomatoes, and corn. Lima beans may be substituted for greens.

In the case of part of the fruit the open kettle or common method of boiling the fruit may be used if an approved recipe is followed. One sample jar of each kind of fruit, according to the government recipe, is required, however.

2. It is desired, but not obligatory, that the contestant send to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR an inexpensive picture of himself and of his canned products, similar to the accompanying illustration. This picture should bear on the back the age, name, and address of the contestant, and the choice of premium.

3. The contestant must send to the editor a statement, signed by two adults, that he has done the work represented in the picture, or called for in the foregoing requirements. This statement, if no picture is sent, must contain the age, name, and address of the contestant, and the choice of premium.

Government demonstrators in canning are men; so we hope the boys will engage in this work as enthusiastically as the girls. We are anxious for pictures of the boy canners.

The names of those who fulfil the requirements of the club, and are awarded a prize, will appear in an issue of the paper after the canning season is over. We should be glad to receive the names of those who

plan to take up the work. We hope all *beginners* will be *finishers*. No reward in any work of life is promised to any but those that "endure unto the end."

This INSTRUCTOR, which contains the suggestions and recipes, should be kept on file for reference during the canning season.

General Suggestions

The suggestions which follow are given by government experts in canning, and should be studied *thoroughly* before beginning the canning work.

Remember that adequate heat, plenty of clear water, and complete sterilization are absolutely necessary.

Glass jars should be thoroughly cleansed, and should be taken directly from hot water to be filled.

The tops should receive the same treatment as the jars.

In coring, peeling, or slicing apples or pears, drop the product into a vessel containing cold, slightly salted water, in order to keep it from discoloring before packing.

Canned products in glass jars will bleach, fade, and sometimes deteriorate in food value if exposed to light, hence the necessity of wrapping in paper.

Use the cold-pack method of preparing products for sterilization.

Avoid the use of too much salt in the canning of vegetables, greens, tomatoes, and sweet corn. A little sugar added before sterilization will improve the product, and sometimes shorten the time required for processing.

Avoid destroying the vegetable or volatile oils in products such as greens, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, and cauliflower when canning, but be sure to eliminate the excessive acids. This is done by blanching the product in steam.

An adequate supply of convenient and efficient canning equipment is important to success.

Begin the canning work with a small quantity of one product the first day. Take time to do the work well, and test the products before canning large quantities.

Prepare material for only one can at a time.

In the hot-water bath the top of the jar must be covered with water to a depth of two or three inches to insure success.

Metal tops and rubbers should be used only once.

Do not use two rubbers. If the top fits too loosely, slightly bend the wire up that passes over the top of the jar.

Pint jars of product require less time for sterilization than do quart jars.

All recipes given are for quart jars.

Business organization and management are also important in successful canning operations. The proper placing of tables with relation to the canner, water, fuel, and supply of vegetables or fruit, the arrangement of the utensils, the system with which the canning work is executed, are all essential matters.

In the recipes given the time stated for cooking the product is the time required by the hot-water-bath outfit. If the steam-pressure bath is used, under five pounds of steam, one half the time is required. If the aluminum pressure canning outfit is used, under ten pounds of steam, still less time is required.

All jars should be neatly labeled. Stickers for this purpose may be purchased for a small sum.

Use the best rubbers, those that will quickly assume a natural position on being released after being stretched.

Materials

Vessel for sterilizing jars and tops.

Tightly covered vessel for cooking or sterilizing product after it is placed in the can.

Wire or wooden rack to keep the cans from coming in direct contact with the bottom of the cooking vessel.

A duplex fork for lifting the jars out of hot-water bath.

One square yard of white cheesecloth to hold the fruit or vegetables while being blanched.

A wire basket in which to wash the product.

A dish for the cold-water dip.

Dishes for sirups and brines.



Home Canning Club Champion for 1915, Lucile Helphinstine, Illinois. Lucile's display consisted of 119 varieties of canned fruits, vegetables, greens, soups, and meats.

Sugar, salt, water, knives, spoons, rubbers, etc., conveniently placed.

The Hot-Water-Bath Outfit

Take a wash boiler, tin pail, lard can, or any similar vessel with tightly fitting cover, and of ample depth for the desired fruit jar. Allow several inches of space above the top of the jar. Place the wooden or wire rack in the bottom of the vessel, so that the jars will not rest upon the bottom. Put in the boiler sufficient water to cover the jars to a depth of two or three inches.

The Cold-Pack Method

This is the method now in general use by the members of the home-canning clubs as well as many adults in the Northern and Western States. In this method, vegetables are blanched in boiling water or live steam, then quickly dipped into cold water, the skins removed, and the products cut into sizes for jars or packs. The products are then packed without further preparation in glass jars or other containers. Hot sirup is added in case of fruit, hot water and a little salt in case of vegetables and greens. Sterilization is done in the jar or container after it is partially or entirely sealed, making it impossible for bacteria or spores to enter the container after the product has been sterilized. By this cold-pack (or cold-fill) method of canning, all food products, including fruits, vegetables, and meats, can be successfully sterilized in a single period, with but one handling of the product, in and out of the canner.

Blanching Process

Tie the product loosely in the square of cheesecloth. When the recipe says blanch in *steam*, use only a small quantity of water in the sterilizing pail, allowing no water to come above the wire or wooden rack used for holding the product. Lay the cheesecloth with the product on rack. Hang the ends of the cloth over the edge of pail, so that when the cover is placed in position, it will hold the cloth or product out of the water. When the recipe requires the product to be blanched in *hot water*, hang cloth over side of vessel as described, but low enough to allow product to rest in water.

Sirups

An Eastern formula for fruit sirup is 3 quarts of water to 2 quarts of sugar; heat sufficiently to dissolve all the sugar but not enough to make the sirup sticky. Such a sirup has a density of from 12 to 20 per cent, and is known as thin. Medium thin sirup is that which has begun to thicken and is sticky when cooled on the finger or spoon. A sirup made of 3 pounds of sugar to $8\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of water gives a density of 15 per cent.

Canning Recipes

Soft Fruits

(*Strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, blueberries, sweet cherries, peaches, and apricots*)

STRAWBERRIES.—Can fresh, sound berries the same day they are picked. Hull by twisting berries off the hull, and place in strainer. Pour cold water over berries to cleanse. Remove one of the empty jars in the sterilizing bath, pack with berries without crushing. Pour hot sirup over berries to top of jar. Put rubber and cap in position, not tight. (In case of Lightning jars place only wire that fits over top in position. In case of Mason jars use little finger and thumb to twist the cover merely until it catches.) Place jar in hot-water bath and boil or sterilize 16 minutes. Huckleberries, grapes, and firm peaches require 20 minutes. Remove jars, tighten covers. Invert to test joints. Cool and wrap in paper before storing.

Sour Fruits

(*Gooseberries, cranberries, and sour cherries*)

Can same day as picked. Stem, hull, and cleanse. Blanch in hot water one minute. Remove and dip quickly in cold water. Pack berries closely in containers, add hot sirup of 28 per cent density (7 pounds of sugar to 9 quarts of water), till full. Place rubber and cap in position. Seal partially, not tightly. Sterilize in hot-water-bath outfit for 16 minutes. Remove jars, tighten covers, and invert to cool and test joints. Wrap in paper.

(To be concluded)

A Pleasant Fourth

At the St. Helena Sanitarium

NATURE gave us a perfect day. The shower of a few days before, a rare thing in California at that time of year, had laid the disagreeable midsummer dust, washed the abundant foliage, and refreshed not only all things in nature but all the people as well.

Up here on our beautiful sanitarium hillside the

program for the day had been planned in a way most fitting and appropriate to the occasion. Clear notes of the bugle and the answer from a distance were the awakening signal given at 7 A. M.

At nine o'clock all who could not walk were wheeled or carried, and were seated around the front of the sanitarium. Soon the band was heard,—the parade, original and interesting, had started. First came the huge flag, with a Teddy bear, miniature emblem of our State, fastened to the top of the pole, and carried by a tall young man in immaculate white. Following the flag was our sanitarium band, all the members of which were also dressed in white. Then came the graduate nurses, all in white from cap to toe. The training school nurses were next, in regulation uniform (blue and white stripe), such a lot of them. The dining-room girls, in white middies and white skirts, followed, and to close the procession, a young girl led a small boy, a son of one of the patients, with

his flag in his hand. They marched as far as the hospital and back to the sanitarium, around one of the driveways, and formed a circle while the flag was raised.

A prayer by Pastor S. T. Hare, was followed by a



VIEW NEAR ST. HELENA SANITARIUM

short but inspiring speech by our manager. Briefly, but in a comprehensive way, he reminded us of the blessings enjoyed where civil and religious freedom is guaranteed, and he admonished us not to forget that our nation and its liberties cost many lives. This uplifting speech concluded one part of the program.

Twelve o'clock noon saw the beginning of funny feats in the swimming pool: diving, and more diving, of various kinds, with underwater, tub, and barrel racing. The most striking feature was a short trombone solo played while the musician was hanging by his toes from the trapeze bar over the water.

After dinner there was an exciting baseball game. The married men versus the single men, with a score of 6 to 0 in favor of the former, to the great confusion of the single men. The game concluded, all assembled on the hill crest, and were pleasantly surprised by the announcement that Elder R. C. Porter, of the Asiatic Division Conference, would speak to us. Such a glimpse as he gave us of Chinese cities! We were glad that we saw through our mind's eye and were not near enough to sense conditions with our olfactory organs. People, pigs, cows, and chickens all housed under the same roof for safe-keeping!

The people of the Orient think stealing is all right if you don't get caught. That is the only crime connected with it. Thieving is common, and in China thieves are dealt with summarily. Once a missionary had occasion to complain to the police department that a number of articles had been stolen from the mission compound. Later the officer inquired if the trouble had ceased. The missionary replied that they were having no more trouble in that way, and asked if any offenders had been caught. "Yes," said the officer, much to the chagrin of the informant, "thirty-five have been beheaded!"

While in the Philippines, one native sister told the speaker that her husband had not come to the meeting because he was some older than she and felt it hardly wise to walk the two and a half miles to the service. When questioned as to the age of her husband, she replied that he was one hundred and thirty-six years of age! Brother Porter asked if he might meet her husband, and she said, "Certainly." Accompanied by Elder F. A. Detamore and another worker, he called the next morning at this centenarian's home, and was greatly surprised to see the door opened by an erect, active man who looked scarcely half his years. He remarked that his birth was inscribed in the records of the Catholic church. Elder Porter had the record verified. When questioned as to his diet, this old brother said that with the exception of a little fish he had always lived on fruit, grains, nuts, and vegetables.

Elder Porter spoke of this remarkable case to an officer of the ship crossing over to Hongkong, and that gentleman said that he had known several of these centenarians. One had recently died at the ripe old age of one hundred and forty-two years.

After tug of war, running, and jumping, the band played and lunch was announced. The nurses and helpers passed picnic plates with sandwiches, buns, and fruit nectar, followed by delicious sherbet. A very large crowd did full justice to the sanitarium hospitality.

The evening program of band music, recitations, a solo, and a splendid patriotic speech, concluded the day's celebration. MRS. BERTHA PIERCE CLOSE.

No Summer Slump

"THERE'S no use trying!" Miss Marvin dropped her pencil on the half-finished report, and sat back in her chair, her face the picture of despair. "There's no use trying," she continued; "the officers of our society have worked fearfully hard to keep up our meetings and missionary work through the summer, but just look at these reports. Our attendance has dropped more than thirty per cent, and the reports of work done are not more than half so large as they were last winter."

It was an older friend who received the benefit of that little speech, and here she broke in with, "But, Lillian, don't get discouraged. You must remember that summer is the testing time."

"Testing time! What do you mean?"

"Well, let me ask you a question before I answer yours. Why did you throw into the garbage can the lettuce left over from dinner?"

"Why, it wilts so quickly these hot days that it wouldn't be good for luncheon."

"Exactly, but did you ever draw a lesson from that fact? Have you stopped to think that the same hot days that wilt the vegetables in market and spoil the fresh fruit on the tray, change the broad acres of grain to gold, and ripen the fruit on the trees? The difference lies in being 'rooted.' When the hot, testing days come, the superficial Christian yields to the temptation to do nothing, and at once decay of his spiritual life sets in; on the other hand, the earnest young Christian works faithfully, drawing inspiration even from the discouragement about him, and day by day he grows more like his Saviour. I know it is easy to find ten apparently good excuses for leaving our missionary work undone. But after all, we cannot be unfaithful and still expect to succeed."

Just here the clock on the mantel interrupted the conversation. It was striking four, and Lillian's friend arose hastily, saying, "Really, I almost forgot my four-thirty appointment with the dentist. I must go or I shall be late; but I shall hope and pray that all the members of your society will stand the test, and prove that they are rooted, deeply rooted, in the love of God for souls."

This bit of conversation is passed on with the prayer that it may inspire other Missionary Volunteers to faithfulness. It reminds me of a notice that caught my eye as I was walking down the street in Boston one hot July morning. The notice was on a church, and thinking it probably concerned the delegates to the National Educational Convention, I stopped. These were the words I read: "This church will be open all summer." Such a notice is a danger signal, and reflects sadly upon general conditions; but it commends the individual church for its faithfulness when interest is slack and discouragements are numerous.

What will be the record of your society during the summer? Doubtless it "will be open," but will there be a drop in the reports of work done, a falling off in attendance? Summer may lessen the need of certain lines of missionary work, but think of the rare opportunities it offers for almost every line of missionary activity. The work on the farm, in the kitchen, the office, or the shop does not stop for hot weather. Then should our business for the King?—Surely not.

Plan your work in harmony with the summer's needs and opportunities, and work your plan with courage and zeal. If you are asked to coöperate with a big tent effort in your city, you are greatly favored, for that is the very kind of service that will afford great opportunities for the truest kind of Missionary Volunteer work. Of course, you may not be able to meet in the church and at just the same time as formerly, but what difference does that make? Meet at the tent at a suitable hour for rallying your Volunteers to the work. Have your meeting, cutting short the literary part of the program (but not omitting it, as a rule), and lengthening the time for "reports and plans." If any one should be shortsighted enough to suggest the abandonment of your organization in order to coöperate with the tent effort, withstand him to the face. The very purpose of our organization is to do *organized* missionary work. Rally your forces, and show that your months of organization and training have only put you in good trim for a vigorous soul-winning campaign.

Remembering that the best way to succeed is to determine not to fail, let us as individuals and as societies firmly resolve that there shall be no summer slump, and then pray, plan, and work to that end.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Worth While Sayings

"THE best kind of ability is reliability."

"MANY receive advice; few profit by it."

"A MINUTE'S drift means an hour's pull."

"EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune."

Be satisfied with nothing but your best.—E. R. Hill.

"TRIFLES make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

BIGOTRY dwarfs the soul by shutting out the light.—Chapin.



Photo by W. C. Eaton, Medina, New York.

"So come to the farm with its lambs and its sheep,
And come where Old Span will a faithful watch keep."

Childhood Days

O HURRAH! for the days when we're out on the farm;
The city's so hot and the yard is so small;
But the country is wide and away from much harm,
And the country sends in to the children its call:
Come out where the grass is not killed by the feet;
Come out where the air is not stifling with heat;
Come out where the beasts and the birds love to stay;
Come out where the lambs and the children can play.

Then hurrah! for the days when the snow is all gone
And the Ice King has traveled away to his home;
When Nature sings loud at the coming of dawn
And the Sun King swings out through the blue vaulted dome.

So come to the farm with its lambs and its sheep,
And come where Old Span will a faithful watch keep;
Yes, come and we'll play by the barn and the trees,
And be just as happy as ever you please.

Then hurrah! for the days we can be on the farm:
The city's so hot, and we're oft in the way;
So we'll go from the city and all its alarm
And get on the farm where we wish we could stay.
For "God made the country;" the city, by man.
The city was never a part of God's plan.
Then hie to the country and worrying cease,
For God's in the country and offers us peace.

J. G. LAMSON.

Are We Honest?

An Honest President

PUT that back!" exclaimed President John Quincy Adams, when his son took a sheet of paper from a pigeonhole to write a letter.
"That belongs to the government. Here is my own stationery, at the other end of the desk. I always use that for letters on private business."

Mr. Adams was as particular in other ways, and is celebrated for his accuracy, truthfulness, and punctuality. When a member of the House of Representatives, his entrance was a sure indication that the time to call to order had arrived. He always kept his appointments, and would no more think of taking others' time by tardiness than their money by theft.

Abd-el-Kader and the Robber Chief

"Go, my son, I consign thee to God," said the mother of Abd-el-Kader, after giving him forty pieces of silver, and making him promise never to tell a lie;

"we may not meet again until the day of judgment."

The boy left home to seek his fortune, but in a few days the party with which he traveled was attacked by robbers.

"What money have you with you?" asked one.

"Forty dinars are sewed up in my garment," replied Abd-el-Kader; but the robber only laughed.

"What money have you really with you?" inquired another sternly, and the youth repeated his former answer; but no attention was paid to his statement, which was not believed on account of its frankness.

"Come here, boy," called the chief, who had noticed the men talking with the young traveler; "what money have you in your possession?"

"I have told two of your men already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes, but they do not seem to believe me."

"Rip his garments open," commanded the chief of the robbers, and soon the silver was found.

"And how came you to tell this?" he was asked.

"Because I would not be false to my mother, whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Boy," said the leader, "are you so mindful of your duty to your mother, although so young, and am I insensible, at my mature age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me your hand, that I may swear repentance upon it."

He did so, and his followers were greatly impressed.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said his lieutenant; "be mine, at least, in the path of virtue," and he took the boy's hand as his chief had done. One by one all the rest of the band did the same.

Honesty and truth, even in children, cannot fail to exert an influence for good upon those around them. It may not produce such remarkable results as in the Arab's story, but none the less it is felt by all.

Too Honest to Lie

"If honesty did not exist, we ought to invent it as the best means of getting rich," said Mirabeau.

In a country school, the teacher put a very hard word to the pupil at the head of a class in spelling, and he missed it. She passed it to the next, and the next, and so on, till it came to the last scholar,—the smallest of the class,—who spelled it and went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. The teacher then wrote the word on the blackboard, that they all might see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had she written it than the little boy at the head cried out, "O Miss Wright! I didn't spell it that way; I said 'e' instead of 'i,'" and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. He was too honest to take credit that did not belong to him.

The Example of Lincoln

Lincoln was very poor when he began to practice law. One day a post-office agent called upon the young lawyer, who had recently closed a term of service as postmaster, and asked for the balance due the government. Dr. Henry went with the agent, to loan the money, feeling sure that the young man was too poor

to have any. Lincoln excused himself, went to his boarding house, and soon returned with an old stocking, from which he took seventeen dollars and sixty cents, the exact balance due, in the identical coins that had been paid to him. He never used, even temporarily, money not his own.

"You must tender \$30,000 first," said he to a client who consulted him about a land claim.

"But I can't get so much money," objected the man.

"I'll get it," said Lincoln; and, stepping into a bank, he told the cashier that he wanted to take \$30,000 to make a legal tender with, adding, "I will bring it back in an hour or two." The cashier handed him the money without even taking a receipt.

"Mr. Lincoln would not take a case unless he really thought the client ought to win," said a lawyer of Springfield, Illinois; "and it came to be understood by court, bar, jury, and spectators that when Abraham Lincoln brought a suit, his client was in the right, and ought to obtain a verdict. I do not say this from political favoritism; for we belonged to opposite parties, but simply because it is the truth."

He refused to argue a case when he learned that his client had deceived him by representing that his cause was just. His partner, however, took the case, and won it, receiving a fee of nine hundred dollars, of which Lincoln refused to take his half. He had an ambition to be right, and yearned for wholeness and symmetry of character. When he received a joint fee, he would always divide the very money received, and tie his partner's half in a separate parcel.—O. S. Marden, in *"The Secret of Achievement."*

A Call for Missionary Volunteer Enlistment

THE very first work for which the art of printing was used after its discovery, crude though the machinery, was the printing of the Word of God. Prior to

that time (the fifteenth century) the comparatively few believers in God's Word worked for months writing out by hand portions of the Scriptures. These they faithfully passed on to whomsoever would receive and read them.

The Reformers saw in the establishment of the printing press a power which would infinitely multiply their efforts in spreading a knowledge of the truth. They could now use the time in circulating the printed page which formerly had been spent in secluded places writing out the Scriptures by hand.

Luther, while confined in the Wartburg castle, wrote Biblical tracts and pamphlets, which the believers circulated throughout Germany so thoroughly that in every village and out-of-the-way place the Bible truths were taught. History records that Reuchlin, a noted Reformer and writer, so appreciated the power of the press that on a mission to Rome he purchased all the Greek and Hebrew manuscripts he could find. This he did with a view to employing them as so many torches to increase in his own country the light already beginning to appear. Ulrich, while taking refuge in the castle of Ebnburg, "composed those works intended to be read and understood by the people, which inspired all the German states with a horror of Rome and with a love of liberty." Such was the influence of the printed pages of truth in the days of these Reformers.

Today our publishing work is fulfilling the same purpose. We have a publishing organization which is yearly putting into circulation over a million dollars' worth of tracts, periodicals, and books teaching the third angel's message, and the Lord assures us, through his servant, that "our books and periodicals are God's appointed means of keeping his message continually before the people. . . . Let every one professing the name of Christ act a part in sending forth the message.



SENIOR AND JUNIOR MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS OF THE ALBERTA INDUSTRIAL ACADEMY

A RECENT quarterly report received from the leader of the Missionary Volunteer Society at the Alberta Academy, Lacombe, Alberta, shows that they have an enrolment of eighty-one members, and that eighty are reporting members. Doubtless this small minority is not a permanent record, but may in the present instance be due to some oversight or delay in getting the report, for to be a member of such an active company as their report shows this society to be, must make the work of the individual Volunteer a pleasure and the report of it a natural consequence. Each item on their report blank contains a good figure, and we are told in connection with their work they have "a Literature Band, a Correspondence Band, a Personal Workers' Band," and last, but not least, "a Prayer Band, without which our work would have been in vain. It is wonderful what prayer can do."

... Our publications should go everywhere. *The circulation of our periodicals should be greatly increased.*"

To meet this important phase of literature circulation, we have conducted a special campaign to enlist students and other young people in the sale of our magazines,—*Signs of the Times, Life and Health, the Watchman*, and some of the small books, such as "The World War." We now have an army of one hundred and five students from our colleges and academies in the Pacific Union (mostly young women) who are just getting into action, and we look for a record in magazine sales this summer. Many experiences might be related to show that those already engaged in the sale of these publications are enjoying the choicest blessings which God deals out to his workers, and it has been proved that a large per cent of these workers fit naturally into places of greater responsibility in times of crisis, when the tried and trusted recruit is needed.

The sale of our magazines should be considered from a missionary rather than a commercial viewpoint. If Satan can cause a young man or woman to regard this work on the same basis as that of the newsboy, street peddler, or retailer of popular fiction, he will have accomplished his purpose of causing defeat where a rich and glorious experience might have been obtained. In vast contrast is the work of disseminating our Spirit-filled literature. We are intrusted with a message which should call into use the highest faculties, and should never permit the standard of this work to be lowered.

Many more young people in this country, especially in our cities, should be encouraged to enter the magazine field. Write your Missionary Volunteer secretary or the home missionary secretary of your conference, enlisting for this service *now*, and share in the rich experiences enjoyed by the bands of magazine workers this summer.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Why?

LORD, if I love thee and thou lovest me,
Why need I any more these toilsome days;
Why should I not run singing up thy ways
Straight into heaven, to rest myself with thee?
What need remains of death pang yet to be,
If all my soul is quickened in thy praise?
If all my heart loves thee, what need amaze,
Struggle, and dimness of an agony?

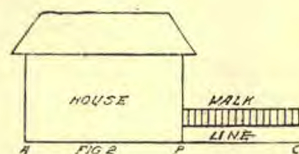
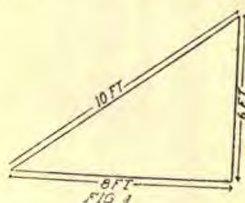
Bride whom I love, if thou too lovest me
Thou needs must choose my likeness for thy dower;
So wilt thou toil in patience, and abide
Hungering and thirsting for that blessed hour
When I my likeness shall behold in thee,
And thou therein shalt awaken satisfied.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

When to Use the 6-8-10 Rule

In laying out a rectangular plot of ground for any purpose—the foundations of a house, a tennis court, etc.—the beginner soon finds out that it is almost impossible to get it square by the use of the carpenter's steel square. Carpenters, when confronted by a similar problem, proceed according to what is known as the "6-8-10 rule." This rule is based on the fact that the sum of the squares of two sides of a right angle equals the square of the hypotenuse. In practice, the carpenter first determines the position of one of the corners, then measures six feet from it in one direction and eight feet in the other. Between these two points is, if the corner is square, just ten feet. (Figure 1.)

If you have no steel square and want to square a board, you can proceed in about the same way, only measuring inches instead of feet. Using your foot rule, draw a line across the board, making it as nearly



square as you can. Then measure six inches along the board, and eight inches along the line. If the line is square, the distance between these two points should be ten inches. If the board is wide, instead of 6-8-10 inches, you may use 12-16-20 inches.

There is another problem that the amateur carpenter sometimes runs up against in laying out the lines for a fence or walk. Suppose you wish to build a walk to line up with a house, as shown in Fig. 2. Stretch a cord from A to C. Make sure, by moving it back and forth, that the line just touches the building at B. Fasten the line to a stake. Now if, at the point B, the distance from the corner of the building to the edge of the walk is two feet, make the distance between the line and the walk at C two feet, and your walk will line up with the building. Of course, you could get the same results by the use of the 6-8-10 rule, but this last method is often preferable.—Charles D. Myers.

For the Finding-Out Club

[Every one who sends in a correct list of answers to this or any future set of questions will be entered as a member of the 1917 Finding-Out Club, if the list is received within three weeks after the date of the paper containing the list. Membership lists of answers to be accepted must follow the rules given below:

1. The list must be written neatly.
2. Pen and ink must be used.
3. Writing must appear upon only one side of the sheet of paper.
4. The answers must reach the editor's desk within three weeks after the date of the paper containing the questions answered.
5. All lists must be folded and not rolled.
6. The questions must not be repeated in the list of answers.
7. Each answer must bear the same number as the question it is intended to answer.
8. Every list must give the *date* of the INSTRUCTOR containing the list of questions being answered; for example, "Answers to questions in INSTRUCTOR of December 8."
9. Every list must bear at the bottom the name of the one sending in the list.

The number of lists that one has successfully answered is indicated by the small figure at the upper right-hand corner of the name.

Failure to heed any one of these rules is sufficient to bar one from membership in the Finding-Out Club. Let us watch the 1917 membership grow.—Ed.]

1. WHO played the harp before Saul?
2. Why does an apple fall to the ground?
3. What is the Venus of Milo?
4. What is the Sistine Madonna?
5. What is an octogenarian?
6. What is the motto of the United States?

"MAKE new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold;
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best."



Prayer for Guidance

(Texts for July 8-14)

OUR party had never been down the river before; others had spoken of it as a treacherous stream; but we had decided to go to Chicago by boat, and that plan included a trip down this river. So about four o'clock we boarded the tiny little steamer that was waiting at the bend.

The old captain knew his business; he knew every curve in that river; and he knew how to keep his boat in the deep channel. With him at the helm, we had no fears, but enjoyed the ever-changing landscape that glided by on either side of the winding stream. One thing: we never interfered with the captain's plans, but let him carry them out in every detail; so we reached the lake wharves safely in time for the night boat for Chicago.

Today as I recall this pleasant little outing, it brings with it a very good lesson. Every day you and I are traveling down an unknown river; it is a treacherous stream; many have made shipwreck on it; there are hidden rocks, sandbars, whirlpools, and many other dangers along the edges of the water. There is only one Captain that can take us safely down; we must make the journey, but let us not make it without the Captain; and when we have once taken passage on his boat, let us remember that our safety demands that we do not interfere with the Captain's work. Should we attempt to assume control for even one moment, our unskilled hands might cause shipwreck.

Yes, we need guidance. But the spirit of adventure runs high in young blood. We do not want to be guided; we refuse to learn from the bitter experiences of others; we rebel against the charted course and strike out for ourselves. We run big risks and suffer failure a hundred times. We make a dash for some fancied Eldorado, and then sit down to drink the dregs of bitter disappointment. O "what fools we mortals be"! How long will we refuse to heed God's great danger signal hung up for the ages to read: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death"?

Young friend, you and I cannot change the unchangeable laws of the universe. God is right and true, and if we are not guided by him, we must ultimately fail utterly. Happy the young person who learns this great lesson before he has squandered his youthful energies. And when we once learn how futile it is to try to guide our own lives, and how very possible and safe it is to trust all guidance to our heavenly Father, we shall have solved one of life's hardest problems, dropped one of her greatest worries, and laid hold of the pearl of great price.

How sweet is the thought that God will guide you and me. His promises of guidance are like a cool hand upon a fevered brow. We read them and sink into quiet, peaceful rest. Prospects do not count with him. The Red Sea may be before us and the Egyptians behind; but we are not to fret. We are to trust and obey. If we do this, he will guide and deliver.

Just how God will choose to guide you, I do not

know; but if you have decided to follow God, remember if he guides at all he must guide in all things and at all times. God cannot guide us if we insist on having our own way in certain matters.

If God guides you, you will not fail. His guidance spells success. He does not always tell you why he is sending you certain experiences, but you may be sure he is using them for your good. And if you faithfully follow your Guide, you will be trained to every duty that awaits you, equipped for every emergency that arises, and skilled for seizing every opportunity you meet for helping others.

There is success, there is efficiency, there is joy for those who are guided by God. But let us not forget that there is only one path that leads to heaven,—a rugged path,—and in this path they tread who follow God. It is stained with the bloody footprints of our Saviour and of those who have followed in his train. You will have to give up some things to walk in it; but it is the only path that brings genuine success, lasting happiness, and eternal life; and happy are they that choose it.

MEDITATION.—Yes; I want to be guided in all things, by my heavenly Father; but how am I going to let him guide me in the emergency that I have been facing this week? Well, I have told him all about it. I am desirous that his will be done without regard to loss or gain to me. I have been sorely puzzled to know just what to do; but Gideon's experience helps me. I have told the Lord what I thought he wished me to do and to do within a week; and I have asked him that if I was mistaken please to hinder my carrying out the plan today. This hindrance has not come yet, so I am going to believe that he has guided me by putting it into my heart to do this little piece of anticipated missionary work; and I go forward bravely, trusting him for results. O, I am so glad that he will guide me!

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Father, I thank thee for thy precious promises of guidance. I thank thee that they are mine. Guide me in all things today. Guide my mind to think good, pure, inspirational thoughts; guide my lips to speak kind, cheery, helpful words; guide my hands to fill the moments with loving deeds; and guide my feet to follow thee in unselfish service. O Father, guide me every day; guide me so that I shall at last hear the words, "Well done."

M. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending July 14

THE programs for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for July.

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

July 8: Psalms 140 to 144.	Prayer for protection.
July 9: Psalms 145 to 150.	God's goodness and power.
July 10: Proverbs 1 to 3.	The benefits of wisdom.
July 11: Proverbs 4 to 7.	Instruction of a father, etc.
July 12: Proverbs 8 to 11.	The call of wisdom; a false balance.
July 13: Proverbs 12 to 15.	Wise maxims; a soft answer.
July 14: Proverbs 16 to 19.	Moral virtues and their contrary vices.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for July 5.

Junior Assignment

- July 8: Isaiah 39. Hezekiah's failure.
 July 9: Isaiah 40. The gospel message.
 July 10: Isaiah 42. The work of Jesus.
 July 11: Isaiah 43. Comfort and reproof.
 July 12: Isaiah 58. Blessing on those who honor the Sabbath.
 July 13: Isaiah 60. The gospel to the Gentiles.
 July 14: Isaiah 63. Jesus' power to save.

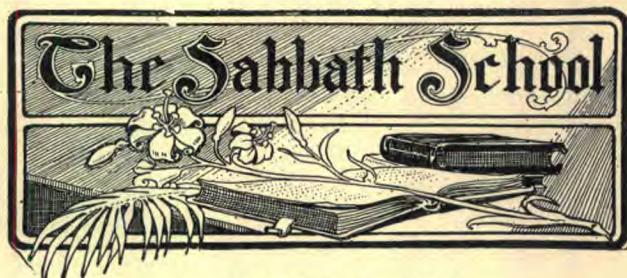
As you continue to read from the wonderful prophecies of Isaiah, remember the story of this hero as given last week. We have gone through the history of the Old Testament, have read some of the Hebrew poetry, and now we are reading what the prophets wrote. To find Isaiah's place in history go back to 2 Kings 16 to 21 or 2 Chronicles 26 to 32. Isaiah prophesied in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah. Some of this history in Kings and Chronicles is repeated in Isaiah almost word for word. Compare 2 Kings 19:6, 7, and Isa. 37:6, 7.

Isaiah is thought to have belonged to a family of rank. There is a story that he was cousin to King Uzziah, but we do not know that to be true.

Isaiah has been called the king of the Old Testament prophets, because he was such a great man. He has been compared to the apostle Paul. He was a good writer and also an orator. Some of his writing is in the form of poetry, as you will see by looking at the Revised Version of 12:1-6; 25:1-5, etc.

The Lord used Isaiah to present great truths to the Hebrew people and to the people of all time. We can study the book of Isaiah as long as we live, and always find something new and interesting. M. E. K.

THE Christian's first duty is to honor his Master. He must be willing to sink himself out of sight in order that the name of Christ may be magnified. It is not always possible to honor Christ and yet to honor ourselves before men. Sometimes the wreath on our own brow must fade if we would keep the wreath for Christ beautiful and green. Sometimes we must decrease that Christ may increase. Sometimes we must be willing to fall into the shadow, that the full light may be cast upon his face. Sometimes we must be ready to suffer loss that the cause of Christ may be advanced. But all this decrease, if we are true at heart to our Master, is only seeming. The honor on our brow is never so bright as when we have willingly stripped off the stars from ourselves to bind them on the brow of Jesus.—J. R. Miller.



II — The Christian Life

(July 14)

MEMORY VERSE: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Matt. 26:41.

Questions

1. When we confess our sins and God forgives them, what do we become? 2 Cor. 6:18. Note 1.
2. As sons and daughters of our heavenly Father, how will we show our love? What promise is made to those who obey? John 14:23. Note 2.
3. As babes in Christ what should we desire? What will a knowledge of his Word enable us to do? 1 Peter 2:2.

4. What did Jesus say concerning the Scriptures? John 5:39.
5. How earnestly should we search the Scriptures? Prov. 2:4, 5. Note 3.
6. What did David say the study of the Word of God would do for him? Ps. 119:11.
7. What experience did Jesus have that showed his familiarity with the Scriptures even when a young lad? Luke 2:42, 46, 47.
8. What faithful worker for God was carefully taught the Scriptures when a child? 2 Tim. 3:15; 1:5.
9. What else is necessary if we would grow as Christians? Phil. 4:6. Note 4.
10. When should we pray? Luke 18:1. Note 5.
11. What did Jesus often admonish his disciples to do? Memory verse. (Take a concordance and find at least four other similar texts.)
12. What test did Daniel once have in the matter of prayer? See Daniel, chapter 6.
13. In studying the Scriptures and in praying, what should we constantly guard against? Heb. 3:12. Note 6.

Notes

1. "Through this simple act of believing God, the Holy Spirit has begotten a new life in your heart. You are as a child born into the family of God, and he loves you as he loves his son."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 56.

2. "Each morning consecrate yourself to God for that day. Surrender all your plans to him, to be carried out or given up as his providence shall indicate. Thus day by day you may be giving your life into the hands of God, and thus your life will be molded more and more after the life of Christ."—*Id.*, pp. 74, 75.

3. "There is nothing more calculated to strengthen the intellect than the study of the Scriptures. . . . But there is but little benefit derived from a hasty reading of the Scriptures. One may read the whole Bible through, and yet fail to see its beauty or comprehend its deep and hidden meaning. One passage studied until its significance is clear to the mind, and its relation to the plan of salvation is evident, is of more value than the perusal of many chapters with no definite purpose in view and no positive instruction gained. Keep your Bible with you. As you have opportunity, read it; fix the texts in your memory. Even while you are walking the streets, you may read a passage, and meditate upon it, thus fixing it in the mind."—*Id.*, pp. 94, 95.

4. "Prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend." "The darkness of the evil one incloses those who neglect to pray."

We should "not neglect secret prayer, for this is the life of the soul."

5. We can pray to God at any time. When we are in trouble, we can tell him what it is that grieves us. When we are tempted, we can pray for overcoming strength. When we have occasion for rejoicing, we can offer a prayer of thanksgiving. When we have sinned, we can confess our sins. "Keep your wants, your joys, your sorrows, your cares, and your fears before God." Nothing that in any way concerns us is too small for him to notice.

6. An ancient allegory well illustrates the power of evil against which we must contend:

"Satan called a council of his servants to contrive a plan by which they might make a certain good man sin. One evil angel said, 'I can do it. I will set before him the pleasures of sin and the rich reward it brings.' 'Ah,' said Satan, 'that will not do; he has tried it, and knows better than that.' Then another of his servants said, 'I can make him sin. I will tell him of the sorrows of virtue, and that it has no delights and brings no reward.' 'No,' exclaimed Satan, 'that will not do at all, for he has tried it and knows that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' 'Well,' said another imp, starting up, 'I will undertake to make him sin.' 'And what will you do?' asked Satan. 'I will discourage his soul,' was the short reply. 'Ah, that will do,' cried Satan; 'that will do; we shall conquer him now.' And they did."

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THE Review and Herald Publishing Association has on hand a large quantity of old, out-of-date Memory Verse Cards. Rather than throw these away we prefer to give them to those who will use them. They are excellent for use in mission Sunday schools, and hospital and other missionary work where there are children. Send five cents in postage stamps for mailing and wrapping, and an assorted lot of about 500 cards will be mailed to you, as long as our stock lasts. Send direct to Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.

The Youth's Instructor

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War Prohibition Now!

THE argument for prohibition is clean-cut, simple, and direct.

The drinking of alcohol never produced for any normal individual positive good—in health, efficiency, power, or happiness.

The drinking of alcohol does produce for countless individuals and for society positive evil—in disease, loss of efficiency, impairment of power, vice, crime, and unhappiness.

The best that can be said for the drinking of alcohol is that it affords pleasure, gratification, and sociability. The evils that it produces constitute too heavy a price for the community to pay for these epicurean benefits.

This is the story in time of peace. In time of war the indictment against alcoholic liquor becomes tremendously graver. In such times as now confront the world the emphasis shifts from the effect of the drinking of liquor to the effect of the making of liquor.

The cold fact is that liquor is made from food; and in this day of the world every people which is at war is suffering for lack of food. Here and now the question becomes one, not between indulgence and abstinence, between pleasure and self-denial, between personal liberty and tyranny, between virtue and vice, between health and disease, but between food and drink.

Shall the many have food, or the few have drink? That is the question.

Last year there were used in the United States in the making of distilled spirits thirty-two million bushels of corn, three million bushels of rye, four and a half million bushels of malt, made from barley, and one hundred and fifty-two million gallons of molasses. These are the official figures. A careful estimate made by prominent professors of economics in Harvard and Yale Universities shows that there were used last year in the manufacture of fermented liquors in the United States thirteen million bushels of corn, fifty-four million bushels of malt, and seventeen million bushels of barley.

If as much as one sixth of the grand total of these foodstuffs were to be used in the manufacture of alcohol for industrial purposes, the saving in foodstuffs would be sufficient to supply the energy required of seven million men for one year.

Cutting off one half of our production of distilled and fermented liquors would save enough foodstuff

to provide eleven million loaves of bread a day. [Why not cut off the other half also, and save twenty-two million loaves a day?]

What are we going to do about it? Are we all to suffer for lack of food in order that some may continue to get pleasure out of drink?

A time of national crisis like this is a time for national and individual self-sacrifice. We shall all make sacrifices, not so much because we must as because we will. The spirit of the American people is right. But the sense of the American people must be kept right also. To sacrifice bread for beer, food for whisky, would be utter folly and wickedness.

Let us follow England's example and cut down immediately the number of pounds of foodstuffs that we permit to be made into drink.—*The Independent*.

God Requires Exact Obedience

GOD does not consult our convenience in regard to his commandments. He expects us to obey them, and to teach them to our children. . . .

Some will urge that the Lord is not so particular in his requirements; that it is not their duty to keep the Sabbath strictly at so great loss, or to place themselves where they will be brought in conflict with the laws of the land. But here is just where the test is coming, whether we will honor the law of God above the requirements of men. This is what will distinguish between those who honor God and those who dishonor him. Here is where we are to prove our loyalty. The history of God's dealings with his people in all ages shows that he demands exact obedience.

. . . We are not to follow our own will and judgment, and flatter ourselves that God will come to our terms. God tests our faith by giving us some part to act in connection with his interposition in our behalf. To those who comply with the conditions, his promises will be fulfilled; but all that venture to depart from his instructions, to follow a way of their own choosing, will perish with the wicked when his judgments are visited upon the earth.—*Mrs. E. G. White, in "Historical Sketches of S. D. A. Foreign Missions," pp. 215-217.*

Home Nursing and Simple Treatments

THIS is the title of a series of lessons based on Amy E. Pope's "Home Care of the Sick" and Dr. G. H. Heald's "Colds: Their Cause, Prevention, and Cure." They have been examined and indorsed by the General Conference Medical Department. They are designed to meet the needs of mothers in the home, and of others who wish to do missionary nursing, but are unable to take a full course of instruction at one of our sanitariums. The total cost, including textbooks, is \$5.50. Those who are interested should write at once for full particulars to The Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, D. C.

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ACTS make or mar us. We are children of our deeds.—*Victor Hugo*.