

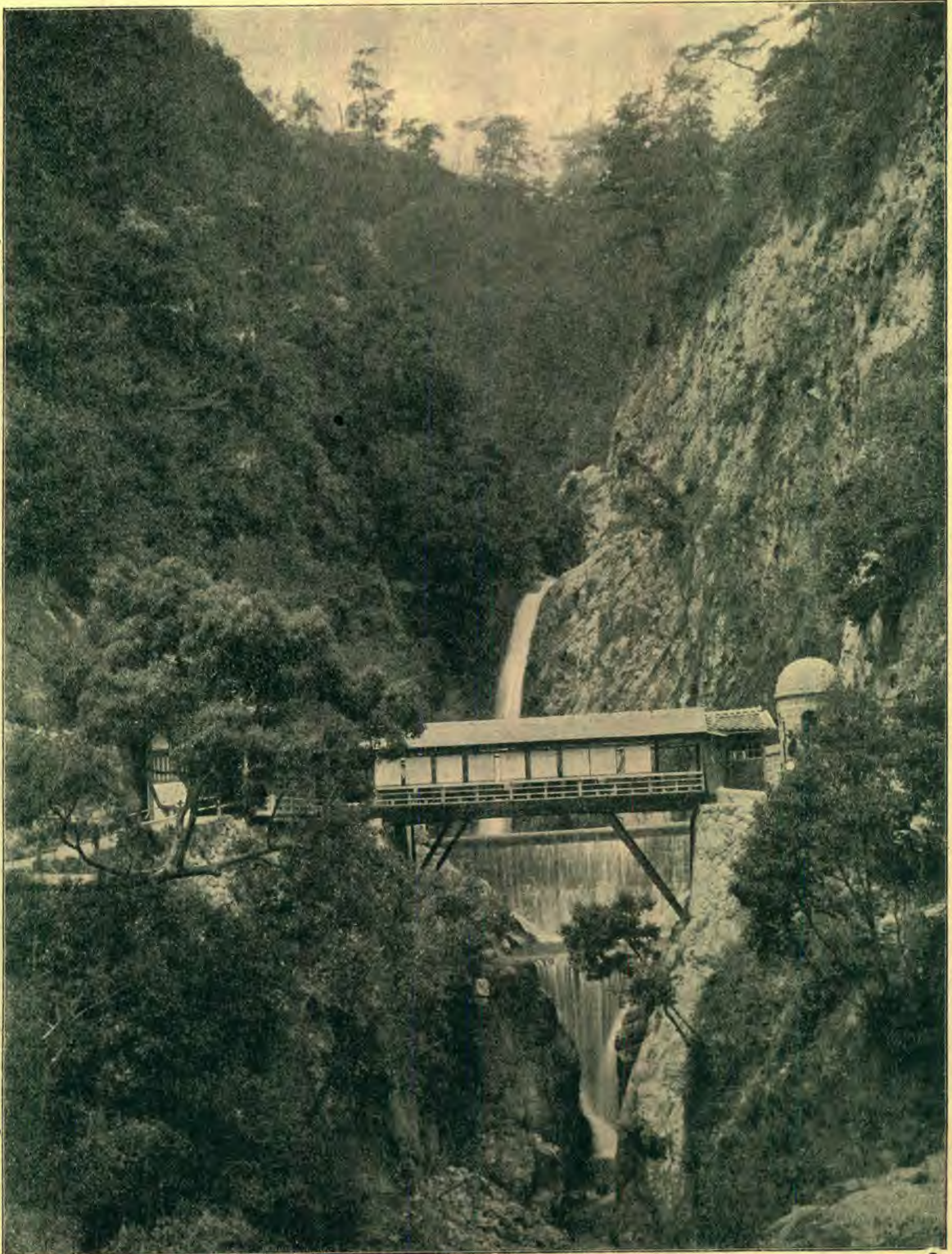
Washington
Missionary
Society

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 20



NUNOBIKI WATERFALLS, KOBE, JAPAN

From Here and There

Both houses of the Texas State Legislature passed the State-wide prohibition bill. The State goes dry June 15.

Illiterates entering United States army camps, either by enlistment or draft, are compelled to learn to read and write.

Delaware ratified the Federal prohibition amendment on March 18, making the ninth State that has espoused the cause of national prohibition.

Congress has appropriated \$720,000,000 for the building of airplanes. An output of four thousand machines a month has been promised for 1919.

Twenty-nine per cent of all the eligible draftees were altogether rejected. In some States the figures mounted to fifty and sixty per cent, and many men were taken with defects not regarded by the Government as serious.

Short rations in Germany, it is said, have caused appendicitis to disappear almost entirely. There are now no operations for and no deaths from this disease. Intestinal and gastric catarrh has greatly decreased, and so has diabetes.—*Health Bulletin*.

The French have invented a two-wheeled cart for transporting wounded soldiers from the battle field to the hospital. It is so constructed as to relieve them of much of the shock occasioned by rough roads, and is especially adapted to mountain travel.

"Make English the language of the nation," is the slogan of the United States Bureau of Education, in the effort it is putting forth to bring about the Americanization of aliens. To 5,000,000 people in this country the English language is an unknown tongue.

Sugar should be saved for the fighting men. They need it. Liquor is forbidden to the enlisted man, in either the army or the navy. It is a well-known fact that abstinence from sweets frequently results in a craving for alcohol. Let all join the sugar conservation squad!

The congested condition of railway traffic has made it not only necessary for the Federal Government to take over the operation of the railroads, but has made it seem wise for the Shipping Board to set aside \$3,360,000 for the construction of barges and towboats to be used for freight transportation on the Mississippi River.

The formation of a National Dry Federation, composed of practically every leading prohibition society in the country and the largest organization in the world opposing liquor, has been formed in New York. William J. Bryan is president of the organization, and active speaking campaigns will be started at once. The fundamental objects of the organization are ratification of the national prohibition amendment in the shortest possible time, success of the prohibition campaigns in the six States which vote on the question in November, and immediate war prohibition for the avowed purpose of "conserving the man power and resources of the nation."

Intense indignation is felt by the army and people of Rumania over the terms of the preliminary peace imposed upon Rumania by the Central Powers. With its military forces scattered and its hopeless strategical position, Rumania had no recourse except to yield to her powerful and ruthless foe. The king and queen, through the Associated Press, "express the earnest hope that the American people will have a sympathetic appreciation of the tragical circumstances that forced peace on Rumania, and that the warm friendship that has always existed between the two nations will in nowise be impaired."

The longest straight stretch of railway track in the world,—330 miles without the slightest turn or grade,—is found on the railroad linking west Australia to the eastern states. In the 1,052 miles of railway between Port Augusta and Kalgoorlie there are no tunnels and very few cuts. This is a limestone region, a desolate waste in which there are no hills, no valleys, no rivers, no trees, and no water.

By unanimous vote of the Senate, German commercial interests in the United States have been dealt a heavy blow. Authority was given the alien property custodian to sell at public auction property owned in the United States by enemies not resident here. It can be sold only to American citizens.

A cablegram from Amsterdam, Holland, published in the *Chicago Herald*, reports that two hundred distilleries of Schiedam, which produce vast quantities of gin and other liquors, have been notified by the government's grain bureau that no more grain will be supplied for conversion into alcoholic products.

Sixty thousand inventions and designs for overcoming the German submarine have been passed upon by the naval consulting board since its organization last year. In addition, the ship protection board of the Emergency Fleet Corporation has passed upon three thousand. Few of these have been approved.

One of the largest mule markets in the United States is located in Columbia, Tennessee. Here more than 750 animals change owners every day, most of them being sent to the Allied armies. A day's sale sometimes amounts to \$200,000.

An asteroid, one of the group of small planets between Mars and Jupiter, has been found to have a tiny moon revolving around it. It is the only asteroid known to have a satellite.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Young Men for War (poetry)	3
Another of Japan's Interesting Places	3
Honesty	4
His Mercy Endureth Forever	5
The Bengali Girls' School	6
Morning Time (poetry)	8
Complete Surrender	9
Dame Nature's Inn (poetry)	9
Do You Cheat?	12
General Conference Gleanings	16
SELECTIONS	
The Message of the Stars (poetry)	5
The Missionaries' Prayer	7
Some Odd Questions	9
Magnifying with a Camera	10
The Afternoon Tea (poetry)	11
Blizzard	11
"I Only Told the Truth"	14
Redeeming Love	16

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 14, 1918

No. 20

"Young Men for War"

R. E. THURBER

"Young men for war;" our battles—youth must wage them.
"Young men for war," with all its trail of woes.
Blood-gushing wounds—our women youth assuage them.
O God of battles, speak a blessed close!

"Young men for war!" the clarion call resounding
Is voiced and rung and blown throughout the land.
"Young men for war," and hosts in size astounding
Arise from very earth at war's command.

"Young men for war!" the bugle's blare insistent
Accepts no answer but the march of men;
And be that answer hard or inconsistent,
"Young men for war" reverberates again.

"Young men for war!" the herald scouts of heaven
Thrice thunder out the summons near and far;
The captain, Christ; the foe, all evil; hour, eleven!
O, who will volunteer? "Young men for war!"

Another of Japan's Interesting Places

A Visit to Karuizawa

A. B. COLE

[In the INSTRUCTOR of March 5, Mr. Cole, manager of the Japanese Publishing House, gave an interesting description of a visit to Nikko. Soon after this trip he visited Karuizawa. The following article describes this trip.—EDITOR.]

AFTER getting things into shape on my return to Tokio from Nikko, one of our men and I went to Karuizawa, where we were to meet Pastor Hoffman. This journey is one of interest to a railway man, for the last few miles are up in the mountains. The track is so steep that now there is a cog railway working the traffic over that section. It takes no less than three of the electric locomotives to haul an ordinary train up the hills. They make a tremendous racket in doing this heavy work, but there is an entire absence of smoke and cinders. This electric equipment is just the thing, as there are tunnels nearly all the way. I forget the number, but I know that the gaps between them are not more than a few hundred feet at a time. Just imagine what it would be if one had to sit in the cars and suffer the slow torture of smoke drying. The railway is a fine piece of engineering.

At Karuizawa we were met by another of our workers who was attending an aged Japanese baron. We stayed with him and were glad to have some foreign food on this trip. We were a mixed crowd, as there were four foreigners and five Japanese.

Karuizawa, the "Missionary Heaven"

of the Orient, is situated three thousand feet in the hills and is always cool; in fact, it is more than cool, for it was actually cold at night. In the summer it is possible to meet at this place about all the missionaries in Japan. Many come from China and Korea as well as from other places in the Orient. The place is not picturesque, but it has a number of summer homes belonging to the foreigners of Japan. An association has been formed by which they have been able to secure ground and erect buildings for the community of foreigners resident there during the season. There is a ball park, several sets of tennis courts, an assembly hall, and various kinds of clubs similar to the "Hikers" of your national capital. Altogether the foreign residents have fixed things up pretty well for themselves. The entrance fee is but fifty cents gold. The fee gives one the privilege of the concerts which are held each week. Three free season tickets come with this. For the other conveniences there are nominal charges.

Japanese merchants have branches of their stores here, so that it is possible to buy almost anything one

can wish for. I believe that there are better stores in Karuizawa than in any other city in the empire. Prices are not exorbitant, considering the freight to this place.

One day we spent at Nagano, a city about three hours away. When we left Karuizawa we had on warm clothing. When we reached Nagano we found that it was the hottest place that day in Japan. How I did long for the white clothes that I had in my suitcase! I nearly collapsed before noon.

At this place are a very old temple and innumerable tame doves. We bought peas for these doves, which swarmed all over us. At first two dozen must have perched on me, but some one scared them away for a while.

We found that the best edible thing in town was apricots. It was too late for the fresh fruit, but there were plenty of confections and jam made from this fruit. I can assure you I had a feast, jam being only nine cents a pound.

After further exploration and a light lunch of *udon*, we went to the station to meet Pastor Hoffman. He was returning from a trip to the west coast, and expected to meet me at Karuizawa. We took the same train, and suffered the slow freezing together. The temperature changes surprisingly quick as one gets into the hills. By the time we reached Karuizawa we found that there was a thick gray fog over everything and the air was too cold for comfort.

The next day was spent in quiet walks and in the contemplation of the mountain that we wished to climb. The evening was given over to a concert which was excellent in every feature.

A Mountain Climb at Night

After the concert we got our mountain equipment together, not forgetting our traveling rugs, and started off at 10:30 P. M. for the climb up Asama-Yama. Asama is a real live volcano, and is something worth seeing. It adds zest to the trip to know that there is a fire at the top where it is likely to be cold. We made a mistake in traveling too fast at first. It was about a seven-mile walk to the last rest house, and the climb was not strenuous that far. Here we rested and ate a little, and here we got our last drink of water for ten hours. From the time we left the house and food, we had to climb in real earnest. The moon had gone down, so we had nothing but two paper lanterns to light the way. The stars helped somewhat, but not very much.

Here followed hour after hour of strenuous climbing in shifting sand and rock. I suppose that it is really lava, for it was of a gray color. As we climbed higher the wind blew harder and colder until we were all in need of the rugs that we had brought. Even with these on we had to keep moving to be at all comfortable. One of our party began to go lame, so I stopped with him most of the time. It was daybreak before he and I reached the first crater, but we were high enough to see the sunrise above the clouds. Here was a picture that would have delighted the eyes of any beholder. I could never have believed that such colors could have been produced in the clouds and atmosphere. It was worth the whole trip to have seen but that. There was more to follow that well repaid us for the effort.

If ever I saw desolation it was when I beheld the old crater of the volcano. This is hundreds of feet lower than the present one, and it certainly is a tremendous hole. I am glad that I was not there when the thing changed its lodgings, for I can imagine there was considerable disturbance at that time. House moving is never pleasant, and I will warrant this was one of the very worst of its kind.

We reached the top about 5:30 A. M., and saw something of the volcano. The wind blew the fumes into our faces, so that we had to stuff our handkerchiefs into our mouths and noses in order to breathe. It was hardly possible to run because of the rocks and ashes.

After a fair division of the small amount of clothing that we had on our persons we thought we would take a look around in order to get as much as possible from our climbing. We found three women and two men in the attitude of prayer near a great rock. They were all shouting loudly and making all sorts of fuss. After they had finished with this, Brother Hoffman asked them what it was all about. They replied that they were praying to the gods of the mountain. In reply to a query as to where the said gods resided, we were told they were "down in that hole." "Do you think they can hear you?" was asked. "That is why we pray out loud," they said.

Before departing they were careful to leave an offering of food for the gods, as an expression of gratitude for their safe trip up the mountain.

We did not attempt to go down into the upper portion of the crater. While watching it at work for a time, we noticed smoke coming out in great clouds from a number of holes or flues. Shortly after this occurred some flues would stop while new ones would begin. It was not possible to say just where the next blow would come. This was in the upper part of the crater, or on a kind of shelf. The real trouble was down the large hole that we could see only at times when the wind cleared it of smoke. The noise was considerable and not the most reassuring thing to hear.

From the time we left timber line we saw absolutely no sign of life of any kind on the entire mountain. No water was there. No birds, flies, or any other insect life. Absolutely nothing alive.

Away off to the north we could see the lava beds. This is nothing more than an immense field of lava that was thrown out of the mountain some fifty or more years ago. It is a tremendous mass of stuff, and is said to have buried several villages. Even today it has hot places from which steam arises continually. In other places there are crevasses in which snow stays the year round. We did not attempt to go back that way, as it would have added about ten miles to our journey.

Turning our backs on the volcano we contemplated the many ranges of mountains that are plainly seen on clear days. We were fortunate in having such a day. The Japanese Alps were to the south and west of us as far as the eye could reach. Away to the east we could see Dantai, the mountain near Chuzenji which we visited on our previous trip. It towered above the clouds like a cone of gray mud. We could not see Fujiyama from here because it was not quite clear enough, and Fuji is about hidden behind the other mountains.

The Return Trip

Now we had to start back. One man was so lame that we had to carry him part of the way. When we got down to timber we took a long tree and made a sort of seat on it with our coats. He rode on this while I held him on, and the others hauled the log along. Fortunately we were going downhill and had gravity to help us. This was about the only "gravity" around at this time. We thought it a huge joke on the man. He understands English and is well acquainted with American idiom, so he appreciated what we said. Since this incident he has told me that his throat is much stronger than his legs, while my legs are stronger than my throat. It was true at the time he said it, for I had completely lost my voice.

When we reached the rest house, we threw ourselves down for a much-needed rest. We soon got to the eating and drinking part of the program, and made another division of all that we could collect. It was against the law for any man to hide food or to take anything away from that house in any other way than in his stomach. If ever food tasted good to me it was then. We had a variety, and everything was relished. Nothing was wasted or left, except the dishes.

We were fortunate in finding a lumber wagon going down the trail to the station next to Karuizawa, so we loaded our lame man on that. He reached home in a jinrikisha at the same time we who walked did. On our arrival a much-needed hot bath was waiting for us, and it was good to get into clean clothes and a white suit for the trip. We had planned to take the three o'clock train for Tokio. We had quite a time getting a seat, as the train was crowded, but we went into a first-class car and came down in style. Even this was full of people who, like ourselves, had second-class tickets.

It is surprising what will take place during the few days a manager is away. Rather it is not so much what takes place as what doesn't take place. Time is therefore required to get work caught up, but it is easier after a trip abroad.

Honesty

A MAN was asked what he would rather have said about him than any other thing. He replied that he would rather people would say that he was an honest man, honest in word, honest in deed.

A dishonest man is not a man, for the first requisite of true manhood is honesty. Whether a man is a Christian or not, he should be an honest man. He may not choose to live eternally; but he must live his present life. He should therefore be a real man so far as this world is concerned, and he can be that only as he is thoroughly honest, speaking the truth and dealing justly and fairly.

The real man scorns a bribe to dishonesty. He would lose any financial benefit, rather than be dishonest.

Whatever of worth there is in the world has been built upon this principle, and the honest man adds to the world's permanent good; but every structure built upon dishonesty, in time crumbles and decays.

The Fateful Discovery

Years ago some tobacco smugglers saw a United States revenue cutter coming toward their boat. They knew if they were caught with the smuggled tobacco on board, they would be thrown into jail and their boat and cargo taken. They therefore hurriedly determined to lose the cargo rather than risk a jail sentence, and set about throwing the tobacco overboard. When they had about finished, the captain sent a boy on deck to report on the whereabouts of the cutter. The boy, with face almost as pale as death, came quickly back. The captain, seeing him, and fearing some new disaster, cried, "What is it?" The boy gasped, "The tobacco's overboard, but it won't sink!" The tobacco overboard was proclaiming their guilt more loudly than when in the boat. Dishonesty cannot be concealed for all time. Like murder, it will out. Perfect honesty knows not fear.

The Origin of Honest Men

Honest men are made from honest boys. Any boy who hopes to have the confidence and respect of his fellow men when manhood is reached, must be an honest boy. To be such he cannot lie, he cannot cheat, he cannot deceive. Such boys are worth their weight in gold.

In these last days of sin and strife there are more dishonest than honest boys, so it is not safe to follow the example of chum or schoolmate. One must keep one's eye fixed upon the goal of an honest, upright manhood, and die rather than be untrue to this ideal.

His Mercy Endureth Forever

HIS mercy endureth forever." Blessed truth! Wonderful expression of infinity! What stands behind the pronoun?—His name, "The Lord, The Lord God." And beyond that?—His character, described by himself as "merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." A God of omnipotence, omnipresence, omniscience; immutable, eternal, knowing the end from the beginning. Our confidence in a person is usually in proportion to his goodness and wisdom. Then who could inspire greater confidence? Our admiration is called forth by an individual's power and knowledge. And who is so worthy of admiration? Our affection is placed upon those whom we deem true. Is any one truer? What more can we give than confidence, admiration, and love? O yes, service! But service, whole-hearted service, cannot be given to another unless we count him worthy. So let us give it to God, than whom none is worthier.

We dwell on the justice of God, and forget his mercy.

"We magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own."

With us, mercy is extended to our favorites, to those we love; but God himself declares that he keeps "mercy for thousands." There is no basis for real mercy except love. It is something outside of justice; no one can demand it, for there is no reason for the demand. The law of cause and effect discredits it, but a God of wisdom intervenes and grants it, not because we deserve it, but because he loves us. And

how boundless is his mercy! It keeps back nothing that will do us good, and showers blessings for the present, promising greater outpourings for the future.

Endurance is a quality both rare and meager in humanity. But divine endurance, how different! How abundant! The contrast is illustrated in Peter's talk with his Lord. "How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" he asked. Surely Peter would be commended for this largeness of heart. Listen! "I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven." Will it stop then? O no! "God's mercy endureth forever."

Forever! Finite minds stagger at the word; its force is not comprehended. It is as far beyond the reach of human understanding as the throne of God is above the horizon of his footstool. But what comfort it brings to the sin-tossed soul, what strength to the discouraged, what determination to the defeated! It silences doubt; it answers the mocker; it cheers the weary soul with its enveloping assurance of continuance of divine aid. Though we cannot understand it, we can rest in the peace that an infinite Father sends every time we experience forgiveness, and gain a new glimpse of the meaning of "forever."

O love divine, all love excelling!

DOROTHY WHITE.

The Message of the Stars

THE golden glow is paling
Between the cloudy bars;
I'm watching in the twilight
To see the little stars.
I wish that they would sing tonight
Their song of long ago;
If we were only nearer them,
What might we hear and know!

We hardly see them twinkle
In any summer's night,
But in the winter evenings
They sparkle clear and bright.
Is this to tell the little ones,
So hungry, cold, and sad,
That there's a shining home for them
Where all is warm and glad?

More beautiful and glorious,
And never cold or far,
Is He who always loves them—
The "Bright and Morning Star."
I wish those little children knew
That holy, happy Light!
Lord Jesus, shine on them, I pray,
And make them glad tonight.
—Selected.

ONCE there was at Oxford, the great English university, a little bootblack named George. He was bright and active. The boys liked him very much. At length one of them said: "A boy who can black shoes well can study well." The other boys agreed, and banded together to educate the little fellow. They soon found that the boy who had put all his heart into the humble work could do well whatever was given him. The bootblack became a learned man; and, better than that, a man of a very beautiful character. Even had he stayed a bootblack, I think he would have been Jesus' faithful servant, but the "growing in wisdom" made him a very useful one. He was George Whitefield, the great preacher. You have the same Master, dear boys and girls. Make yourselves ready to give him your very best service. Your life shall be richer for all time, because of faithfulness now in your daily tasks.—*Illustrated Lesson Paper.*

IN MISSION LANDS



Girls in Charge of the Chickens.



The Class in Cane Work.



The Cooks for Both Boys' and Girls' Schools.

The Bengali Girls' School

DELLA BURROWAY

WHILE home on furlough many of our YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers heard me express the desire that a school might be opened for our Seventh-day Adventist Bengali girls. Because of the poverty of their parents, and the custom of child marriage which prevails in Bengal, our girls were married at the age of twelve or thirteen. This in itself was bad enough, but in addition they were often married to boys of other denominations, when almost without exception they were lost to us. We have isolated families here and there in the villages of Bengal without church privileges, so it is not to be wondered at that the customs of the country prevail, even among Seventh-day Adventists.

Upon returning from furlough, imagine my surprise on being told that such a school was to be opened, and I was to have a part in training the girls.

It is now eighteen months since these girls came to us, and we can only exclaim, "See what God hath wrought!" Most of our girls came to us without a

knowledge of the Bengali alphabet. Today every one of them can read the Bible for herself. They knew not one text of Scripture. Today they can recite whole chapters of the Bible. They knew very little, if anything, of the message for this time; they were not preparing for Jesus' coming, for they did not know he would come in their day. Now the one great desire of each one is to be ready when he comes. They talk of it, they pray about it, yes, and their lives bear witness that they believe it. Some are so filled with the nearness of it that they are writing their parents, pleading with them to be ready. The following is a copy of one such letter, written by a little girl of eleven, just baptized.

"DEAR FATHER: My love to you. I am well and hope you are the same. How are mother, brother, and sister?"

"Father, I am writing especially to remind you the end is near. I beg of you to give up all your bad habits if you want to enter heaven. Father, if you cling to the slightest sin, as envy, anger, or a desire to get wealth, you cannot enter heaven."

"Jesus tells us many will say in that day, Lord, Lord, we



THE GARDEN GIRLS

have done many things for you; but he will say he never knew them. Therefore I plead with you, father, to read your Bible and pray, that we may all go to heaven together. I have such a desire to talk with you about these things, as I cannot write them; but I must wait. I beg of you, dear father, whatever you do, ask God to help you, and thank him daily for his help.

"Your anxious little daughter."

During the eighteen months, six of our girls have been baptized, and several more will be baptized before the school closes.

One of the remarkable steps of progress has been along industrial lines. Girls in most mission schools in India are not called upon to do any work aside from

The Missionaries' Prayer

ON Monday morning before it was daylight, William Christie, George Shields, and myself were standing before the gates of the old city of Taochao. When the yamen pulled the bell for the gates to open, we passed out. We traveled fifteen li and came to the great wall dividing ancient Tibet from China. We passed through the gates, and when our horses' feet stood on Tibetan soil, we reverently bowed our heads and thanked God we were in Tibet. By noon we had traveled sixty li, which brought us to the border of what is known as the robber district. There is a chain



CLASS OF BAPTIZED BOYS
Our Future Workers.



THE COLPORTEURS
From the Boys' School.

sewing and lace making. Even the cooking is done by servants.

The pictures on page six will show some of the work our girls do. We are hoping to meet a part of our expenses from our vegetable and rose garden. We have introduced the chicken industry, which promises fair returns. Our older girls cook for both the boys' and the girls' school. These three lines of work call for many willing hands. We are glad, although the girls objected in the beginning, that now all are co-operating to help make our school a success.

We have organized a Missionary Volunteer Society of forty-five members. Our boys and young men teach in near-by villages on the Sabbath. Our girls, who because of custom cannot go out in public work, are writing missionary letters to their friends, and sending the Bengali *Signs of the Times*.

We feel to thank God for the progress made, and ask the prayers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers that he may continue to bless our Bengali girls' school.

of mountains here, and seven tribes of robbers dwell among the mountains. Each tribe has a chief and recognizes no authority outside of itself. They live by murdering and plundering. They are a terror to all the country, and no military power, either Tibetan or Chinese, has ever been able to subdue them.

When we got to the border, we found that our Tibetan priest and muleteer were not willing to proceed. A few days before the robbers had killed one man, cut the arm off another, and taken much merchandise. There were soldiers who wanted to come with us. We concluded it would not be honorable to God if we were to put ourselves under the care of the army. It would weaken our testimony to the Tibetans. After due deliberation and lifting our hearts to God, we concluded to go on without the soldiers. We had a long parley with our muleteer and Tibetan priest to get them to go with us. They were afraid of the robbers, but after a while they were persuaded, and proceeded with us. When we had crossed about half the robber district, which is about sixty li, we were suddenly sur-

prised by finding ourselves in a camp of robbers. When they saw us, they gave such a yell as I have never heard before, to frighten us. When we got over our surprise, we halted our horses instead of flying. We had come professing our faith in God, and God was going to test us. We said it was no time to be afraid, and lifting our hats we reverently bowed our heads and asked the dear Lord to protect his own simple ones who trusted him.

There were about forty robbers. Each of them had a spear, the head of which was about eighteen inches long, and the handle was about twenty feet long. Each had a Tibetan gun lashed to his shoulder and a Tibetan sword or a slash knife lashed across his breast. They were naked to the loins. There were four camps. When we bowed our heads in prayer, our God seemed to send terror into their hearts. It was marvelous.

Their chief was sitting on the ground. One of them was holding some kind of structure over his head to keep the sun from smiting him. When we were praying, they formed a guard around their chief as if they thought we had some design, and the rest stood as if they were stones. I fixed my eye upon them, and it did seem as if not a muscle moved. Oh, how God manifested his presence! We walked our horses deliberately through their midst, near enough for them to have thrust our hearts through with their spears; and yet not a man seemed to think he had a spear. When we had passed them and crossed the little brook, we again halted and reverently, in their presence, thanked our God for delivering us from bloody men; for their hands had already been stained with human blood. Oh, how our souls did magnify God! It was all from him, bless his name!

When we approached the town on the other side, the townspeople met us; not so much because we were white men, but they came to inquire about the robbers, for they knew where they were encamped. They looked around us and asked, "Where are the soldiers?" We told them we did not trust in soldiers, and that our God delivered us. They asked, "Where is God?" Brother Christie said, "Our God is not seen, although he is standing by your side now." They looked at their sides as if to behold him.

We went into the town and stayed that night and nearly half the next day, telling the people of Jesus; and it seemed that they were conscious of some presence they could not themselves describe. It was our God. It was simply answer to prayer. Oh, that God's people might learn to pray more! — *D. W. LeLacheur.*

Morning Time

MORNING time is bird time;
And their happiness so long
Restrained, through silent night time,
Comes bursting into song.

Morning time is flower time;
So thankful for the day,
They lift their dainty faces
To catch the sun's bright ray.

Morning time is child time;
Their pattering little feet
Come dancing down the hallway,
The singing birds to greet.

Morning time is God's time;
He starts each on its way,
Flowers and birds and children,
To bloom and sing and play.

BELLE LEROY HAGEL.

"Four Days Ago" Equals "Just Three Days Ago," or Seventy-Two Hours

THE tenth chapter of Acts, verses 1-33, furnishes an interesting mathematical problem for the youthful readers of the INSTRUCTOR. What was the actual time from the appearance of the angel to Cornelius until the arrival of Peter at his house?

First Day

"About the ninth hour" of a certain day an angel appeared to Cornelius and told him to send to Joppa for Peter to come to him. Verses 1-6.

Second Day

Cornelius immediately started two of his servants and a soldier to Joppa for Peter, and on the next day, i. e., on the morrow," about the "sixth hour," they came to where Peter was stopping. Verses 7-22.

Third Day

Peter took the messengers in and kept them overnight, "and on the morrow," or next day, they started, with Peter and some others, on their way back to Cornelius. Verse 23.

Fourth Day

"And the morrow after" they had started, about the "ninth hour" of the day, they all entered Cornelius's house, and he said to Peter that "four days ago" an angel appeared unto him and instructed him to send to Joppa for him to come to him. Verses 24-33.

Other Translations

Others translate the expression, "four days ago," thus:

"Three days ago, said Cornelius, at this very hour." — *Moffat's Translation.*

"Three days ago, this very hour." — *"The Modern English New Testament,"* by "an American," 1909.

"It is just three days ago, reckoning up to this hour." — *Weymouth's Translation.*

"Just three days ago this very hour." — *Twentieth Century New Testament.*

Notes and Comments

From the "ninth hour" of the fourth day back to the "ninth hour" of the first day, or "four days ago," is just three full twenty-four-hour days, or seventy-two hours.

"'Four days ago,' i. e., at the fourth day from to-day." — *J. A. Spencer.*

"'Four days ago I was fasting.' The first of these days he had the vision; the second his messengers came to Joppa; on the third, St. Peter set out; and on the fourth, came to Caesarea." — *John Wesley's Note.*

"30. Three days, literally, 'four days.' The details given in this chapter show that the interval, when stated in idiomatic English, was three days. Supposing (in order to make this clear) that the angel appeared to Cornelius on the Sabbath (Saturday), the messengers, starting the same evening and doubtless sympathizing with their master's eager haste, completed their forced march of thirty-four miles by about 1 P. M. on the Sunday (verse 9). The remainder of that day, and the night following, they rested and enjoyed Peter's hospitality (verse 23). With him and six other Christian Jews in their company, they set out on the Monday, probably early in the morning, on their return journey (verse 23); and on the Tuesday (verse 24), about 3 or 4 P. M., the party reached the centurion's quarters. This interval from Saturday evening to Tuesday afternoon, according to the Greek,

Roman, and Hebrew mode of reckoning, is four days, both the first and the last of the days being included. We English are mathematically more correct in calling it three days. So what the French call fifteen days (*quinze jours*) we more accurately name a fortnight (fourteen nights).—*Weymouth's Note*.

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

Complete Surrender

THESE two words hold the secret of the victorious life, the experience for which every professing Christian longs. But how few of us realize the full measure of the word "complete;" and how often we say with our lips that we surrender *all* while the heart holds back some cherished idol! The good Father above gave his one treasure, his only son, that we who have sinned may have eternal life. He asks in return no more, no less; just our *all*.

There is no new way to live the victorious life, for there is only *one* way,—acceptance in its fulness of the atoning blood of Calvary's Substitute, which saves from death and brings to the believer life eternal.

In a hospital just back of the front-line trenches in France lay a desperately wounded soldier. It was imperative that his leg be amputated immediately if his life was to be saved, but he was very weak, and the surgeon hesitated.

"If we could only give him some blood!" he exclaimed to the attendant nurse.

"If that is all that is needed, I am ready to give it," volunteered a wounded comrade. The transfusion was made, and a life was saved.

Touched by such devotion the hospital staff made up a purse and presented it to the brave volunteer, thanking him for the service rendered.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed. "Oh, no! I give my blood; I do not sell it!"

And so Christ Jesus gave his blood as our atonement, yours and mine. We can never repay him for the sacrifice; but is the gift of our choicest treasure too great an offered recompense? Who would not give his all for this earthly life? Eternity is worth far more. Shall we not say today?

"Laid on thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept this gift today for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small—
And thou alone, O Lord, canst understand
How when I yield thee this I yield mine all.

"Hidden therein thy searching eyes can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight;
All that I have or am, or fain would be;
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it none!
Now from thy footstool where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth, May thy will be done!

"Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in thine own will that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own,
But gaining back my will may find it thine."

And with this *complete* surrender will come a peace and joy and satisfaction which the world can never give.

L. E. C.

"My son, give me thine heart." Prov. 23:26.

Dame Nature's Inn

THE curtain of the night comes down,
The daylight hides the trees,
The dusky shadows clad in brown,
Come forth and bring me nature's keys.

My walls, the pine trees towering high,
Whose wide, protecting arms outstretched
In lofty arches meet the sky
With lacelike fretwork carved and etched.

My bed, the wind-strewn leaves of pine;
My roof, the sky's pale, gleaming dome;
My lights, the myriad stars which shine
Like snow-white bits of sun-flecked foam.

My lullaby, the cricket's whir,
The mournful note of hooting owl,
The drowsy chirp of birds astir,
The bark of fox on midnight prow.

My clock, the constellations bright
Which sweep unchanged across the sky;
My call to wake and greet the light
The song bird's joyous note close by.

My lights like candle flames go out,
Fanned by the wings of blushing Dawn;
The shadows flee away in rout,
The curtain of the night is drawn.

JAMES J. GREENOUGH.

For the Finding-Out Club

Some Odd Questions

(Only geographical answers to be given.)

1. WHAT has a mouth but cannot bite?
What has an arm but cannot write?
2. What has a foot but cannot walk?
What has a head but cannot talk?
3. What has a bank with no money in?
What has a top that cannot spin?
4. What has a neck but has no head?
What never sleeps but has a bed?
5. What hook will never catch a fish?
What has a basin but not a dish?
6. Where are the locks keys do not turn?
Where are the capes that are not worn?
7. What has a branch but has no leaves?
What has no locks but has some keys?
8. What always falls but gets no scratches?
What is the ball that no one catches?
9. What is quite long that is not tall?
What has a base but plays not ball?
10. Where are the poles that nobody climbs?
Where are the boys to answer rhymes?

—From Griffin's *Suggestive Questions in Geography*.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of April 9

1. THE sign B on a doctor's prescription means take.
2. Birds have three eyelids. Besides the upper and the lower lid they have a nictitating membrane, which can be drawn up over the whole front of the eyeball like a curtain, to protect the eye from dust and injury when flying.
3. The eyes of a ship are the foremost parts in the bows, formerly often, and still in some countries, painted with eyes.
4. The word "quinsy" comes from two Greek words meaning "dog" and "to choke." It is the popular name for an acute, severe inflammation of the tonsils and mucous membrane of the fauces, accompanied by fever.
5. The Spanish Main is the name applied to the

mainland of Spanish America, especially the northern coast of South America from the Isthmus of Panama to the Amazon. The term was probably derived from the Spanish words "tierra firme," used in the sixteenth century for the Isthmus. Many popular writers use the term as applying to the Caribbean Sea.

6. (a) Grey; (b) Job; (c) Laurence Sterne; (d) William Cullen Bryant.

Who Is He?

Billy Sunday.

Can You Name Him?

Gen. Henri Philippe Pétain.

Nature and Science

Magnifying with a Camera

ONE who has a short-focus camera can easily turn it into a first-class microscope with which enlarged views of small objects can be taken. Many very beautiful and undreamed of things can be detected in the most commonplace object when it is seen through the powerful eye of a lens. With a magnification of only twenty diameters or less, some of the strange facts about the growth of plants or the structure of crystals can be recorded photographically and studied or preserved in an interesting album.

One needs plenty of space for the experiment, as the total length of the camera when rigged up to take the pictures will be about eight feet. A table or the floor may be used for the purpose.

Remove the back of the camera and piece together a number of pasteboard boxes, having painted them black inside. At the far end of the last box fit the part of the camera that was removed and which will hold the plate upon which the picture is to be taken. The plate used should be of the most rapid variety, because a too long exposure would otherwise be required. Pictures of this character should be taken at night, as strong a light as possible being used to illuminate the object to be photographed. An electric bulb attached to an extension cord is suitable; and, if possible, it should be arranged so the light can be turned on and off at a considerable distance from the bulb in order not to shake the object being photographed, for the light must be quite near the object to furnish the maximum illumination.

A ground glass in the back of the camera is used for finding the exact focus of whatever is being pictured. There is a simple rule by which one can determine easily the approximate position of the object

in front of the lens and the distance back of the lens for the plate or the ground glass. The rule is this: Divide the focal length of the lens by the number of time magnification one desires, and add one focal length to the result. This gives the distance in front of the lens at which the object must be placed. If the focal length of the lens (the approximate distance from the center of the lens at which the image of the sun forms the smallest point) is five inches, and the magnification desired is twenty diameters, divide by twenty and add five. The result is then 5.25 inches, the distance in front of the lens to be required for the placing of the object. To find the distance back of the lens for the plate multiply five by twenty, the focal length by the number of times of magnification, and add one focal length. Thus in the above example the plate to be in approximate focus must be one hundred five inches back of the lens.

The procession of empty boxes fastened together so they are a long, light, tight extension to the camera is suitable for the homemade microphotographic outfit. The slight adjustment for exact focus can be made by

moving the object slightly nearer or farther from the lens.

A fly's wing, the minute grains of pollen, tips of petals of a flower, and scores of other objects appear surprisingly beautiful in the clear microphotographs obtained in this manner. One who possesses a camera with a good lens should not fail to try the experiment at the first opportunity.—*Latimer J. Wilson, in the Visitor.*



IN ESTES PARK, COLORADO

"Sam Browne," in the United States Army

SAM BROWNE has never enlisted in the army nor been officially drafted, but he is coming in, nevertheless, because hundreds of officers have found him a likable fellow.

Sam Browne, let it be known, is the wide leather belt with a supporting strap over the shoulder that we are familiar with in pictures of British officers. Not

only the English, but most of the French, are now wearing it instead of the regulation waist belt. It gives a neat and well-girt appearance to the wearer, but that is not the main reason for Sam's popularity. It has been found the very best thing in the way of a belt by officers who have had actual experience on the firing line in France and Flanders.

There is real comfort in the Sam Browne belt (or harness, for such it really is), especially when the officer is wearing all his weapons, because the weight is better distributed. Doubtless the Government will soon take official recognition of Sam Browne. Already almost enough samples have been sent in to the War Department to equip a regiment.—*The Visitor.*



The Afternoon Tea

BETTY MCGEE to an afternoon tea
Invited my dolly, my kitty, and me.
"An afternoon tea, in the morning at nine,
And please to be prompt in the rain or the shine.
The tea will be cocoa, of course, you must know,"
Said Betty to me; and I promised to go.

An afternoon tea is the stylishest place!
I put on my slippers and pretty necklace,
And mother's long skirt, and a bonnet of red,
And did up my hair on the top of my head.
I made dolly sweet in a blue kimono,
And dressed kitty up in her very best bow.
Then I took sister's cardcase, with cards for us three.
I know how to act at an afternoon tea.

But what do you think? When the morning had come,
And we asked if Miss Betty McGee was at home,
They giggled and said she had "gone out to play;
She must have forgotten that this was the day!"
Forgotten her guests, though the clock stood at nine,
And we were all ready for rain or for shine!

Forgotten the cocoa — forgotten it all,
While she was unstylishly playing at ball!
"Please tell her," I said in my haughtiest way,
"It was very bad form!" Then we bade them good day.
And that was the end of the afternoon tea
For poor little dolly and kitty and me.

— Abby Farwell Brown, in the Churchman.

Blizzard

BLIZZARD we named her; not because that rough, unpleasant name particularly well suited the demure little damsel in dusty brown who came to visit us, but for the reason that she came in with a blizzard that tossed and tumbled, and half buried New York, claiming our hospitalities against the inhospitable world of wind and snow outside. How she got into the house is still a mystery, but however it came about, there she was, bright and pert as a sparrow can be, and plainly delighted to get out of the storm. She rebelled at being caught, and even bit savagely at her captor, but in spite of that she was taken upstairs to a warm room, where we thought she would be safe, for she was not the only guest.

There was, first, Elizabeth, the cat, who liked nothing better than tender young sparrow for breakfast, and knew well how to get it, too; and Napoleon, the dog, who made it his particular duty to guard the household from all four-footed and feathered enemies; and worse,—for those two could be shut out of the room,—there was Laura.

Laura was a parrot of high degree and beautiful manners, dressed in several shades of green, with a gay yellow cap, and a dash of rose color on her wing. She did not at all know what to think of this vagabond of the street, whose vulgar antics she was accustomed to watch only through the windows. She turned her aristocratic head on one side, fixed one large red eye on the intruder, and plainly did not altogether approve of her for a companion.

But Blizzard had no scruples; she was not in the least afraid of her high-mightiness; in fact, she never saw the bird she was afraid of, and she assumed the aggressive herself.

For some moments the two stared at each other, head feathers erected and all bristled up for war; then

suddenly, with a keen appreciation of the advantage of taking the initiative, the sparrow made a dash at Laura, and passed just over her head without pausing.

The insulted bird started, and gave a violent snap of her big beak, just too late to touch her lively enemy.

Again and again was this performance repeated, the saucy street ruffian swooping down as if to annihilate the stately parrot, and that bird every time surprised out of her dignity, startled, snapping her bill, trying to seize her tormentor.

At length Blizzard tired of this amusement, and proceeded to show contempt of her roommate in a new way, by alighting on the perch beside her. The perch was three or four feet long, and the

size of a broomstick. Laura, sitting calm and composed at one end, was suddenly shocked by the sparrow dropping down upon it about four inches from her seat. In a moment, after one look of horror and disgust, down went Laura's head, and off she started, hand over hand, as parrots walk, beak wide open, to seize her disreputable foe. The graceless upstart simply hopped back a step or two. Laura followed, snapped again, and again the sparrow retreated. Thus they passed down the length of the perch, and when they reached the end, Blizzard hopped over the back of her clumsy pursuer, came down on the other side, and led her back in the same impertinent way.

An eating place was set up for the storm refugee on the window sash, and bread and water provided for her comfort. The water she accepted with thanks, but she soon discovered that Laura's now vacant cage contained a dainty more to her taste—a large, square cracker. This she pecked at eagerly, first standing outside and putting her head between the wires; but finding this inconvenient, after looking about on every side, and scorning the open door as a probable trap,



ALL ABOARD!

she slipped between the wires and helped herself freely, hammering the cracker to bits and scattering crumbs all over the floor, while the owner of the cage observed with displeasure the disorderly manners of her small neighbor.

After enduring the sparrow's performances awhile, Laura went home, and the door was shut. We were sure she could guard her food, for she was a bird of spirit herself, and not used to being imposed upon.

Blizzard did not approve of the new arrangement, but cracker she was bound to have; and after a few cautious advances, holding herself ready for instant flight, she grew careless, and plainly made up her mind that Laura was far too slow to catch so very wide-awake a personage as herself. So once more she slipped through the wires, and busied herself on the floor of the cage within six inches of her big neighbor, even getting so bold as to snatch at Laura's tail when it hung in her way.

For some time the parrot looked on, with wise head turned over one side, and Blizzard became perfectly indifferent, when at last the long-suffering householder leaned over and snatched up the intruding scapegrace by the back. Had it been the head, this would have been the end of the poor sparrow's story, but the feathers are thick on the back. Blizzard screamed at the top of her voice, the family ran into the room, and the bird escaped, leaving a mouthful of feathers with Laura. Somewhat subdued for a while, she retired to the top of the window casing to recover from her fright and investigate the damage to her draperies, while Laura sat in her cage, crying "Cr-r-r—cr-r-r" in a low but evidently crowing tone, as if to say, "There, miss! how do you like that? Perhaps you'll keep out of my house!"

As it began to grow dark, Blizzard ate an enormous supper, and then composed herself on top of the window frame. Nothing was heard from her till morning, but alas, we forgot the early-rising habits of the sparrow's family. Laura, used to the life of the house, never stirred a feather till other people got up, but this little street vagrant began with the first streak of light to fly around the room, to ask for breakfast, to stir up Laura, and to disturb things generally. In fact, she made herself so disagreeable that it was resolved to turn her out to care for herself.

Meanwhile the snow and wind had been having their way out of doors. Great drifts were piled up against the windows, the sidewalks were lost, and even the streets, looked like mountain chains on a small scale. No one went out, horses stood in their stables, and not a sparrow showed a feather outside, so we could not set our guest adrift just yet.

The last of her tricks, which almost had a sad ending for herself and us, was to set the house on fire. Actually, with engines snowed into their houses, streets filled with mountains of loose, dry snow, and hydrants all out of sight under them, that incorrigible rascal picked a match from the safe, carried it off under the bed, and probably pounded the end to see if the little brown knob was good to eat.

That settled Miss Blizzard's fate, and as soon as the sun came out, a window was opened, and away she went out into the white world to join the army of feathered tramps to which she belonged.—*Adapted from "True Bird Stories," by Olive Thorne Miller.*

Bedtime

As A was sitting fast Asleep,
"It's time for Bed," said B;
C Crept into its little Cot,
To Dreamland off went D.

E closed its Eyes, F Fretful grew;
"Good-night," G softly said;
H Hurried up the wooden Hill,
I put Itself to bed.

J Jumped for Joy when bedtime came,
K Kissed good night all 'round;
L asked for Light, M found the Match,
The land of Nod N found.

O Owned that it was Overtired,
To Pillowland P Pressed;
Q Queried why it was so Quiet
When R Retired to Rest.

S went in search of Slumberland,
Too Tired for T to stay;
U went Upstairs, V Vanished, too,
And W led the Way.

When X 'Xclaimed, "How Y does Yawn,"
With Zest responded Z:
"I'm last of all to go to bed,
But here's a nap for me!"

—Selected.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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Do You Cheat?

OF course not! you exclaim, indignantly. But—wait a little. The worst cheaters in the world are the first to deny it. I heard about a boy the other day who got a fine grade in his examination—and who had taken great pains to have all the answers to every question that he did not feel sure of, written out and laid where he could see them, without being seen! You would not do that, of course; but—would you hesitate to take credit, outside of examination, for work that you did not really do?

Your essays, for instance, or those clever little stories that your school friends like so well to hear, and that your own clever wit can render so naturally,—do you write them yourself, or do you depend on some one else to think for you, and even clothe the thoughts in words? Do you punctuate them yourself, and look at the spelling? Or does some one else "fix them up," and then you take the credit in the classroom?

"Everybody does that," you say.

But you are wrong. A great many persons cheat, and succeed sometimes in deceiving, for a little while, their teachers and their schoolmates. But they never deceive themselves! Never! And sometime they will come to the place where FAILURE is written in insurmountable letters across their path unless they change their course.

Not long ago I was talking with a young man who has spent sixteen or seventeen years in school, and has always been rated a first-grade student. "And I couldn't work a problem in algebra," he said; "I suppose I couldn't work a good stiff one if my life depended on it!"

And how will it be with you if, when you have "squeezed through" your class, with help over every

hard place, and with no self-reliance, you should some day find yourself where it is necessary that you know how to teach the subjects you are taking so easily now? Suppose the choice lies between you and some student who has studied faithfully, and mastered the principles of each subject as he went along?

After all, there is very little credit in merely getting through—anything! high school, or college, or a university, or a job of wood sawing, or pie making,—or taking the Standard of Attainment examinations!

For—but this seems almost too bad to tell—sometimes persons taking the Standard of Attainment examinations have been known to avail themselves of certain helps that are forbidden when the actual test comes. It seems incredible, in this particular thing, that any one should cheat; but with the cheater nothing is sacred.

And it is so easy to begin to let the bars down a little way, all unthinkingly. Here, as in every other treasure to be defended, vigilance is the price of safety. You must watch, you must be on guard, lest while you criticize others, you yourself are guilty.

Many classes are studying for Attainment this May. The examination questions lie on my desk while I write; and as I look at them, I cannot but hope that every certificate granted may be *clean*—free from the least suspicion of dishonesty. You can decide about yours. How shall it be?

A. B. E.

Books of the Old Testament

THE great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land;
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand.
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.
Ezra and Nehemiah now!
Next Esther's deeds her goodness show.
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms;
While Proverbs teach to scatter alms,
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet song of Solomon.
Isaiah; Jeremiah then
With Lamentations takes his pen.
Ezekiel and Daniel close
The greater prophets' hopes and woes.
Hosea, Joel next, and Amos
Begin the lesser prophets famous.
Obadiah, Jonah, Micah come;
Nahum and Habakkuk find room;
Zephaniah to Haggai calls;
Rapt Zechariah builds the walls,
While Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the Ancient Testament.

—The Christian Herald.

"Take It to the Lord in Prayer"

A DEVOTED and successful young minister was telling of the struggle he had to earn money to get through his first year at college. He had enough to cover the tuition, and received a little outside help, but even with that aid, he said, he subsisted for most of the year on very limited rations.

By spring his meager resources had become exhausted, and he began to feel the pinch of real poverty. He made his great need a matter of earnest prayer, but conditions seemed to grow worse. At length, finding himself with nothing to eat, and unwilling to tell of his plight, he decided to leave college and go to work. That night, while he was packing up his books, there was a click at the letter slot in the door, and an envelope was dropped into the room. Opening

it, he found a twenty-dollar bill. That bill tided him over the turning point in his life, for it gave him courage and help to complete the school year. He has never discovered who gave him the money. Up to the time he received the gift, it was his thought that no one knew of his need. It pays to pray—to give God a chance to show what he can do for and through us.

ERNEST LLOYD.

What One Isolated Missionary Volunteer Did

AS every army has its sharpshooters, upon whom much depends, so in our Missionary Volunteer organization we have our sharpshooters, the isolated members who are skirmishing very close to the enemy's ranks and working valiantly for the Captain of their salvation. I want to call attention to the quarterly report of one such member:

Letters written	19
Letters received	11
Missionary visits	37
Bible readings and cottage meetings held	21
Papers and magazines mailed, lent, or given away	233
Books sold	144
Books lent or given away	13
Tracts mailed, lent, or given away	77
Hours of Christian Help Work	40
Offerings for foreign missions	\$19.19
Offerings for home missions	3.50
Tithe paid	6.80

I am sure we all feel like taking off our hats to a Volunteer who will, alone in the field, away from others of like precious faith, thus valiantly work for the Master."

S. A. OBERG.

Prayer and Salesmanship

I MET a young Indian the other day, who told me of a secret that some of us have proved for ourselves. He said: "I am an agent of the Bible Society, and have sold a lot of Bibles. My sales amount to much more than those made by the other men of my district. I have a secret that they do not know about. Some days my sales are not good, and the people treat me very roughly, and I am about to be discouraged. But when I feel that way, I go and pray. Sometimes I pray as much as three hours a day. Then I go out, and nearly every one that I meet buys a Bible, Testament, or Gospel. God helps me, and encourages me."

How good to have a God who hears and answers prayer! This man has found that *Khuda* is more to him than all the idols of the heathen temples of India. "Eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not."

I. F. BLUE.

Our Counsel Corner

PLEASE give an explanation of Job 14:22 and Isaiah 66:24.

V. L. S.

Job 14:21, 22, presents a striking contrast between the dead and the living. As stated in Ecclesiastes 9:5, "The living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything." So in the text in question, of the dead it is said, "His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them." While he lives, however, he is not

thus oblivious to sorrow, but is keenly alive to every ill: "His flesh upon him shall have pain, and his soul within him shall mourn."

Isaiah 66:24: "Their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched." As in Mark 9:42-48, this scripture declares in the strongest possible terms the certainty of the utter destruction threatened against the wicked. In the Valley of Hinnom, outside the walls of Jerusalem, was the gehenna, or burning place, for all refuse from the city. To this place were brought the bodies of unclean beasts to be consumed. If by any chance the fires failed to complete the work of destruction, the remaining portions were consumed by worms, or maggots. There the fires might, however, be quenched by rain, or go out of themselves before their work was done, or in the winter season when snow sometimes fell in Palestine, the worms might die, leaving some portion of a carcass unconsumed; but it will not be so with the destroying agencies of the last great day; no failure is possible with them. Of the wicked it is said: "The enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away." Ps. 37:20. "Ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of hosts." Mal. 4:3.

C. P. B.

Should conference workers who are members of our society report the missionary work which they do as a part of their regular work?

F. K.

Our ruling has been that they should report missionary work done which is not considered a part of their regular conference work. For instance, a Bible worker should not report her Bible readings, nor a canvasser the books sold, but they might report special missionary work which they do, giving away tracts, sending out literature, personal conversations, and so forth. There are those who think that they should report all that they do, if they are really Missionary Volunteers; but this is the stand we have taken so far.

M. E. K.

Shall associate members sign the membership pledge?

C. K.

No, only those who become active members should sign the card.

M. E. K.

Some of the names on our membership list are those of persons who have moved away from town. Are we expected to drop all such?

K. F.

Missionary Volunteers who leave the society should be transferred to the society where they go, using the regular Missionary Volunteer transfer card. If they are not transferred, they may be dropped because of their absence. However, the membership in the society is not a hard and fast thing like church membership. Of course, if some go away who very much desire to remain members, and will report regularly, they may be retained.

M. E. K.

Four Things

FOUR things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion, clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

—Van Dyke.

Just for the Juniors

"I Only Told the Truth!"

RUTH DUNCAN had come hurrying home from her last class that Friday afternoon, eager to meet her roommate, who was to walk with her around the lake. But Virginia was not ready for walking. Instead she was lying on the couch, her face buried in the pillows, and sobbing bitterly.

"I don't think it's fair," she kept repeating, while Ruth, puzzled, was trying to discover the cause of all the trouble. "I don't think it's fair that I should be so humiliated when I only told the truth."

After much patient questioning, Ruth at last fathomed the difficulty. Virginia had just returned from an interview with Miss King, the principal, to whose office she had been summoned not an hour before.

"And I hadn't done a thing but tell the truth," explained the heartbroken Virginia a little more quietly, as she held Ruth's hand. "You see it all came from what I said at luncheon about Dorothy Webster. We were all talking about getting our notebooks in, and I said I supposed I'd have to lend mine to Dorothy, because she was always sponging on other folks for literature notes instead of doing her own work. Of course, I suppose I shouldn't have said it, but I never meant to be unkind at all. It just slipped out before I thought. But it is the truth! You know it is, Ruth. I like Dot Webster; there are a great many nice things about her; but she is a sponge, so there!"

"How did Miss King know? Did Dorothy hear about it and tell her?"

"O, no!" Virginia hastened to explain, wiping her eyes vigorously. "Dot wouldn't tell tales even if she does borrow other people's notes. She's too loyal for that. Miss King was at the next table, and overheard me, that's all. After luncheon she stopped me, and asked if I would come to the office at three. And I went," here Virginia's wails broke out afresh, "and she made me feel so — so cheap."

"But she was kind, was she not?" asked Ruth. "I never knew her to scold without being nice about it."

"O, yes, she was nice. She just said she didn't like to hear one girl criticize another at the table; and said the truth did not really need to be spoken at all when I said I'd only told the truth, she smiled and times. I know it was thoughtless of me, and I'm very sorry, now it's all done. Only," she reiterated, "it is the truth. Dot *does* sponge on the rest of us, and I still don't think I ought to be made so miserable just for telling what is true, even if it were not the best time in the world to do it, do you?"

Ruth Duncan thought for what seemed a long moment to the impatient Virginia before she replied.

"I think, Virginia," she said at last, "that there's something more to telling the truth than what Miss King said. Of course, I believe with her that it is not necessary to tell even part of the truth at all times; but, if you had told the whole truth about Dot, I do not think it would have seemed so unkind to Miss King, and I'm sure you would not have been so miserable. But you see you did not really tell the whole truth."

"Why, I did, too!" contradicted Virginia, sitting up in sheer surprise. "I most certainly did. I said —"

"Yes, I know," interrupted her roommate. "You said she sponged on other people for notes in English literature, because she did not want the trouble of

EVERY duty we omit obscures some truth we might have known.—*Ruskin.*

taking them herself in class. But that is not the whole truth about Dot. It is only a wee little part. You did not say a word about her being too loyal to tell tales, as you told me a minute ago, or about her good nature, or her generosity, or her willingness to teach the girls to play tennis, or the pleasant word and smile she always has for every one she meets, or how good she is when anybody is ill. Don't you remember last winter when poor Elsie Harris sprained her ankle? Dot just did everything in the world for her, when most of us did not put ourselves out much. Elsie was shy and queer, you know, and not very popular; but that did not make any difference to Dot, though she is one of the most popular girls in the whole school. Don't you think all that would have been a better part of the truth to tell, Virginia? It *is* true, isn't it?"

Virginia had stopped crying. Her eyes kept opening wider and wider as Ruth explained. At last she smiled.

"Why, Ruth Duncan," she cried, throwing her arms around her roommate, "you're better than Miss King or the minister. If Miss King had told me what you have, I'd have seen more quickly how truly unkind I was to Dot, and unfair, too. I see now I did not tell the whole truth at all. I told just a wee part of it, because, after all, those nice things about Dot are more than the sponging, aren't they? I know what I'll do. I'll tell the rest of the truth right away. I'll say about the tennis tomorrow, and the generosity next day, and then how good Dot was to Elsie last year. By and by maybe I'll have told the whole; and then," she laughed, "why, maybe, I'll have discovered some more nice things, too."

"Of course," Ruth supplemented, "I don't mean to excuse Dot for sponging on the rest of us for notes. She ought not to do that; and I think, if one of us talked to her about it, she would see it our way. I just mean, Virginia dear, that it is not fair to tell only a *part* of the truth. You see it gives people a wrong impression. If any one had been at luncheon who had never seen Dot, she would not have known about the other things—the rest of the truth—at all. You understand now, don't you?"

Virginia ran to wash her face.

"I guess I *do* understand," she cried; "and I'll remember after this to tell more than just a part. And, Ruth, if any one says anything to Dot about the sponging, I think it had better be you. She'd be sure to understand it then. You see," she finished, "if it were not for that one habit, she'd be about the most lovable girl in this whole school."—*Mary E. Chase.*

The Sabbath School

VIII — Pharaoh's Dreams; The Famine

(May 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 41.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." Matt. 25: 21.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 219-224; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 114-117.

"The glory of our life below

Comes not from what we do, or what we know,
But dwells forevermore in what we are."

—*Van Dyke.*

Questions

1. What occurred two years after Joseph had interpreted the chief butler's dream? Who was this Pharaoh? Gen. 41: 1. Note 1.

2. Upon whom did Pharaoh call to tell him the meaning of his dreams? What was the result? Verse 8. Note 2.

3. Who came to Pharaoh's help at this time? What did he relate to the king? Verses 9-13.

4. What did Pharaoh at once do? What preparation did Joseph make to appear before the king? Verse 14. Note 3.

5. How did Pharaoh introduce the subject in his mind? What careful answer did Joseph make? Verses 15, 16.

6. Relate Pharaoh's first dream as he told it to Joseph. Verses 17-21.

7. What was the second dream? Verses 22-24.

8. What did Joseph say of the dreams? Verses 25, 28, 32.

9. What was the meaning of the dreams? Verses 26, 27, 29-31.

10. What advice did Joseph give to the king? Verses 33-36.

11. How did the king and his court regard this plan? How did they carry it out? Verses 37-41.

12. What great authority did the king give Joseph? In what way did he become closely connected with Egyptian interests? Verses 42-45. Note 4.

13. What did Joseph do during the seven years of plenty? Verses 47-49. Note 5.

14. How widespread was the famine when the years of dearth came? How did Pharaoh answer his people when they cried to him for bread? What did Joseph do when the people came to him? Verses 54-57. Note 6.

Interesting Points

Note the marvelous similarity of expression of the dream of Pharaoh as given in Gen. 41: 1-7 and as he related it, verses 17-24.

How did Joseph make the true God known to Pharaoh, as he talked with him?

How did Daniel accomplish the same result in a similar experience with Nebuchadnezzar?

Read the experience of Joseph as recorded in Psalm 105: 17-22.

Notes

1. Pharaoh [fā'ro] was the common title of the kings of Egypt. It is generally believed that the Pharaoh ruling in the days of Joseph was one of the last so-called shepherd kings. Egypt was at that time the ruling nation of the world, and the Pharaoh had great power.

2. The "magicians" and "wise men" were two classes of Egyptian priests. They pretended to be able to interpret dreams, and were usually shrewd enough to make clever guesses that satisfied the dreamer. In this case the Lord had other plans, and Pharaoh was not so easily satisfied.

3. Joseph was no doubt brought before Pharaoh in the palace. A noted writer imagines the scene thus: "I like to think of it: the priests and scribes in their robes of transparent linen, fluted and stately, and the leopard skins of office on the chief priests, standing in wait, and looking with jealous and scornful eyes for what was coming; the king's great officers in solemn attendance; Pharaoh seated in the midst of them all. Around this assembly the palace magnificence: rooms painted, and adorned with rare workmanship; hall within hall filled with flowers everywhere, and beautiful tables and chairs and vases and precious metals; and coming into all this, and before them all, out of the prison, the simple, grave, dignified figure of the young Hebrew."—*Susan Warner.*

4. "And Pharaoh took off his ring." The ring was undoubtedly a signet, or seal ring, which gave validity to the documents to which it was affixed, and by the delivery of which, therefore, Pharaoh delegated to Joseph the chief authority in the state. These rings were not always finger rings, but were often worn as bracelets. In the East, the seal alone has the effect which we give to both the seal and the signature. People in the East do not sign their names. They have seals in which their names and titles are engraved, and with which they make an impression with thick ink, on all occasions for which we use the signature."—*Kitto's "Pictorial Bible."*

5. Joseph stored up grain more than three thousand years ago. Marvelous as it may seem, we are told that "some of that very grain was brought to our country by a dealer in antiquities, who secured it from the officers of the Cairo Museum. It came from a storehouse that was found sealed with the seal of the Pharaoh believed to have been the patron of Joseph."

6. "Why is this story of Joseph so great a favorite? It is related that at a gathering of well-known Boston authors it was proposed that each should write on a piece of paper the short story that, of all the world's literature, he thought the most perfect; and when the papers were examined, it was found that all had named the story of Joseph. This story possesses all the elements of a perfect plot; indeed, it has a double plot, that concerning Joseph and that concerning the brothers; and the two are most skilfully interwoven. It presents the struggle between virtue and vice which constitutes the world's greatest tragedy or highest triumph. Perhaps the main reason for the popularity of the story is that it all comes out so happily; and with our present lesson we have reached the turn of Joseph's fortunes, from the depth of misery to the height of splendor and power."—*Peloubet.*

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Rest

REST will be sweet in the evening, when the day's long labor is done;
Now I must be up and doing, for my work is scarce begun.

Peace may be dear to the veteran, grown weary with war's alarms;
But I'm longing for the battle, for the clash and the clang of arms!

Once, in the early morning, when the dews were not yet dry,
In the misty summer morning, or ever the sun was high,

As I looked along the road whereby I must go,
And saw how great was the journey, how fierce the noon would glow,

Life felt too heavy a burden, and I was so weary and worn,—
Weary before I had labored, and longing for night at morn.

Weary before I had labored, but labor has brought me rest;
And now I am only eager to do my work with the best.

What right have I to be weary, when my work is scarce begun?
What right have I to be weary, when aught remains to be done?

I shall be weary at even, and rest will sweeter be;
And blessed will peace be to them that have won the victory!

But now is the time for battle, now I would strive with the best;
Now is the time for labor, hereafter remaineth the rest.

—*Dawn of the Morning.*

Redeeming Love

CYRUS, in one of his wars, captured an Armenian princess, and, according to the cruel laws of ancient warfare, condemned her to death. Her husband, hearing of her peril, came at once into the camp of the conqueror, and offered to redeem her life with his own. Cyrus was so struck with the man's magnanimity that he released them both, and declared his purpose to reinstate them, with great power and riches, in their own country. While all the courtiers and captains praised the generosity of the great king, the woman stood silent and weeping.

"And what do you think of Cyrus?" some one asked her.

"I was not thinking of him at all," was her reply.

"Of whom were you thinking?"

"I was thinking," said she, fixing her eyes, all lustrous with love, shining through her tears, upon her husband, "of the noble man who redeemed my life by offering to sacrifice his own."

Is not this the true attitude of a Christian? Amid the adulation of the world, should we not think most tearfully and tenderly of the living Man, who redeemed our lives, not by the offer, but by the actual sacrifice, of himself? — *The Christian.*

General Conference Gleanings

THE mayor of San Francisco, through his representative, gave the Conference a very gracious welcome to the city. Mr. Rainey said that it had fallen to his lot to represent the mayor in extending welcome to the city to all kinds of societies and organizations; but to none could he give so warm a welcome as to our Conference, for he felt that in this serious time only the most serious things are worthy of consideration. He expressed strong belief in our purpose and work to uplift humanity.

At the time of the last General Conference there were 1,700 Swedish believers in this country. Now there are 2,700. In other lands as many as 17,000 persons have come into the truth in one year. There has also been a large addition to the English church in the North American Division. Yet we are told by the Spirit of prophecy that with a fully consecrated ministry there would be one hundred additions to the church where there is one at the present time.

The young people gave more to foreign missions last year than the entire denomination gave in 1913.

Nicknames are not necessarily derogatory nor unwelcome, for frequently they are given because of some strikingly worthy characteristic. The Fijians have named the believers in our message, "The clean church." The Chinese call them, "The true-doctrine church." African natives gave to one of our missionaries a name meaning, "The-man-who-goes-alone," because, regardless of custom, he followed the Word of God. One of our evangelists in Spain is called, "Signs of the Times" and "End of the World."

A shoemaker stamped a lion with widespread wings on the sole of each pair of shoes that he repaired. He did this that he might explain the prophecy of Daniel to every one who should ask him why he placed the figure on the shoe.

Our Literature

The total world sales of books for the last five years amount to \$10,800,000, a gain of \$3,100,000 over the previous five years.

Our literature is now issued in 94 languages, from 40 publishing houses and branches. We have 134 periodicals, 562 books, 364 pamphlets, and 1,648 tracts. A sample copy of one of each of these would cost \$704.50.

Ten thousand persons have accepted the truth for this time through the circulation of our literature since the last Conference.

Even in some parts of Europe the sales of literature have increased during the years of the war. In Scandinavia there was a gain in 1916 of 100 per cent over the sales of 1912. In Holland large books have sold more readily since the war began than before. Spain in 1917 sold more books than ever before in one year. Porto Rico and Cuba have each delivered about \$10,000 worth of literature annually.

The students of our Swedish-Danish academy sold \$12,000 worth of literature last year.

Workers Wanted

India asks the General Conference for twenty-seven new mission families. There are 320,000,000 people of India to whom the gospel of a soon-coming Saviour must be given. Twenty-seven families is indeed a modest call.