

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 3



"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY." EX. 20:8.



LADY JANE GREY AND ROGER ASCHAM

THE story of Lady Jane Grey is one of the most pathetic in English history. Unquestionably she was the victim of circumstances, for the turmoil of the Reformation period brought a heritage of trouble to the royalty of the sixteenth century. Europe was shaken from center to circumference by this drastic revision of creed and practice; and politics as well as religion were thrown into what seemed a hopeless tangle. From Catholic to Protestant, and from Protestant back again to Catholic, the scepter passed, while a bitter struggle raged between the old faith and the new, which was fast gaining supremacy.

Under Henry VIII and Edward VI, England became officially Protestant. In order that the crown might not fall to Princess Mary, who was next in line and strongly Catholic, Edward, on his deathbed, altered the succession law, so carefully drafted by his father, and left his kingdom to his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, and wife of Lord Guildford Dudley, who had been reared in the Reformed faith. (Concluded on last page)

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Psalms 104: 27

"These wait all upon Thee"

MRS. J. W. PURVIS

THOU openest Thine hand,
And all the timid creatures of the air
Gather the food thus scattered everywhere;
And all the wild beasts hidden in the wood
Take what Thou givest for their daily food.
The insects, and the fishes in the sea,
Dependent in their need, must wait on Thee.

Thou openest Thine hand,
The needs of thankless man are thus supplied.
He scarcely recognizes in his pride
The Father's hand that feeds him day by day,
And oft for daily bread forgets to pray.
If child to parent showed such thankless pride,
The bounties asked would often be denied.

O kindly, loving hand!
That sendest the just and unjust rain
To speed the germ within the planted grain,
Lead us to sense the depth of love divine,
That with long patience waits to make us Thine.
With deep thanksgiving teach us, Lord, to pray,
Acknowledging Thy goodness day by day.

Living the Life That Wins

MATILDA E. ANDROSS

A YOUNG man in college was under appointment to a foreign field. It was his senior year. One day he sat down and thought seriously about his plans for the future. What would he do when he reached India? He could pass out literature, and he could learn to tell the gospel story to the people in their own tongue. Yes, he could do that. But to do that would not be enough. He must do more than that or fail in his life-work. Somehow he saw this more clearly than ever before. He realized now that back of all that he said must be a life that explained the gospel he declared, and that proved its saving and keeping power.

"But," he admitted to himself regretfully, "my life does not meet that requirement now. My daily life is not proving to others the power of the gospel that I profess to believe."

That was the conclusion he reached. But hundreds of other young people have reached the same conclusion and have admitted to their own hearts and perhaps to their friends that they have failed to be what they profess to be.

However, to young Sherwood Eddy, such a conclusion — and this is where he differed from many young people — was a call to strike for freedom from the sin that was holding him in slavery. And he firmly resolved to find a way to live the life that wins, to find a way to live so that his life would explain his profession. But where could he find it? What was the secret? He discussed his problem with his roommate, in whose heart burned a similar desire. They knew something of what men and women who had been extraordinary Christians regarded as the secret of their success. So this is what they resolved to do: Spend from one to two hours in earnest personal Bible study and secret prayer the first thing each morning.

Sherwood Eddy adopted this new plan at once, and tried it out during the remaining months of his senior year. It was not an easy matter to readjust his schedule so as to make room for this unhurried Morning Watch for which he was planning. His program was

full. There were lessons to be learned and themes to be written. There were social functions and some sort of athletics in those days just as now.

But this young man had reached two very important decisions: First, he had decided that although every day brought many important duties, the most important always was to live the life that wins; second, he had decided that he would prove for himself whether an unhurried Morning Watch would develop and sustain that life for him as others testified it had done for them.

Day by day he followed his revised program, making first things first. When school closed, he went to India. After fifteen years of service there, he returned to the homeland on furlough. Once when addressing several thousand young men and young women, he spoke of his experience in college. He told them that the decision he then made to devote some time each morning to secret prayer and Bible study, was the most important one he had made in a quarter of a century, for it had revolutionized his entire life.

A Woman of Prayer

But another demonstration of the power of prayer comes nearer home: She came to spend the night with me, this little woman of prayer. We had had a blessed good-night visit with the Master. Then she went to the room where we were to sleep. A few minutes later I entered, and found her again on her knees. After a while she arose, and explained: "You see I just must have a little all-alone visit with the Master. There are some things I have to talk over with Him alone — all alone."

I knew something of the joy and comfort of prayer then, but that little experience showed me that this friend knew far more about the joy and power of prayer than I did. Almost a decade has passed since that experience. Our paths have not often crossed. But once, when in her home, I found her prayer habit unchanged. Early in the morning I would hear her tiptoe past my door, and enter her little study. There

she would linger perhaps an hour or more in quiet communion with heaven. Again in the evening there was a similar unhurried visit.

And what of her life? you ask. Ah, just to know the strong, beautiful life she lives is itself an incontrovertible argument for the transforming power of prayer. She truly lives to the glory of God and for the good of others. I think I never knew another who succeeded better in doing it.

Her life reminds me of the fire by the wall, of which we read in "Pilgrim's Progress." Christian tried in vain to put it out. Finally he discovered that it could not be extinguished, for it was fed by a stream of oil that flowed through a crevice in the wall. Even so nothing puts out the light of this Christian. The obstacles, the trials, the perplexities, the flatteries, the great things and the little that the hand of time hurls into the pathway of this earnest Christian, only feed the flame and cause the light of her beautiful, victorious life to send brighter and still brighter rays of light into the hearts of those around her.

It was the winsomeness, the power, the great usefulness of such a life that I sat thinking about one evening as the twilight was deepening. The duties of the day had been laid aside, some finished, others to be resumed when the curtains of night should recede and make tomorrow another today. The noise in the street had subsided, and even the boisterous wind had yielded to the "Peace, be still." Everywhere the hush of eventide called to quiet meditation. While I sat there thinking seriously about the life that wins,—the life that God would have each one of us live,—the story of Brooklyn Bridge crossed my mind. "Strange thought for meditation," you say. Yes. But somehow the soft light of evening reveries revealed in that oft-told story a wonderful lesson to me.

Just Like the Plan

Perhaps you remember the experience of the engineer whose mind conceived Brooklyn Bridge. He was injured while it was being built, and for long months was confined to his room. But his assistants carried on the work. On the sick-bed his skilful hand drafted the plans, and his faithful wife carried them to the workmen.

At last the bridge was finished. From his cot he viewed the magnificent structure. His well-trained eye critically scrutinized the huge anchorage, the massive piers, the strong cables. He seemed to take in every detail. There stood his dream! His plans and specifications had been carried out perfectly. How it thrilled his heart! In ecstasy of joy he cried out: "It's just like the plan! *It's just like the plan!*"

That is the story; and as I thought of it in the hush of the evening, my heart sighed, O that the Master, as He looks over my life for today, could say, "It's just like the plan!" But alas! He could not. I knew that. I had felt His presence. The little visit had been so comforting in many ways. He seemed more real and more precious to me than ever before. Tenderly, kindly, sympathetically, sadly, He called my attention to the mistakes of the day. But I knew He did it for my good, and it grieved me deeply to think I had fallen short of His plan for me. Had I not promised Him to live the life that wins? And had He not promised to supply the strength to do it? Then why had I failed?

"Wasting Time in Prayer"

The experience of a certain young woman flashed into my mind. We were childhood chums. When

budding into womanhood, we entered the same training school. One evening shortly after matriculating, she said to me: "I don't see why we should open our physiology class with prayer. We haven't any too much time for the recitation anyway. Of course, I think it is all right to open our Bible class with prayer, but I certainly do not approve of our wasting the time of our physiology class in that way."

More than two decades have passed since that evening visit, but somehow these words have never faded from my mind; and often, as I think of that childhood friend who in early womanhood strayed from the path that leads heavenward and is today without hope and without God in the world, do these words come back as a solemn warning to me. She wandered away because she did not have time to pray.

But you and I need not fail. We may live the life that wins, if we will pay the price. The Master knows the secret. He gave the world a demonstration of that life, and He desires to give another demonstration in your life and still another in mine.

Let us set it down as a settled fact, however, that it is entirely vain for you and me to try to live the life that wins, in any other way than the way in which the Master lived it. With Him, to live was to pray. "Would that we might learn from our Lord Jesus," exclaims Andrew Murray in one of his appeals, "how impossible it is to walk with God, to obtain God's blessing or leading, or to do His work joyously and fruitfully, apart from close, unbroken fellowship with Him who is ever a living fountain of spiritual life and power."

The World's Most Potent Force

But let us set it down as another great unchangeable fact, that unbroken fellowship with Heaven changes things. Prayer is more powerful than habits, heredity, and natural tendencies. It can overcome all these. It is more powerful than the forces that hold the planets in place. Prayer, though it comes from the heart of an unlearned child of God, can suspend the laws of the universe, if such be God's will, just as the sun stood still when Joshua prayed.

There is no other power on earth that the enemy of souls hates and fears as he does prayer. We are told that "*Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees.*" But we do not cause him to tremble one tenth as much as we should, and as we would if we sensed half as keenly as he does what prayer will do for a person.

Nothing else in this world is so beautiful, so satisfying, so powerful, as the life that wins! That life brings to the individual the best things in this world and everything in the life to come. Some of us are slow in appreciating these great and solemn truths on which hang our eternal destiny. But some day all will realize that the greatest opportunity that comes to mortals in this world is to live the life that wins. "Too late" will be the cry of some — "too late to enter the door of mercy."

You and I realize all this, and have decided for ourselves that in order to live the life that wins we must saturate these lives of ours with prayer. Such a decision is a signal for Satan to change his tactics. Let us not forget that. He will assent to the importance of prayer, but he will try in a thousand different ways to crowd prayer out of the daily program. He brings this duty that just cannot wait, and veils the sinfulness of that little pet sin, until prayer is either crowded out or made noneffectual.

So there is only one thing for us to do if we are going to live the life that wins. *We must let God, and not Satan, regulate our habits of prayer.* We must learn to begin each day with God, for the habit of prayer that is going to defeat the enemy and transform the life must cast its roots deep into the fertile soil of the morning hour. When you and I shall have given this rule a *fair test*, we too shall find in the Morning Watch the secret of the life that wins.

Summer Is Dead

SUMMER is dead. Ah, woe is me,
My arms embrace the withered leaves!
And lo, the robin's voice is still;
Silent the rugged western hills.

Somber and brown, once fertile fields;
The dying rose no fragrance yields;
The mighty oak, as though in prayer,
Lifts up his arms dark-hued and bare.

Result of sin, this barren waste;
Yet, symbol of the Father's grace;
High on the mountain crest is seen
The swaying of the evergreen.

GRACE E. LATONA.

Out in the Forest

ONE sultry day in midsummer when the mercury in the thermometer crept higher and higher, and the glistening heat waves quivered over the ripening grain fields, I laid aside the book I was reading and made my way toward the tempting woods.

Treading slowly those cool, fragrant vales, I directed my steps to a tiny cave where water falls in a glittering veil, and gentle zephyrs are always at play. A large rock, upholstered with thick, green, elastic moss, furnished a comfortable seat. How restful the golden twilight of a midday forest! Somewhere in the trees overhead a hermit thrush sang its sweet song; and in the shadowy depths of the wood a partridge drummed, while near by a pair of squirrels were busy about their everyday affairs.

I tried to classify the different trees that grew among the evergreens, and was surprised at their great numbers.

Growing so close to the rock on which I sat that my foot rested on the exposed root of one of them, were several aspens. Just above the waterfall a number of vine maples reached long, clinging branches among the evergreens. Many oaks were scattered about, also dogwood, shade maple, and other varieties, whose deciduous leaves blended so well with the evergreens that to careless observers their presence would scarcely be detected. What a change will be here, I thought, when, a few months from now, the winter blasts sweep over this wood.

Then I thought of what I had read just before coming out: "In summer there is no noticeable difference between evergreens and the other trees; but when the blasts of winter come, the evergreens remain unchanged, while other trees are stripped of their foliage. So the false-hearted professor may not now be distinguished from the real Christian, but the time is just upon us when the difference will be apparent. Let opposition arise, let bigotry and intolerance again bear sway, let persecution be kindled, and the half-hearted and hypocritical will waver and yield the faith; but the true Christian will stand firm as a rock, his faith stronger, his hope brighter, than in days of prosperity."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 602.

I want to be one of the evergreens in life's forest, whose color will remain unchanged when the cutting winds of adversity blow, unwavering, unyielding, firm as the rock of our foundation. Don't you?

GRACE E. BRUCE.

Over the Precipice They Fall

THE tom-toms thumped straight on all night, and the darkness shuddered round me like a living, feeling thing. I could not go to sleep, so I lay awake and looked; and I saw, as it seemed,

That I stood on a grassy sward, and at my feet a precipice broke sheer down into infinite space. I looked, but saw no bottom; only cloud shapes, black and furiously coiled, and great shadow-shrouded hollows, and unfathomable depths. Back I drew, dizzy at the depth.

Then I saw forms of people moving single file along the grass. They were making for the edge. There was a woman with a baby in her arms, and another little child holding on to her dress. She was on the very verge. Then I saw that she was blind. She lifted her foot for the next step. . . . It trod air. She was over, and the children over with her. Oh, the cry as they went over!

Then I saw more streams of people flowing from all quarters. All were blind; all made straight for the precipice edge. There were shrieks as they suddenly knew themselves falling, and a tossing up of helpless arms, catching, clutching at empty air. But some went over quietly and fell without a sound.

Then I wondered, with a wonder that was simply agony, why no one stopped them at the edge. I could not. I was glued to the ground, and I could not call; though I strained and tried, only a whisper would come.

Then I saw that along the edge there were sentries set at intervals. But the intervals were far too great; there were wide, unguarded gaps between. And over these gaps the people fell in their blindness, quite unwarned; and the green grass seemed blood red to me, and the gulf yawned like the mouth of hell.

Then I saw, like a little picture of peace, a group of people under some trees, with their backs turned toward the gulf. They were making daisy chains. Sometimes when a piercing shriek cut the quiet air and reached them it disturbed them, and they thought it a vulgar noise. And if one of their number started up and wanted to go and do something to help, then all the others would pull that one down. "Why should you get so excited about it? You must wait for a definite call to go! You haven't finished your daisy chains yet. It would be selfish," they said, "to leave us to finish the work alone."

There was another group. It was made up of people whose great desire was to get more sentries out; but they found that few wanted to go, and sometimes there were no sentries set for miles and miles of the edge.

Once a girl stood in her place, waving the people back; but her mother and other relations called, and reminded her that her furlough was due; she must not break the rules. And being tired and needing a change, she had to go and rest for a while; but no one was sent to guard her gap, and over and over the people fell, like a waterfall of souls.

Once a child caught at a tuft of grass that grew at the very brink of the gulf; it clung convulsively, and

it called—but nobody seemed to hear. Then the roots of the grass gave way, and with a cry the child went over, its two little hands still holding tight to the torn-off bunch of grass. And the girl who longed to be back in her gap thought that she heard the little one cry, and she sprang up and wanted to go; at which they reproved her, reminding her that no one is necessary anywhere; the gap would be well taken care of, they knew. And then they sang a hymn.

Then through the hymn came another sound like the pain of a million broken hearts wrung out in one full drop, one sob. And a horror of great darkness was upon me, for I knew what it was—the Cry of Blood.

Then thundered a Voice, the Voice of the Lord: "He said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground."

The tom-toms still beat heavily, the darkness still shuddered and shivered about me; I heard the yells of the devil dancers and the weird shriek of the devil-possessed just outside the gate.

What does it matter, after all? It has gone on for years; it will go on for years. Why make such a fuss about it?

God forgive us! God arouse us! Shame us out of our callousness! Shame us out of our sin!—*Wilson-Carmichael.*

Missionary Exploring in South America—No. 3

The First Protestant Church in Peru

H. U. STEVENS

IT was one o'clock before we arrived at the Lanca church, which we had seen from the pass over the mountains in the distance. The building is a substantial structure on the side of the mountain. It is made of adobe with a corrugated iron roof. Brother Moreno, a retired native worker who accompanied us from Lima, had been painting it inside and out and was returning to finish the job. The chapel is on the second floor, on a level with the road, while below are rooms for a missionary to live in. The chapel is large enough to accommodate nearly two hundred persons. It is an attractive-looking building, and when the painting is done, will be the finest-appearing edifice in the valley, and one which would do credit to even more prosperous sections.

Brother Zacarias Espiritu, a native of the valley, who had been graduated as a nurse from the Sanatorio Adventista del Plata, in Argentina, had been sent back by the Peruvian Mission to labor among his own people and was doing most efficient service as a medical missionary among the sick of the valley and in connection with the church services. He was living in the church building at the time of our visit, and received us cordially into his home. All the brethren within reach came to welcome us, and to give us the characteristic Peruvian embrace, which consists in reaching the hand over the other's shoulder and patting him gently on the back.

Brother Espiritu had dinner prepared, and we sat down to a real native meal, while we talked over former experiences in connection with the school and sanitarium in Entre Rios, Argentina, for "Zac," as he was familiarly called, was for several years one of our students in the Colegio Adventista del Plata. He was

anxious to hear about his old friends and acquaintances, and never tired of singing the praises of the sanitarium and telling how much good the institution had done for him. But what about the dinner? I know you will be interested in that, especially after the long journey over the hot, dusty mountain road.

It was served on the end of a long wooden table, while the visitors and their host sat on benches. Macaroni soup was the first course, followed by parched

corn, and potatoes boiled with the jackets on. These were piled in the center of the table, and each one helped himself to his liking. The potatoes were to be peeled with the fingers, and eaten from the hand much as one would eat an apple or a pear. Knives, forks, and spoons were, however, provided for the visitors, but the home folks could dispense with such superfluous articles so long as they had fingers and nails, such as Adam inherited from his Maker. Black barley coffee was served, and then we finished our meal with some of the luscious fruit for which the Otao Valley is noted. Cherimoyas, granadillas, oranges, and sweet lemons were abundant, and the brethren showed their



The Lanca Church, Home of the First Protestant Body in Peru

good will to the visitors by presenting to them fresh fruit plucked from their own trees.

The next day was Sabbath. Sabbath school convened in the afternoon. Brother Espiritu was the superintendent. The Lanca school, under Brother Espiritu's leadership, had been setting a good example in giving. The statistical chart showed a membership of twenty. They had been giving a mere pittance when Brother Espiritu came to connect with the church. For the last quarter of 1919 they set a goal of fifteen soles (\$7.50 gold) for the twelve Sabbaths, and ten soles (\$5 gold) for the thirteenth Sabbath.

This was done with great effort and a long reach of faith, and only after one of the members, more enthusiastic than the rest, promised himself to give the whole ten soles of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, if it was necessary, in order to reach the goals. Since that time each of the goals was increased from S-5 to S-10 from quarter to quarter, until, at the time of our visit, they were standing at S-40 and S-30 respectively, and the school was going beyond them. This shows what a faithful, consecrated leadership on the part of our young people who have spent some time in our



Looking up the Otao Valley. Canchacalla in the Distance

training schools, will do for the home church. Poor "Zac"! He has since then been laid to rest, having died a few months later of typhoid fever, contracted in that isolated mountain-valley where there was no one to give him the proper care. But the memory of his noble, although brief, service will live after him and bear fruit in the kingdom of God.

In the evening, Elder Minner gave a stereopticon lecture on Bible history. There was a good attendance, not only of our own people, but many outsiders were present. A number were asking for baptism. These had been won to the truth by the earnest labors of the missionary and the members of the church.

Sunday was spent in visiting. And now I want to take you with me to introduce you to the life of the valley and to give you a peep into the homes of the brethren. We first rode up the valley about a league to the home of Luis Espiritu, the father of Zacarias, a typical Peruvian family who can boast of ancestors back to the days before the conquest. For weeks one of the daughters had been sick with a fever. We found her lying on the floor in a native hut, wrapped in rags and gunny sacking. After a short visit and prayer with the family, they insisted on our taking some refreshments, which on this occasion consisted of hot milk.

We pushed on up the trail to a point in the turn of the road where we obtained a splendid view of the whole valley in front and behind. Far ahead, nestled at the foot of the mountains in the distance, one can see Canchacalla, a small village where Maximo Espiritu, a brother of Zacarias, teaches a government school. To the rear on the right can be seen a clump of trees which marks the home of Father Espiritu whom we had just visited. This clump of trees can be seen in the picture.

The time was passing rapidly, so we hastened back down the valley to the home of Brother Rufino Capcha. It was in this house that the first Protestant (Adventist) meetings were held in the valley. We could not pass by without visiting it. Brother Capcha is one of the first believers. He has a fine-looking orchard of sweet limes, granadillas, and cherimoyas.

The land is fertile, and when irrigated, produces abundantly.

The whole valley is fenced off by stone walls into small irregular patches. These patches run high up on the sides of the mountains. When we asked Brother Espiritu how much land he had, he replied that he had "a patch here and a patch there and a patch over yonder." This is the condition throughout the valley. Wherever the inhabitants have been able to find or prepare a few yards of land between the rocks, or where they have been able to build terraces on the mountain sides, here they and their forefathers have planted their crops for ages. Now the patches are owned by those who work them, and are held by regular deeds from the government.

On the way back to the church we had a demonstration of the spirit of hatred which prevails in the hearts of the enemies of our work. The mother-in-law of one of our brethren, whose horse Brother Minner was riding, met us in the road. It seems that she was the real owner of the horse, although the brother had full control and had lent it in good faith. She promptly stopped us, demanding of Brother Minner who had given him that horse, and then informed him that it belonged to her. We were about to assure her that we should return the horse safely to the one who had lent him to us. But this did not seem to be the great burden on her heart, for she immediately gave us to understand that she was tired of our fanaticism and that we had no business coming around to trouble the people, and continued to pour out a torrent of insults which gave us no time for a reasonable reply. Despairing of being able to calm her, we rode on down the valley, leaving her waving her stick frantically in the air. Upon returning the horse, we took special pains to leave ample pay for the use of the animal, hoping that it might thus allay her anger if it did not soften her heart.

In the afternoon we held a meeting with the church, and in the evening a stereopticon lecture was given for the public on the evils of alcohol. This closed our labors in the Otao Valley, and the next morning we continued our journey into the interior of the re-



The Lanca Believers at Sabbath School, July 17, 1920

public. But I must wait till next time to tell you of our experiences in getting back to the station, and of the wonderful trip we took up to the roof of the world.

Caleb Cobweb's Black List

"THE whole picture was suffused with a touch of sympathy."

Only a "fine" writer would attempt to spread a touch over a picture.

Nature and Science

Cameroon Elevators

DO you know where the Cameroons are found?

Don't confuse the name with macaroons; for Cameroons are not a confection, but a tribe of West African natives dwelling in the section of Africa bordering on the Atlantic Ocean just where the great bend of the coast line east to south begins. These natives are industrious, being clever smiths and woodworkers. They manufacture lances, arrowheads, knives, swords, and hoes, and are said to excel in basket making, needlework, and pottery. They are also frugal, and store up immense quantities of grain for future service against the attacks of insect marauders.

You have doubtless seen the large grain elevators in some of our Northwestern cities, immense frame or brick buildings near a railroad track, for storing grain, where it can easily be transferred to freight cars. Some of these hold millions of bushels of grain. But the Cameroon grain elevator is a very different affair.

I think every boy would like to build a Cameroon grain elevator, for these are immense mud bottles. If you will build out of clay a demijohn, or bottle, fifteen feet high, and large enough around to hold ten tons of wheat, you will have a good Cameroon grain elevator.

Your Vocational Bent

PERHAPS at the present time more than in any other recent period, the subject of vocations is arresting the attention of educators. According to statistics gathered by the United States Bureau of Education there are in the United States some 10,000 vocations from which we may choose our life-work. The very vastness of the range covered makes it a problem of first magnitude, and little surprise it causes to know that our schools are more and more endeavoring to guide and direct the student while in his formative period, to choose that life-work most suited to his natural bent; for after all, he succeeds best who most naturally inclines toward his work.

The following list of "Vocational Bent Questions" has been prepared to aid in this work of guidance. After each question has been answered honestly, frankly, and thoughtfully, with perhaps intelligent council from the instructor or other interested person, the natural vocational inclination of the student is determined.

What are your bad habits?

What are your inherited mental resources?

Name your favorite books, in prose or poetry, fiction or history.

How do you spend your money?

How do you use or spend your leisure?

To what page of the newspaper do you first turn?

Name your favorite magazine.

What is your greatest wish?

In what one thing do you excel?

Were you ever a leader, or are you?

Are you congenial?

Though opinions may differ as to the ultimate value of the foregoing questions in determining the capabilities of, or possibilities for, a young man or a young woman in any particular field of life service, candid answers will undoubtedly throw an illuminating side light on character.

HARRY W. PERRIN.

The Greatest Wireless Station

THE largest and most powerful wireless station in the world, known as Radio Central, is located on a 6,400-acre tract near Port Jefferson, Long Island, about seventy miles from New York City.

When President Harding, seated at his desk in Washington on November 5, pressed a key which formally opened the station, an automatic device began sending an official message to receiving stations in twenty-nine different countries. Replies were received within a very few minutes from France, England, Norway, and Italy.

The general plan of the station, as described in the *World Magazine*, is that of "a giant wheel, with the power house as the hub, and towers radiating in lines, six to a line, forming the spokes." There are twelve towers in all, and "from center to center the distance between them is 1,250 feet, and the total distance three miles." Each tower is 410 feet high, and 150 tons of steel were used in its construction. All the upper sections of these towers are galvanized, so that they may better withstand the wind and weather. "Ladders to reach the top are provided with six rest stations, for the journey up requires twenty minutes of steady climbing." With a force of six engineers and ninety bridgemen, the average time for the construction of a tower has been twenty-two days.

The transmitting range of this station is in reality world wide, "preliminary tests having been heard in all parts of Europe, and in Australia, South America, and Japan. The station is operated by automatic control, no operators being detailed there, or at the receiving station sixteen miles away. The messages are sent and received at the central office, 64 Broad Street, New York City."

Kinds of Leather

MOST of us purchase leathers under the names given to the kind of finish characterizing that particular specimen. Some of these are:

Box Calf — Boarded in four directions shape of square, so as to give heavy grain.

Glazed Kid — Coalskins finished with high face by jack.

Glove Grain — Black dull side upper leather, lightly buffed.

Gun Metal — Smooth, dull-black finish.

Levant Grain — Usually bark tanned, carefully split, buffed, lightly embossed, and grain well boarded.

Patent — Varnish coat, either linseed or "dope" (pyroxylin); several layers applied and dried by heat, process called japanning. Used on bark-tanned leather.

Russian Leather — Gambier tanned calf, very fine grain.

Spanish Leather — Upholstery leather; whole hide grains or buffs, bark tanned and finished dark yellow with irregular black figurations.

Velour — Glazed, smooth-finished calf.

Ooze — Run on emery wheel to give nappy surface.

Suede — Surfaces made nappy by putting on emery wheel; similar to ooze.— *Scientific American*.

WHAT I aspired to be and was not, comforts me.— *Browning*.

I Was Wondering About "Sunday School" Men

SOMETIMES I'VE heard
FOLKS CALL
MR. SO-and-so
A "SUNDAY school
MAN."

MEANING THAT they
WEREN'T COMPLIMENT-
ING HIM.

THOUGHT HE wasn't a
HE MAN just
BECAUSE HE didn't
SMOKE CIGARETTES or
SOMETHING.

BUT DID you ever
NOTICE HOW many
OF THE really big
FELLOWS WERE
SUNDAY SCHOOL men?

JOHN WANAMAKER for
INSTANCE.

HE STACKS
UP PRETTY well in the
BUSINESS WORLD
I SHOULD think.

WELL HE'S head of the
BIG SUNDAY school
SOCIETY OR committee
OR WHATEVER
IT IS in the
UNITED STATES.

AND HEINZ of
57 VARIETIES he
WAS ANOTHER.

TILL HE died.

AND ROOSEVELT thought it
WAS A pretty good
IDEA FOR a man to
STUDY THE
BIBLE AND get into
THE CHURCH too.

AND HE was
NO SOFTY.

NOT SO you'd
NOTICE IT anyway.

AND WOODROW
WILSON HE'S another.

YOU'D HAVE to have
A TELEPHONE directory
TO HOLD the
BIG NAMES of big
SUNDAY SCHOOL men.

IT'S GOOD company
AND THERE'S no
REASON A fellow
SHOULD KICK on being
ONE.

UNLESS HE doesn't
LIKE BIG company.

I WAS WONDERING why
SOME FOLKS think it's
A SIGN of bigness
TO KEEP out of
BIG COMPANY.—*McAlpine,*
in Christian Endeavor World.



This Boy Prefers His Cigarette to
"Big Company"

"Cancer is not contagious. No germ capable of causing cancer in human beings or animals has ever been demonstrated.

"Cancer is not inherited. Cancer is not a 'blood disease.' It is commonly said that we do not know the cause of cancer. This means that we do not know just what makes the first small cell or group of cells change their char-

acter and take on that extraordinary power of uncontrollable and malignant growth. But something is known (far more than most people realize) about the conditions which seem to favor that fateful change. Especially do we know that cancer often arises after long-continued local irritation of various kinds, and in and about benign growths or ulcerations. Cancer of the lip and mouth has been known to come from burns from pipe stems, constant irritation from bad teeth, and among East Indian races, from chewing the betel nut, which has a rough irritating exterior. Cancer of the external abdomen in the natives of Kashmir, never observed among other races, arises from the burns from the *kangri* baskets of live coals which these mountaineers wear as a kind of warming pan. Cancer of the esophagus, or gullet, is observed in Chinese who eat their rice too hot, while it is noticeably absent among their women, who eat the rice cold at a 'second table.' Cancer of the stomach may follow an ulcer of the stomach. Cancer of the uterus has frequently been traced to neglected lacerations and ulcerations; cancer of the skin from irritated moles and

warts, and breast cancers from neglected sores, cracks, and especially from lumps which were at first benign (harmless). Indeed, it is now known that there is no hard-and-fast distinction between benign and malignant growths, rigidly separating these two classes.

"Cancer of the lip or tongue, for instance, should be suspected when any sore on these parts does not heal and disappear. Cancer on the lip in its beginning often resembles the common cold sore, but, of course,

persists when a cold sore would rapidly clear up.

"Cancer of the tongue has been frequently traced to constant irritation from badly fitting or broken dental plates, sharp edges of decayed teeth, etc. Smoking, as a form of chemical irritation, sometimes produces a chronic inflammation of the tongue and the formation of small fissures or ulcers.

"Persistent irritation, ulcerations, or lumps anywhere on the skin should be watched. If there is an increase in size, or if ulcerations appear, a competent physician should at once be consulted."

Facts About Cancer

THE following statements relative to this disease which every year is claiming an increasingly large number of victims, are taken from a pamphlet issued and widely circulated by the United States Public Health Service:

"Cancer, if discovered early and treated immediately, is a curable disease.

"According to careful estimates of the best statisticians, 90,000 deaths from cancer occur each year in the continental United States. If all deaths from cancer were correctly ascertained and certified it is probable that the total for the United States would approach or exceed 100,000 a year.

"In 1917 in the United States registration area tuberculosis claimed 110,285 deaths; pneumonia, 112,821 (in a normal year not affected by the influenza epidemic); heart diseases, 115,337; disease of the kidney, 80,912. Cancer thus ranks among the leading causes of death.

"Cancer is almost exclusively a disease of adult life. About 95 per cent of all deaths from cancer occur at ages over thirty-five. At ages over forty, one person in ten dies of cancer.

"Women are more subject to cancer than men, one eighth of all female deaths above the age of forty being due to cancer, while only one death in every fourteen of men of the same age is due to this cause.



Big "Sunday School" Men Prefer the Church
to Tobacco

All in One Room

FOR the first time in the history of the United States all telegraphic communication services are concentrated in one room," says the *Washington Post*, commenting on the publicity work in connection with the Conference on Limitation of Armaments, now in session at the national capital. "The room, which is by no means large, is located at the far end of the press section in the wing of the Army and Navy Building set aside for the offices of the armament conference.

"So remarkable is the focalization of telegraph, wireless, and cable service that it would be possible for a single newspaper correspondent to stand in the middle of the hall, dictate a piece of news in a loud voice to receivers for all these services, and have it transmitted simultaneously to every quarter of the globe.

"The room contains four receiving desks—those of the Western Union, Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, Radio Corporation of America, and All-American Cables, Incorporated. There are nearly two hundred foreign correspondents covering the conference, and their average daily contribution to the press of the world is three quarters of a million words. Moreover, the day work must all be done in about two hours' time, in order to catch the European morning papers. . . .

"Stephen Lausanne, special correspondent for *Le Matin*, Paris, recently filed a story, and seventeen and one-half minutes later it was in the company's office in Paris. This is considered a remarkable record for this kind of service."

Fighting Prohibition or Law Enforcement

THIRTY or more organizations are at work in this country seeking to make void the Eighteenth Amendment of the United States. Most of these have been organized since the ratification of the Amendment, and are distinctly wet organizations, even though their name may belie their character. They are:

- American People's League.
- Anti-Blue Law League of America, Incorporated.
- Anti-Dry League.
- Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.
- Auxiliary Caravans (Order of Camels) for Women.
- Liberty Defense League.
- Light Wine and Beer League of America.
- National Liberty Party.
- National Order of Camels.
- National Order of the Sphinx.
- New York Anti-Prohibition League.
- One Hundred Per Cent American Spirit League.
- Self-Determination League of Liberty.
- The Association of Moderate Legislation Clubs.
- The Association Opposed to National Prohibitions.
- The Good Fellows of America.
- The Constitutional Liberty League.
- The National Personal Liberty League.
- The Personal Liberty League.
- The 1776 Society.
- The Veterans of Liberty.
- The Vigilance League.
- The Puppets' League (Sic!).
- The Free People's League.
- League of Rights, Inc.
- Sanity League.
- People's Liberty League.
- National Liberal Alliance.
- Tax Adjustment League.
- Anti-Prohibition Society of America.



Learn to "find
tongues in trees,
books in running
brooks, sermons
in stones, and good in
everything," then will
your heart warm toward
Him who made all things,
your Creator and Pre-
server.

Message of the Pansies

OH, you lovely, lovely flowers!
Faces uplifted to mine.
How you adorn this quiet nook,
With beauty almost divine!

No dress was ever so lovely
As the velvet one you wear;
No artist ever could paint you,
And make you one half so fair.

You never try to climb higher,
Content you are with your lot;
But you never fail to gladden
E'en the very humblest spot.

Little pansy, you remind me,
We each have a place to fill;
That e'en the humblest of children,
Some sad heart with joy may thrill.

And this I will breathe to you softly:
I see in your pure, sweet face,
A likeness to One meek and lowly,
A beauty like Christian grace.

And do you know, little flower,
A loving message you bear:
That God would have us beautiful;
Our blessings with others share?

So when the cold breath of autumn
Shall tell you 'tis time to sleep,
I will not forget your message;
My heart will the lesson keep.

MPs. L. S. BARGER.

" THEN pealed the bells more loud and deep:
God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men! "

— Longfellow.

" THE thing to do is hope, not mope;
The thing to do is work, not shirk."

Naomi, of Atchin, New Hebrides

A. G. STEWART

THE accompanying picture of Naomi, of the Seventh-day Adventist mission, Atchin, New Hebrides, will be noticed with interest by the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR as they learn a little of the story of her young life.

On Dec. 23, 1915, shortly after the opening of our



We Are Glad to Greet Our Little Friend, Naomi

work in this field, Naomi was born on the earthen floor of a dirty, dark, native house on the island of Atchin, about a mile from the mission home.

Her mother died when the infant was but two days old, and because no near relative wished to care for the helpless child, it appeared as if she would be buried with her deceased mother. Hearing of the case, the wives of our pioneer missionaries, Sister Parker and Sister Wiles, hastened to the village and rescued the little thing from such an untimely and cruel death. They carried her back to the mission home and carefully nursed her for about two months. The rapid development of the child under their care soon attracted the attention of many of the natives, among them the father of the child, who at first seemed to care little for her welfare. But because of his refusal to sign a declaration that the missionaries had adopted the child, and because of his persistent interference, it was deemed wisest to allow him to take the child back to his village, much to the regret of her foster mothers.

A few weeks' careless bottle feeding by the indolent father soon reduced the child's body to almost a skeleton, and for long hours during the day she lay there crying most pitifully. This was her condition when we arrived from Fiji to exchange fields of labor with Brother and Sister Parker.

We were here only a few days, however, when some of her friends approached us on behalf of the child, saying that her father was not capable of looking after her, and that if she remained with him she would soon

be dead. They admitted the father's mistake in taking her away, and appealed to us to take her. We told them that if they brought her to us we would look after her for her sake even if she had an ungrateful father.

That evening she was carried into the mission, a little limp, dirty, starved child. After a warm bath and a good drink of milk she fell asleep in the lid of a dress basket, which was her cradle until she outgrew it. We fed her about every two hours that night and were thankful that she survived. The scales revealed the fact that at four months old she was lighter than at four weeks, but with careful nursing she soon regained weight, and became the source of much admiration and wonderment. She was soon ahead of many children on the island much older than she, as she escaped the yaws, a disease which is almost universal among children in the South Seas.

Though not yet six years old, Naomi has proved herself useful and shows aptitude in learning. She can read several texts from her New Testament and writes well. She is intensely fond of hearing Scripture stories. She also entertains the other children when they visit the mission, by showing them pictures and explaining what they represent.

She has privileges which no other native of her sex on the island enjoys, for she can share her food with the boys and young men, and is thus being used in breaking down a superstitious heathen custom.

I am sure our readers rejoice to think that this little light is burning amid the darkness of heathenism, and that you will unite with us in praying that it may please God to spare her to a life of usefulness and finally grant her a home with us all in His kingdom.

What Rufino Found

IT was time for worship Friday night, when the street gate opened and Rufino came in. Everybody on the place hurried to welcome him, for he is such a cheerful, helpful mission boy we miss him when he is gone. Also we were anxious to learn how he got along on his long trip up from Arequipa, for many animals have been stolen in these parts in the past few weeks, and Rufino was bringing two new horses back.



Marcelo

Rufino

And so when he came home safe and sound, the greetings were just a little more cordial than usual. He told of starting out at two or three o'clock mornings because it was too cold to sleep, then of resting for a time in the midday heat and making up for lost time by riding late at night. Then he told of a poor little Aymara Indian whom he had found crying by the roadside. The little orphan had been living with his grandfather, but this unfeeling relative had turned him out of doors, and the homeless child wept miserably as he told our Rufino how hungry and cold and lonely he was.

Now Rufino is rather small, but his heart is big, and he couldn't leave the poor little waif; so he put him on a horse and brought him along, and there he stood just inside our street gate, half afraid, wondering, waiting to know what to do next. Rufino's house consists of one tiny room where he eats and sleeps and studies. To this he took the outcast, fed him well on bread and barley coffee, and gave him a warm bed of blankets on the floor in the corner.

Little Marcelo (he doesn't know his other name) wore his own clothes over Sabbath, but they were nothing but rags; so Sunday we fitted him out with some of our own little boy's outgrown clothing. Rufino, wise in the ways of this country, didn't put the clothes on the child without making sure he was thoroughly clean. After his bath his hair was cut and kerosened, his nails were cleaned, and his old clothes were boiled. Then he came out proud and happy, wearing little faded American overalls and feeling really "dressed up" for the first time in all his seven years.

Rufino would be glad to keep him and care for him as an own son, but that is quite a responsibility for a boy who apparently is not yet out of his teens. And a mission boy's salary is small enough for himself alone. Besides this, a mission boy would be of little use if he had always to stay at home to care for a child. So it seems best in every way that Marcelo be placed in some Adventist Indian family as soon as possible; but it will be a sad day for the little fellow when he says good-by to Rufino, the kindest friend he has ever known.

GUSSIE FIELD-COLBURN.

Joe Winkler's Temperance Lesson

E. F. COLLIER

DOWN in his heart Joe Winkler knew it was wrong, but he disliked to own up to it. Every manly attribute within him rebelled at this infraction of reason, but still he persisted. Moral convictions arose in regiments to denounce his play with appetite and death, but he told them to wait and save their crying until they were hurt.

Joe was not a drunkard and never expected to be. He had Melinda to live for, a queen wife among thousands, and he had Max. His fondness for Melinda was just as marked as the day he first wooed her, and Max being like her, shared an equal place in his heart.

It gave his soul delight to serve them. His little farm, nestled away in Jo Daviess County hills, was theirs. When he plowed the soil, it was for Melinda and Max. When he tilled his corn, they were uppermost in his mind. When he gathered his harvest,—always an abundant one, for Mother Earth recognizes and rewards a master,—he sang merrily, thinking of the comforts it would bring to those he loved.

But he had this one grievous fault. One, I say. No doubt before the pure eyes of God he had many, even as we all; but to Melinda, at least, he had but one.

However, you would never have learned it from her lips. Though it lay heavily upon her heart, no hint of his weakness was ever revealed to another. If any one had even dared to intimate a knowledge of the truth, he would have repented instantly at the flash of her deep blue eyes. Always her husband lived in her conversation as a man of only sterling qualities—loving, sincere, and faultless.

But when she was alone, she gripped at her breast, praying for faith and trying always to stifle her shame and fear. For Joe, her Joe, was in danger. He was not beyond hope, but he was meddling with life poison as every confirmed drunkard has once meddled. Who could tell? Thousands had been ensnared who were once as noble, perhaps, and as strong as he. And then she fought back the terror, and blamed herself for thinking such things. No, it could not be, must not be. God would help her. He would hear her prayers and find a way to save him.

"Melinda dear, why do you fret yourself about me?" Joe asked. "I'm no drunkard, no wabbly old soak. Look at me. Am I not strong? Isn't my eye clear, my hand steady, and my step as firm as the day you first met me? Forget it, little wife. I can drink or I can let it alone. Men who are strong never overdo the thing; only fools drink to excess. Don't you worry now. I know what I am doing, and just to prove it to you, I'll not touch a drop of the brew during the remainder of this week."

"But, Joe," she pleaded, lovingly smoothing back the grimy, sweated locks that clung to his brow, "think of its influence upon Max. He is only seventeen, a mere boy who patterns after his father. What would you think if you saw Max following in your steps? Why, he thinks of you as a model. He is always praising you to his young friends. Just because he esteems you so highly he cannot conceive how wrong it is for you to—to do as you do. And he knows, Joe, he already knows about you. Please, for his sake and for my sake, and for your sake—do not touch it again."

Joe laughed lightly as he threw a sinewy, sunburned arm about her and drew her close to his side.

"There now, don't be too insistent, dear. I've promised you not another dribble this week. And perhaps by that time I'll be ready to try it another. We'll see."

Any one who knew Joe Winkler would never have doubted the sincerity of his words that day. Of course he meant what he said to her, but like thousands of others who have played with evil too long, he found it easier to break his promise than he would have been willing to admit even to himself. The very next day his test came.

Max had been away to school since September. Now the holiday season was at hand and he was expected home for the year end. Three months is a long time to a mother whose heart is wrapped up in her only son, and bright and early on the day he was to arrive, Melinda was on her way to town. She would do some shopping, visit her sister who was ill, and then meet Max when he should come on the evening train.

Joe had some work to do in the cellar, building partitions, which would occupy a good part of the day. Over and over as he labored, his eyes and thoughts

wandered to a certain recess in the cellar wall where the shadows concealed a vessel of sinister contents.

At first the temptation annoyed him and he turned resolutely away. He would keep his promise which he had made to Melinda. But by and by desire reached deeper beneath his will, and he began to weaken.

"She will never know," a voice kept saying. "It will be many hours before she returns, and it's only a drop that you want, anyway. You are tired, and it will refresh you."

And the old lie worked. Soon the thought succeeded that if this were indeed an evil spirit seeking his downfall, it would not be so solicitous for his comfort and well-being. Since it sympathized with him, and its intention was so kind, it must be a good spirit and not a wicked one.

And so the pledge made to Melinda in such good faith was soon broken. Not once only but many times he lifted the vessel to his lips, and each time his power of resistance was lessened.

By noon he was drunk. The eye that had been so clear the day before was now watery and uncertain in its vision. The strong muscles of his arm were no longer under perfect control, for which reason two fingers and a thumb of his left hand carried heavy, throbbing bruises where the hammer had struck.

But he was not too far gone to sense in some degree his shameful condition. He knew that he must fit himself to meet his loved ones at their return. He ceased his labors, and sat down to think. But he found that thinking required an extreme effort, for his thoughts ran like a tangled skein. Perhaps a drop or two more of the stimulant would clear his brain so he would be able to think. Another swallow followed the poison that was already paralyzing his senses, and when he finally emerged from the cellar his head swam, and his feet refused to place themselves where his eye directed. With a dizzy sensation he sat down on a bench and tried to associate the scattered fragments of thought that seemed most important. Max and Melinda would be returning by nightfall. He tried to revive his lagging memory to tell him just what must be done before then.

Suddenly he was aware of some one coming down the path that led by the house to the sheds. Quickly he drew back and concealed himself. He saw that it was a young man, a mere youth, and that he was swinging along in an awkward, ungainly manner; and it dawned on his confused brain that the youth himself was intoxicated, staggering and careening along, utterly unable to keep to the path before him.

Then Joe's face turned to ashen gray and his nails bit into his palms, for he recognized his own son. Maxwell, his son, and drunk! The thought stunned him, overwhelmed him. Max intoxicated, and his mother returning to find him in that condition! Unable to think and act quickly, he sat inert and watched the stumbling, besotted figure until it disappeared behind the sheds.

And Melinda had said, "What would you think if you saw Max following in your steps?"

Then the father's heart leaped into action. The boy was numbed with drink, he was ashamed to come into the house, he would remain away and yield himself to the fiends of drink and be lost. God help him! His son had fallen into the pit dug by his father, and would be lost!

He staggered to his feet. Strange, grotesque shad-

ows that maddened him flitted across his vision. His head throbbed, his heart pounded, and fear thrust him like a sword. With a hoarse cry he started down the path.

It was a cry of alarm. His own and Melinda's darling was a drunkard. God help to arrest and save him ere he should be gone forever. Blindly he ran across the sward calling and sobbing. Frantically he tore through the shrubbery and around the corner of the sheds where he had seen his boy disappear. But no lad was in sight. He gulped at the fear that arose in his throat and ran on.

"Max! Oh, Max!" he shouted.

From one building to another he ran, peering here and there and calling, but no voice answered. Max was gone, perhaps forever.

Frenzied and exhausted, he threw himself upon the ground and wept.

"Oh, my boy, my boy Max! God help me to find you! Max, my baby boy, with deep blue eyes and face like his mother's and a heart as pure — why did you do it? I know — I know I am to blame. But save him, God! Have mercy upon me and upon him, and save my boy! Oh, Max! Max! Max!"

Melinda knew that Joe would not be expecting her until near dark; and so when she arrived at least three hours beforehand, she thrilled at the happy surprise in store for him. Driving up to the gate and alighting, she threw a loose line about the hitching post and entered the yard. At the rear of the house she found him sitting upon the doorstep, dejectedly gazing into space.

When she spoke, it startled him and he looked up.

"Joe," she said, sensing something amiss, "what is the matter with you?" Then seeing his wild, frightened look she threw herself on her knees by his side.

"Joe, are you sick? What is the matter? Tell me, Joe, tell me."

He was sober now; but he only looked at her with dumb agony, while tears dropped from his sun-tanned cheeks.

Then Melinda sprang up calling, "Max! Max! Come here quickly."

Startled, Joe turned to her with an upraised hand.

"No, no, don't call him. I — you can't find him, Melinda. Besides he —"

"What is it, mother?" came a youthful voice, as a lithe figure bounded around the corner of the house. "Need me quick, do you? Why, hello, dad. What's the matter? You look sick and all done up."

"Max!"

Joe uttered that one word as he stared and wondered. Then he arose and clasped his arms about his son.

"Tell me, where did you come from, Max? I was looking —"

The keen eyes and intuition of Melinda read rapid lessons as she looked at Joe, and what her senses did not tell her she was content to let alone until such time as he should see fit to enlighten her. So assuming a happy and satisfied air, she broke in quickly,

"Why, Max just came with me from town. He arrived on an earlier train, and came up to his Aunt Bess' where I was at the time. Then we hurried right home. Now I'll hasten and prepare supper, for if you are as hungry as I am, that will be uppermost in your minds. Max, you change your clothes right away and put away the horse, for your father is very tired."

Late that night Joe told Melinda all about it. With

his arm about her, and her fingers lovingly woven into his hair, he made his confession and unburdened his heart.

"It was so terrible in its seeming reality that I am still wondering at it all. I shall never forget the horror that came over me when I saw that Max had followed in my steps; and lying there on the ground, I knew that I had taken my last drink. That horrible phantasm of what might have been was the agent through which I learned my lesson, the lesson that came to me through your answered prayers."

Melinda smiled her love and forgiveness as she said, "Praying was a very easy thing to do when I had in mind to save such a fine boy as our Max, and such a dear good husband as my Joe."

A Great Preacher's Remedy

PHILLIPS BROOKS was once asked, "What is the first thing you would do if you accepted a call to become the rector of a small, discouraged congregation that is not even meeting its current expenses?"

"The first thing I should do," he replied, "would be to preach a sermon on, and ask the congregation to make an offering for, foreign missions."

Phillips Brooks was never called to that kind of church, but many pastors and congregations today are proving in their own experience that the best way to keep out of debt, develop a healthy church, serve the local community, is to adopt a world missionary policy and make offerings for carrying the message of Christ into all the world.—*Selected.*

"BOTH minds and fountain pens will work when willed;
But minds, like fountain pens, must first be filled."

Our Counsel Corner

Since all should begin the observance of the Morning Watch with the beginning of the new year, do you think we should try to distribute copies of the Morning Watch Calendar after January?

J. H.

This is another case where it is "better late than never." Let the good work go on. It is better to begin to observe the Morning Watch late in the year than not to begin at all. Remember it is never too late to give or to sell a Morning Watch Calendar to a friend who has none. Then, too, the calendar is very acceptable for use in all kinds of missionary work. You can use it in your bands. You can use it in your Pocket League. You can use it all through the year. Why not obtain a few dozen calendars for your society to use in band work? Why not have a few copies for your own personal use? Let the little daily reminder help you to persuade others to observe the Morning Watch.

M. E. A.

It seems to me that our Morning Watch Calendar is only for Seventh-day Adventists. Do you really think others would care for it?

R. L.

We have reached a time when we do not have to think that others will like it. We know that they like it. Australia one year printed an edition of twenty thousand, a large per cent of which was sold to persons who were not Seventh-day Adventists. Thousands of other copies of the calendar have gone to persons who are not connected with our church. One Christmas, a Missionary Volunteer sent a calendar to a Methodist friend. Soon a letter came from this friend, saying she was not at home when the calendar arrived. Her cousin, however, had been using it, and had become much attached to it. "So," continued her letter, "will you please send me another if it does not cost more than fifty cents?" Doubtless many Missionary Volunteers who have introduced the Morning Watch Calendar to persons who are not members of our church, have learned that the calendar makes friends everywhere.

M. E. A.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

IV — Giving Alms; Prayer

(January 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 6: 1-18.

LESSON HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 298-314; "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," pp. 119-176.

Right Motives in Almsgiving

1. What motive should not actuate us in giving alms? Matt. 6: 1.
2. Against what spirit are we warned in the giving of alms? Verse 2.
3. How should we perform our charitable deeds? How will giving be rewarded? Verses 3, 4.

Instruction on Prayer

4. How does Jesus say hypocrites pray? Verse 5. See Luke 18: 11.
5. What does Jesus teach concerning secret prayer? What reward is promised? Matt. 6: 6. Note 1.

Jesus Gives Us a Model Prayer

6. Against what should we guard when we pray? What do some think? What does the Father know? Verses 7, 8. Note 2.
7. What model prayer has our Lord given to us? Verses 9-13.
8. What form of address in this prayer indicates God's relationship to us? Verse 9.

Praying for Definite Things

9. For what two things are we first instructed to pray? Verse 10.
10. For what are we to ask daily? Verse 11.
11. On what condition only may we ask forgiveness for our sins? Verse 12. Note 3.

Conditions for Answered Prayer

12. What request is made for guidance and safety? Verse 13.
13. On what condition may we expect forgiveness? Verse 14.
14. How will our Father deal with those who do not forgive? Verse 15.

Instruction Concerning Fasting

15. What are we told not to do when we fast? Verse 16.
16. What instruction is given concerning fasting? Verses 17, 18. Note 4.

Notes

1. "In the secret place of prayer, where no eye but God's can see, no ear but His can hear, we may pour out our most hidden desires and longings to the Father of infinite pity; and in the hush and silence of the soul, that voice which never fails to answer the cry of human need, will speak to our hearts."—*Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing*, p. 126.

2. Study well the instruction of our Saviour, and the prayers recorded in the Scripture. This passage does not forbid public prayer; for our Lord prayed in public, as did His servants. Public prayers should on all ordinary occasions be short. Let the long prayers be in secret. Come to God with humility, with a sense of utter unworthiness, and of His holiness and mercy. Thank Him for His goodness. Praise Him for His love and mercy. Ask in simple faith as we need, but always according to His will. Do not often repeat the name or titles of Deity, nor speak to the great God as you would to your human neighbor. Holy reverence becomes the Christian; and this is fitting to the most implicit faith.

3. A story is told of a knight in olden times who went to an aged pastor to ask his blessing before he went to avenge himself on his enemy. The pastor said, "Son, on one condition I bestow my blessing; kneel and pray with all thy heart our Lord's Prayer after me." The knight did so until he came to the petition for forgiveness, and then paused. The good man bade him continue. The knight said he could not. "Then," said the aged man, "I cannot bestow my blessing." Again and again the old man repeated the prayer, and the knight followed him until he came to that petition. Finally, the words broke his heart, and he followed the prayer clear through. "Now, my son," said his counselor, "I will bless thee on thy mission." "I have none," replied the knight; "I have no enemy to avenge."

4. "Anoint thine head, and wash thy face—these were forbidden in the Jewish canon on days of fasting and humiliation; and hypocrites availed themselves of this ordinance that they might appear to fast. Our Lord, therefore, cautions us against this; as if He had said, Affect nothing, dress in any ordinary manner, and let the whole of thy deportment prove that thou desirest to recommend thy soul to God, and not thy face to men."—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

Intermediate Lesson

IV—Death of James; Peter Delivered from Prison

(January 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 12.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." Heb. 13: 6.

LESSON HELP: "The Acts of the Apostles," pp. 143-154.

PLACES: The famous prison, the fortress of Antonia in Jerusalem; the home of Mary, the mother of Mark.

PERSONS: Herod, James, John, Peter, believers, Mary the mother of Mark, a damsel named Rhoda, soldiers, Barnabas, Saul, John Mark.

Setting of the Lesson

The government of Judea was in the hands of Herod Agrippa I, a grandson of Herod the Great who murdered the babes of Bethlehem in the hope of putting to death the infant Jesus. He was a nephew of Herod Antipas who beheaded John the Baptist. He reigned but three years. The Jews usually hated the kings placed over them by Roman authority, and frequently made trouble. Herod was especially anxious to please the Jewish priests and rulers.

"Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
And when He comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light
at last."

Questions

1. By whom was the church in Jerusalem now persecuted? What faithful disciple was put to death? Acts 12: 1, 2. Note 1.

2. How did this affect the Jews? How did Herod try again to please them? What feast deferred the plans for putting Peter to death? Verse 3. Note 2.

3. What was done with Peter? How safely was he guarded? When did Herod intend that he should die? Verse 4. Note 3.

4. While Peter was in prison what did the church do? Verse 5.

5. How was the prisoner guarded the night before he was to be put to death? Verse 6. Note 4.

6. Who visited the prison that night? How was Peter awakened? What did the angel tell him to do? Verses 7, 8. Note 5.

7. What did Peter think of this experience? How was he enabled to pass through the prison gates? Verses 9, 10. Note 6.

8. After the angel had departed, what did the apostle say to himself? Verse 11.

9. To whose house did Peter go? Who were there? What were they doing? Verse 12.

10. Who answered Peter's knock? Why did Rhoda not open the door? What did she do? Verses 13, 14.

11. How did the praying ones receive the good news? What did they afterward conclude? Verse 15.

12. What did Peter continue to do? When they finally opened the door, what did he say? Verses 16, 17. Note 7.

13. What took place in the morning? What command did Herod give concerning the soldier guard? To what place did he change his residence? Verses 18, 19.

14. How was a quarrel settled between Herod and the people of Tyre and Sidon? Verse 20.

15. What took place upon a special day? Verses 21, 22.

16. How was Herod immediately punished? Verse 23. Note 8.

17. What did the word of God now do? To what place did Saul and Barnabas return after carrying gifts to Jerusalem from the believers in Antioch? Whom did they take with them? Verses 24, 25.

Questions to Think About

What act of Peter's shows that the spirit of the memory verse was in his heart?

Why should James lose his life and Peter's life be spared? What effect would Peter's death at this time have had upon the church?

Is it likely that the prayers of Peter's friends had any part in his deliverance?

Notes

1. James with Peter and John had been granted special privileges while Jesus was with them. The three had been chosen by Jesus to witness the raising of the daughter of Jairus, the transfiguration on the mount, and the last scenes in Gethsemane. He and Judas are the only ones of the twelve apostles whose deaths are recorded in the New Testament.

2. The Passover season was called "the days of unleavened bread." The Jews would have been offended if Herod had shed the blood of Peter during that festival, and he therefore put him in prison till after the Passover. Four modes of execution were lawful among the Jews,—stoning, beheading, burning, and strangling.

3. Peter was guarded by four quaternions, or bands of four soldiers, each band being on guard through a three-hour watch.

"Remembering the former escape of the apostle from prison, Herod on this occasion had taken double precautions. To prevent all possibility of release, Peter had been put under the charge of sixteen soldiers who, in different watches, guarded him day and night. In his cell, he was placed between two soldiers, and was bound by two chains, each chain being fastened to the wrist of one of the soldiers. He was unable to move without their knowledge. With the prison doors securely fastened, and a strong guard before them, all chance of rescue or escape through human means was cut off."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 145, 146.

"The Greek word for Passover, is wrongly translated Easter."—*Tarbell.*

4. "Peter was confined in a rock-hewn cell, the doors of which were strongly bolted and barred; and the soldiers on guard were made answerable for the safe-keeping of the prisoner. But the bolts and bars and the Roman guard, which effectually cut off all possibility of human aid, were but to make more complete the triumph of God in the deliverance of Peter."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 146.

5. "It is the last night before the proposed execution. A mighty angel is sent from heaven to rescue Peter. The strong gates that shut in the saint of God open without the aid of human hands. The angel of the Most High passes through, and the gates close noiselessly behind him. He enters the cell, and there lies Peter, sleeping the peaceful sleep of perfect trust.

"The light that surrounds the angel fills the cell, but does not arouse the apostle. Not until he feels the touch of the angel's hand, and hears a voice saying, 'Arise up quickly,' does he awaken sufficiently to see his cell illuminated by the light of heaven, and an angel of great glory standing before him. Mechanically he obeys the word spoken to him, and as arising he lifts his hands, he is dimly conscious that the chains have fallen from his wrists."—*Id.*, pp. 146, 147.

6. "He [the angel] moves toward the door, followed by the usually talkative Peter, now dumb from amazement. They step over the guard, and reach the heavily bolted door, which of its own accord swings open, and closes again immediately, while the guards within and without are motionless at their post.

"The second door, also guarded within and without, is reached. It opens as did the first, with no creaking of hinges or rattling of iron bolts. They pass through, and it closes again as noiselessly. In the same way they pass through the third gateway, and find themselves in the open street."—*Id.*, p. 147.

7. How was Peter received? With such an outburst of exclamations and questions, no doubt, that he could only raise his hand in admonition to be silent while he told the story of his deliverance and sent the message to the other James, the head of the church in Jerusalem, and the brethren, and then sought safety in another house or city.

8. "Herod knew that he deserved none of the praise and homage offered him, yet he accepted the idolatry of the people as his due. . . . But suddenly a terrible change came over him. His face became pallid as death, and distorted with agony. Great drops of sweat started from his pores. He stood for a moment as if transfixed with pain and terror; then turning his blanched and livid face to his horror-stricken friends, he cried in hollow, despairing tones, 'He whom you have exalted as a god is stricken with death. Suffering the most excruciating anguish, he was borne from the scene of revelry and display.'"—*Id.*, p. 151.

What the Crippled Want

THERE'S a hospital school journal that comes to my desk. In it are letters and articles from crippled children and young people. Through all of these runs the same thought; and that is, that these people, unfortunate as we may regard them, do not like to be pitied, do not enjoy hearing references to their abnormal condition. In fact, they are deeply wounded, sometimes cut to the quick, by the idle questioning of the curious. They would almost forget that they are different from other people if they were not so often asked, "How did you become crippled?" "Isn't it hard for you to get about?" "How long have you been so afflicted?" "Do you suppose you will ever get well?" and hundreds of kindred questions.

Crippled persons prefer to have no notice whatever taken of their condition, and they do not ask for sympathy or pity; they want to be treated just as other folks are treated. Then be kind to the crippled in the kindest way, apparently not observing in them any deviation from normalcy. This does not preclude a special thoughtfulness in serving them in every way possible. But it does point to a kindness that is not curious. Curiosity is cruel, and the questioning stare wounds. We may be kind without expressing pity. Pity irritates.

A crippled girl who has high ambitions in life, tells how her big brother served her in this generous way:

"After moving to Oregon from Maine, primarily for my health," she says, "Bob—a brother, such as no one else ever had in this world—declared I should be 'like other girls' and go to school. So he and I drove each morning to school. There he carried me from floor to floor, and was my legs in general. It somehow never made me 'feel bad' to have Bob carry me, for he made me feel that, pshaw! there was nothing strange about it. In this way I went to school for four years, until I had completed my second year of high school work. Then my sturdy, trusty 'legs' went to war—went half the world away. But my school work did not stop, for my friends declared that they would help me, and so I finished my junior year while Bob was in Greece. Classes were arranged so that I could sit at my desk all day without moving, but this proved detrimental to my health, and I could not finish high school. Since then I have been taking correspondence work from the University of Oregon. I love it, and shall work at it until three years of university work are completed here at home."

It would be a boor indeed who would presume to question a mental defective about the cause and nature of his abnormality. Something of this same reserve is desired by the physically disabled; for he would like to pass along, without constantly being "held up" by friend and foe, and forced to recount his own physical lack. Why not graciously grant him this privilege?

F. D. C.

Lady Jane Grey

(Concluded from page two)

She was only sixteen when the unexpected news of the king's death and her own succession to the throne, was brought to her. Upon receiving the message she burst into tears and fell unconscious to the floor. Recovering, she grieved deeply over the death of her cousin, who had been her early playmate and companion, and expressed her feeling of unfitness to fill his place. "But," she added, "if the right be truly mine,

O gracious God, give me strength, I pray most earnestly, so to rule as to promote Thy honor and my country's good." Her reign, however, lasted only nine days. Then the fickle nobility turned to the support of Mary, who had a stronger following. Lady Jane, who had no desire for public honor, gladly surrendered the scepter, which she had accepted only out of respect to the wishes of her parents, and retired once more to the quiet pursuits of home life.

She was an accomplished scholar, and under the direction of Roger Ascham, that noted English classical author, had become well versed in Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and Hebrew. He tells of finding her alone at Broadgate, the family residence, one day, when all the others had gone hunting in the park, deeply engrossed in Plato's "Phædo," in the original Greek. When he expressed his surprise at her thus foregoing the pleasures of the chase, she replied with a smile: "I fancy all their sport is but a shadow to the pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folks, they realize not what true pleasure means."

But even though Lady Jane Grey had abdicated so willingly, even gladly, she was not left in peace. Mary, having gained the throne, began to show her real colors, and though she had promised religious freedom to those who did not follow the Catholic standard, most of the leading Protestants in her realm were thrown into prison, among them Lady Jane and her husband, who were arrested on the double charge of heresy and treason. This latter accusation was of course entirely without foundation, but the ex-queen was an uncompromising Protestant. Four days before her execution she declared to an emissary of the Roman Church: "I ground my faith upon God's word, and not upon the church. If the church be a good church, the faith of the church must be tried by God's word, and not God's word by the church."

On the last morning of her life, she wrote to her father: "My guiltless blood may cry before the Lord, Mercy to the innocent!" She was beheaded in the Tower of London,—this young matron just turned seventeen,—and thus ended the life of one to whom Sir Simonds d'Ewes pays this eloquent tribute: "How justly may the fine constancy of this excellent lady, whose many virtues even the pens of her very enemies have acknowledged, rise up in judgment against all such poor spirits who, for fear of death, or other outward motives, shall deny God and His truth."

L. E. C.

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