

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIV

November 14, 1916

No. 46



A WEALTH OF WISTARIA, TOKIO, JAPAN





Since the war began our exports have realized a net increase of \$1,626,419,876.

The war has greatly benefited trade in Iceland, especially shipping, and has created the first millionaires in that country.

Recently a British ship on the way from New Zealand to Liverpool carried a half million rabbits for the use of English soldiers.

Prince Mahildo, brother of the king of Siam, wants to make Siam healthful. He is here to study public health at Harvard as a means to that end.

The "Christian Endeavor World" is enrolling in the Tenth Legion all persons who pledge themselves to pay one tenth of their income to the Lord.

Great Britain and France have spent, since the war began, more than a million dollars for spruce timber from Washington and Oregon to be used in the manufacture of aeroplanes.

The autoped, or foot auto, costs no more than a bicycle used to cost, goes over twenty miles an hour, and is light enough to be carried if one wearies of riding. The one using the autoped stands.

The League to Enforce Peace was born on June 17, 1915, at Philadelphia. Ex-President Taft is president of this league. Viscount Bryce of England now urges that the program of this league be adopted.

The first day of work in the Harvest Ingathering campaign by the faculty and students of South Lancaster Academy, brought in gifts to the sum of \$375. Four young women who went to Boston to work came back with seventy dollars for missions.

An incomprehensible and almost unbelievable breach of good form was witnessed in one of our churches on a recent Sabbath,—three persons, one an adult and the other two youths, chewing gum throughout the church service! Rarely are those found who willingly subject the service of God to criticism by such questionable conduct.

On every school day of this year of 1916 more than 600,000 children of all ages storm the schoolhouses of New York City. This school army would make six cities of the size of Albany; would almost duplicate Boston; would make four cities of the size of Omaha, and two of the population of Minneapolis. In it lies the future of the greatest city of America.

More new schoolhouses are now being built in Oregon than ever before in the history of the State; and most of them are designed for the Portland system of teaching. This system is based on a belief that there is no average child, and that individual instruction is better than mass education. In the Portland schools there are eighteen ungraded rooms for pupils who work either too slowly or too rapidly for the regular grades. Fifteen pupils is the limit for each of these rooms, and progress is individual. There are also rooms for pupils who are too slow even for the ungraded rooms. Another feature of the Portland system is that teachers are promoted with pupils, so that one instructor carries the same children through several grades. The National Education Association has recommended the Portland plan as a model.

The United States has not made reply to Japan's last note, presented to our State Department more than three years ago. Japan has not pressed for an answer, and will not so long as the European war lasts. But the Oriental problem still exists. The mission board secretaries, returned missionaries, and distinguished laymen united in urging the President of the United States to establish a commission to take up Oriental problems. It is suggested that the governments of both Japan and China be invited to appoint similar commissions, and that the American commissions go to both Japan and China to meet these commissions in their respective lands, study the problems separately in the atmosphere of each country, and then report suggestions for action by our government and people.

As early as 1865 sulphur was discovered in Calcasieu, Louisiana, but it was found to lie under a bed of quicksand 500 feet thick, and attempts to mine it were abandoned. Some thirty years later Herman Frasch conceived the ridiculously simple idea of pouring hot water down a driven pipe perforated at its bottom, dissolving the sulphur and pumping it out so pure that it needed no refining. Many such pipes are now in operation there, two firemen and one water tender taking care of the battery of boilers at each well. Stock to the amount of \$200,000 is held by the Frasch family and three others, and it is said this earns not less, probably much more, than \$2,400,000 annually.

A dry antiseptic shampoo may be popular, but it is not safe. Only recently a woman in a smart New York hotel was being given such a shampoo. As the liquid was being poured upon the hair, it burst into flame. The attendant fainted, and the accident undoubtedly would have resulted fatally had it not been for the woman's own presence of mind in wrapping a towel about her head, and the timely passing of a man who tore down a wall fire extinguisher and turned it upon her. But the woman was made seriously ill, is yet nervously prostrated, permanently scarred on her face, hands, and body, and totally denuded of an unusually beautiful head of hair.

The new "Harahan" bridge, spanning the Mississippi River at Memphis, said to be the largest structure on the river, is now open for traffic. Including the approaches, it is three miles long, the bridge proper being 2,600 feet. Its cost was approximately \$5,000,000. Construction was begun in 1913.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Himself He Cannot Save (poetry)	3
Antioch on the Orontes	3
The Perfume of the Soul	4
The Reformation of a Republic	4
How I Decided to be a Christian	6
Learning to Swim	8
Zone Therapy	10
A Story of Two Beggars	13
Jesus' Coming	13
Loyalty	16
Everybody's Lonesome (poetry)	16
SELECTIONS	
A Boy's Day of Decision	6
The Bible That was Chopped in Two	7
Plants That Get Hot and Plants That Keep Cool....	9
Tilefish	9
Bulbs for Winter	10
The Little Round Cakes	11

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 14, 1916

No. 46

Himself He Cannot Save

ELIZABETH ROSSER

He saved others. The sin-sick world was teeming
With human wrecks that groaned toward the grave.
The love and pity from his mild eye beaming
Sent new life currents through the veins quick-stream-
ing—
He saved others. Himself he cannot save.

He saved others. Their want and woe distressed him.
The rich, the poor, the free-born, and the slave,
The young, the old,—alike they thronged and pressed him;
Alike he healed them all. They loved and blessed him.
He saved others. Himself he could not save.

He saved others. On Calvary see him dying;
For the unjust, the Just, his life he freely gave.
"Father, forgive them," hear the Saviour crying,
A ransom for their souls his blood supplying.
He saved others. Himself he could not save.

He saved others. Dear Lord, our hearts are broken
To see thee going, willing, to thy grave.
May this be of thy followers the token,
That, as of thee, so of us, be it spoken,
He saved others. Himself he could not save.

Antioch on the Orontes

C. C. CRISLER

PROMINENT among the cities of the ancient world so well known by Paul the traveler and missionary evangelist, was Antioch on the Orontes. The student of Bible geography may be interested to learn that this city was named in honor of Antiochus, an associate of Alexander the Great on his Asiatic expeditions. Fifteen other cities, all known as Antioch, were founded in honor of this same Greek general. The name of the wife of Antiochus was immortalized by six Laodiceas, and the name of his son, Seleucus Nicator, by nine Seleucidæ.

Of all these cities, the largest and by far the most important was Antioch on the Orontes; and it is at this place that the interest of Christians naturally centers. Here it was that the followers of Jesus of Nazareth were first called Christians; here Paul and Barnabas made their headquarters. Thus Antioch "became the mother city of Gentile Christianity. . . . According to tradition, Peter was for two years bishop of Antioch." (See "Standard Bible Dictionary," art. "Antioch.")

"The city which was thus the scene of some of the momentous passages of that great drama which we speak of as the rise and progress of Christianity, might well claim our notice," says Dean Plumptre in "St. Paul in Asia Minor," chapter 2, "if only as furnishing the background and the surroundings amid which the actors in that drama played their part. At that time, however, it commanded the attention of travelers and historians on quite different grounds. Of all the cities that owned the sovereignty of Rome it occupied all but the highest place, second only to Alexandria in its fame and greatness. Though it could not boast the remote antiquity of Damascus, or of the old imperial cities on the Tigris or the Euphrates, which had been the centers of the Assyrian and Babylonian monarchies, its career up to this time had been one of unchecked prosperity. The beauty of its position, the grandeur of its buildings, the culture for which it was preëminent among the cities of Asia, drew thither visitors even from the remoter West."

"The choice of the site of Antioch gave proof of a sagacity of the same kind as that which fixed on Alexandria and Constantinople as the seats of empire. Its position in the angle formed by the Syrian and Cilician coasts, and in the valley through which the Orontes flows between the ranges of the Lëbanon and the

Taurus, made it a natural link connecting the eastern with the western provinces of the kingdom. Its port, Seleucia, opened to it the commerce of the Mediterranean, while the caravans that carried on the land trade with inner Asia came to it from Mesopotamia and Arabia. . . .

"When the dynasty of the Seleucidæ fell before the arms of Pompeius (B. C. 65), the city, as the capital of the Roman province of Syria, entered on a new stage of greatness.

"The name of the victorious rival of Pompeius was perpetuated by an aqueduct and baths, and by the basilica known as the Cæsareum. Agrippa, the minister of Augustus, added a suburb to the prosperous city, and Herod the Great, seeking, there as elsewhere, the favor of the emperor and the praise of the people by the munificence of his gifts, paved the street that ran through the city, and which till then had been comparatively mean and poor in its surroundings, with marble, and erected on either side of it the colonnade which, when Antioch comes before us in Christian history, was the chief place of public resort. Tiberius, as has already been said, built or restored the walls; and even the short reign of Caligula was made memorable by the construction of an aqueduct and public baths.

"No description of Antioch, however, would be complete without some notice of the grove and temple at Daphne, dedicated to Apollo and Artemis. The well-known description given by the historian of the 'Decline and Fall' is so vivid and complete, that it will be better to reproduce it than to attempt a paraphrase in words which could hardly fail to be feebler.

"At a distance of five miles from Antioch, the Macedonian kings of Syria had consecrated to Apollo one of the most elegant places of devotion in the pagan world. A magnificent temple rose in honor of the god of light, and his colossal figure almost filled the capacious sanctuary, which was enriched with gold and gems and adorned by the skill of the Grecian artists. The deity was represented in a bending attitude, with a golden cup in his hands, pouring out a libation on the earth. . . .

"The perpetual resort of pilgrims and spectators insensibly formed, in the neighborhood of the temple, the stately and populous village of Daphne, which emulated the splendor, without acquiring the title, of a pro-

vincial city. The temple and the village were deeply bosomed in a thick grove of laurels and cypresses, which reached as far as a circumference of ten miles, and formed in the most sultry summer, a cool and impenetrable shade. A thousand streams of the purest water, issuing from every hill, preserved the verdure of the earth and the temperature of the air; the senses were gratified with harmonious sounds and aromatic odors, and the peaceful grove was consecrated to health and joy, to luxury and love.

"The population of Antioch, like that of most Eastern cities of the empire, included many heterogeneous elements. 'He who sits in our market place,' said Libaniou, in the fourth century, 'may study the customs of all cities in the world.' . . .

"What has been said will have been enough to indicate the general aspect of the city in its moral and social relations. The vices which made it a byword of reproach, even at Rome, were dark and flagrant. When Roman generals issued orders that any soldier found within the precincts of the groves of Daphne should be punished with immediate dismissal, we may well believe they looked on the orgies that were held within the precincts of the sanctuary as fatal alike to discipline and manliness. . . .

"The private life of such a city was sure to be on a level with its public profligacy. As at Corinth, so here, the preachers of a new faith would be encountered by a fathomless impurity. . . . The work which lay before the missionaries of the gospel and the preacher of repentance must have been at Antioch much as it was at Corinth. . . .

"It would be a labor at once of love and of surpassing interest to trace the working of the new leaven, operating, not to corrupt, but to purify, on this seething mass of corruption; to put one's finger on the precise moment when the name of Jesus as the Christ, the Redeemer, and the Saviour, was heard there as a new element of life. This, however, lies almost, if not altogether, beyond the record of the apostolic work."

The Perfume of the Soul

INFLUENCE is the essence of character, which we exhale as the perfume of flowers, its delicate odor and sweetness being determined by the qualities which we possess. There are many flowers having odors. Each kind has its own peculiar fragrance. Some flowers have an obnoxious, poisonous odor. We shun such plants as we would an enemy. Thus it is with the human flower plants. There are many who radiate an obnoxious influence, which is to others poisonous and beguiling. We should avoid association with those having such an influence as certainly as we would poisonous plants, for the effects might prove as fatal.

Surely no one would knowingly inhale the perfume of a poisonous flower. Why then should one be less particular about having one's mind poisoned by dangerous influences? Unless the sweet perfume of our soul can overbalance evil influence, we should avoid placing ourselves within a poisoned atmosphere.

The spices and most of the sweet-scented flowers belong to the warmer climates. Their sweetness is partially due to their prolonged contact with the sunlight and its drying heat. The essential oils of fragrance are thereby evaporated into the air, and their sweetness may be inhaled far and near. Breezes blowing from the spice islands waft the rich perfumes for miles around, and ships are aware of them long before reaching the harbors.

The sweet fragrance of our lives may also be intensified and evaporated as we prolong our contact with the Sun of Righteousness through prayer, and endure the drying heat of trials which are to evaporate our essential oils of grace, that others may thereby be blessed as they come within the sphere of our influence.

Poisonous plants and flowers are generally found growing in dark, shaded or low, swampy places. So do evil influences thrive best and make their rankest growth under the shadow of sin or in the sloughs of despond.

Let us therefore live in the sunshine of Christ's righteousness, and imbibe from him the rich, fragrant oils of grace, which will fill our souls with the sweetest of perfumes.

MARY M. CRAWFORD.

The Reformation of a Republic

The Need of a Nation

THE first necessity in pioneer work is to awaken public opinion to the need of a reformation, and this was accomplished in Montevideo, the capital city of the republic of Uruguay, by means of a lecture given by Dr. Joaquin De Salterain, for twenty-five years official statistician in charge of the national archives.

According to the report presented in the Academy of Medicine in Paris, February, 1915, by Prof. Gilbert Ballet, France alone surpasses Uruguay in the number of saloons in proportion to the inhabitants, having one saloon for each 82 inhabitants.

Uruguay stands next, with one saloon for each 246 inhabitants; the United States has one for each 380 inhabitants; England has one for each 430 inhabitants; and Sweden has one for each 5,000 inhabitants.

The total number of drunkards in Montevideo reaches the maximum, especially among those in the period of adolescence. The number of licenses amounts to 10,000: 3,000 in Montevideo, and 7,000 in the departments of the interior. During the year 1913, 10,240 persons passed through the police courts of Montevideo for drunkenness, more than two and one-half per cent of the entire population, or 9,769 men and 471 women.

The director of the national asylum demonstrated that alcohol was the cause of twenty per cent of our lunacy. The latest figures available, those for 1911, give an increase in proportion of insane persons on December 31, as 1,506, in 361 of whom the insanity was entirely due to alcohol.

Added to these sad victims, the judge of crime of the second grade states that from 1900 to 1911 he had pronounced 653 sentences, of which 184 were for drunkenness. The judge of correction states that fifty per cent, or exactly half of his definite sentences, were caused by alcohol.

The judge of instruction of the third grade estimated that ninety per cent, almost the total number of cases of homicide, wounding, and attacks of personal violence, were due to alcohol.

The judge of crime of the first grade shows that for three years in succession the proportion of alcoholic delinquents rose from 24 to 32 and 36 per cent respectively.

More of these convincing figures might be added, but sufficient had been placed before the highly intelligent and patriotic people of Uruguay to awaken their determination to enforce a revolution in these matters in their cherished capital.

Revolutionary Measures

At the close of the lecture given by Dr. Joaquin de Salterain, and attended by the Ministers of the Interior and of Public Education, by the doctors and professors of the university, and many gentlemen holding high positions in the public service and bearing the highest recommendations in private life, together with their wives and daughters, more than 300 names were inscribed as members of the Anti-Alcoholic League.

A few days later, on the tenth of June, 1915, a meeting was called by the Señora Manuela de H. de Salterain, one of the most distinguished ladies of the capital, to hear a lecture by Miss Hardynia K. Norville, delegate of the World's W. C. T. U., entitled, "Our World-wide Work."

In the beginning of July, 1915, the president called a meeting in the Atheneum, in which the constitution and regulations were read and accepted, forming the committee of the National Anti-Alcoholic League of Uruguay. At this meeting Dr. Baltasar Brum, the Minister of the Interior, gave the opening address, "assuring the women and children that he was sure of the success of the association, since they were at the head of it."

The constitution consisted of nine articles, with the object, according to Article II, "of educating public opinion in favor of total abstinence, especially for the children, saving the drunkard, and endeavoring to arrive at the legal prohibition and complete destruction of the sale of alcoholic liquors."

The pledge employed is the following: "I promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquor, and to use every possible means to prevent its sale and use." This pledge conveys all the privileges of active membership and confers the right to vote in all official meetings.

The organization of the society was further defined in twenty-one departments, beginning with the Cradle Section for babies and children under seven years of age. In this section all the mothers are total abstainers for the period of lactation, an immense gain over popular opinion and practice. Each baby is decorated with a tiny white ribbon bracelet, and each mother receives a certificate.

Of the Loyal Temperance Legion for children from seven to sixteen years of age, Dr. Jose Espalter, Minister of Public Education, is the honorary president. The Señorita Enriqueta Compte y Riqué, active president, enlisted the aid of twenty-five of the most prominent teachers of the public schools, organized temperance fêtes in the largest halls and theaters of the city, and prepared programs for the Gold Medal Contest, in which one pupil from each school took part.

The Young Women's Department under the able presidency of the Señora Berta de Maria de Pratt, organized the young people of the city to take an active

part in the struggle against alcohol throughout the whole country.

A Food Reform Department was included in one branch of the work, with the object of recommending a diet based on cereals, fresh and preserved fruits, and fresh vegetables, with a view to allaying thirst and proving that alcoholic liquors are unnecessary.

The department that attracted the most enthusiastic support was that of the mothers, presided over by the Señora Carmen Cuestas de Nery, the daughter of the ex-president of the republic. This devoted lady gathered round her a circle of sixty ladies, divided into five committees, and meetings for mothers were held in the largest theaters and halls of the city, for scientific instruction and social intercourse. The greatest triumph of all was when, in the public banquets and social gatherings, at which ladies of the highest rank were present, it became the fashion to turn down the wine glasses and decline champagne and wine of all kinds. To gain this vantage ground required the greatest tact, but inch by inch the idea of sacrifice for the sake of others grew and strengthened in the minds and lives of these noble women.



SOME OF URUGUAY'S LEADING TEMPERANCE WORKERS

Liberty to the Captive

For the first time in the annals of this republic, prison doors were opened by special concession of the council of penitentiaries, jails, and correctional schools. The doors of the state

prison opened to the messengers of good tidings, to admit as bearers of the good news the little children of the city. The young and innocent were admitted to bear witness by their bright young lives and happy faces as harbingers of hope to the captives of sin. A Christmas tree was decorated and lighted, and a program was given by the children, after which the six hundred inmates marched past to receive from the hands of little children their gifts of fruit and candies. Many tears were shed, and the pledge of total abstinence for life was taken by nearly all present. The director of the prison gave a short address, and aided in securing signatures to the pledge cards.

All the ministers of the government and their wives gladly gave their names as honorary members of this department.

The wife of the minister of war, the Señora Margarita de S. de Sanchez, one of the most active members of the central committee, is president of the Department for Work in the Army and Navy, and is untiring in her effort on behalf of the soldiers and sailors of the republic.

Temperance and the Produce of the Country

The government has already taken measures to convert the produce of the vineyards of the country from their present use to a more wholesome purpose. Ten years is allotted to the task of converting the wine

industry into a temperance industry, such as the producing of dried grapes or raisins, and canning or preserving the grape juice. Generous concessions are made by the government to bring about this industrial reformation.

Meetings continue to be held in all these departments, with medal contests, which are greatly appreciated, and the influence of the Anti-Alcoholic League of Uruguay is already making an impression on all classes of society in the republic, demonstrating the fact that when the national government of a country awakes to its responsibilities, and unitedly combats this immeasurable evil of drink, a loyal and willing people will gladly follow its lead. It is our hope and aim that the larger republic of Argentina will soon follow the footsteps of her younger sister republic, and raise the flag of temperance in her vast domain.

Dear boys and girls, do not forget your brothers and sisters of the republics of the great southern continent, — the dark-eyed boys and girls whose hearts beat high with hope and patriotism for a brighter future for their well-loved land. Through many centuries of despotism and depression these people have fought their way to a recognition of their individual rights, and now they are fighting the harder battle of the right to refuse to accept the despotism and despoiling of the ruthless foe — alcohol. Send us your sympathy, remember us in your prayers, and let us feel, as we rejoice over each addition to the dry States of North America, that the goal of dry republics is not an unattainable ambition, but may soon be a glorious reality.

May the Stars and Stripes point the way for the Blue and White to wave over many a gallant band of loyal legions, loyal to God and home and native land.

HELEN M. STEWART.

A Boy's Day of Decision

IT was a day in spring, a Saturday, and the mill hands in the New England village stopped work at noon. Forth from the stocking mill where he labored came Charley Jordan, happy to be out in the spring air with a half holiday at his disposal. Halfway down the street, he met his Sunday-school teacher, who stopped him for a moment, spoke pleasantly of the fine spring weather, asked him a question about his work, inquired if he would be in Sunday school next day, and passed on. Then, wavering a moment in her own mind, she turned with sudden impulse and faced him again.

"Charley," she said, "don't you think it is time for you to take a stand for the best things — I mean, you know, the things of the Christian life?"

He had heard sermons all his life, and was not unmoved by them, but this simple, direct word of his teacher touched a sudden chord in his heart. He was fifteen, more than two thirds of twenty-one. Life was pleasant to look forward to; the thing he was asked to do was a pleasant and beautiful one. He thought a moment, and then said:—

"Yes, Mrs. Beale, I think it is time. I will do it."

He went to his home, as he had often gone before, and yet not the same. He had made a great decision, and had something to live up to. He had always been a clean boy and a thoughtful boy. He had few bad habits to unlearn or serious faults to forsake. What had he promised to do, and how was he to go about it, and what did it all amount to, anyway? When a man has been thoroughly bad, and makes such a

decision, his course is reasonably clear; but what about a boy who has always been a good boy?

As to his outer conduct, it was not greatly different from before. But more resolutely he sought association with the better things about him. New and larger aspirations took possession of him, and found new impulse from within. He drew better books from the library, and sought the fellowship of the best young people.

He is still a young man, relatively speaking; but he has reached a position of influence and usefulness second to that of no man in the city where he now resides. Very recently, to a close friend, he told the story to the moment when, a care-free boy, whistling his way home from the factory, he paused to meet the simple question of his Sunday-school teacher, a question which she had asked with fluttering heart, and almost forbore to ask at all.

"It was the very opportune moment," said he, "and although I was in no serious danger of going to the bad, it kindled within me a new aspiration, born of a new ideal."—*Condensed from the Youth's Companion.*

How I Decided to be a Christian

WHEN I was fifteen years of age, Elder R. arranged for a husking bee at his home shortly after the corn had been harvested. My brother and sister and I, with James and Alfred, neighbor boys, planned to attend. James and Alfred rode out with me in an open buggy, while my brother and sister started a half hour or more after we did, and drove out in the carriage.

The road to Elder R.'s took us within a mile and a half of town, before we turned west into the country again. As we neared this point my two companions began to talk about going to town. I did not like the idea, but James said, "I have to get something."

Alfred argued, "We have a long start of them, and we will get there too early."

"The earlier we get there the longer we shall have to enjoy the evening," I said.

Then James insisted, "We can just as well go to town. We won't stop long, and then we will get to Mr. R.'s about the same time the others do."

At this I consented, and we went to town. After tying the horse, we walked up the street. James and Alfred were good-hearted boys, but they liked wine and whisky. When we came to the first saloon, they were determined to enter. Rather than remain on the street alone, I entered with them. Here it was warm and cozy. James did not wait to ask any questions, but ordered a beer for each of us, and I drank one with them. Alfred ordered another treat, but I would not take any more. So after they had drunk this we left the saloon and walked up the street till we came to another. Here I would not go in. I said, "I will go and wait for you in the buggy till you get through."

James replied, "Come along; a little never hurts any one."

Alfred followed with, "You cannot have a good time any younger, so you might as well start now."

"I'll wait for you in the buggy," was my answer to these petitions, and went to the buggy. I untied the horse and drove up within a few rods of the saloon they were in. They soon came out, but only to enter another, which was the last; they had drunk enough to feel quite content. James, however, had a flask of whisky in his pocket and Alfred a bottle of wine.

and it was by these that I was tempted again, and fell.

When we got back on the country road, they began to exchange drinks, and entreated me to join them. Soon I thought a little wouldn't hurt, as they said, and took a few drinks from each. It was not that I drank more than they, nor half as much, that I played the part of a drunken debauch, but that I was not accustomed to liquor of any sort, and did not know its dreadful effects.

By the time we reached Elder R.'s, I was in a condition to act the clown, and to the few that were there who were cheap enough to take advantage of me, I was a laughing stock till lunch. When lunch was over, I attempted to go from where I was sitting to another place, but was not able. I staggered to my feet and fell to the floor, after which some of the boys carried me out, and the evening was over for me.

There were several at the bee who had never expected to see me in the condition I was in that evening, but they afterward treated me with respect, which was more than I deserved.

The next morning, I did not think of the preceding evening with the joy and pleasure I had anticipated, but rather with sadness and regret. My thoughts were busy. What did those present the evening before think of me? My sister merely mentioned to me how it grieved her to see me under the influence of liquor. I realized how it must have saddened her, and in the presence of so many other people, too, the majority of whom had high ideals.

The course of my brother meant more than if he had attempted to rebuke me. He left me to settle things for myself, and his silence led me to think more deeply than if he had come to me and told me what he very likely thought.

But my most serious thoughts were of my mother. I knew she was praying for me, although she was not at home. The question that came to me was whether I should remain in the associations of the world, or place myself on record with those who are looking for a home whose builder and maker is God. I knew that my mother would not cease to pray for me till her gray hairs should be laid in the grave. I knew her heart would be broken to see me in the pathway to destruction. These thoughts led me to decide that with the help of God and mother's prayers, I would not be found in such a condition again; and to this day, which is several years later, I have not broken my pledge. Since then I have taken Christ as my leader, and I tell this experience only with the hope of helping some one else.

P. C.

The Bible That was Chopped in Two

FAR away, in one of the Western States, a man used to go about selling Bibles and Testaments. Sometimes he was warmly welcomed at the lonely farms and homesteads; at others he was told that books of his sort were not wanted there.

One day a farmer asked him if he knew a settler near by, who delighted to talk against the Bible and those who believed in it. The colporteur took down the name and address, and before long, called at the settlement. He found the wife busy hanging out clothes, and she seemed pleased to chat with him. After a little conversation, he offered her a nicely bound Bible, telling her not to trouble about paying for it, if she would like to have it. She received it with pleasure, saying that if her husband would allow her,

she would be delighted to keep it. At this her husband came from the back of the log house, carrying a large ax over his shoulder. He saw the Bible in his wife's hand, and asked roughly, "Whatever do you mean by bringing such rubbish here?"

God's servant answered gently, and John Mason grew angry. The former spoke in such a frank and manly way that the settler did not return the book, but scowled as the man went off. Directly his back was turned, John seized the Bible from his wife's hand, saying, "Up to now we've had everything in common, so we'll share this, too." And opening the Bible, and placing it on a block, he chopped it into two parts with one blow of his ax, giving his wife one piece, and he put the other part in his pocket and walked off.

Several days afterward he was in the forest hewing timber. At noon he sat on a log to eat his dinner, and feeling for a knife in one of his pockets, his hand struck on the book. He took it out, and before he knew what he was doing, he was deep in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke.

Ah, he couldn't tell what happened then, though he longed to know, for just at that point the story had been cut in two by the angry blow of his ax, and he could read no further. When he returned home, he determined not to let his wife know how he was longing for her portion of the Bible. They had supper, and while she was washing the dishes, he said carelessly, "I say, wife, if you've got your part of the Bible handy I shouldn't mind having a look at it; I have nothing to read." Mrs. Mason was a wise woman, so she said nothing, but quietly handed him her portion and went to bed early. The next evening he said to her, "This is the best book I ever read."

Day after day passed, and still John seemed to be reading as for his life. At last one evening he put down his patched Bible, and said: "I give in at last! By God's help I'm going to try to live by that book. I've despised it; I've sworn at it; I've insulted it; but now the sword of God's Word has pierced my heart. It has taught me what a sinner I am. But it has also given me hope that there is pardon even for me." His wife quietly clasped his hand, whispering: "I, too, long to know more about it all."

Her husband smiled at her as he had rarely done even in their courting days, as he said: "We'll take it, won't we, Kitty, both of us together, from this day forward, as the guide of our lives? And pray God to help us that we may live by it."

"We will," answered his wife. "O John, this is a glad night!"

"Aye, it is," he said, "and I believe it will be the beginning of brighter days to us. I've read things the last three weeks in that book that have amazed me."

"What about?" asked his wife.

"About all that the Lord says he will do for those who serve him. I couldn't believe such things could ever be for the like of me, till he seemed to keep pointing me to the bits that told so plainly that he began it all by giving us the Lord Jesus as our own Saviour."

"And to think you found it all in the book you chopped in two!" said his wife.

"Oh, shame I ever did such a thing!" replied her husband. "The very first day I can rightly leave, I'll ride over to the town and get it mended the best way money can do."

"Would you like a new one better?" suggested his wife.

(Concluded on page sixteen)



Learning to Swim

SWIMMING is one of the most helpful and effective of exercises, bringing almost every muscle of the body into wholesome play. Some go so far as to say



BACK-FLOATING POSITION

that the teaching of swimming should be made compulsory in every school. As a life-saving device and disease preventive, it challenges wide attention.

The season for outdoor swimming is past, except for those fortunate enough to be living in the Southland; but some of our readers may have access to indoor swimming pools, and since the instructions may be preserved for future use, some rules for aiding one to acquire most readily the art of swimming are herewith given. Future issues of the paper may contain further lessons. Mr. J. H. P. Brown, in his book, "Modern Swimming," gives the following suggestions and rules:—

"First learn how to float, and ascertain the buoyancy of your body. This knowledge will give you confidence to start the different strokes, for these are all taken from one or the other of the three floating positions.

"Breathe properly. The nose, not the mouth, is made to breathe with.

"Relax thoroughly. This is the whole secret of healthy, competent, and pleasant natatorial pastime. Tension tires, arrests progress, and injures the system.

"You cannot float unless you relax. Relaxation may be termed the keynote to all forms of buoyancy and propulsion in the water.

"Back-floating. This is the easiest form of floating, and will be the subject of our first lesson.

"Do not hesitate, go right at it. Walk out into the water up to the waistline, squat down slightly upon the legs, and facing the open, fall backward so as to lie upon the water. The head must hang loosely and sink to the opening of the ears; the arms should lie by the sides. Do not bother about the legs; if they are kept relaxed, they will take care of themselves. If upon the first impact with the water the head should sink so as to submerge the face, keep relaxed and remain perfectly quiet, and the body will balance itself so as to make you feel at ease.

"Fill the lungs as you drop to the surface; exhale when you are comfortably positioned upon it, after which you should breathe naturally. By practicing deep breathing in this manner you will dispel much of the nervousness the first attempt to float generally causes.

"As soon as you feel perfectly at ease in the back-floating position, alternate the positions of the arms as follows: First, extend them to right angles with the sides; second, clasp the hands together, fingers

interlaced, and place them under the head, with the elbows flat upon the water; third, fold the arms over the chest; fourth, lay the hands across the abdomen; fifth, cross the arms under the back; sixth, bring the forearms to right angles with the upper; seventh, hold the arms straight above you.

Synopsis

Lie upon the back in the water.
Relax thoroughly.
Allow the head to drop so as to cover the ears.
Breathe slowly and through the nose.
Inhale as you fall upon the back, and exhale as soon as you are comfortably positioned.
Keep the arms by the sides and under the surface.
The legs will take care of themselves, if relaxed.
The top of the head should point to the shore.

"Stomach-floating. Step out into the water up to the waistline, and fall forward onto the stomach, facing the shore. The face should be submerged up to the backs of the ears. Breathe in deeply as you fall forward, and exhale under the water. Keep all parts thoroughly relaxed. As soon as you feel obliged to breathe in, raise the head to do so, when it should again be immediately dropped so as to exhale as before.

Synopsis

Face the shore and fall forward.
Breathe in as you drop to position.
Exhale under the water.
Keep well relaxed.
Raise the head to inhale, and drop it back quickly to exhale.

"Side-floating. This is the most difficult manner of sustaining oneself above the surface and in correct position because of the difficulty experienced in keeping the body balanced.

"Take the back-floating position. Turn the head so as to have either side of the face on the water. Bring the arm and leg of the opposite side to which it lies upon, over in front of the body. As soon as you have turned sufficiently, balance by moving the arm or leg backward or forward. When you have the proper position, straighten out the upper leg so as to lie directly over the under one and the upper arm to repose upon the side. Be sure to avoid tension. The lower corner of the mouth should be laved by the water, and no tension of the neck muscles permitted. Breathe in as you turn; exhale when you are properly positioned.

Synopsis

Start to turn from the back-floating position by first turning the head.
Bring the arm and leg over.
Balance by either the forward or backward movement of either the upper leg or arm.

"As the various positions in floating are the initial steps to all forms of propulsion in the water, they



SIDE-FLOATING POSITION

should be thoroughly mastered. A disregard for proper poise and relaxation will cause much annoyance in your efforts to become graceful and efficient in the different strokes.

"To rise from either the back- or the stomach-floating position it should always be borne in mind that the

head leads the body. If you are upon the back, raise the head and allow the knees to flex so as to be able to kick backward under the body and thus assist it to an upright position. If you are in the stomach-floating position, simply allow the legs to sink; at the same time draw them toward the abdomen so as to be able to kick downward as the head is raised from the water and stretched back between the shoulders."

Plants That Get Hot and Plants That Keep Cool

WE do not, as a rule, think of plants as giving out heat, yet at certain times some flowers show an astonishing rise of temperature. Most remarkable in this respect are certain kinds of *Arum*. Just at the opening of the flower, in these cases, there is a great liberation of heat, due to the fact that the respiration, or breathing, is at such times very vigorous.

Some very interesting experiments have been carried out in connection with these *Arums* by placing a thermometer just inside the spathe. One of the most remarkable cases was that of a species growing on the Mediterranean coast, and known as *Arum Italicum*. The temperature of the air was 60° at the time of the experiment; that inside the spathe was 110°! At that time the blossoms, which when expanded are practically scentless, gave out a fragrance suggestive of wine.

Among all the charming plants to be found in the lower Alps there are few more interesting than the *Soldanellas*, described in *Nature and Science* for April, 1914. These have pretty, bell-shaped flowers, purple in color, and of a very delicate appearance. Few would think that these fragile blossoms are able to bore their way up through a hard crust of snow and ice. Yet this is what they actually do by means of the large amount of heat which the developing buds liberate. It is a most singular sight to see the flower stalks standing up out of the snow, very much as if they had been stuck into the white crust. Where the snow covering is very deep, and the flower stalks are not able to reach the surface, a strange thing often happens. The warmth produced by the growing bud thaws a rounded cavity under the snow, and in this the flower will often expand perfectly. Kerner says that these blooms perfect their pollen just as if they were in the open above. There is no stranger flower story than that of the *Alpine Soldanellas*.

After reading about these flowers with high temperatures, it is interesting to study some of the plants which have hard work to keep cool. Most people can imagine the conditions under which the cactuses of the desert have to live. Quite often, in Mexico, the stones and rock surrounding the plants are so hot that it is quite impossible to touch them with the hand. Yet if we were to cut a cactus open and insert the bulb of a thermometer, we should find that it was comparatively cool—perhaps 30° less than the temperature of the air. How is this accomplished? Partly because the thick, leathery skin, often covered with hairs or multitudes of spines, helps to keep the heat out. But there is no doubt that the living plant has a way of keeping down its temperature in a manner that we cannot quite understand. An experiment was carried out with a gourd. The day was very hot, and the temperature of the outside air was above 100° F., yet inside the gourd it was only about 60°. After the gourd was cut it soon became hot. It was only while it was attached to the living plant that the temperature was kept down.—*St. Nicholas*.

Tilefish

ONE May morning of 1879 Captain Kirby, cruising for cod off Nantucket Island, drew in his lines and found his hooks generously hung with a kind of fish that, in all his extended experience, he had never seen before. Knowing the ways of fish markets and venders, he promptly threw most of his two-thousand-pound catch back into the sea. He reasoned that trying to make a market take a fish with which it was not acquainted was a labor of love best left to less successful fishermen.

But the creatures were so attractive that he saved a few of them. A trial of one at his own table moved him to pronounce it the finest fish he had ever tasted. He upbraided himself for throwing away those he had caught, and resolved that he would never make this mistake again. After sending a specimen from his first catch to the United States National Museum, he returned to the same grounds, and again took some two thousand pounds of these strange beauties.

They were sold in Gloucester, but retail fish markets and venders were slow to push this untried candidate for favor. Other fishermen continued to catch them, but the barriers of tradition made the progress of the tilefish in the direction of general acceptance decidedly slow.

Then, in 1882, transatlantic steamers entering New York brought the news that along the northern border of the Gulf Stream the surface of the ocean was thickly covered with millions of dead fish. They were reported to be of one variety and of extreme beauty.

The Bureau of Fisheries made prompt and careful investigation of this strange phenomenon, and found that they were of the kind caught by Captain Kirby, to which the name "tilefish" had been given. This monster display of dead fish covered a water area one hundred and seventy miles long and twenty-five miles wide. In short, these mysterious strangers of the deep had been suddenly wiped out to the number, so it was estimated, of nearly a billion and a half at one stroke. It is supposed that some great oceanic disturbance or storm brought them suddenly into a current much colder than that to which they were accustomed, and this caused the wholesale slaughter.

For some years thereafter no tilefish were seen, and the theory became generally accepted that they had suffered an extinction as complete as that which suddenly wiped out the wild pigeon at a time when its tribe was thought to be innumerable. But in 1892 the capture of a few specimens proved that the tilefish was not literally extinct. Now it appears to be fully reestablished.

What this may mean in terms of added food supply is suggested by the fact that when the dead fish were surveyed in 1882, the experts announced that there were enough dead tilefish floating on the bosom of the Gulf Stream at that moment to give every man, woman, and child in the country two hundred and eighty-eight pounds of fish.

Further proof that the tilefish is back in full force to swell our national food supply, is found in the fact that the Bureau of Fisheries lately placed eight thousand pounds of freshly caught tilefish on the Fulton market. This was the first fare of the season; the second totaled about twelve thousand pounds, and two later fares aggregated approximately eighteen thousand five hundred pounds.—*National Magazine*.

EVEN a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.—*Solomon*.

Bulbs for Winter

FOR those who like to have blooming bulbs in the house during the late fall and winter months, there is a simple method that requires little time and no skill. Paper-white narcissuses, Dutch-Roman hyacinths, and daffodils are most easily grown, although tulips, crocuses, and other bulbs that are capable of being forced can be grown without difficulty.

Use shallow six- or eight-inch pots and any loose, sandy soil that you can get. Do the planting any time in October. If you do it later than that, the results are not likely to be so satisfactory. Fill the pots partly full of soil and place the bulbs so that there shall be some space between them; then cover them with soil to the depth of perhaps an inch, water them freely, bury the pots in the ground outside, and cover them with soil to the depth of three inches. Mark the spot so that you will know where each variety of bulbs is buried. When the top of the ground begins to freeze, cover the buried bulbs with leaves to keep them from freezing. The buried bulbs will at once begin to grow, and will need no attention until they are ready to bring into the house.

Paper-white narcissuses develop most rapidly, but should be allowed to remain buried for at least five weeks. If you plant them about the first of October, you may dig them up by the tenth of November. When dug up, they should be watered and left in the cellar or some other dark, cool place for a few days before they are brought into the full light. If placed in a cool, sunny window and watered freely, they will bloom by Thanksgiving. Other pots of narcissus may be brought in at intervals of a few days, to replace those that have finished blooming.

Dutch-Roman hyacinths will be ready to bring in by the middle of December, and other kinds of hyacinths later. Daffodils, crocuses, and tulips should remain in the ground until about the first of February, and should be brought in at intervals until the first of March.

In that way, with little trouble and experience, one can have bulbs in bloom from November to April. There need be no fear of failure if, after the bulbs have been brought into the house, they get plenty of sunshine and plenty of water.—*Youth's Companion*.

Zone Therapy

DR. WILLIAM H. FITZGERALD, of Hartford, Connecticut, claims to have discovered an effective system of healing, which he names zone therapy. This treatment purports to be able to cure goiter, sciatica, lumbago, eyestrain, throat trouble, headache, toothache, and earache without the use of medicines or water treatment, simply by exerting pressure at the proper place. The body is divided into ten zones, five on either side of a line drawn up the center of the body. The first, second, third, fourth, and fifth zones begin in the toes and end in the thumbs and fingers, or begin in the thumbs and fingers and end in the toes. For instance, the first zone extends from the great toe, up the entire height of the body, including the chest and back and down the arm into the thumb. The other toes and fingers are related to their particular zones in like manner.

Firm pressure over the joints of the big toe or the thumb, or upon the proper areas in the mouth and throat, will tend to overcome pain or any condition relievable by zone therapy, in the entire first zone; and similar results follow squeezing the fingers and toes, or upon making pressure over the areas corresponding to the other zones.

But it is necessary to press the proper zone in the proper way and for the proper length of time in order to secure results.

Eloquence

ONE rose up in his pulpit, and he spoke
To me.
Good news it was that morning that he broke
To me.
Was the day fair? Were many hearers there?
I cannot tell you. I can only share
The word of peace God's servant did declare
To me.

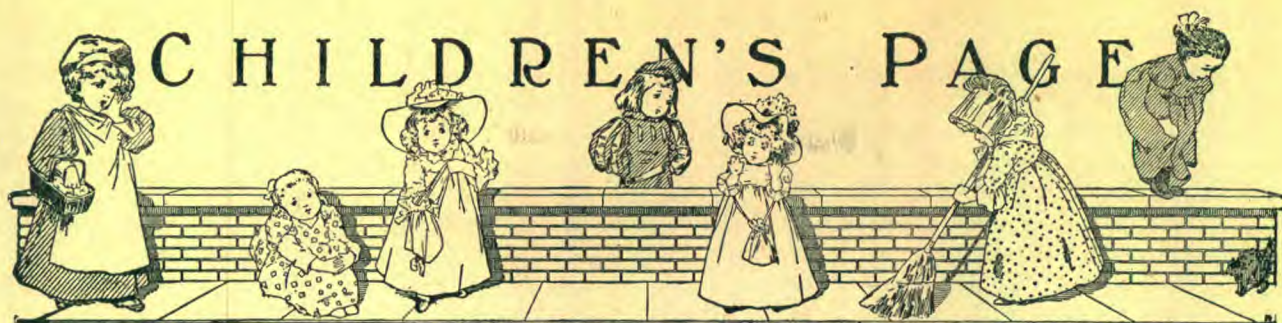
—Frank Walcott Hutt.

HE that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul:
but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding.—
Solomon.

“HE knows the truest way to teach
Who puts great thoughts in simple speech.”



THE WAY AUSTRALIA CARES FOR HER SHEEP



CHILDREN'S PAGE

Thanksgiving

THE ripe, rosy apples are all gathered in;
They wait for the winter in barrel and bin;
And nuts for the children, a plentiful store,
Are spread out to dry on the brown attic floor;
The great, golden pumpkins that grow such a size,
Are ready to make into Thanksgiving pies;
And all the good times that the children hold dear
Have come round again with the bountiful year.

Now what shall we do in our bright happy homes
To welcome this time of good times as it comes?

And what do you say is the very best way
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day?
The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do
Is this: To make thankful some other hearts, too;
For lives that are grateful and sunny and glad,
To carry their sunshine to lives that are sad;
For children that have all they need and to spare,
Their good things with poor little children to share;
For this will bring blessing, and this is the way
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

—Selected.

The Little Round Cakes

A Thanksgiving Story for the Children

SHE'S the queerest old woman you ever see," said Tim, "but we gits our dime all the same."
"When does she give them?" asked the little fellow sitting beside him on the curbstone.

Both boys were evidently the children of poverty, but there was a difference. Rob Mason's clothes were old and patched, but there was an attempt at respectability and cleanliness that the other lacked. Tim was wholly a boy of the street.

"The day before Thanksgiving—that's tomorrer, you know. Say, Rob, did you ever taste turkey?" queried Tim, with interest.

"Yes, a long time ago. Before we lived here."

There was a sober, far-away look on the boyish face that made even rough little Tim hasten to change the subject.

"Say, Rob, will you go with us and git the cake?"

"My mother wouldn't let me beg."

"Tain't beggin'! It's a Thanksgiving present. The old lady says so. You'd better come."

"I'll ask mother," and Rob jumped up and ran down the street toward the shabby tenement house that was home to him.

Mrs. Mason was bending over her sewing machine when Rob burst into the room, but she stopped its busy whir at sight of his eager face.

"Mother, mother, I want to tell you something. There's the queerest old lady lives up on Lafayette Street; and every year, the day before Thanksgiving, she gives away a lot of little round cakes, frosted cakes, mother, and what do you think! In each one is a shiny little silver ten-cent piece. The boys here on Harbour Street have had them several years, and they're going tomorrow. May I, oh, may I go and get one, mother?"

Mrs. Mason hesitated. Cakes given away at the back door sounded a good deal like begging, and that was not to be thought of. But dimes were rare things with poor little Rob; and this afternoon she was feeling more discouraged than usual. It had been a cruel disappointment that some money due her for work had not been paid. And now it would be impossible to carry out her little plan for celebrating Thanksgiving in a modest way. So when Rob hastened to add,—

"She says it's her Thanksgiving present to the boys—she's done it ever so many years," his mother replied:—

"Yes, you may go. If there is anything that will make the day a little brighter, I don't want to say a word against it. I must sew, sew, all day. We are owing ten dollars on the rent, you know, and unless it is paid next month, we must find a cheaper place than this before the new year."

"Mother," the boy cried, throwing his arm about the thin shoulders, "there's lots of things I could do to earn money, if you would let me come out of school."

"No, no, Rob. You do help wonderfully for a boy of your age, but it must be school at any cost."

The next morning, at the back door of an old brick house on Lafayette Street, might have been seen a procession of small and shabby boys who knocked, and were met by a white-haired old lady with a basket in her hand. From this she produced, one after another, little cakes nicely wrapped in paraffin paper. She spoke a few words to each boy, and looked him over keenly. To one she spoke sharply:—

"Tom Nichols, what are you here for? These cakes are not intended for boys who have all they want at home."

And although Tom muttered, "Guess I could spend a dime as well as those boys down on Harbour Street," he was promptly put out of line, and ordered off the premises.

She was a queer old lady, as Tim had said, bent in figure, dressed in old-fashioned clothes, but with eyes as keen as live coals, and a most disconcerting way of looking one over. She scrutinized Rob sharply, asked him several questions, but finally dived down deep in her basket and gave him his package.

Most of the boys broke open their cakes and secured the dime at once, but Rob ran away, carrying his as it had been given him. It would be nicer to open it with mother, so that she could discover the silver piece with him. And, indeed, Mrs. Mason seemed almost as eager as her boy over this ceremony. Carefully was the pink ribbon untied.

"I wonder," said Rob, "why my ribbon is pink. All the others were white."

Carefully was the paraffin paper unwrapped, and the cake disclosed to view.

"It looks most too good to eat, doesn't it?" sighed Rob. "Would you wait and have it for a Thanksgiving dessert? You are to share it with me, you know. But I guess I'll open it now, because I do so want the ten cents to spend for something for tomorrow. Give me a knife, mother, and I'll cut it exactly in halves.

"I've hit it!" he exclaimed with excitement as the knife stuck halfway. "Here it is! O mother!" For the knife had dropped to the floor, and in the boy's hand lay — not the expected silver, but a gold piece — a ten-dollar gold piece!

Two frightened faces gazed at each other, and then Rob dropped the gold piece to clasp his arms around his mother's neck.

"It's for the rent, mother. We're safe, we're safe!"

And then, checked by the look in his mother's eye, he cried: "O mother, don't you think she meant to give it? She couldn't have made a mistake?"

"That's not for us to say," said Mrs. Mason, taking up the money and carefully wrapping it in the paper. "We only know what you ought to do, Rob."

"Of course, mother, I'll take it back. But how could she make such a mistake?"

"It may have been accidentally left among the dimes, and some servant who did not know its value have done the baking."

Rob walked slowly back with the precious money that meant so much to him, clasped tightly in his hand. This time he went to the front door of the house on Lafayette Street and rang the bell.

"Yes, Mrs. Ainslie was in," and Rob was ushered into a fine library, and told to wait there.

Mrs. Ainslie soon appeared, and again the keen eyes looked the boy over.

"Well, well! Aren't you one of the boys who came this morning? And what is it now? Was the dime left out of your cake?"

"No, marm. Yes, marm, it was; but this was in it instead." And Rob held up the gold piece.

The old lady held up both hands in well-feigned astonishment, "Well, well, well! Now whoever could have been so careless? But I suppose you feel that 'havings is keepings,' as I've heard boys say?"

"No, marm," decidedly. "It was a mistake, of course, and I don't expect to keep it."

At the same time, poor little Rob could not keep the wistful tone out of his voice, nor the suspicious moisture from his eyes.

"What would you do with it if it were yours?"

Rob hesitated a moment; then he said, "I'd rather not tell."

The old lady looked both disappointed and suspicious.

"Very well," she said, and opening a small bag that hung at her side she dropped the money into it.

Then, as Rob turned to go, "Tell me where you live."

Rob told her; and then he said: "Good-by, Mrs. Ainslie. I'm much obliged for the cake. I haven't eaten it yet, but it looks very nice." And he was out of the room fortunately before the tears came.

There is no denying that Rob was cruelly disappointed, but before home was reached he managed to put on a brave face, and when they sat down to dinner, mother and son were in quite a cheerful mood.

As they shared the little cake, Rob gave his mother a graphic account of his call on the queer old lady.

"I didn't like to tell her it would go for the rent, mother, for I was afraid she'd think I was just saying it to make her let me keep it. Don't you see?"

Yes, Mrs. Mason did see and understand. Rob was always sure of his mother in this respect. And she did her best that afternoon to make her boy forget his disappointment. She succeeded so well that when, some hours later, Rob started to take home some work for her and encountered Tim on the street, he was able to answer that young man's query, "How you goin' to spend yer dime, Rob?" with a calm "I don't know yet."

This errand for his mother took him to quite a distance, so that dusk was falling when he reached home again. As he turned the corner of Harbour Street, a most unusual sight met his eyes. Before the entrance to the tenement house was a private coupé, with a colored driver on the box. A crowd of urchins were gathered about the carriage, and Tim's voice rose above the others: "The Prisdint's come to call on yer, Rob."

When Rob opened the door of his home, he nearly fell down the rickety stairs in astonishment, for there sat Mrs. Ainslie beside his mother on the sofa, talking as if they had known each other for years. The old lady beckoned the boy to her side.

"There!" she said, putting the gold piece into his hand, "take it. It's yours. Yes, I meant it for you all the time. Only, it's not to go for rent. Your mother will tell you all about it. Good-by, Helen, dear. I'll see you soon again." And with a pat on the boy's shoulder, she was gone.

"Helen, dear!" repeated Rob. "What does it mean, mother?"

"It means that your 'queer old lady' and my mother — your grandmother, Rob — were dear friends in their girlhood. I didn't know her by the name of Ainslie. Had I known her name was formerly Margaret North, I should have guessed at once. When we met, she saw such a resemblance to my mother that she at once demanded my maiden name, and so it all came out. She may be a queer old lady, Rob, but she's dear as well as queer, and I think we've found a friend."

Later, Mrs. Mason told Rob the story of the cakes. Mrs. Ainslie was a rich woman, but a very lonely one, for her husband had died years before, and their only child, when a boy of twelve years, had been drowned while swimming. Left alone and with great wealth, she had lived to make that wealth a blessing to many; but above all she dearly loved to make boys the objects of her bounty.

She was a little eccentric, as the story of the cakes showed. For fifteen years she had baked her little cakes, and put the dimes in them; but every third year, in one she put a ten-dollar gold piece. She marked it differently from the others, and selected with care the boy to whom she gave it. And she told with triumph that never had she been mistaken in her boy. He had never failed to bring it back. Three of these boys who had been thus favored, she had befriended and helped along, and had never lost sight of; they were "her boys" still. She admitted that when Rob declined to tell for what he would use the money, she was inclined to doubt the wisdom of her choice; but she liked his face. She determined to look him up, to meet his mother; and you can imagine her delight

when that mother proved to be the daughter of her old friend.

The hard times of the Mason family were over. Not that they became dependent upon this new friend; but she helped them to help themselves. And to Rob she came to stand, next to his mother, as his best earthly friend.—*Elizabeth K. Hall.*

A Pocket Fire Escape

FIRE breaks out in your hotel. It is right at your door, and you cannot reach the elevator or the stairway. Your window is six stories from the ground, and the fire escape is on the other side of the building.

Reaching into your right-hand coat pocket, you pull out a roll of thin steel tape, like the familiar surveyor's tape measure. You fasten one end to the bedpost, and place your wife in a loop provided for the purpose. You get into a similar loop, and jump bravely out of the window. The slender string bears both of you safely to the ground—providing that your total weight does not exceed eight hundred pounds.

This remarkable little pocket fire escape was invented by Pietro Vescova, of Stockton, California, and has attracted widespread interest. The tiny instrument is only four and three quarters inches in diameter, and the tape is slightly more than an inch wide.

Hundreds of trial descents have been made by the inventor, who claims that his life-saving device is infallible.—*Every Week.*

A Story of Two Beggars

In a beautiful palace within a walled city, there once lived a very good king. Each day this king, surrounded by his followers, rode forth from the walled city to see that all was well in his realm. As the great gates swung open to let him pass, there always stood waiting, on either side of the road, a beggar; and always the good king paused long enough to give them some gift to carry home. In this way the beggars had received houses, lands, food, and clothing, yet still they waited each day for more.

One of the beggars was big and strong, with a selfish, discontented face; he received his many gifts without one word or sign of gratitude. The other beggar was small and weak, with a pale, timid face; but whenever he looked at the good king, his eyes were full of love, and daily he thanked him for his gifts.

At last there came a sad time when an enemy brought a terrible disease into the country of the good king. The disease was so contagious that it swept through the length and breadth of the land, and every soul, except the king himself, was sick of the pestilence. Some were touched so lightly by the disease that they hardly knew they had it; some were sick unto death; while still others did not die, but were left so crippled and weak that they grew weary of life, and envied those that could die.

As the good king went to and fro on his errands of mercy, always the two beggars waited on either side of the city gate, and daily he gave them gifts from his store.

At last the king heard that in a far country they had found a cure for this terrible plague, and at once he set forth alone to find it. The way was long, and beset by many dangers, but the king did not stay because of that. Often he had no food or drink, he was cold, he was wounded, he was put in prison as a spy, he suffered in every way, but never, for one moment, did he falter.

At last the king found the cure for which he searched, and quickly, without rest or pause, he started back to carry it to the people he loved. After many weary days he reached the gate of his own city again, and there, as of old, he saw the two beggars.

The beggars were crippled and weak from the dread disease, and as the king looked on them, his face shone with the love and pity he felt.

"Friend," said he, speaking first to the big beggar. "Friend, I have suffered much, but I did it gladly, for I have found the cure for thy sickness. I give it to thee freely, asking only that for my sake thou pass it on to some fellow sufferer, that he also may be cured."

And then a strange thing happened, for the big beggar's face grew red with anger, while he answered rudely, "I came here to receive gifts, not to serve others," and he strode away in haste.

A shadow came over the face of the king, but he turned toward the little beggar.

"Do you, too, refuse my gift because I ask thee to pass it on?" he questioned softly.

But the little beggar knelt weeping at the good king's feet while he answered, "I thank and praise thee, O king, that thou hast given me the privilege of doing something to show my love for thee."

Then immediately the little beggar was healed, and all his days he joyfully carried the king's cure to others who suffered from the dread disease.

Each day we stand at the gate of mercy, receiving gifts from the King of heaven, who only has the cure for the disease of sin. Are we like the big beggar, or are we like the little beggar?

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS.

PLEASURES are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like a snowflake in the river,
A moment white, then lost forever.

—Burns.



Jesus' Coming

FOR nineteen hundred years the children of God have looked forward to the second coming of Jesus, when sin and death and suffering would be no more; when the graves of the righteous dead would open, and friends long separated would again be united; when Jesus himself would descend from heaven to gather his loved ones home.

The ground for such a hope is threefold:—

First, the promise the Saviour made in John 14:3. On that eventful evening when he and the twelve surrounded the Passover table just before his betrayal, he tore the veil from the future, and notified the astonished guests that he was about to leave them to return to the Father, and that after he had prepared mansions for them, he would return and receive them unto himself.

Second, forty days after the resurrection, when Christ and his faithful eleven had wended their way to Mt. Olivet, the Master suddenly began to ascend

from their midst, just as they had read about Enoch and Elijah and Moses doing in days of old. Filled with awe and wonder, they steadfastly gazed into heaven, we are told in Acts 1:9-11, when two angels clothed in white, said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

Third, at the close of the first century an old man with long, gray hair and beard, stood on the rocky isle of Patmos. Above him was the clear, Oriental sky, at his feet the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. It was John, the beloved disciple. But he was not conscious of his surroundings. A voice from heaven was speaking to him, "*Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, . . . and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him.*" Rev. 1:7.

Jesus, angels, and the apostle John all testified that the Lord is coming again. But the great question in the minds of the believers is and has been, "*When shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?*" Matt. 24:3. These questions were answered by the Saviour, when he walked among men. He told the disciples *when* he would come, *how* he would come, and *what* would take place when he came.

In answer to the question *when*, Jesus, in Matt. 24:14, said, "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world; . . . then shall the end come." In our day the veil has been removed from the entire inhabited earth. Exploration has revealed the whole world. The railroads and great ocean liners have made all places accessible, while the mails, telephone, and telegraph have made it possible to transmit the gospel easily and quickly to every nation, tongue, and people.

But the Saviour specified definite signs that would precede his coming. Luke 21:25, 26. God would advertise the second coming of Christ in the *sun*, in the *moon*, in the *stars*, upon the *earth*, and in the *sea*. Thus any one who observes the heavens, the handiwork of God, or the affairs of mankind, need not be ignorant of the approach of that great day. In Matt. 24:29 we are told that the sun and moon should be darkened (this occurred May 19, 1780), and that the stars would fall from heaven (this occurred Nov. 13, 1833).

The signs all foretell that his coming is near. Soon the great event described by Paul will take place. "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

MEDITATIONS.—The verses this week bring to me with new force the realization that Jesus' coming is very near. One by one the signs which were to foretell his coming have appeared until very few remain. But while everything points unmistakably to the soon coming of our Saviour, it is possible for me to become so wrapped up in the affairs of this life that I shall not heed the approach of the Lord's return. I pray that this may ever be kept before me, and that I may do all things with reference to the nearness of that event.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Most of us have friends or relatives in our denominational schools this year. We are anxious for them to succeed in their school work, and most of all, that they may enjoy a good Christian experience. We desire that those who have not given their hearts to the Lord may do so during this school year. Let us this week pray for the children and young people in our schools.

C. L. BENSON.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON Assistant Secretary
MRS. I. H. EVANS Office Secretary
MEADE MAC GUIRE
C. L. BENSON Field Secretaries
J. F. SIMON

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending November 25

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

The Bible Year

Assignment for November 19 to 25

November 19: Luke 23, 24.
November 20: Acts 1 to 3.
November 21: Acts 4 to 6.
November 22: Acts 7, 8.
November 23: Acts 9, 10.
November 24: Acts 11 to 13.
November 25: Acts 14 to 16.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for November 16.

Questions and Answers

1. WE have frequent visits from ministers and various other workers. Shall we drop out our program, and give the time to the worker? or shall we conduct the program just the same as if he were not present?

In many places this is a perplexing problem. The visiting worker often has a message of courage which is greatly appreciated by the young people. Unfortunately it is usually the Missionary Volunteer program which it is expected will give way rather than any other meeting. But owing to the fact that this department is new, and its plans and programs only partially established, it is extremely important that as few breaks as possible occur. Again, one great purpose of this movement is the development of workers through the responsibilities of the society work. However interesting and good these frequent talks by passing workers, it is a question whether the members would not receive more benefit from proceeding with their program. Some workers realize this, and prefer to listen to the program and watch and encourage the development of the youth by suggestions rather than to take the time from them. It is difficult to maintain the interest in a series of connected lessons where there are frequent omissions. In many cases it may be most satisfactory to shorten the program by omitting the less important features and condensing the lessons, and share the time with the visitor.

M. M.

The First Presidential Thanksgiving Proclamation

By the President of the United States of America

A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, It is the duty of all Nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his Will, to be grateful for his Benefits, and humbly to implore his Protection and Favour; And whereas both houses of Congress have, by their joint Committee, requested me "To recommend to the People of the UNITED STATES, a Day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING and PRAYER, to be observed by acknowledging with

grateful Hearts the many Signal Favours of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a Form of Government for their Safety and Happiness."

Now, THEREFORE, I do recommend and assign THURSDAY the Twenty-Sixth Day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States, to the Service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be: That we may then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind Care and Protection of the People of this Country previous to their becoming a Nation;—for the signal and manifold Mercies, and the favourable Interpositions of his Providence in the Course & Conclusion of the late War;—for the great Degree of Tranquility, Union, and Plenty, which we have since enjoyed;—for the peaceable and rational Manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of Government for our Safety and Happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted;—for the civil and religious Liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge;—and in general, for all the great and various Favours which he hath been pleased to confer upon us.

AND ALSO, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our Prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech him to pardon our National and other Transgressions;—to enable us all, whether in public or private Stations, to perform our several and relative Duties properly and punctually;—to render our National Government a Blessing to all the people, by constantly being a government of wise, just and Constitutional Laws, directly and faithfully obeyed;—to protect and guide all Sovereigns and nations, (especially such as have shown kindness unto us) and to bless them with good Government, Peace and Concord;—to promote the Knowledge and Practice of true Religion and Virtue, and the increase of Science among them and us;—and generally to grant unto all mankind such a Degree of temporal Prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my Hand at the City of New York, the third Day of October, in the Year of our Lord one Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Nine.

G. WASHINGTON.



VIII — Peter Delivered from Prison

(November 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 12:1-25.

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

Questions

1. By whom was the church again persecuted? Acts 12:1. Note 1.
2. Who was first to suffer? Verse 2. Note 2.
3. How did this affect the Jews? How did Herod try again to please them? Verse 3.
4. What was done to Peter? When did Herod intend he should die? Verse 4. Note 3.

5. How did the church try to help Peter? Verse 5.
6. How was the prisoner guarded the night before he was to be executed? Verse 6. Note 4.
7. Who visited the prison that night? How was Peter awakened? What did the angel tell him to do? Verses 7, 8.
8. What did Peter think of this experience? How were they enabled to pass through the prison gates? Verses 9, 10. Note 5.
9. After the angel departed, what did the apostle say to himself? Verse 11.
10. To whose house did he go? Who were already there? What were they doing? Verse 12.
11. Who answered Peter's knock? Why did Rhoda not open the door? What did she do? What did the people say? Verses 13-15.
12. How did the people receive Peter? What did he declare to them? Where did he then go? Verses 16, 17. Note 6.
13. What took place in the morning? How were the keepers punished? Verses 18, 19.
14. How was the quarrel settled between Herod and the people of Tyre and Sidon? Verse 20.
15. Relate what took place on a special day. Verses 21, 22.
16. What punishment did Herod suffer? Verse 23. Note 7.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. Name as many Christians as you can who have been imprisoned for their faith.
2. What shows that those who were praying for Peter lacked faith?

Notes

1. This was Herod Agrippa I, a grandson of Herod the Great who murdered the babes of Bethlehem. He was a nephew of Herod Antipas who beheaded John the Baptist. He reigned only three years. This Herod tried to please the Jews. He was very careful to observe Jewish ceremonies. He was part Jew and partly Edomite, and feared the people would hate him as they had his grandfather. On one occasion he read from Deuteronomy the words, "Thou mayest not set a stranger over thee, which is not thy brother," and he pretended to weep while the people exclaimed, "Don't weep, Agrippa! You are our brother."
2. Why was James killed? "God deals with his children differently. Peter and James, both good men, both apostles of Jesus, fall into prison; God saves one by a miracle, the other he allows to be beheaded. God did not love Peter any more than James. To both he gave what was best, but the best was different for each."—Burrell.
3. Peter was kept in the famous prison in Herod's residence, the fortress of Antonia. It immediately adjoined the temple on the northwest. Peter was not killed at once, because it would have offended the Jews if he had been executed during the Passover.
4. Peter was guarded "by four quaternions (bands of four soldiers), each quaternion being on guard through a three-hour watch. Two of the soldiers were chained to his arms, one on either side; a third was outside the door, and the fourth in the passage leading to the strong outer gate. Doubtless Herod knew how the apostles had escaped from prison once before, and he meant to keep Peter securely this time."
5. As the angel told Peter what to do the disciple was dumb with amazement. The prison doors opened without a sound and closed again, and the guards were motionless. Not a word was spoken, no sound was made. Peter thought it was all a dream, but he followed the angel till he was in the open street, and then his deliverer vanished.
6. "How was Peter received?—With such an outburst of excited questions and exclamations, while his voice was drowned out, that he could only shake his hand at them for silence. Then he told them the wonderful story, and bade them tell it to James, the brother of Jesus, the head of the Jerusalem church, and to the other disciples, while he sought safety in another house, or perhaps in another city."—Peloubet.
7. Herod knew that he deserved none of the praise and homage offered him, but he was filled with pride as the people declared he was a god instead of a man. But suddenly a terrible change came, he became pale as the dead, and he stood for a moment in pain and terror. He remembered the suffering he had brought to Christ's followers, and he knew God was now dealing with him in punishment. The same angel that visited Peter in the prison and smote him to awaken him, smote the wicked king. See "Acts of the Apostles," p. 152.

—♦♦♦—
 You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—J. A. Froude.

—♦♦♦—
 WHAT shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?—Mark.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE
 REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
 TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - Editor
 ADELAIDE BEE EVANS - - - - - Associate Editor

Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription - - - - \$1.25
 Six Months - - - - - .70

Club Rates

	Each
in clubs of five or more copies, one year	\$.85
Nine months at the rate of	.90
Six months at the rate of	.95
Three months at the rate of	1.00

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Thanksgiving for Thanksgiving

I THANK thee, Father, once again
 For many blessings gladly known,
 And many more beyond my ken
 That thou dost see, and thou alone;
 But most of all my heart I raise
 To praise thee for the power to praise.

Thy bounty, it is wondrous kind;
 But oh, the smiling of thy face!
 My life is all in love designed,
 But thou thyself art grace of grace,—
 Thyself, oh, infinitely more
 Than all thy bounty's golden store!

That I can feel thy Fatherhood,
 That I can press my hand in thine,
 That I can know that thou art good,
 And all thy power is love divine,—
 This knowledge every bliss outranks;
 I thank thee for the gift of thanks.

— Amos R. Wells.

Loyalty

GATHER into a superheated crucible all of the best attributes of the colporteur,— honor, integrity, courage, reliability, fidelity, devotion, consecration, faithfulness, all qualities that make for manliness,— reduce these to a single essential, and there results, in its fullest, finest, and most complete form, *loyalty*.

The real test of loyalty is not so much what one *must* do to best conserve the interests of his conference, but rather what one *can* do,— that indeed is loyal industry.

Loyalty is faithfulness, especially under trying circumstances; a mutual band of obligation between employer and employee; an entire, whole, unbroken devotion to a cause. It is not only a requisite of the employee, but is likewise a requirement of the employer.

"Over a hundred years ago, May 19, 1780, a darkening of the sun occurred while the legislature of Connecticut was in session. The heavens became so dark it seemed as though the end of the world was at hand, and a legislator moved that an adjournment be taken. One old Puritan, Davenport of Stamford, arose and said if the last day had come he wanted to be found in his place doing his duty, and moved that candles be brought so that the house could proceed with its business. To be loyally acting at his post of duty was this sturdy old Puritan's choice."

Real loyalty comes to the surface when our cause is attacked.

"It is all very well to be happy
 When life runs away like a song,
 But the fellow worth while is the man with a smile
 When everything goes dead wrong."

C. J. TOLF.

Albania's Condition

WHILE the people of the United States have been sending thirty million dollars' worth of relief to Europe and Turkey, two hundred thousand women and children in Albania have died of starvation.

William Willard Howard, of New York, who has returned from his third trip to this hunger zone of Europe, predicts that the entire population of Albania will die of famine and pestilence, unless helped. He says that in Albania corn is fifty dollars a bushel, flour eighty dollars a sack, and macaroni five dollars a pound.

Thirty millions of dollars have been given by the people of the United States for relief work of various kinds in Belgium, Poland, Armenia, Syria, and the warring countries of Europe, while two hundred thousand women and children in southeastern Europe have starved to death unheeded and uncared for.

"The Albanians have not taken part in the war. They fed and sheltered the refugees from Serbia, even with the last measure of corn that the famine-smitten villages possessed. Yet armies have swept over their country, taking what could be found to take, leaving to the women and children only the carcasses of dead horses in the streets, and these have been utilized by the starving ones."

"Everybody's Lonesome"

EVERYBODY'S lonesome in this world of ours,
 Everybody's longing for friendship's pure, sweet flowers.
 O, every one is sighing for a word of kindly cheer,
 And many hearts are aching for appreciation here.

Everybody's lonesome for just what you can give;
 Then why should you not give it, that dying souls may live?
 O let this be the talisman wherever man is known,
 That everybody's lonesome and every one's alone.

ELOISE CASE.

The Bible That was Chopped in Two

(Concluded from page seven)

"No, let's keep this, Kitty, if you don't mind; no other could be to me what this has already become, and it will help me to keep humble to remember what I dared to do with my ax."

"And I'd rather keep it too," said his wife. "But, John, when you go to town, you get us two nice strong Testaments, that we can carry in our pockets, just to read at odd times, while you are in the woods and I about my work."

"Grand idea, Kitty," said her husband, "and I must bring a few bits of ribbon for markers. That Bible has at least twenty pages turned down at the corners, where I've found verses to study out again."

For many years John and Katherine Mason lived, and the lives of those about them were richly blessed by the truths learned out of the Bible that was chopped in two by an ax.— *Selected*.

BE not simply good; be good for something.—
 Thoreau.