

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

November 18, 1913

No. 46



BORROWED KNOWLEDGE BRINGS NO GOOD RESULTS TO BORROWER

THE next World's Convention of Christian Endeavor will be held in Sydney, Australia, in March, 1914.

A WIRELESS message sent from Key West recently was picked up at Cairo, Egypt, a distance of about 7,000 miles.

"WHEN the devil robs a boy, the last thing he takes are the early impressions made by his father and mother."

ON October 6, the Chinese parliament in Peking elected Yuan Shi Kai president of the republic for a term of five years.

THE Railway Exchange Building of St. Louis is said to be the world's largest office-building, since it has thirty-three acres of floor space under one roof.

ON July 17, 1913, W. W. Brown, a racing driver from Kansas City, drove an automobile up Pike's Peak, even climbing the steps leading to the Summit House on the mountaintop.

A MRS. GILLEN, of Rockaway Beach, has invented a piece of mechanism that will, in case of fire in any room in the house, automatically shut off the gas from the burning building.

IN Benares there has been for many years a temple for monkeys, and it is one of the most costly buildings there. The followers of Brahma hold this animal sacred, and worship it as a deity.

A MONUMENT to the Pilgrim Fathers has been erected at Southampton, England, in memory of the departure of the "Mayflower" for America, Aug. 5, 1620. The tall stone shaft is crowned by a weather-vane modeled after the 180-ton ship in which the 102 Pilgrims made their voyage to America.

THE Marconi wireless station at Honolulu, which is now in construction, will send messages to the Philippines, six thousand miles away. The Darien wireless station being built at Caimita, Panama, will have a sending and receiving radius of 3,000 miles, and is intended exclusively for government business.

IN New York certain drug takers can buy their supply of drugs at a certain restaurant, in the form of sandwiches. These sandwiches are sold the same as others, only they cost thirty-five cents and upward. Morphine is concealed in thin tissue-paper, covered with butter, and spread between the bread.

GREAT BRITAIN has informally accepted the invitation of the United States to send a naval squadron to Hampton Roads in 1915 to join in an international parade of war-ships through the Panama Canal. Ambassador Page recently cabled the State Department that Sir Edward Grey, minister of foreign affairs, had informed him orally that Great Britain would accept.

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Vegetarian, Hygiene, Colds, and Consumption Number

Will Lemons Cure Consumption? See New "Care of the Sick" Department

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THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

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No. 46

A Glimpse of Central Africa

[Mr. Crawford is now on a lecture tour through the United States. Recently he spoke in Washington, D. C., giving a thrilling account of his work for the African. The following article was part of a talk given at the Northfield Conference as reported in the *Record of Christian Work*. Mr. Crawford's earnest zeal for the cross of Christ cannot fail to inspire those who hear him, or read his articles, with a determination to grasp anew the banner of Christ, and through Heaven's strength win greater victories for the cross.]



E African missionaries have been accused of having "slang" tongues. As a matter of fact, that is not so. We do not use slang words; we use technical terms. Business people in America talk about exploring Central Africa, or traveling in Central Africa. The technical term is "boring in." And the three divisions of my life for nearly a quarter of a century have been boring in, shut in, and boring out. Boring in took me twenty months from London to my station; shut in—you get through the door, and the door slams after you, and there you stay—in my case for nearly twenty-three years; boring out began something over a year ago.

And here is a coincidence for you. After having been shut in for twenty-three years, I resolved to go vaguely due south toward the Cape of Good Hope. After twenty-three days of scrambling over the precipices, out through the bamboos, across the grass marshes, I lifted my eyes and saw two spokes of iron coming up from the south. It was my first sight of a railway train for over twenty-three years, and I just blubbered like a baby, such a flood of memory swept over me.

Now, dear friends, I have not learned any of the tricks of the orator. I cannot give even one consecutive lecture; but I want in a very simple way to remove a few cobwebs from your American brains.

The first point is a very simple one. It is the size of Africa. The most awful factor in my life has been the aching loneliness that I have known in that great continent. At one period I was one thousand miles from the nearest store, and the longest break in my letters from home was two years and nine months. But I should like to talk twenty hours or twenty years on some of that experience. And, oh, I do want to thank God that I was shut off from that thing you call literature, spelled with a capital L! I thank God that I was shut off with this dear old Book with a million eyes, this Book that never told a lie, this Book that always put its finger on the damning spot, the sin that was going to strangle my soul. The Bible in the far interior of Central Africa has not got the rivals it has in America and Great Britain. It has not got the everlasting newspaper, nor the latest novel. It just has not got a rival.

But I want to tell you that Africa is far, far bigger than you think. Give me the whole of India, and in it goes. Now, the whole of China, and in that goes, too. Plus India and China, give me Australia, and in the

three go easily. And still Africa, my Africa, like Oliver Twist, asks for more. So we shall put in Europe. In it all goes, and even then I have what I believe the Vanderbilts call marginal millions. And yet you hear people speaking as if when you were in Central Africa you could live the life of a sort of week-ender, and just run out to see your friends the Joneses or the Robinsons. Cobweb number one!

The second thing is that Africa never had a road to its name. What a tremendous surprise! We never have a horse there, never! We cannot. The tsetse-fly wipes off everything of that kind on four legs, and it is beginning to wipe off many of those on two legs with sleeping-sickness. This vast continent is quite innocent of roads. From the Atlantic seaboard to the Indian Ocean, all that Africa has in the shape of roads are trails twelve inches wide and about twelve inches deep—in other words, glorified cart-wheel ruts. You cannot get both feet in at once. And you cannot see the track. It has been blotted out by the grass, and you have to feel your way *à la* blind man. You shoot forward your left foot, then drag after it number two, and in this way you zigzag right across Africa to the tune of fifteen miles a day.

And the trail is not straight. Mr. Ruskin tells us that there is not one straight line in nature. We in Africa do not need to be told that; we know it for ourselves. The African is a child of nature, and he will zigzag. He will do nothing straight. But the real reason why this trail is like an everlasting corkscrew is that the black man never wears, never has worn, a bit of boot leather. So as he plows across the forest, he comes upon ugly thorns and gnarled roots, which he has to dodge, and the result is that every dodge means a twist in his trail. In other words, he is frightened for fear he will puncture his pneumatic tire, his bare black foot.

Now cobweb number three! The word Africa itself. Suppose you were talking about Africa to the black man. He would not know what you meant. He would have no idea that you were talking about his country. Africa? What silly thing is this? Then it would dawn upon you that the name Africa is merely a tag that outsiders have stuck on the black man's country's back. In Central Africa any name that the black man gives always equates the nature. If a man is called Mr. Brown, it is because he is as brown as a berry. If he is called Mr. Smith, it is because he is the fellow who makes a good ax. I was reading to a native one day: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." Do you know how he paraphrased that and incidentally gave splendidly the content of Christianity? "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he is going to do something for somebody else!" No, the black man's name for his country is not Africa. He speaks of it as "the land of the long grass." And that means that the grass is high for nine months of



MR. DAN CRAWFORD

the year, and that it is ultimately thirteen feet high. It is so dense, too, that it blocks the poor little zigzag path out of view.

One of the horrors of African life, to my mind, is that you see nothing but a little blue ribbon of sky overhead, and you must find your way along somehow in the long yellow grass. Another horrible feature about it is this identical color-line. It was from this, you know, that Lord Roberts learned to put his soldiers in khaki. Then, too, our friend Felis Leo is just the color of that grass. That is why the average man after ten years in Africa is a bundle of nerves. He can never *see* his enemy. O, if he only could sometimes!

Not long ago I came across a hunter, and we began the process that you call "swapping yarns." He had been in Africa, and, of course, he trotted out a lion. I trotted out twelve I had tackled. He trotted out a snake, and I trotted out a few more. He trotted out his elephant story, and I trotted out a few of mine. Most men have a little phrase, a little characteristic trick, that gives the game away. His little phrase was "presence of mind," and my little phrase was the "presence of God." Let me put it fair and square: You are jaded and tired and done out, and you throw yourself down on some grass. And just as you fall down, out shoots a big snake or a leopard. Now, you could not possibly have searched for that snake. No amount of mere mediocre "presence of mind" could have averted that contingency, but—blessed be His name!—there is such a thing as the "presence of God."

But I must get on. My objective is the spiritual side of the work; but before I get to that I must tell you something of the way we live. I told you about our journeying in Africa—about our boring in, and the fifteen miles a day that we travel. By the time we have done that, we are quite tired out, and we fall down. But our camp must be made. We whip out our little axes, with their two-inch blades, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the trees begin to crash, and in about an hour and a fraction we have made our camp. But as you look at your men, you see that they have a hungry, glassy stare in their eyes, and with that *you* have got to deal. For the time, you must forget your blisters. You missionary must take your gun and go to get some meat. And you must not miss any shots. You do not dare to miss, for, in Africa, if your game gets away ten yards, it is gone. And the lion may get the first look in, and the lion believes in beefsteak just as much as the missionary does. And then, the antelopes,— if they get one sniff of a lion, away they go like runaway locomotives, with their heaving flanks, and you won't see them again that day. If you do go back without your meat, then you must get together your little prayer circle and pray: "O Lord, if it be thy will, put something into the traps." And then you must set your traps in the hope of getting some red-legged partridges. Boring in we have got to make our own house and kill our own beef.

I have said we travel fifteen miles a day, but that is, if we are allowed to; for there on the trail is an ugly black individual, that everlasting road block, Rob Roy, who says he is a king. He probably never was a king, never even dreamed of being one. But he has blocked the way, and he is holding you up to pay him for permission to pass on. And here comes the rejection of the cross for many a missionary. Those natives know that we are far better shots than they are. Some of them think that Livingstone was a "softy," that other

men have been "softies," sermon-on-the-mount men. Dear friends, I have come back out of it all, and I never shot a man, thank God! But what are you going to do? Here is Rob Roy barring the way, and he wants the very coat off your back; he wants the last shirt you have. And yet I tell you that in Central Africa, if you only can get low enough, you can have a great good time, for God asks you to take a back seat, and there you have unlimited opportunity of doing so.

Once when I was preaching to a crowd of those men who barred the way, I told them of the death of Christ, of him who had all power, and yet came down in abject weakness, and died a felon's death. When I had finished, one of the band said: "God was a fool! God was a fool, if he had all power and left his Son to die like that." "Yes," I said, "I have that here," and I quoted 1 Cor. 1:18. "Yes," I said, "it is the foolishness of God, but it is wiser than the wisdom of men."

And now I am coming to spiritual results. A most astonishing thing is that these converted people in Central Africa have a kind of technical phrase for the death of Christ. It is a word from the Bantu language. Whenever they talk about the death of Christ, they always speak of "the *victory* of Golgotha." Before leaving Africa I said to one man: "Now before I go to England, just tell me what that means. I cannot understand it. When the very God became very man and died the death of a felon, I cannot understand how you people see anything but defeat in it." And then that man said something that made me proud my days had been spent for Christ in Central Africa. First of all, he took a little bit of stick and held it up and said, "Here is the cross." Then he took another little bit and laid it across the first one and said, "Just here at the cross when Satan did his very, very worst, just here, just then, God did his very, very best." At the cross the very worst and the very best met.

And that man did a remarkable thing on another occasion. We were going to celebrate the Lord's Supper, and he boldly began to minister. And he just did it tremendously. He dredged the Bible for the most wonderful verses, and he strung them all together. I never dreamed he could do a thing like that. He described the Lord Jesus Christ as dying, not like a felon, but as one who had himself taken upon himself the burden of our sins. Then he went on to express the thought that when those Roman soldiers thought they were nailing Christ to the cruel cross, they were really nailing themselves to the cross; and then how in the midst of the *throne* was the Lamb of God, God's dying Lamb. It is all in that old song:—

"He hell in hell laid low;
Made sin, he sin o'erthrew,
Bowed to the grave and destroyed it,
And death by dying slew."

O dear friends, I am here this afternoon to testify to the greatness of the power of God through that native! And, by the by, he had not ranked among the "softies." Fancy such a change in a wild one who had known the gospel for only a short time! When he had finished, I asked him which verse he liked best. He said: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation." I saw that man's point when, reading later in London Blackwood's "Life of the Cæsars," I saw that not one of the Cæsars had died in his bed. They were noted for their power; but it was power unto devastation, not "unto salvation." Paul is writing to the people at

Rome, the saints of Rome, who think themselves the cream of the earth's sons. The people who live in those large capitals do, you know. But, he says, you have not copyrighted that word power, have you? I, too, have a power: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the *power* of God unto salvation!"

Now here is a gospel for Central Africa. They have plenty of power over there, plenty. The lion is pulling down the zebra; the leopard is pulling down the antelope; the big man is pulling down the little man. But there is a new thing coming in Central Africa. I already see it. Where formerly the big man thought he was big in order that he might pull down the little man, now he is beginning to realize that he is big only in order that he may cherish the little one and help him. The gospel "is the power of God unto *salvation*," not devastation *à la* Cæsar!

Too many Africans see Christ in a book as we see places on a map, but here is a genuine case of a young man converted by merely reading John's Gospel. Too big for our elementary school, he went his own way in sin, but still clung to his copy of John as a fetish. Then old Africa—the Africa of sin and sorrow—began to wind its tentacles around him, and he was speedily becoming the usual bleared-of-eye Negro to whom Jesus Christ is the Great Unmentionable in his unhallowed hut. But he was reckoning without God and the Word of God, which is not bound—did he not still cling to his copy of John's Gospel? One day the guncotton of John's Gospel came in contact with the tinder of his rebellion, and K— was literally exploded into the kingdom. For out from the pages of "John of the Bosom" came the assertive call, "Follow me!" Then it was he entered the new era of reading the Old Book, for was it not a fact that now God was staring out at him from every page, and shouting in his ears? Those rays of light that darted out of Galilee long ago have lighted up these dark glens of Central Africa with gladness. Happy and satisfied, a soul settles for eternity on the living Word of God.

I want to give you one tragic little picture of the spiritual side in Central Africa. One day I had just finished my fifteen miles. I must have been very jaded, for I threw myself down on a log of wood lying in the grass. I did not see a native at my left elbow, for, as I told you, you never do see anything in Africa. Well, I did not see this native, and he growled at me, "You are angry, sir."

"O," I said, turning and dissolving in smiles, "tell me all about it! You seem to know, sir." (In Africa we are all very polite to one another.)

"You are silent," he said, "and that means you are angry."

"What do you mean?" I asked, scenting philosophy.

"Well," he said, "that is the reason why we know that God is angry, because God is silent."

That is the tragedy of those dying millions in Central Africa. They think God is a malignant demon, cold and callous. Stars rise and set, rise and set; up go a million moans from the merciless marshes, and no answer, no answer. God is silent; God is angry. I whipped out my little Bible, and I said to him:—

"You think God is silent? Listen." And I turned to Heb. 1:1: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." And when I read, "God . . . hath in these last days spoken," the man stopped me to ask a question. Can you not guess what it was? "In

these last days?" he said. "Last week, sir?" Then I began to hedge and trim, sneak that I was! But it had to come, and I was obliged to admit that it was nearly two thousand years since God had emptied heaven of his heart's darling, and that all that long, long time America and England had allowed the poor despised Negro to go without the knowledge that God had been revealed in the world, that England and America had apparently forgotten the command, "Go ye into all the world." And I was ashamed.

In closing, let me remind you of the fact—it is probably excellent ecclesiastical history—that when the Lord was staggering under the cross, along the Via Dolorosa to the place on Calvary, they seized upon a Negro, the one who has since become St. Simeon of Cyrene, and they made him bear the cross of Christ up the hill. Three hours afterward our Lord paid him back in kind, for he bore all the burdens of that Negro on the very cross that the Negro had borne for him.

I ask your prayers, my dear friends, for those who are out there on the broad marshes of Central Africa.

The Task

It is easier far to gain control
Over a craft with a score of sails,
Over a gear with a hundred cogs,
Over a raft of a thousand logs,
Over a road with a million rails,
Than over a single soul.

Single I call it, for one it seems,
Housed unseen in a single shell;
Yet its journeys and moods in one brief day,
For all its dungeon of rooted clay,
Wander and grope from heaven to hell,
Swing from morass to the kingdom of dreams.

It is easier far to keep control
Over a jungle's denizen,
Over a river's swelling course,
Over a gale of blinding force,
Over an army of maddened men,
Than over a single soul.

—Richard Butler Glaenser, in *Munsey's Magazine*.

Thanksgiving

Of all the festivals of America, Thanksgiving awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our festivities and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed expectancy. We are seemingly brought back to the cold, bleak autumn of the year 1620. We see the log cabins of the Pilgrims, the first homesteads erected by these hardy pioneers, and that barely in time to shelter them from the approaching snow-storms.

The condition of these poor people on landing is one to cause amazement. It is New England winter, subject to fierce storms, making it dangerous to travel to known places, much more to explore an unknown coast. What can now sustain them but the Spirit of God and his grace?

The Indians of Massasoit's tribe were very friendly and kind to the Pilgrims, and gave them corn, something which no white man had seen before. They also taught the white men how to dig clams on the beach, to shoot fish with the bow and arrow, and how to catch eels by treading them out of the mud. Without this kindness, surely these hardy pioneers would all have perished.

The winter of 1620 passed, and the Pilgrims, having gathered their first crop of corn, enjoyed quite a different autumn in 1621. There was a scene of bustle

and preparation; the Indians from the surrounding country came into the Pilgrim village. A feast of Thanksgiving was to be held. The Pilgrims, and the Indians with Massasoit at their head, sat down to a feast, with hearts overflowing with thankfulness to the God who had preserved them. They ate deer meat, fish, and wild turkey. This was the first Thanksgiving kept in New England.

From that time to the present, a day of Thanksgiving has been kept. Custom has decreed that the last Thursday of November be set aside "as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God." It commemorates that first Thanksgiving. And it also has been made a season for gathering scattered families, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to sever. It calls back the children of a family who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections, there to grow young and loving among the endearing mementos of childhood.

We also feel more sensibly the claim of one another's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on one another for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness, which, when resorted to, yield the pure element of domestic felicity.

ROLAND E. LOASBY.

Thanksgiving

It is gone! All the summer is gone!
But the wild winds are with us still,
And they tell of Almighty Power,
As the blasts sweep low or shrill;
And the birds of passage now
Are safe in the land of song,
As the frosts are on the way
And the ice-king's courage is strong.

It is gone; but the apple-bloom
Over hill, over vale, over dell,
Has left us the rosy fruit;
We are now contented well
To list to the lullaby
Of the winds to the dying year,
For our bins are full of grain
And our hearts are full of cheer.

And the gliding months have sped,
And the trees grown stark and bare,
For the leaves turned yellow and red,
There are only switches there.
But the bins with boon are full,
And the winter comes this way,
And the months of joy await,
And this is Thanksgiving day.

B. F. M. SOURS.

Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.

"Give Cause for Thankfulness"

THE old mottoes "Give thanks" and "Be ye thankful" are common enough, but this was a new one to me—"Give cause for thankfulness." It was not a very artistic motto, for it was done in letters of silver gaily decorated with most brilliant carnations and hung by a blue cord. But I could not get away from its message as it hung that morning on the wall of the room where a young man, perhaps twenty years old, sat day after day doing what seems a woman's work—making flowers. He could not see the flowers he was making or the motto upon the wall, for he was blind. But his mother had hung the card there, and when I talked with her, I felt that the young man,

partially paralyzed and totally blind, who sat there patiently whistling, twisting wires and bits of purple or white, turning out daisies or violets as the case might be, was giving "cause for thankfulness."

"He might make my life so miserable, tied as he is to his chair," said the mother, "but he doesn't complain. He has a laugh that would do you good, and when you go in there feeling cross and discouraged and see him sitting working away so hard, never letting up a minute, but just making flowers from morning till night, you get ashamed of yourself. He never gives trouble. My other two children do. The neighbors used to say he must be a trial, but they never do now. I'm thankful every day of my life that I have him."

A "cause for thankfulness," I said to myself glancing at the cheap card on the wall and then back at the poor fellow so handicapped, yet able to make his mother speak as she had spoken.

All the way back up-town I saw groups of finely dressed, sweet-faced girls, and manly, good-looking boys hurrying home for the Thanksgiving holiday. I could not help contrasting their mothers and the mother I had just left, their homes and the bare room where the young man sat making flowers. And yet I found myself asking as I looked at a golden-haired girl hugging her rich furs about her, "Are you giving 'cause for thankfulness?'" Could your mother say when she saw you at work that all her impatience and discouragements fled? Could she add that she is thankful every day she lives that she has you? If she can, then you have a right to be happy, to enjoy life, to fill it with good times and laughter.

Be Thankful

All young people *ought* to be thankful. *Ought* is a fine, strong word. It has made great men and women for centuries. It is the duty of young people to be thankful, because they *are* young and life is so full of opportunities and pleasures, and there is always, even for those who find circumstances hard, so much for which they may thank the great Giver of all gifts. Young people ought to be thankful because so many contribute to their happiness, are ready to overlook their weaknesses and faults, and to give them a helping hand. "Be thankful" is a most reasonable command.

Give Cause

But the card with its silver letters seemed to suggest that *being* thankful is not enough. It seemed to require that one by his own acts and his daily life give to others a cause for thanksgiving.

There are many young people who give to others cause for anxious thought, some who give cause for long, wakeful nights of worry, some who give cause for bitter tears of disappointment. Sometimes I think there is no greater sorrow than the grief of a fine, strong man, whom all men respect, over a son who has given him cause for shame and bitter disappointment. I know that there are few sorrows harder to bear than that of a mother over a daughter whose selfishness and disregard have given her cause for grief too deep for others to comfort.

But I know many girls who do give "cause for thankfulness." They are a continual cause for gratitude on the part of family and friends.

Elizabeth Davis is one. She is just full of good, wholesome fun. She is thoughtful of others; she assists her mother about the thousand things that must be done in a home as if she really enjoyed it. Her older brother bought a canoe in the spring, and she

helped him fit it up with as much interest as if it were her own. When his friends praised its cushions, he said proudly, "That's Elizabeth's work," just as her father and mother did about cushions for the porch, or rearrangement of the china-closet. When her brother gave her the key to his boat-house, saying, "The canoe is yours any time you want it, Betty," and when father and mother gave her a book of tickets that she might go to town whenever she wished, it seemed but the natural expression of their gratitude for all she means to them. "Elizabeth is my joy," the grandmother tells her friends. "Elizabeth will help us," the younger sister says confidently to her playmates. "O, let's ask Elizabeth; it won't be any fun without her," can be heard in every group of young people planning a good time. It is no wonder that such a girl enjoys living. She is continually giving to some one "cause for thankfulness."

John Dean is a boy of the same sort. He gives cause for thanksgiving to his mother, indeed has made life worth living to her since the day his father died. The Christian Association gives thanks for his splendid, manly presence among the other boys. The head of his firm points to him with pride, and having no son of his own, builds air-castles as to John's future when the business has been learned. There is no sorrow in his mother's heart when she thinks of him, no disappointment in the hearts of the friends who have helped him and hoped much for him. He *gives cause* for thanksgiving.

How much added gratitude, joy, and thanksgiving there might be in the world at this Thanksgiving season if all the young people reading this article were, in their own homes, to "give cause for thankfulness," no one can measure.

To make parents and friends thankful that you live and grateful for your presence among them is worth any effort. To the crowds that filled the streets, that hurried to the lakeside, and to the lonely, troubled men and women he met by the way, our Lord gave "cause for thankfulness."

He has asked us to take up the work he left us—the work of helping all who need; helping in simple ways, even so common a way, he said, as giving a cup of cold water.

Look about you with keen eyes that *see* and at this Thanksgiving season you will find many in your own home, your school or church, to whom you may "give cause for thankfulness."—*Margaret Slattery, in the Wellspring.*

A Campaign Book on Education

As an aid to the campaign in behalf of better educational facilities, the United States Bureau of Education has just issued a bulletin, "Expressions on Education by American Statesmen and Publicists." The book is a collection of notable utterances on education by prominent Americans from the earliest days to the present.

Beginning with Franklin, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, all of whom were firm believers in popular education, the document quotes opinions on education from a long line of distinguished Americans, including John Jay, Madison, Monroe, Albert Gallatin, De Witt Clinton; Archibald Murphey, "father of the North Carolina common school;" Calhoun, Webster, Buchanan; Thaddeus Stevens, the champion of public schools in the early days of Pennsylvania; Edward Everett; George Peabody, the philanthropist; Horace

Mann; and M. B. Lamar, president of the republic of Texas.

Coming to more modern times, the following are represented: William H. Seward; Robert E. Lee, who gave the last years of his life to the cause of education and urged the "thorough education of all classes of the people;" Lincoln, who viewed education as "the most important subject which we as a people can be engaged in;" Charles Sumner; Calvin Wiley, who considered it the lasting honor of his State that "her public schools survived the terrible shock of war;" General Grant, who commended the progress of the public schools in a message to Congress; Rutherford B. Hayes; Senator Benjamin Harvey Hill, of Georgia, who said that "education is the one subject for which no people ever yet paid too much;" William Henry Ruffner, of Virginia; J. L. M. Curry, who considered it "the prime business and duty of each generation to educate the next;" Henry W. Grady; Grover Cleveland; Governor Aycock, who fell dead at Birmingham, Alabama, with the word "education" on his lips; and other leading Americans who have urged the extension of educational opportunities, frequently in the face of strong opposition.

A few conspicuous men now living are given space in the bulletin for their utterances on education. There are significant passages from Pres. Woodrow Wilson and former Presidents Roosevelt and Taft; from Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard; from Ambassador Walter H. Page, who has been one of the leaders in the educational regeneration in the South; Charles W. Dabney, president of the University of Cincinnati; Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia; James B. Frazier, of Tennessee; Dean Liberty H. Bailey, of Cornell; and Pres. Edwin A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia.

That Which Does Not Belong to You

SHOULD a prophet arise in our day and speak with all boldness the message of truth, he would say much about the giving up of sin. Undoubtedly he would cry, "Give to God that which does not belong to you. Give to him your sins, which are his, for has he not bought them with a great price, even the sacrifice of his only begotten Son?" And he would cry out the truth, for Jesus Christ gave "himself for our sins." Having given himself for them, to him they belong by right of purchase, and he is exceedingly desirous of obtaining his own property. When sins are given to their rightful owner, he casts them behind his back; he blots them out as a thick cloud; as far as the east is from the west so far does he remove them from us; the ocean's depth receives them.

For sin, in exchange for sin, he gives righteousness,—not the righteousness of the best man that ever lived, not the righteousness of the highest angel in glory, not these, but the righteousness of God himself. God made Christ to be sin for us (and our sins were borne to the cross), that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. God's righteousness will bear us to the throne of glory as surely as it did the Lord Jesus himself.

Which do you have, that which does not belong to you, sin, or the righteousness of God, which is offered to you in exchange for your sin? Sin retained means eternal ruin; righteousness received means eternal glory. You alone can answer this question, and on its answer depends your eternal destiny.

JOHN N. QUINN.



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



Home Authority



R. GEORGE R. STUART, one of our well-known evangelists and temperance lecturers, in a recent sermon related the following example of God's providence, or care over him, as revealed through obedience to parental authority:—

"I am profoundly thankful above all things for the fact that I had a good mother,— a mother who, when she said, 'George, you shall not,' I did not. If I did, then she did. I owe all that I am, morally and religiously, to the authority of a good mother. I also owe my life to that authority. I give this little history, which is sacred to me:—

"Some years ago I and three other young men planned a trip to Europe. We had read and talked and planned for months. A few months before we were to start, I mentioned the trip to my mother, who, since my father's death, has made her home with me, and it has been my sweetest pleasure to give her the sunniest and best room in my home. When I mentioned the trip, she said: 'George, I am getting old; you are my only stay; I am afraid of the ocean; I cannot let you go while I live. Wait till I am gone, and then you can go to Europe.'

"I thought it was mere sentiment with mother, and that I would get all things ready for the trip, and that in the kindness of her heart she would yield her consent. I had made arrangements, temporarily, to have my father-in-law take care of my wife and children, and all things were ready for the trip. A short while before we were ready to start I stated in the presence of my mother: 'Well, we are off soon for Europe.' She looked up and said: 'What is that, George?' I said: 'We have everything ready, the trip is all organized, and we start for Europe soon.' Straightening up in her chair, she looked me straight in the face and said:—

"'George, I told you once I did not want you to go. I have thought over this trip and prayed over it, and I cannot give my consent for you to go; and now I tell you so that you will understand it: *you shall not go.*'

"I said: 'Mother, do not put it that way.' I tried to argue the question, saying, 'It is one of the sweetest hopes of my life that you are crushing.'

"She said: 'George, I have prayed over it; my mind is made up. We will not discuss it; you shall not go, and that settles it.'

"And when she said that, I knew that it did settle it, and surrendered what to me was one of the most pleasant hopes of my life. I hunted up my companions, and said: 'I'm not in it.' They excitedly exclaimed: 'What's the matter?' I said: 'Mother won't let me go.' They said: 'Are you not twenty-one, married and got children, and yet tied to your mother's apron-strings?' I said: 'I would not cross the Atlantic Ocean against my mother's wishes for a million dollars.'

"A few days later I got a letter from Brother Jones, asking me to accompany him on a trip to Canada. The following week we were plowing across Lake Ontario. It was a bright day. Brother Jones, wife, and I were sitting on the deck of the vessel, and as she plowed the blue waters, I said: 'This is glorious. How I wish it were on the Atlantic, and I were headed for Europe! I shall always feel that mother was a little harsh in breaking up my European trip.' Brother Jones said, 'Well, old friend, the whales might have gotten you in the Atlantic;' and we dropped the subject.

"On our return, as we were going in to the supper-table at Buffalo, New York, Brother Jones bought the *New York World*. Just as we reached the dining-room door, he said: 'George, there has been a terrible railroad wreck at Thaxton, Virginia. My! what a list of the killed!' Looking at the list, I saw 'Cleveland, Tennessee.' I snatched the paper from his hand and read, while my blood ran cold: 'John M. Hardwick, Cleveland, Tennessee, killed and burned; William Marshall, Cleveland, Tennessee, killed and burned; Willie Steed, Cleveland, Tennessee, killed and burned.' I threw up my hands and said: 'O Sam, the next name would have been "George R. Stuart, Cleveland, Tennessee, killed and burned," but for the authority of my precious mother!'

"We turned from our journey and came immediately home. I found my little town gathered about the streets, and sadness resting like a cloud upon the whole place. As I walked up the street the mother of one of the boys, in whose home I had boarded in other days (she was almost as a mother to me), ran out on the street and said: 'O George, if I only had the body of my precious boy!' When I reached the gate, I saw my mother come running; she threw her arms around me and said: 'Thank God! my boy is safe.' And I said: 'Mother, I never missed it when I took your advice. I am sure I shall take it from this to the grave.' I found I had never learned what God meant when he said: 'Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' Home authority has saved life, and it has saved character and saved thousands of souls; for the lack of it the world is going to destruction.

"But home authority is worth little without home example."

Not a Black Sheep Among Them

A WOMAN who had reared seven noble Christian sons, with not a black sheep in the fold, was asked by an old friend how she did it. She replied, "I did it with prayer and hickory." Two better instruments were never used. I do not mean to encourage the brutal punishment of children, but when solid piety and wholesome authority go hand in hand, obedient and pious children follow. Example and authority go

together. God knew that Abraham would *command* his children *after* him.

How many wayward boys all over this country might be saved by the proper combination of wholesome authority and a godly example!—*Record of Christian Work.*

A Pan-Prohibition Educational Council

ONE hundred of the leading men of our country made a call for the temperance forces of the United States to send delegates to a convention to be held at Columbus, Ohio, on November 14, at the close of the great Anti-Saloon Convention.

Among those making this appeal for a meeting to consider questions relating to the great temperance educational campaign to be inaugurated throughout the country are Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Hon. Clinton A. Howard, Gov. Robert E. Glenn, J. H. Kellogg, Dr. Francis E. Clark, Gov. E. W. Hoch, John G. Woolley, Booker T. Washington, and Senator Morris Sheppard.

The objects of the nation-wide campaign are to create a greater sentiment against the traffic in the cities, the great centers of population, and to call into existence more intelligent and aggressive cooperation upon the part of the reform forces in the rural sections.

One fourth of all the people in the United States now living in license territory live in *six* cities. In all the sixteen States of the Southland, there are said to be fewer saloons than in the single city of Chicago, while there are *thirty-six* States of the Union where the aggregate number of saloons is less than the number existing in New York City.

Our cities certainly need to be educated. Should we not have a very noticeable part in this nation-wide campaign inaugurated by the temperance forces of the country? I believe we shall.

Education Notes

DETROIT has appropriated \$8,000 for school dental inspection and clinics in 1913-14.

Fresno, California, has a model open-air school building costing less than \$500.

Students at Hopkins Academy, Hadley, Massachusetts, learn to work concrete as a regular part of their course in agriculture.

In a group of 25 boys taking "part-time" agricultural work in five agricultural schools in Massachusetts last year, 2 earned more than \$300 each, 12 more than \$200, and only 3 less than \$100, from their farm produce.

As a result of a vigorous corn campaign waged by the Philippine bureau of education at Manila, there has been a decided increase in the production of corn, and a large decrease in the use of rice, formerly the chief article of diet in the archipelago.

Comparisons based on a butter-scoring contest so aroused the citizens of Rome, South Carolina, that they have erected a dairy barn and milk-room on the grounds of the local school, in order that the children may learn dairying as a regular part of their school work. Accommodations have been provided for five cows. Boys and girls of the seventh and eighth grades are studying the best methods of dairying under the direction of an extension worker from Clemson Agricultural College.



What Boys Have Done for the World



EVERY one is familiar with the picture of James Watt, the boy, sitting by the kitchen fire, and gazing thoughtfully at the hissing steam from the kettle. Whatever of allegory there is about that picture, there is nothing but absolute truth in the story of the boy's early and studious experiments with steam, and its peculiarities of evaporation and condensation, which afterward led to his improvements in the stationary engine, and placed England in the lead as a power-producing, manufacturing country.

George Stephenson's first job was as a valve-boy on a mine pumping-engine, the steam admission valves of those early days being worked by hand in unison with the stroke of the piston-rod. The boy Stephenson attached a cord to the beam, and, at the lower end, suspended a short bar of iron in such a manner as to trip the valve at the proper instant. For that he was abused by the engine tender, who accused him of laziness; but the simple idea found root in the brain of the overseer, and a year later the engine was fitted with the first automatic valve ever designed. Samuel Smiles, Stephenson's biographer, has said that this juvenile attempt at a self-acting valve was the leading idea of one of the improvements which later made possible Stephenson's fine development of the locomotive.

Every page of this magazine could be filled with detailed accounts of boys' ideas which have developed into real inventions, or useful improvements on existing apparatus, while some of them have resulted in great progress in the industrial world. The electric generator, or dynamo, was actually due to an experiment by a sixteen-year-old boy.

Professor Henry, a scientist of fame in the first half of the last century, had experimented exhaustively in electricity, endeavoring to get, from chemical batteries, a current that could be commercially used. But he could not sufficiently reduce the expense of the chemicals. He discarded a group of revolving magnets as useless, giving it to his son as a plaything. After the boy had amused himself with twirling it, and adjusting it in accordance with his own ideas, he secured one of the little testing instruments—a galvanometer—used by the professor for detecting the electric current, and hooking on the wires in the way he had seen his father attach them, he continued twirling the magnets. While he was doing this, the professor entered the room, and was astonished to see the needle of the galvanometer drawn to one side, showing the existence of an electric current. This had never before been produced by such magnets without the use of a chemical battery. Within two hours, Professor Henry had attached the discarded magnets to a lathe, and by quick, steady revolutions, produced a current and an amazing spark. The true dynamic electric generator had been discovered!

When it is considered that every electric power plant, every electric-lighting plant, and every electric railway in the world are based upon that boy's play-hour revelation of the possibility of making an electric current without the use of chemicals, this little-known instance of what boys have done for the world is entitled to a very high place.

In 1830, Obed Hussey, of Ohio, was inventing a reaping-machine, the first ever designed in this country. His chief difficulty was the cutting device, which was three large sickles, set in a frame and revolved so as to cut into the grain. It would not work satisfactorily. A young son, watching the experiments, asked his father why he did not use a lot of big scissors, with one handle fastened to one bar, and the other handle to a sliding bar, thus opening and closing them. Hussey instantly adopted the idea, substituting for scissors the two saw-toothed blades which are in common use today on harvesters, the cutting action being quite similar to that of scissors.

From that boy's suggestion he perfected, in one week, a machine on which he had in vain exercised all his ingenuity for the preceding two years. The principle of that cutting device is the principle of all the great harvesting machines, and its benefit to the farming industry of the entire world has been unsurpassed by any other invention for use on the farm.

Then there is Edison! Thomas Alva Edison—the wizard who has conjured out of nothingness the graphophone, the stock ticker, the incandescent lamp, and a hundred other marvels. Edison's development as an expert in electricity was not due to lectures and study in a technical college, or to association with scientific men during a business career. It was due to his persistent and thorough investigations while he was still a paper-and-candy boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad; sweeping and cleaning a station in payment for being taught telegraphy; saving, scraping, and earning extra dimes and quarters by hard work, in order to get the money to buy his little experimental apparatus; the butt of trainmen, yardmen, and cheap operators, until his inches reached the measure of his brains, and insured more considerate treatment. His splendid qualities of perseverance, unwearied patience over details, love for the work itself and infinite confidence in its possibilities, were as dominant in the trainboy as they are in the man of today.

The boy is hidden in the man, and his early achievements are quite often unrecorded by his friends or by the world.—*St. Nicholas for November, 1913.*

Of What Man Is Made

WHAT a piece of work is a man! and he has been reduced to his essentials. A 150-pound human being is worth £1 11s 3d [\$9.73] in terms of his constituent elements. "His fat is worth 10s 5d; of the iron there is hardly enough to make a nail an inch long. There is sufficient lime to whitewash a pretty good-sized chicken-house. The phosphorus would be sufficient to put heads on 2,200 matches, and there is enough magnesium to make a pretty firework. The average human body contains enough albumen for 100 eggs. There are possibly a teaspoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt." Of such material is our clay compounded.—*Medical Press.*

Automobile Tire Made of Horsehair

PATENTS for an automobile tire to be made of compressed horsehair have been taken out by a French inventor. The horsehair is made into sheets or bands and wound around a core, which may be of either solid or hollow metal, the whole being covered with canvas. The purpose of this invention is to provide resiliency without the use of a rubber air-tube.—*Selected.*

This and That

Aluminum-Soled Shoes for Laborers

SHOES with aluminum soles are now made for farmers and laborers who are required to work in water or on damp floors. The top of the shoe is of leather, and the sole is a continuous piece of aluminum, covering the entire bottom and folding up along the sides. Between the foot and the metal is a heavy felt in-sole, and the heel has a core of wood to decrease its weight. Lack of flexibility in the sole is made up for by a bar under the ball of the foot, which gives a buoyant roll to the step and prevents flat-footed walking. Aluminum is used in preference to any other metal because it combines lightness and great durability.



ALUMINUM SOLES.

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How Indians Made Flint Arrow-Heads

The old Indian art of making flint arrow-heads was not so difficult as is usually imagined. White men are making "old and genuine" Indian arrow-heads now for commercial purposes, and by the old Indian methods. Flint is not chipped with stone or with metal, but with water. When an Indian wished to make an arrow-head, he held a piece of flint in a fire until it was very hot, and then allowed a drop of water to drip from the end of a stick upon the spot to be chipped away. The sudden cooling made the flint chip off immediately. Some cunning is of course necessary in the shaping of the arrow-head, but the old Indian method is the best that has been found.



MAKING ARROW-HEADS

Hindu Juggler Supported on Bayonet Points

One of the many seemingly incredible feats performed by Hindu jugglers is that of supporting a man on the points of bayonets. The man is raised on a framework of bamboo, which is removed as soon as the bayonet points are properly placed in contact with the body. It is said that as long as the man lies rigid there is no danger of injury, but that if he moves slightly he is likely to be pierced by one of the bayonets, on the same principle that a razor blade may be

pressed against the flesh without cutting if it is held absolutely still. Having experimented from childhood, doubtless calloused spots have developed that are tough enough to withstand sharp-pointed bayonets.—*Popular Mechanics.*



JUGGLER SUPPORTED ON BAYONETS

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Grandma's Thanksgiving

INA MARCHUS ROBISON



RANDMA was thinking. The gentle silvery head nestled dreamily against the broad chimney, her glasses pushed back upon her brow, while the wrinkled old hands lay quietly in her lap. She was seemingly unmindful of the half-finished stocking beneath them.

"Thanksgiving day! Could it be possible? Yes, it must be," thought grandma, as she gazed out of the window upon the landscape before her. It seemed as if Mother Nature herself had remembered the day, and accordingly had attired Earth in a beautiful gown of white — the first snow of the season.

Away in the distance came the faint jingle, jingle, of the bells, on a sleigh as it glided over the soft snow, and presently the solemn tolling of a bell caused grandmother to straighten and clasp her hands as if charmed by a sudden burst of music.

"Ah, they are going to church," she murmured, "just as Henry and I used to do." (Henry was grandpa, you know.) How the kind old face lighted up as she lived those days over again! The old gray mare, the bob-sleigh, the shaded road to the church on the hill, and finally the little mound in the churchyard — and grandma's tears flowed unrestrained at memory of those bygone days.

"It's all so different now," she sighed, "since I came to live with Jack in this big house. Of course they are all good to me, but it's so different. Now there's Margaret. She is a dear girl, but her time and thoughts are so taken up with her music and school work, and all the merrymaking they have nowadays, that I fear she has little time left for the Master and his work. But she is a dear girl," finished grandma, as she thought of the many times Margaret had left her work or music to run up-stairs with some fresh flowers, or to show grandma some new book or fancy work, and tell her all the bits of news or interesting items she had saved for her during the day.

Grandma's thoughts went rambling on to Morris, the merry-hearted, rough-and-tumble boy of the family, when suddenly she heard a pair of big feet coming up the stairs two steps at a time, and Morris's voice calling, "Come, grandma, put on your bonnet and take a ride with me. The fresh air will do you good." He saw that she was well wrapped, and helped her down to the sleigh, tucking her in snugly with the warm robes. As they turned down the road leading to the beautiful river, of which they caught glimpses now and then through the branches of the bare trees, grandma forgot "those other days" in the keen enjoyment of the present hour.

In the big house left behind all was hurry and excitement. Mrs. Gray and Sarah (the hired girl) were busy preparing a feast for all the relatives who were coming to give grandma a Thanksgiving surprise. This vegetarian dinner would be a novelty to some of

her guests, so Mrs. Gray was doing her utmost to make it a splendid success. Just at the most critical moment, when careful supervision was most needed, the door-bell rang. Margaret was away on an errand, and so Mrs. Gray had to hasten to the door, leaving the precious viands to the tender mercies of fate — and Sarah.

The caller proved to be old Mrs. Squire, the neighborhood gossip, who started in immediately upon one of her favorite subjects, her son's wife.

For a few minutes all went well, but alas and alack! Suspicious noises from the kitchen and the aroma of burning pumpkin caused Mrs. Gray to fly to the rescue, leaving the astonished Mrs. Squire to unburden her mind to an empty room.

Confusion reigned in the kitchen. Sarah was in tears over the poor, black pies; the dish of cranberries had sought refuge upon the floor, blissfully ignorant of the dire results of such a course; and little Bobby gurgled delightedly as he plunged his chubby fingers into the delicious cake dough.

A less courageous spirit would have despaired, but not Mrs. Gray. She set to work with a will, and with Margaret's and Sarah's help not a trace of the morning's disasters was left to tell the tale as Mr. Gray drove up with the big sleigh full of guests.

A few minutes later grandma arrived, and was well-nigh overwhelmed with the surprise and joy of seeing all her loved ones again. How they all chatted and laughed at once, and what a pretty picture it was to see them all gathered about the bountifully spread table! The house rang with laughter as the older ones told tales of their happy childhood days.

After dinner, the young people and children hurried off to the kitchen, leaving grandma to gather her family about her, by the cheery fireplace, as in days of yore. As they chatted happily, the children were busy packing the baskets that were to go to their less favored neighbors. What fun it was to stuff those baskets with good things, and then to imagine little crippled Peter's face as he peeked under the lid, or to hear Widow Brown's stammered words of thanks. The look on their eager faces as they scrambled into the sleigh, beside the big baskets, seemed to say again, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The happy day closed with song and music. Each heart was full of happiness and gratitude, and each head was bowed as grandmother's sweet voice arose in a prayer of praise and thanksgiving for the tender mercy and care of the Great Shepherd.

When at last the gay house had grown silent, and only the distant hooting of the owl could be heard through the glistening moonlight, grandma's thoughts once more caught up the threads of the morning's reverie, and she murmured dreamily: "He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. . . . My cup runneth over."

A Ribbon Story

It is not necessary that I give you my early history, but I shall begin at the point where I found myself nicely wound on a little cylinder with an equal quantity of paper to keep me away from myself, snugly packed in a box with many companions, and set on the counter of a store in a California city. A pencil mark on the end of the cylinder, I afterward learned, was to show that forty cents a yard was the price to be paid for me.

Since I had no feelings, how could I object to being cut in several pieces to suit the wants of purchasers, for no one would buy the whole of me.

The first one attracted by my bright colors, and who purchased a part of me, I afterward learned by intimate association, was obliged to do without clothing of sufficient warmth and comfort, even wearing ragged hose. (Shoes will cover such things easily enough.) She thought that she really needed two yards of me with which to dress her hair, and so exchanged eighty cents for that amount.

One after another purchased a few yards for covering the tresses of beautiful hair given them as an ornament. Sometimes we forget that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

What surprised me most was that I should be purchased by a girl who thinks she has been converted to the love of Jesus and understands he is soon to return to earth to take her to the home he is now preparing for those who are making sacrifices that all may learn of the blessed

news and get ready to go with him. In fact, she is talking of going to some heathen field as a missionary. But—would you believe it?—she paid the merchant \$1.20 for enough of me to make a respectable

bow for her hair. When she wore me to church I really felt out of place. Just think of the number of Testaments she might have bought instead. I felt that the words pride, foolishness, love of show, extravagance, selfishness, worldliness, vanity, and inconsistency were written on me and

might be many times repeated. Poor girl! had she wrapped me around her bare arms, no doubt she would have been more comfortable.

While my principal business is to help people manifest pride, yet I have no more respect for professed Christians who by their attire and general demeanor are aping the world in its foolishness. Why not leave out the Christian name and part, taking the world in its entirety, or else give to Jesus the whole of life and its best efforts?

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

A PILLOW FIGHT

HELEN ADAIR

Ha, ha! I have thought of the jolliest plan!
Come, Towser, old sport, and I'll tell you:
You know our gay pillow fights with Cousin Dan—
You wouldn't, and then he'd compel you;
You wouldn't go out, so he'd drive you away
With mother's big, downiest pillow,
Until you would flee, in the greatest dismay,
And hide, on the lawn, by the willow.

Now that's the way Satan does ('scuse me, old boy).
He's hanging around me forever,
A-trying to hinder, and tempt, and annoy,
And keep me from all good endeavor.
I want to help mother, because she is sick:
"A girl-boy! a girl-boy!" he hisses.
I tell you, old fellow, it cuts to the quick—
And then he stands there and throws kisses!

I've thought of a plan, though; I know it will work:
I'll make my own bed, just to spite him;
I'll help my dear mother, and learn not to shirk;
With blankets and pillows I'll fight him.
Here goes all the bedding right out on the line
That's stretched from the old weeping willow.
Huh! see him already slink off, with a whine,
As you did when Dan threw the pillow.

Sit down, sir, and listen a moment to me,
While blankets and sheets are a-flopping;
A dog with one eye should be able to see
How senseless it is, without stopping.
This notion that boys shouldn't do women's work
Is straight from his lowness the devil;
It teaches a boy to be selfish, and shirk,
And do things not quite on the level.

The men who have really made life a success
Are those who were kind to their mothers;
But those who the "promise commandment" transgress
Will always give place to their brothers.
The Saviour did work for his mother while here;
And wasn't he just the right sample?
He let the old tempter and fellows all jeer,
And I'm going to take his example.

A "girl-boy," indeed! Could a girl do like this—
Turn mattress without help from mother?
(I might as well see that there's nothing amiss,
With half the job left for another.)
Now, where is the pad? Come, Towser, let's run,
And see who will beat to the pillow;
When loaded, let's play I'm a packhorse, for fun,
With camping outfit, and a pillow.

Here goes on the pad, with but one single flop,
Then sheets—(What's that rule, now, I wonder?
O, "Right sides together, wide hems at the top!"
That kept me from making a blunder.)
Now blanket and quilt, w-a-y under you go,
So feet can't get out before morning;
And counterpane, you must hang straight, don't you know?
And pillows, you're crowns for adorning.

Now, Towser, own up; wasn't that as much fun
As racing the dusty hills over?
And think of the victory you and I won
O'er Satan, who slunk back to cover!
If he goes to call me a "girl-boy" again,
I'll help mother dear more than ever;
With blanket and pillow I'll drive him to den;
I'll yield to him never, no, never!

Correct Brushing of Teeth

For proper cleansing of the mouth two brushes are necessary. One should be moderately stiff, and slightly concave in the center, as this shape fits the mouth better. The bristles should be uneven, for then they fit in between the teeth easier. A smaller-sized brush, of even, soft bristles, is required for the tongue.

First flood the mouth with clear, tepid water, forcing it back through the mouth and teeth; then wet the tooth-brush and dip it in whatever cleanser is used for the teeth. Now brush the teeth several times crosswise and then several times up and down, and be sure that the edges at the gums receive due attention.

For this reason it is wise never to purchase a stiff brush, as brushes of this sort are apt to cause sore and bleeding gums.

Next give the inside of the teeth a good and thor-

ough brushing. Neglect of this precaution often causes caries or decay germs, even when the outside of the teeth is given proper attention.

Now dissolve a teaspoonful of baking-soda in a small tumbler full of water, dip the small, soft brush in it and scrub the tongue vigorously with the solution. The same mixture is excellent for forcing in through the teeth and rinsing them and the mouth, as it destroys acids, which are dangerous if allowed to remain long in the mouth. So for this reason a larger quantity could be mixed at one time. If for any reason there seems to be an aversion to a brush for the tongue, old bits of soft linen may be substituted for the brush.

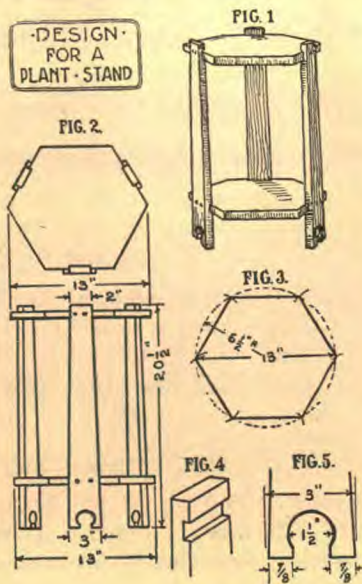
If you would have good teeth that are strong and beautiful, do not begrudge them their share of daily attention. Do not neglect the tooth-brush at night-time. Do not allow tartar to form. Have the dentist examine the teeth at least once every six months. Do not crack nuts nor bite brittle candy nor threads with your teeth. Follow this advice, and you will be well repaid.—*Selected.*

Plant-Stand

HERE is a plant-stand of simple design which will be very nice for the porch in summer. There are two units, that is, only two pieces of different shape. One of these is the shelf piece, of which there are two, the other the leg, of which there are three.

The material used is quartered oak or yellow pine, one inch thick in the rough and a little less when dressed down. Order it from the mill planed and sandpapered on all sides. Two boards 7 inches wide and 28 inches long are glued together, and two circles 13 inches in diameter are inscribed on the same. Fig. 3 illustrates this. Each of the eight sides of the octagonal disk will be $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. In this part of the work, which is the simplest, great care is necessary. Mark out the whole thing before you touch it with a saw. Use a fine-tooth saw, work slowly, and sandpaper the edges to a fine degree of smoothness. Wrap the sandpaper around a flat block and rub it slowly, using long firm strokes. The legs are 3 inches wide at the base and 2 inches wide at the top. The circular piece cut out of the bottom is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. It is first marked and then either bored out with an extension bit or sawed with a scroll-saw. More patience than skill is needed to insure a good job. The groove at the top, as shown in Fig. 4, is first marked out, and then sawed to a depth of one-quarter inch, the loosened piece being taken out with a wood chisel.

The parts are fastened together with round-headed blue screws. Bore a hole for each screw as big as the shank, or that part of the screw that would still be left if the thread were stripped and filed flat. This is a good point to remember, for it applies to all wood-work.



If you used yellow pine, finish by giving a first coat of varnish thinned one half, a second coat thinned one eighth, and a last coat just as it comes from the can. For oak, first fill the pores of the wood with filler in paste form of the shade you like, then varnish and polish with wax, rottenstone, or rubbing-oil. You will like the appearance if you use pains.—*American Boy Magazine.*

Virtues of Tobacco

THERE lies before me a newspaper bearing date of Oct. 17, 1827. The name of the paper is the *Geneva Palladium*. It was published in Geneva, New York. In it is an article with the foregoing title, credited to the Richmond (New York) *Enquirer*. The article reads as follows:—

"Tobacco is constituted and composed of the richest, strongest, and most delicious, and also the most delightful ingredients. The alcohol or spirit, the oils, and opium, the sugar or saccharine matter, the mucilaginous wax and gums, the acids and niter, with several other volatile salts, etc., all so harmoniously combined, constitute the richest and most delicious compound ever engendered and generated in any plant. No wonder, then, that all classes of every country and clime, from the savage to the civilized part of mankind, should take delight in its use. It forms the traveler's companion and the philosopher's aid. It is the old bachelor's antidote, the epicure's last resort, and sailors' and soldiers' third daily ration. It keeps open the sentinel's eye; and besides medical and many other good effects, it cheers the watchman in the silence of the night. Wonderful weed of American origin!"

With all the light shining at the present time relative to the evil effects of tobacco using, one would almost regard the foregoing as a burlesque. Not so in that time. This article occupies a prominent place among the solid instructions of the journal. I presume none of the readers of the *INSTRUCTOR* will be in danger of experimenting to get the recommended luxury of tobacco using.

Let us place by the side of this old-time article, the following from Dr. Joel Shew's "Tobacco Diseases," pages 4-6:—

"Numerous experiments have also been made upon brute animals, proving the poisonous nature of tobacco. A single drop of nicotin (oil of tobacco) has been found to kill a dog, and small birds have quickly perished at the approach of a tube containing it. Dr. Mussey ascertained, by experiment, that two drops of the oil of tobacco, placed on the tongue of a cat that had been brought up, as it were, in the midst of tobacco smoke, destroyed life in three or four minutes. Three drops rubbed on the tongue of a full-grown cat killed it in less than three minutes. One drop destroyed a half-grown cat in five minutes. Two drops on the tongue of a red squirrel destroyed it in one minute. A small puncture made in the tip of the nose with a surgeon's needle bedewed with the oil of tobacco, caused death in six minutes. Two drops of nicotin, injected into the jugular vein of a dog, has been found to act in ten seconds, proving fatal in two minutes and a half.

"Smoking, in consequence of the empyreumatic oil generated in the process of burning, is more violent in its action than either chewing or snuffing, and, if long continued at a time, invariably ends in death."

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.



M. E. KERN *General Secretary*
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Society Study for Sabbath, November 29

Thanksgiving Service

Suggestions for the Program

REVIEW Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music or an appropriate recitation; report of work.

Every society (in counsel with the conference secretary) will be left to plan its own Thanksgiving program. However, appropriate articles on this subject, written for this occasion, appear in the INSTRUCTOR.

Be determined to have a good service that will help each young person in your church to make this resolution his own:—

"I have promised God that no matter what comes, I will live on the mountaintop, above worries, above repining, discouragement, and resentment."

The person who is thankful to God for all that comes is the person who lives "on the mountaintop."

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 7—Lesson 8: "From Exile to Overthrow," Chapters 23-25

1. WHAT conditions prevailed in Judea at this time? Before whom was Paul brought, and how did the trial end? To whom did he finally appeal?

2. What predictions of Christ began to be fulfilled at this time? Who warned the people of coming calamity, and what did the Christians do?

3. What did the Greeks do to show their disrespect of the Jewish worship in Cæsarea? How did Agrippa endeavor to quiet the Jews under their provocations? What effect did this appeal have?

4. How did Eleazar act toward foreigners at this time, and with what result? What acts of violence were then perpetrated? What did the Syrian Roman governor do at this time?

5. In order to prevent more bloodshed, what did Agrippa again do? How were his efforts received?

6. What fear now took possession of the Jews? What did Cestius do, and what opportunity did this give the Christians in the city?

Junior No. 6—Lesson 8: "The Black-Bearded Barbarian," Chapter 11

1. WHAT great trouble now came to Formosa? How did the Chinese look upon Mr. Mackay and all Christian natives at this time? What did Mr. Mackay do?

2. During the riot, what seemed to be the chief joy of the Chinese after the French began their bombardment?

3. What did they write on the ruins of one church building? Was this true? What scripture comes to your mind proving such a statement to be false?

4. During this dreadful time, what spirit did the Formosan Christians show?

5. Tell how Mr. and Mrs. Mackay showed their faith in God and their loyalty to the work and people during this experience.

6. What followed next? On his next visit through the country what cheered his heart greatly?

7. In beginning the work of restoration after the French had left, what request was made of the Chinese commander, and how did he respond?

8. Do opposition and persecution ever hinder the Lord's work? What text can you cite in proof of this?

Misjudged

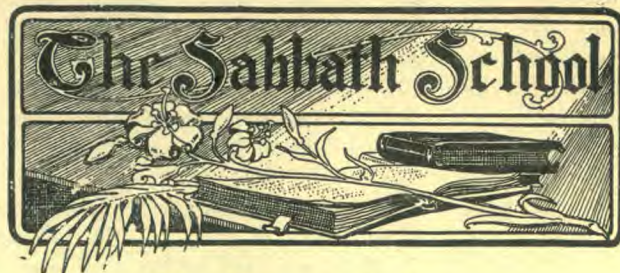
In the early part of the nineteenth century a miser died in Marseilles, France. All his life he had been a niggard, and had practised habits of the direst penury. No man cared to call him friend. He died. His will was opened, and it contained these words: "From my childhood I have observed that the poor of Marseilles,

my native city, have suffered for want of pure water, which could be obtained only at great cost, and I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to earn sufficient means to give to them that blessed boon, and I here direct that the whole of my fortune of five million francs shall be employed in building and supplying an aqueduct for their use." At last he was understood; his almost brutal fight for money was not an end, but a means to an end. His name is immortal. His unselfish service for the greater welfare of the helpless poor of his native city drew all men unto him.

Love, then, is the measure of the worth of a man. The young man, whatever his life-work may be,—whether in ways of knowledge or invention; discovery, philosophy, or science; religion, art, or wealth, whatever it may be,—can be ranked with the men of worth only in so far as love shall dominate and inspire him. Thus dominated and inspired, he shall stand with the kings of the earth; with Joseph and John; with Solon and Cicero; with Chrysostom and Savonarola; with Bacon and Newton; with Philip the Good; with Wilberforce and Gladstone; with Faraday and Agassiz; with Froebel and Horace Mann; with Washington and Lincoln; with Peabody, who gave of his millions to the grinding poor of London that palsied limbs might be strong again, and sinking hearts rise again, and white lips glow again as the rose, and the toilers who toil as prisoners toil for crime might have each day, as all their own, glimpses of blue sky and breath of meadows and bits of bonny woodland and flowers and books and health and life.—*James Hedley, in Success.*

Foolish Indifference

A SPOT is pointed out at Niagara Falls from which a father threw his little girl headlong into the seething torrent, without having the slightest thought of doing so. He took her in his arms and gave her a playful swing out over the abyss merely to see if it would frighten her. The child, in a paroxysm of fear, gave a sudden jerk and fell with a shriek into the great abyss. You say he had no business to trifle with her in that way. No more have you to trifle with your soul by swinging it out in foolish indifference over the great chasm of eternity.—*Selected.*



IX—Moses on the Mount

(November 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 24.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 311-314.

MEMORY VERSE: "All the words which the Lord hath said will we do." Ex. 24: 3.

Questions

1. After speaking the ten commandments to all the people, what further instruction did God give Moses? Note 1.

2. Whom had the Lord asked Moses to bring with him up into the mountain? Where were they to worship? Who only went near the Lord? Ex. 24: 1, 2; note 2.

3. When Moses told the people all the words which God had told him, what did they say all together? Verse 3.

4. What did Moses then do? What did he build? Verse 4.

5. What were certain young men chosen to do? Verse 5.

6. What did Moses do with the blood of the offering? Verse 6.

7. What did he read to the people? What did they again promise to do? Verse 7; note 3.

8. What did Moses then do with the blood in the basins? What did he say to the people? Verse 8. How is this ceremony referred to in the New Testament? Heb. 9: 19, 20; note 4.

9. What invitation did Moses again receive from the Lord? What did God promise to give him? Ex. 24: 12.

10. Who went with Moses into the mount? Verse 13.

11. Who were left in charge of the camp? Verse 14.

12. What covered the mount? After Moses went up into the mount, how long was it before the Lord called him to come to him? Verse 16; note 5.

13. How did the top of the mount appear to the eyes of the children of Israel down in the plain? Verse 17.

14. How long was Moses in the mount with God? Verse 18.

15. Were the six days of waiting counted in the forty days? Note 6.

16. Where was Joshua while Moses was with God? Note 7.

17. In accordance with his promise, what did God give to Moses? Verse 12; Ex. 31: 18; 32: 15, 16.

18. What else did God give Moses during that forty days? Note 8.

Notes

1. In Exodus, chapters 21-23, the Lord gave Moses instructions as to how the principles of the ten commandments applied to the daily life. These precepts were given privately to Moses, and he was to tell them to the people. He was also to write them in a book.

2. "While the people worshiped at its foot, these chosen men were called up into the mount. The seventy elders were to assist Moses in the government of Israel, and God put upon them his Spirit, and honored them with a view of his power and greatness."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 312.*

3. The words of the Lord which the people had promised to obey were written in a book. This was called the "book of the covenant."

4. This act of Moses in sprinkling the blood upon the book and the people after they had promised to obey all that was written in the book, was to show that they chose Jehovah to be their God and King, and that God chose them to be his people. How well it would have been if Israel had been always true to God! Isa. 48: 18.

5. "For six days the cloud covered the mountain as a token of God's special presence; yet there was no revelation of himself or communication of his will. During this time, Moses remained in waiting for a summons to the presence-chamber of the Most High. He had been directed, 'Come up to me into the mount, and be there,' and though his patience and obedience were tested, he did not grow weary of watching, nor forsake his post. This period of waiting was to him a time of preparation, of close self-examination. Even this favored servant of God could not at once approach into his presence, and endure the exhibitions of his glory. Six days must be employed in devoting himself to God by searching of heart, meditation, and prayer, before he could be prepared for direct communion with his Maker. Upon the seventh day, which was the Sabbath, Moses was called up into the cloud."—*Id., page 313.*

6. "And Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights.' The forty days' tarry in the mount did not include

the six days of preparation. During the six days, Joshua was with Moses, and together they ate of the manna, and drank of 'the brook that descended out of the mount.'"—*Ib.*

7. "But Joshua did not enter with Moses into the cloud. He remained without, and continued to eat and drink daily while awaiting the return of Moses; but Moses fasted during the entire forty days."—*Ib.*

8. God gave Moses directions for building the tabernacle. What the Lord said to him about this is in Exodus, chapters 21 to 31 inclusive.

IX — Justified by Faith

(November 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: ROM. 4: 1-12.

Questions

1. What important question is asked concerning Abraham? Verse 1.

2. If Abraham's works had justified him in God's sight, what could he have done? Verse 2; note 1.

3. But how was he justified? Verse 3.

4. What had the Lord said to Abraham? Gen. 15: 3-5. What did Abraham do? What did the Lord do? Verse 6; note 2.

5. How is the reward reckoned to him that worketh? Rom. 4: 4.

6. For what is faith counted to the one who believes? Whom does the Lord justify? Verse 5.

7. Whom does David describe as being especially blessed? Verse 6.

8. Who are truly blessed? What does the Lord not impute to the man whose sins are forgiven? Verses 7, 8.

9. By what question does the apostle press home upon the Jew that the blessedness of sin forgiven and acceptance with God is free to both Jew and Gentile? What did the apostle again affirm was counted to Abraham for righteousness? Verse 9.

10. How, and when, was this righteousness reckoned to Abraham? Verse 10.

11. Of what was circumcision as given to Abraham a sign? What was God's purpose in giving and recording this gift of righteousness? Verse 11; note 3.

12. Of whom is Abraham the father? Verse 12.

Notes

1. "Hath whereof to glory:" If one is saved by his own efforts, he surely can glory in himself. But the apostle adds, "but not before God," for the apostle had before proved that all, both Jews and Gentiles, are under sin. There can be no self-glorification in God's presence.

2. Though Abraham could not understand how the promise God made could be fulfilled, yet he believed the word of God. And God counted the faith he had righteousness. Abraham was therefore made righteous by faith only, and not by works. In like manner are all the children of Abraham justified from sin.

"A check, though signed by the richest man, will not do any good unless one has faith to present it. The doctor cannot cure a man who will not trust him enough to take his medicines and obey his directions. A guide cannot lead us through the forest unless we believe him enough to follow him."—*Peloubet.*

3. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Abraham believed God, believed his promise, his power, his love. His faith was reckoned unto him as the righteousness of God. Even so it is reckoned unto us if we believe. Abraham is set forth as an example, as the father of all them that believe. By the same faith in Christ we become his children.

Supplementary Questions for Home Study

Did Abraham at first believe the promise of God concerning Isaac?

What was his first plan as to how God's promise should come true? Gen. 15: 2, 3.

Under what great test was his faith made perfect? Gen. 22: 1-18.

How only can a sinner be made righteous?

"AN honest man is the noblest work of God."

The Youth's Instructor

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Condescension

GREAT Sovereign of the universe, dread King,
Omnipotent Creator's power thine,
Upholding sun and moon and stars that shine,
Sustaining plant and every living thing,
Sublimest artist of the birdlet's wing,
Most skilful architect of tree and vine,
Unequaled sculptor of this frame of mine,
Unfailing providence thy hand doth bring.
Though numberer of the vast array above,
Each thy hair is not unknown to thee.
Inhabiting eternity's remove,
Thy presence here in humble heart can be.
Through cons vast, unnumbered knew thy love,
Yet thought was thine that I thy grace should see.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Lodi Normal Institute.

Fact and Comment

IF a man is square, it is easy to put up with his sharp corners.

The lazier a person is, the more willing he usually is to work his tongue overtime.

There is something better than stopping to count ten when you are angry: count a hundred.

Full Hands may boast his treasure;
Full Head may rule the mart;
But richer than all measure
Is Full Heart.

—Youth's Companion.

The Witch-Doctor's Verdicts

AN African missionary relates the following incidents revealing the depth of darkness still existing in that land, and the farce of native attempts at administering justice. "A few weeks ago," he said, "we awoke one morning to find that one of the kraals near the mission had been destroyed by fire during the night. On inquiry we found that the head man had been 'smelt out.' I had had many dealings with the man, and he had been honest and courteous as far as heathen could be. The facts were these: At another kraal about a mile away there was a child who had been sick about a month. The father called in a native witch-doctor, who decided that the head man living in the kraal near the mission had bewitched the child. The people ran toward the supposed guilty man's kraal. They set fire to his hut, and the owner fled for his life to a neighboring tribe, fifteen miles away. His wife and children were scattered in every direction.

"A similar case was brought to our attention lately. About nine o'clock one night we saw a blaze to the west of the mission, in the kraal of one of the most

respected natives in the community. The witch-doctor, who was consulted about another sick child, pointed out this man as the *umtakati*, or witch. He denied it, of course, and protested that he was innocent, and had no ill will toward any one. This, however, only aggravated the people, and his hut was soon in a blaze, and he was beaten so that in a few days he died."

"Please"

HERE in Detroit, near-side stops of the cars are the fashion. Thus, one is required to pass a considerable distance from the car to the cross-walk. So, for convenience, in my haste recently, I was about to cross the near-by parkway lying between the pavement and the sidewalk. But just then I saw an attractive notice in the middle of the sward bearing the single word "Please." It impressed me. I didn't cross. The untrampled, beautiful grass showed that few had crossed there. It was truly a well-protected spot, and the most to be admired parkway in the vicinity. And that little notice told of the courteous, kindly qualities of the owner of the property adjoining. The place seemed quite beautified by the engaging word. I want to travel that way again. And, by the way, I hope more frequently to make use of that winning word please.

L. T. NICOLA.

Immoral Food Manufacturers

IN a pure food raid in Atlantic City twenty-two dealers were arrested for selling "doped" food.

Bakers were found who saved the cost of eggs by dyeing their cakes a beautiful yellow with coal-tar coloring. The inspector showed a piece of woolen cloth that he had dyed a brilliant yellow with some of the imitation yolk of egg. One cent's worth of the dye goes as far as several dozen eggs, as far as yellow color is concerned.

Another inspector had a knitting-needle that he had copperplated by using the copper sulphate extracted from a can of "the best French peas." Blackberry cordial contained benzoic acid and coal-tar coloring. "Olive-oil from Italy, specially imported for us," selling at \$2.50 a gallon, was found to be cottonseed-oil, not injurious to health, but worth only 80 cents a gallon.—*The Expositor*.

The Blank Book

A GREAT and enlightened statesman, being asked by a young gentleman what treatise on the art of government he could recommend as the best, replied, "A book of white paper. Take such a book, journey with it through the world, carefully attend to every matter, whether political or not, which appears to you remarkable, note it for the information of yourself and others, and in this way you will make an excellent work, from which you will learn much." The sagacious man, it appeared, preferred experience and observation to all other books.—*Gotthold*.

A Farm Arithmetic

TEACHERS, if you haven't a copy of "Farm Arithmetic" by Burkett and Swartzel on your desk for supplementary work, you are missing an opportunity to interest some of those boys who do not like arithmetic, missing the opportunity of giving your pupils some practical knowledge that they will appreciate. The book is published by Orange Judd Company of New York City.