

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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LITTLE ROSALIE



Hon. Abram I. Elkus, of New York, was appointed to succeed Mr. Morgenthau as ambassador to Turkey.

A tablet from Nippur, dating about 2250 B. C., has been found to contain a record of the flood closely paralleling that of the Bible. One more answer to skeptics.

Miss Kathleen Parkin, of San Rafael, California, at the age of fifteen, is an expert wireless operator, and holds a government license. She made her own wireless apparatus.

One of Austria's scientists has discovered that the fiber of the thistle can be successfully substituted for cotton in the manufacture of cloth. It is, therefore, expected that in time Austria will become independent of foreign cotton.

Bread, now six cents a loaf instead of five, is by no means the only food to pay a "war tax." In 1912 flour sold for \$4.65 a barrel; now it brings \$8.40. Beans sold for \$4.95 per hundred pounds; now they bring \$9.45, nearly twice as much.

The British Y. M. C. A. has collected between two and three million dollars to be used in supplying European soldiers with reading matter. The association spends about \$3,000 a day to supply its huts and other activities with books and papers. In Germany a similar effort has been made, more than 100,000 books having already been furnished the prisoners of war in Russia alone.

#### Household Suggestions

Linoleum which has been rolled up for some time should be placed before the fire for a few minutes before unrolling. This will prevent cracking.

Dumplings will retain their lightness if pricked open when first taken from the kettle. Also the lid should be kept on tight while they are cooking.

All traces of the damage done by too hot an iron may be quickly removed by dampening with peroxide of hydrogen, then pressing and putting in the sun to dry.

White lead is one of the few cements that resists both heat and water. Apply thinly to the edges of the broken pieces, press them tight together, and set aside to dry.

When cooking sirup over a quick fire, drop in three or four clean marbles. The heat will motion, and will not only prevent the sirup from burning on the bottom but will do most of the stirring. If you think the sirup may boil over, butter the inside of the vessel about two inches from the top. The sirup will not rise higher than the butter.

It is better to shrink cloth before making it up. Fold the cloth smoothly, place in a tub, or other large receptacle, and pour in enough cold water to cover it. When the material is thoroughly saturated, pour in hot water, gradually increasing the temperature until the water is as warm as the hand can stand. Leave for two or three hours. Pour off the water, and press as much out of the material as possible, but do not wring. Hang on a line in the open air, stretching out smooth and pinning along one selvage.

"Last summer while on a camping trip," says A. I. Jenkins, "my fountain pen went dry, and I discovered that I had forgotten to bring an extra supply of ink. However, I chanced to have an indelible pencil in my pocket; and, taking about one half inch of the lead, I dissolved it in water and filled my pen. The result was a free-running, noncorroding ink so satisfactory in appearance and so economically contrived that I have used it ever since, and am given to understand by a bank clerk to whom I passed my suggestion that they use it altogether now in their business."

In sewing on buttons, if the knot in the thread is placed on the right side of the cloth, under the button, the thread will be less likely to break and become loosened, and the wrong side of the cloth will look much neater.—*Selected.*

#### It Takes Courage

To speak the truth when, by a little prevarication, you can get some great advantage.

To live according to your convictions.

To be what you are and not pretend to be what you are not.

To live honestly within your means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

When mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in the wreck or ruin the elements of future conquest.

To do your duty in silence, obscurity, and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating sacred obligations.—*Success Magazine.*

#### "Finding Out God's Secrets"

THERE is a small book, "Finding Out God's Secrets," written by Rev. Claude Allen McKay, that is of special interest to small children. It is a book of forty-four short story sermons for children. Mothers would find it an excellent book for Sabbath reading with their children. Some of the chapter headings are: "When the Sundial Lost Its Tongue," "A Builder Who Cheated Himself," "A Look at the House You Live In," "Catching Good Things," "God's Two Great Regulators," "A Visit to God's Incubator," "The Dream Telephone," "Why the Carrot Broke," "In a Blind Man's Shoes," "How to Get in Tune," "The Ship That Never Comes Back," "Wanted—A Bunch of Keys," "Mighty Little Things," "What Did the Arab Mean?" "It Can't be Done," "Trading Thorns for Roses." Price, 50 cents.

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# The Youth's Instructor

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No. 48

## The Gray Days of November

THE gray days of November  
No plaint from me shall win;  
I shut the fog and mist all out,  
And shut the fire-shine in;  
I draw my chair the closer  
To where its warm glow cheers,  
And, dreaming in the firelight,  
Dream back across the years.

No happier days, no better,  
My lost youth gave to me,  
With flowers in every meadow  
And songs from every tree;  
That was the time of growing;  
This is the time of rest;  
Bloom falls, but fruiting follows,  
And each in turn is best.

God giveth of his glory  
An ever-changing view;  
The old things pass forever;  
He maketh all things new;  
Life knoweth here no beauty  
That shall not fade away;  
Some better things he sendeth,  
And these are mine today.

Mine is the riper wisdom  
That comes with graying hair;  
Mine is the fuller knowledge  
Of God's great love and care;  
Mine is the clearer vision;  
Mine is the wider view;  
And mine the hoarded memories  
Of friendships kind and true.

Mine is a steadier patience  
To bear the ills of life;  
Mine is a sturdier courage  
To meet the daily strife;  
Mine is a faith serenest  
Than ever youth could know,  
To walk the way appointed  
Through sunshine or through snow.

The gray days lead to white days  
Of peace and silence deep,  
A stiller hush of resting  
When Earth and I shall sleep;  
And then—a glorious waking  
When broken ties all mend.  
Through gray days of November  
I wait the long year's end.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

## The Armenian Massacre

J. G. MANDALIAN

**W**HENEVER we hear the word "Armenian," our minds instantly revert to another word which by virtue of continuous association has become supplementary to it. It is the word "massacre."

The Armenians are a small Christian nation dominated by a cruel, non-Christian people, the Turks. Armenia has had no active friends.

When the 1895 massacre shocked the civilized world, the Armenians had many sympathizers. The leading papers of this country and of Europe were full of lofty editorials. There were orators everywhere who thrilled their audiences with sympathy for a helpless nation. The world was full of sympathy. But not a single nation stretched an arm to rescue the persecuted from the butcher's knife. Thus Abdul-Hamid went on with his bloody work unhampered. Poor Armenia cried for help, but no one came to her aid. And so for centuries she has been abused, robbed, dishonored, persecuted, and butchered.

When the revolution of 1908 put an end to the despotic rule of the bloody Hamid, the Armenians welcomed the constitutional régime with open arms. They forgot the bitter past, and forgave. They soon found, however, that the Turk's fond embrace had been the traitor's clasp. The massacres of Adana and Cilicia demonstrated this. They found the rule of the Young Turk even more galling than that of Hamid. But they forgave again, and tried to live with their butchers as best they could.

When October of 1915 saw the Turk enter the whirlpool of the present war, it was clear to all intelligent Armenians that a serious calamity awaited their nation. No denial can be made of the fact that Armenian sympathy was with the Allies from the start. When Turkey enlisted on the side of the Central Powers, the Armenians fought in the Turkish armies against their patrons and sympathizers. In every instance they were put in the front, where they were exposed to the severest fire. As long as the Turkish arms were victorious, the Armenian people were safe. But as soon as the Turks met with reverses in the Caucasus, they took their revenge on the innocent Armenians.

When the victorious Russian army conquered north-eastern Armenia, the people hailed them as their deliverers from Turkish tyranny. In view of these reverses the Turk wanted to be revenged. Armenia was his natural victim. The only thing necessary was a pretext, and this was easily found; for presently the serious charge of general uprising was brought against the Armenians. Prominent Armenians were arrested everywhere. Many of the Armenian soldiers were shot down in cold blood. About twenty of the best men of the nation, statesmen, lawyers, editors, were publicly hanged in Constantinople. Massacres began to take place in various cities. It seemed that the calamity was not local or accidental, but had the character of organized effort. Armenians everywhere became alarmed. All the able-bodied men were in the army, and those at home were the old men, women, and children. The greater the reverses of the Turk, the more intense became his revenge upon the Armenians.

Finally, Talast Bey and Enver Pasha, the dictators in Constantinople, gave the command for carrying out the scheme known as Armenian deportation. The helpless Armenians were ordered to leave their property, their lands, their cherished homes, and prepare to go—who knew where? The thought was revolting. In many places they resented and fought. Against these "rebels" regular troops, cannon, and other means were sent to enforce their deportation. Then followed heart-rending scenes. Husbands were separated from their wives, brothers from their sisters. The men and women were first separated, then huddled together like sheep. Then they began the long journey—miles, scores, hundreds of miles, until they reached their destination. Hungry, exposed, exhausted—but who cared? If an old woman lagged behind, she was instantly struck down to save trouble.

The defenseless companies were exposed to the attacks of hostile Kurds, the perpetual enemies of the Armenians. These Kurds rushed upon the timid women and girls like wild beasts upon their prey. The terrified women shrieked and cried for mercy. The Turkish officers told the Kurds they could do as they pleased with their victims. So these innocent women were abused, kidnaped, some shot down, others cut to

pieces. In many places whole companies were driven into the sea, others massacred in cold blood. Perhaps not one tenth of the deported arrived at their destination. The Armenians were charged with insurrection. It is now known too well that it was all a scheme for exterminating an innocent nation. The population in the vicinity of Constantinople was driven to central Asia Minor, and that of the sea coasts to the Syrian deserts.

It is estimated that one million Armenians perished in these deportations. Among them perished the best of the nation, university men, college professors, scholars, statesmen, authors, and poets. There have been shames and horrors inflicted upon the mothers and sisters of my nation that make me shudder, and wonder if the Turk can really have a heart. I dip my pen in tears and carve my heart into words to tell the story.

O my sweet Armenia, my bleeding Armenia! Thou hast been intrusted to the caresses of a butcher. Thy heart has been drained of its blood. Thy cries have fallen on deaf ears. Thy tears have been scorned. Yet, with all thy wounds, thou hast been true to the trust that was committed to thee. Some day the Master himself shall appear, when wrongs shall be avenged, and tears shall be wiped away. Then shall thy faithful ones live once more in true liberty and love throughout eternity.

#### Gleanings from Norwegian History — No. 1

"Proud mem'ries awaken, as 'gainst the strand  
The North Sea waves dash loud resounding,—  
Of fathers who came to this far-off land  
In barks, o'er the billows swift bounding."

— *Norriges Unge Flag.*

"HIGH up in the north" lies Norway. It is a land of gleaming waterfalls and rushing rivers; of wooded valleys and barren fields; of silver lakes and snow-crowned mountains,—withal a glorious land. Whether bathed in the dreamy effulgence of the midsummer sun, or canopied by the flaming splendor of the winter Aurora, Norway is always sublimely beautiful. And the Norwegian loves his homeland with a fervency unexampled elsewhere. The national motto is a succinct expression of this patriotism: "All to Norway!"

Notwithstanding his patriotism, the Norwegian goes much abroad. On many a bloody battle field, in many a mighty achievement of peace, in all lands and climes where men have been wont to risk life or limb, or to perform Herculean labors, there have the sons of Norway gone. And be it said, "On Fame's eternal camping ground" not a few have pitched their tents. For, with all its grandeur, Norway is, generally speaking, a barren land. Hence, its inhabitants have been compelled to seek sustenance from the sea; and the sea became a ready highway to other lands.

An old legend ascribes the prevailing rockiness of the country to the forgetfulness of the Almighty, who, through an oversight, neglected to give Norway its proper complement of soil. Perceiving this, says the tradition, the angels were directed to gather up such fragments of earth as remained from the work of creation, and these particles were scattered upon the rocky surface.

The Norwegians have not always lived in Norway. They emigrated thither from the south shores of the Baltic, before the dawn of history. Norway was peopled by Gothic tribes, and the Norwegian today is the purest representative of the once mighty Gothic race.

Anciently the Norwegians were pagans, worshiping Odin, the All-Father; Thor, the Thunderer; Baldur, the Beautiful; etc. According to the pagan myth, winter, sickness, and death came about by the fall of Idun. One day she lay wrapped in slumber on a branch of the world-tree, Yggdrasil. The squirrel, Ratatosk, running noisily upon the bough which supported Idun, caused her to start up quickly, and, losing her balance, down, down she fell, even unto Niflhel, the darksome, the dismal. But Idun was permitted to return to earth for a time each year. Her approach is heralded by soft winds, and her stay is marked by genial skies and verdant meadows. At her going, flowers die, leaves wither, and cold winds blow.

The story of Idun is the most beautiful in Northern mythology, for in the old paganism was much uncouthness. There is no question, however, but that these same pagans believed in the "strenuous life." In Valhalla, the fabled paradise of heroes, they imagined that the hosts went forth daily to battle, and that their wounds were healed at eventide. The ancient Norse believed that, ultimately, at the "twilight of the gods," the powers of the deities would fail and that the universe would crumble to ruin. A grim view of the future, assuredly!

But enough of tradition. Let us sojourn in the realm of history, leaving behind the domain of Saga Night.

#### Harold Harfagr and the Expatriates

"Harold to the throne ascended  
By his mighty sword."

— *Norwegian National Hymn.*

The year of our Lord might still have been written with three figures, when, a thousand years before our Civil War, Harold of the Beautiful Hair succeeded his father as jarl (petty king; later, earl) of a portion of western Norway. At that time the country was under the rule of several jarls, brave but unprincipled men, who led their warlike followers in many a predatory expedition upon neighboring nations. Neither did they scruple to wage war upon each other, sometimes for the sake of plunder, but oftener for the purpose of conquest or to obtain military glory. The inherited animosities of the various tribes, or nations, if they may be so called, the plotting of the rival jarls, together with the frequent assassinations of these worthies, contributed to that wretchedness which marks the beginning of the historical era in Norway. Plunderings, ambuscades, and butcheries unnumbered, celebrated with bacchanalian revels—such were the pastimes of these barbarians. Lands, women, and slaves were the property of those who could keep them, for that was an age when might made right. But think not that these men were offenders above their kind; barbarism ever places human life and human rights at a low valuation.

Tempted by Harfagr's youth, for Harold was but a stripling, the neighboring jarls attempted his overthrow. However, after having been rendered considerably *hors de combat* in several sanguinary conflicts, they were fain to sue for peace. But the doughty Harold's ambition was aroused, and he resolved to make himself master of Norway. The eagle soared above the craggy heights of Dovrefjeld, the pines murmured solemnly in the valleys, and the North Sea thundered against the rock-bound coast, just as today, when, so many years ago, under the open sky, before his assembled followers, Harold vowed to leave his locks unshorn until his ambition should be realized. Those aiding him in this enterprise he promised should

be great in Norway, if haply they abode not in Valhalla ere the country was subjugated. Many years passed. The paradise of heroes must have been filled to overflowing, if all who fell in Harold's wars found entrance there. But at length the mighty task was accomplished, the coalition of the Norse was effected, and, at Trondhjem, Harfagr was crowned with barbaric élat, king of united Norway, with the title of Harold I. This was in the year 895.

The vanquished jarls, such as remained alive, sought refuge in foreign lands. At this time Iceland was settled, and the inhabitants of that land still speak, with little variation, the language spoken in Norway in Harfagr's time. Modern Norway uses the Danish language, which is radically different from old Norse, though an outgrowth of that tongue, just as the English of today is an outgrowth of the Anglo-Saxon. The expatriated Norse founded a republic in Iceland which endured for several centuries.

Large numbers of these Norse, under Rolf, or Rollo, so harassed the coasts of France that the French king, to make peace, gave them one of his fairest provinces. This province was subsequently called Normandy, and its people Normans. These same Norsemen, or Normans, with Duke William as their leader, invaded and conquered England in 1066. Duke William, or as he was afterward called, William the Conqueror, founded a dynasty which rules England to this day.

Long years Harold Harfagr ruled Norway, for he lived to an advanced age. But sooner or later we all die, kings as well as commoners, and the year 933 saw the death of Norway's greatest pagan king, Harold I.

"The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
A humble and a contrite heart.

"Far-called, our navies melt away,  
On dune and headland sinks the fire;  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!"

—Kipling's "Recessional."

J. FRED SANTEE.

### The Grace of Courtesy \*

THROUGHOUT the Bible story of Paul's ministry to Jew and to Gentile, his conduct was that of a Christian gentleman. Ever he remembered that he was an ambassador of Christ, whose life work reveals no trace of discourtesy to friend or foe.

In going from place to place on the first missionary tour, Paul and Barnabas refrained from antagonizing unnecessarily those with whom they came in contact. They endeavored to find some ideas or ground common both to themselves and to their hearers; and having found such, they set forth truth with simplicity and clearness. How different is this from the course of those who attack error with no serious thought as to how they might teach precious truth without arousing a spirit of controversy on the part of their hearers: "Nothing of this kind will ever be found in the wise, courteous teaching of the apostle Paul, whose few recorded speeches to Jews and Gentiles may be commended to the careful study of all teachers at home or abroad as models of mission preaching, being at once prudent and loving, faithful and courageous. . . .

"The apostles felt indeed that they were intrusted with a great mission, important for the human race,

but yet they knew right well that feverish impetuosity or restless activity was not the true way to advance the cause they had in hand. They did not believe in wild, irregular actions which only stir up opposition. They were calm and dignified in their methods, because they were consciously guided by the divine Spirit of Him concerning whom it was said in the days of his flesh, 'He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets.'"—*Expositor's Bible, Acts of the Apostles, Vol. II, pp. 197-206.*

When the enemy of all truth stirred the unbelieving Jews to opposition, Paul and Barnabas often left the cities where large companies of Jews were to be found, and entered regions inhabited chiefly by the heathen. As messengers of the cross, they continued preaching the everlasting gospel; but their innate sense of courtesy led them to adapt their discourses to the understanding of those whose knowledge of God's dealings with mankind was very limited.

Thus it was at Lystra, where Paul proved himself "a born orator, able to adapt himself to a different class of hearers, and, grasping their special ideas and feelings, to suit his arguments to their various conditions."—*Id., p. 214.*

The noble courtesy revealed by Paul in later life, in the temple courts on the occasion of his arrest at Jerusalem, before Lysias, Felix, and Herod Agrippa, before the emperor Nero himself, is an object lesson to teachers of truth today, and especially to the youth who are called upon to stand before men as advocates of the unpopular truths connected with the proclamation of the third angel's message. Whatever his surrounding circumstances, and however unbelieving and rude his congregation, Paul always remembered that he was a Christian gentleman. Often his courtesy won for him instant respect and prompt justice.

The worker for God who expects to cooperate fully with heavenly intelligences in the salvation of souls, can never afford to ignore the example of the apostles who were specially endowed with the grace of courtesy.

C. C. CRISLER.

### Consecration

ONLY today is mine,  
And that I owe to Thee.  
Help me to make it thine,  
As pure as it may be;  
Let it see something done;  
Let it see something won;  
Then at the setting sun,  
I'll give it back to thee.

What if I cannot tell  
The cares the day may bring?  
I know that I shall dwell  
Beneath thy sheltering wing;  
And there the load is light,  
And there the dark is bright,  
And weakness turns to might,  
And so I trust and sing.

What shall I ask today?  
Naught but thine own sweet will.  
The windings of the way  
Lead to thy holy hill;  
And whether here or there,  
Why should I fear or care?  
Thy heavens are everywhere,  
And they are o'er me still.

Give me thyself today;  
I dare not walk alone.  
Speak to me by the way,  
And "all things" are my own,—  
The treasures of thy grace,  
The secret hiding place,  
The vision of thy face,  
The shadow of thy throne!

—Henry Burton

\* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for Dec. 9, 1916, on "Paul's Sermon at Antioch in Pisidia" (Acts 13: 25-43).



### A Factory That Employs Spiders

**S**PIDERS are probably the most indispensable workmen in one of the largest English surveying-instrument factories. It is their duty to spin the delicate thread which is used for the cross hairs to mark the exact center of the object lens in the surveyor's telescope, states a writer in a recent issue of the *New York American*.

Spider web is the only suitable material yet discovered for the cross hairs of surveying instruments. Almost invisible as this fiber is to the naked eye, it is brought up in the powerful lenses of the telescope to the size of a man's thumb, so that all defects, if there happened to be any, would be magnified to such a degree that the web would be useless.

Human hair has been tried, but when magnified it has the apparent dimensions of a rough-hewn lamp-post. Moreover, human hair is transparent, and cross hairs must be opaque.

The spiders produce during a two months' spinning season thousands of yards of web, which is wound upon metal frames and stored away until needed.

A spider "at work" dangles in the air by its invisible thread, the upper end being attached to a metal wire frame whirled in the hands of a girl. The girl first places the spider on her hand until the protruding end of the thread has become attached. When the spider attempts to leap to the ground this end is quickly attached to the center of the whirling frame, and as the spider pays out thread, this line is wrapped around the frame. Several hundred feet of thread can be removed from a spider at one time.

The spiders are kept in a large room under the supervision of three girls and a forewoman. When not spinning, the little workmen are placed in a large wooden cage. Flies are the chief article of diet.

During the winter months the spider colony usually dies, so that an entirely new corps of workmen must be recruited. Not every spider will do—only large fat fellows that spin a tough, round thread are suitable.

Singularly enough the girls who have charge of the spiders in this English factory are not in the least afraid of them or their bites. On the contrary, they regard them as pets, are able to tell them apart, and call them by nicknames which humorously describe their appearance or their peculiar habits of work.—*Every Week*.

### \$100,000 for Junk Thought Worthless

THOUSANDS of men and women are finding the collecting of junk a profitable business, and gradually are denuding the back yards and dumping grounds of all salable metals. It is estimated that the war prices have added from \$75,000 to \$100,000 to the profits of junk dealers in cities of from 50,000 to 100,000, so that the value of the junk business in the larger cities may be said to be well up in six figures.

A typical case of this new-found prosperity is that of Thomas Robinson, an Iowa junk dealer who had used every available resource in collecting 11,000 tons of old iron and scrapped metals. His supply covered a three-acre lot from ten to sixty feet deep; but before the war began there was not enough money to be made

in selling the material to pay for breaking it up for the market. Before the war had been in progress many months, Robinson disposed of his entire holdings to an Eastern manufacturer for \$100,000.

The markets in many cities are being swamped with materials brought in by schoolboys, who are making dollars now where dimes and nickels came in before. Many metals that had no cash value before the war are forging to the front as profitable side lines for the junkmen. This is true especially of worn-out battery plates.

A year ago heavy copper commanded a market price of 15¼ cents a pound; today the latest quotations range from 22 to 25 cents a pound, with no limit in sight. Brass junk has increased more than 100 per cent, and is still climbing; while the quotations for aluminum cuttings are more than twice the prices offered two years ago. Zinc prices have jumped more than 100 per cent, as have pewter, electrotype, and stereotype metals.

In five months' time more than 1,000 carloads, or about 400,000 tons, of scrap iron and other metals, have been shipped out of Sioux City, Iowa, alone. Railroad yards in some of the Middle West river cities are nothing but mountains of junk.—*Every Week*.

### A Great Expert on Mutilated Money

Mrs. A. E. BROWN, the world's greatest expert in handling mutilated money, was appointed for service by President Grant in 1875, and began counting fractional currency. When the department of mutilated money became a separate department, she was made its chief. She has been upon her present work thirty-five years.

Almost every day some of Uncle Sam's money comes back for identification as to former values. Tiny bits of red and yellow paper from a threshing machine, notes that have been burned to a crisp, money that has been partly digested by animals, gnawed into bits by mice, turned into pulp by water, rotted by damp—all pass through Mrs. Brown's hands. Her skill is quite remarkable, and if there is anything left to identify she is sure to succeed.

A Missouri farmer was leaning over to feed his pigs when he dropped his purse into the pen. When he discovered his loss an hour later, he searched the pen and found the purse, but none of the contents. Did he sit helplessly down and bewail the fact that his money was gone? Not a bit of it. He, the neighbors, and the telephone became very busy.

Before night that entire pen of greedy pigs were slaughtered, and the remains of the money were on their way to Washington, accompanied by a voucher drawn up by a notary certifying how the money was injured. Later, three hundred dollars were returned to the farmer.

The method of determining just what part of the money remains is most interesting. Each mutilated bill is carefully pasted on a backing of paper the size of the complete bill. A piece of glass the exact size of the bill is divided into forty squares.

When this glass is placed over the bill, if Mrs. Brown or her helpers find that the remains of the bill fill twenty-four of the squares, or three fifths of them, she recommends that the bill be redeemed at face value. If more than two fifths and less than three fifths, half value will be given. Any part less than two fifths is not redeemable, unless proof is brought in showing that the rest was destroyed.

Burned money is the hardest to work on, Mrs. Brown and her experts agree, with the possible exception of money that has been gnawed by mice. A cigar box full of charred money was received from Philadelphia, with an affidavit showing it had been inside a poorly constructed safe. Some silver coins were inclosed with the pieces, evidently with the idea that the original package should not be broken. In its passage through the mails the heavy silver was shaken through the charred bills until there was hardly a piece as large as the head of a pin.

It looked like a hopeless undertaking, but Mrs. Brown was undaunted. She called two of her best helpers, and the three, by the aid of magnifying glasses, soon brought out four fifty-dollar bills, and recommended they be redeemed by the Treasury.

Only infinite care and patience can bring any result with the mice-chewed bills. Each of the bills is laid out on a hard, smooth surface, and with the use of magnifying glasses they are placed in their proper position. The experts have a copy of every bill which has been issued by the government. These are used as models as soon as enough of the bill has been laid out to establish its issue.

After money has been identified and paid by the government, the detector must bear any loss which has been sustained by her mistake. Mrs. Brown, during her thirty-five years of service, has had to refund twenty-five cents.

"I am a plain, modest woman," asserts Mrs. Brown, "and I have succeeded because those under whom I have worked and those with whom I have been associated have been uniformly kind and have given me all needed encouragement. And," she continued, in quaint, old-fashioned phrase, "my work would not have attracted the attention it has, had it not been that unfortunate people have been pleased to have restored to them that which they had thought to be lost."

"This was especially true at the time of the great fire in San Francisco, where so many of the safety vaults proved insufficient in their protection. With our glasses and with the discrimination that comes from experience, we were able to save the larger part of the money supposed to be lost. Thousands of dollars were restored to needy people in this way. It was a source of great joy to them, and of satisfaction to us."

"It has taken patient endeavor and great care; but, after all, isn't that characteristic of women and their work in all walks of life?" concluded Mrs. Brown, who without question is one of the most remarkable, unique, and useful characters in the employ of the great American government.—*Lillian M. Montanve, in American Magazine*

"PROGRESS in life depends largely on how we stand up under rebuffs and criticism."

### Different Tops — How to Make Them

OF tops there is an endless variety, from the wonderful Chinese ones to the simple whip top that can be purchased for a cent. There are large buildings devoted to the manufacture of tops; but why buy tops when you can make better ones yourself? There is the pleasure of making them, and then you value them more afterward.

The wheels of an old clock will spin, and wooden buttons, with a peg, will spin. Obtain from your mother the largest wooden button she has; sharpen a match, insert through center of button; and whirl them between the thumb and finger on the long end, and you will see them do queer antics. (Fig. 1.) After that try the large red acorn as in Fig. 2.

Every boy probably has a top like the one in Fig. 3. If not, it is not hard to whittle if one is careful. Did you ever make the whip top? (Fig. 4.) It is the same as Fig. 3 except that it must be square on top, and it does not need the grooves for the string. Make it like the drawing. For a peg you can drive in a short nail

and file off the head, leaving a dull point. The whip consists of a round handle a foot long, to which is attached a light piece of braided rope as in Fig. 5. The top is set in motion by the finger, and then is whipped to keep it going. By practice you can make it do various peculiar things at your will by the manner and way you whip it.

Fig. 6 is a humming top. Make this out of a maple roller two and a half inches in diameter. Shape the outside as in the

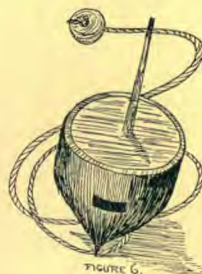
drawing. Bore a hole in the center, then saw it off two and a quarter inches; hollow it out from the top with an augur, then finally burn it out with a hot iron, leaving only a thin shell, which you should carefully scrape. Cover the opening with thin basswood, carefully fitting it on. Bore a hole in the center. Place through this a long hardwood peg, which must project three eighths of an inch at the bottom. Glue carefully the various parts,—peg, top, etc.

After cutting a hole with sharp edges on the side, as in the drawing, make a handle like the drawing in Fig. 7, from hard wood. Spin it this way: The string is wound about the spindle, while the handle is held in the left hand; the right pulls away the string, the handle is at the same time lifted off the spindle. The various tones in the humming of the top will surprise you.

UTHAI V. WILCOX.

"FULL many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

COMMON sense is the knack of seeing things as they are, and doing things as they ought to be done.—*C. E. Stowe.*





"Only a Glass!"

**W**OULD that it were so! No harm would result therefrom; for glasses, properly used, are a blessing. But O, the woe, the crime, penury, want, and utter disgrace that lurk within the glass! Its contents, taken by the presumptuous palate tickler, start him speeding down the slippery decline toward hell, so deceiving his benumbed senses as to make him think he can stop at any time; and the false sense of security is the more fondly and vainly nursed as one increasingly speeds on and on, until at last the would-be moderate tippler *does* stop — stops suddenly, sadly, disgracefully, eternally.

*Only a glass!* Would that it were so! But if you *must* fill the glass, use what all God's other creatures use, the only thing that will truly slake thirst — *water*.

STEMPLE WHITE.

#### Incidents from Life

ONE cold winter's day, on going out into the yard, I heard the sound of approaching sleigh bells. Soon the team came into our dooryard and stopped. The woman in the sleigh was crying, but the husband made no move either to help her or to get out himself. I went out, and found that they were both nearly helpless from cold and drink. It was with difficulty that I got them into the house, though I had some help. I cared for them the best I could till about twelve o'clock at night, when the man started up, saying, "I'm going home." The boy and I got the horse out and harnessed him the best we could, not an easy task with the harness tied in many places and the weather bitterly cold. Then we helped the man into the sleigh. The horse was strong and in a hurry to go, and rushed on in spite of the vigorous pulls on the reins, as he called back, "I want my dim-i-john!" Fortunately the horse rushed on; and in the meantime I had spirited the demijohn away. The next morning the wife wanted to go home, so I got a team and started with her; but on the way we met the husband, who, having become somewhat sobered, had started back after — well, was it his wife or the "dim-i-john"? At any rate, the first words we heard him say were, "Wife, have you got the dim-i-john?" Thus does the demijohn take first place in the life.

The following incident is another illustration of how good men are sometimes betrayed by the deceptive drink evil: —

County commissioners from Maine and New Hampshire, with their packman, started from the lower settlement to go to the Canadian boundary line to find the iron monument placed on the corner. From this they were to run the line down between Maine and New Hampshire to the ocean, or very near there.

The first night after starting from the Magalloway settlement, they camped in an old logging camp. The packman carried a good supply of different kinds of "spirits." As they had arrived at their destination weary with their tramping and climbing, most of them soon dropped off to sleep in a near-by bunk, or place

they called their bed. After a while one man awoke and thought the camp was on fire; but on hastily looking around, he saw that Mr. — had taken all the sperm candles from the pack, and after sticking them all over the rude boards which formed the table, lighted them and placed the various bottles from the pack in array, and was busily tending bar. Over and over he cried, "Walk up, gentlemen, ten cents a drink!" Before he left the camp, he got so drunk he had to be helped around. Many of the other men were about as helpless as he was.

The men who came with this dispenser of the liquor and lived near his home, said he was never before known to drink a drop, went to church and Sunday school with his family, and was considered a very fine temperance man! Surely in his case wine was a mocker and strong drink was raging, for he was deceived by them; and so it has been and always will be by those who indulge in alcoholic liquors. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the only safe rule.

SARAH E. BATES-BARTLETT.

#### The Workshop or the School

CHILD labor still exists in America. There are about two million children, it is estimated, between the ages of ten and fourteen who are now employed in industry and denied educational opportunities. The last eight years, through the efforts of friends of childhood, some substantial improvements in child life have been made. Five of our States limit child labor to eight hours a day; eight prohibit night work; six do not permit night-messenger service under eighteen; four prohibit it under twenty-one years of age; and no child under sixteen is allowed to work in the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

These prohibitions and regulations are just. The nation has not only a right, but a duty, to look after the welfare of its future citizenship. Free education is provided by the government for all children, for it expects to benefit by this expenditure. Then after considering such advantages of sufficient importance to warrant the expenditure of millions of dollars, it is right that the government see that no person or corporation deny children the school privilege thus provided for them.

The personal liberty of parents or corporations is not trampled upon by this provision; for the government is only demanding that no one interfere with the child's right to the opportunities provided for it.

But the government discriminates; for the liquor traffic robs more children of their rights than do all the other industries of the country. And yet the government stands by and not only fails to prohibit such abuses, but licenses the traffic that commits them. How long shall we as citizens permit such outrages? An incensed people should arise and demand at once the abolition of the traffic that enslaves millions of our children, making life far more unendurable for them than does any other and all other money-scheming industries. How shall we do it? — *Vote always and forever for the annihilation of the liquor traffic.* Scatter educational literature freely, and make a business of discussing temperance principles with both acquaintances and strangers. Give of our means generously for an extensive temperance propaganda. Three things to do. Let us be up and at them.

"Be true to the best you know."



### The Power of Personality

**I** WONDER why it is that every one flocks around that girl. She is 'as plain as a pipe-stem,' to use a hackneyed phrase, but she makes more friends in a day than I can in a whole year.

The speaker's eyes enviously followed the figure of a girl who was making her way through a group of people at a social gathering. An elder woman, by whose side the speaker was standing, turned to look at the girl about whom the remarks were addressed.

"I think that I can solve your riddle, Margaret," this lady observed a little later, when the two happened to meet again.

"Riddle?" Margaret's tone was inquiring.

"I think that I can tell you why Thelma Davis is so admired and sought after."

"Well, do tell me, Mrs. Arnold, for if it is anything that can be acquired I'd like to be made acquainted with the art."

"In the first place, watch Thelma when she is talking. Notice to whom she addresses her conversation. If you observe carefully, you will see that it is most often to the ones who would not be spoken to at all if it were not for her thoughtfulness. Then, again, she never seeks to monopolize the conversation, but also allows others the privilege of expressing their opinions; and if these do not happen to agree with her own she does not contradict, but tactfully and good-naturedly turns the conversation into another channel. As I stood watching Thelma I wondered how you could call her plain."

"Why, Mrs. Arnold!" Margaret broke in, impulsively, "she hasn't a decent feature! Her eyes are—no color, her nose is the first thing you see when she approaches, she has freckles galore, and her mouth stretches from ear to ear!"

"But it opens over a set of teeth that any one might envy. And her smile lights her face."

"Oh, well! if a smile is all that does it, I'll immediately begin cultivating a grin," the girl answered somewhat flippantly.

"There is more in a smile than many people imagine, yet a smile is not all that is necessary to render a person lovable. Kind thoughtfulness for the feelings of others, and a self-forgetfulness that is for the time being transforming, must be back of it. Have you never met a man or a woman who unconsciously called forth the best that was in you? one who somehow gave you the impression of being almost a mind reader, so understandingly were all your hopes and aspirations translated? While talking with such a person you do not stop to consider, if she be a girl, whether her nose is straight or crooked, whether her eyes are brown or blue, or whether her complexion is clear or sallow. You are thinking simply how very agreeable your companion is; and if questioned as to her looks, you would be apt to say, offhand, that she was good-looking rather than the reverse."

The listener's face grew thoughtful. "I begin to understand the secret of Thelma's wonderful power," Margaret declared. "To sum it all up: Thelma's personality so transforms her facial defects as to make people with whom she converses unconscious that they exist. I wonder if these attributes can be acquired," she said, after a pause.

"Only by an entire forgetfulness of self, and a determination to make others happy even at a sacrifice of our own pet theories," was the gentle answer.—*Helen M. Richardson.*

### Winsome Christians

A BRICK manufacturer, a very fleshy man, advertised for a boy. A boy appeared. His first question was:—"How much wages do you pay?"

"Five dollars a week and board," was the manufacturer's reply.

"What kind of board?" said the sharp applicant for a position.

"Well," said the corpulent and good-natured manufacturer, "I eat it."

"Give me the job," said the boy, with a smiling glance at his prospective employer.

This is a humorous story, but it has a point that we can see with our eyes shut. The brick manufacturer was a good advertisement of the board that he gave his workmen. If you and I should ask some one to become a Christian, would he look at the gospel's results in our lives, and say, "I want the job"? In other words, do we look, speak, and act as if religion agreed with us and we agreed with religion? Are we a living recommendation of our spiritual fare? Are we a good recommendation for the gospel? Would other people long to be fed with our food, to think our thoughts, to speak our words, to dream our dreams, and do our work?

A dear, sunshiny old man, with whom I was long acquainted, loved a phrase that we rarely hear nowadays, "winsome Christians." Just divide that word, win-some. Winsome Christians are magnets that are always charged, lights that are always burning. They radiate hope and faith and good cheer to all with whom they come in contact. Young people do not need more signboards to point out the way to heaven; what they need is to company with winsome young people who are headed that way and who always keep their eyes upon the goal.—*G. W. Tuttle.*

### The Silent Hour

WHEN the cold, gray dawn is breaking,

And the birds to song are waking,

When the morn is robed in beauty,

In the freshness of its flower,—

Then, before the fevered flurry,—

Then, before the care and worry,

Ere the labor of thy duty,

Give thy soul a silent hour!

Ere the stillness blest is broken,

Ere the teeming world hath spoken,

Through its thousand mouths ejecting

Woe and want—life's bitter-sour:

Ere earth's duties loom as giants,

Ere man's service claims alliance,

Lest thou be thine Aid neglecting,

Pray—within thy silent hour!

In the world is tribulation,

Hate, and strife, and vile temptation.

For its whirlwind of persistence

Hast thou strong, unswerving power?

Whispering demons will assail thee;

Till thy heart will almost fail thee!

Look above for thine assistance

In the morning's silent hour.

Mid the long day's sultry nooning  
Comes the din's diurnal swooning,  
When there is a moment's ceasing  
Of the care that doth devour;  
Seize it! though 'tis but a minute,  
There is peace sublime within it!  
From the dizzying daze releasing,  
It shall be a silent hour.

After all the stress is finished,  
And the tension is diminished,  
When thy wounded soul is yearning  
For some cool, refreshing shower;  
In thine ears the clang of clamor,  
In thine eyes the glare and glamour,  
Thou shalt find, on upward turning,  
Love's bright rainbow in that hour.

In the haven of His quiet  
Lose the world and all its riot!  
He hath love and joy and gladness,  
Sunshine when the shadows lower;  
So within the silent even,  
Be thou lifted up to heaven,  
And no shadowing of sadness  
Shall molest thy silent hour!

Go thy way! Thy soul is stronger!  
Thou canst strive and struggle longer  
For that brief, yet glorious vision  
Of thy Father's promised power.  
But Love's essence cannot grant it  
Save thou teltest him thou want it;  
By thy call he is beside thee,—  
Nearest in the silent hour!

LLEWELLYN A. WILCOX.

### What War Has Done to American Materials

THE wholesale prices of the following staple articles have increased as follows since July 1, 1914:—

	PER CENT
Bleaching powder.....	431
Blue vitriol.....	245
Sulphuric acid.....	233
Glycerin .....	162
Wrapping paper.....	122
Copper .....	97
Silk .....	85
Galvanized sheet iron.....	73
Gasoline .....	72
Nails .....	67
Tin .....	47
Pig iron.....	47
Leather .....	44
White lead in oil.....	44
Clay worsted cloth.....	40
Paper (news roll).....	33
Worsted serge.....	33
Wool .....	30
Flour .....	25
Gingham cloth.....	22
Builder's lath.....	17
Brick .....	14

—American Review of Reviews, August, 1916.

### For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of September 26

THE picture represents a starfish and an oyster.

The common starfish consists of a flat central disk, with five arms radiating from it, with an eye at the end of each arm. The whole upper surface is covered with numerous calcareous plates, somewhat flexible, supporting short spines.

On the under surface, in the center of the disk, is situated the mouth, and from this radiate five grooves, or furrows, extending to the tips of the rays. These furrows are pierced with four rows of minute holes, through which extend the sucker-like tentacles which are the organs of locomotion and prehension.

The mouth leads into the stomach, which extends into the rays, ending in a short intestine, to which is attached the green, branching liver.

The starfish is a very voracious animal and the worst enemy of the oyster.

The oyster is a salt-water mollusk having two irregular and unequal shells; formed of carbonate of lime. The part of the shell where growth commences is called the beak, and that where the shell opens, the base. Near the beak is the hinge, where the two valves are connected by a horny ligament, which always tends to throw them apart.

Opening the valves, we see the muscular-like body wall called the mantle, whose function is to secrete the shell in successive layers. The mantle incloses a chamber into which project a pair of gills, and above the gills lie the digestive and other organs, and also the adductor muscle, which closes the shells. A deep-blue mark on the inside of the shell marks the point where the muscle is attached.

Oysters are propagated by eggs. The young are at first able to move about, but finally settle upon the bottom, where they remain for life. They generally lie upon their side and prefer rather shallow water.

MRS. GRACE HOOVER.

### Questions

1. WHERE is Robert College?
2. When and by whom was it founded?
3. What work has it accomplished?
4. Who were the first women to demand their rights? See Bible.
5. Name the first city of the Bible. By whom was it built?
6. Tell how to turn in a fire alarm.

## GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

BY WALTER WELLMAN





I think I'll sit beside her  
And watch her for a while.  
She shows me how to make the stitch;  
Her face is all a-smile

Cause I think it takes so long,  
Just one stitch at a time;  
And grandma says she's eighty,  
While I am only nine,

And that if I should live to be  
As old as ninety-nine,  
I could not live a year at once,  
But one day at a time.

## The Knitting Lesson

ESTHER M. SPICER

GRANDMA is knitting stockings,  
As happy as can be;  
Sometimes she knits for daddy,  
For Dorothy, and for me.

I wonder how she does it —  
The needles go click, click;  
Wish I could learn to do it,  
I want to, awful quick.



## Three Little Faith Stories

W. S. CHAPMAN

**D**O we believe God? Some time ago we were told that we did not, as yet, understand even the first principles of faith, and a recent personal experience has helped me to appreciate the meaning of this statement.

Away back in the eighties, during one of the morning parlor talks at the old sanitarium at Battle Creek, the woman in charge of the sewing-room where six young girls were kept busy making uniforms for the sanitarium nurses, came in. She did all the cutting and fitting, and on her work the girls depended from day to day to keep them busy.

She said that one night she went to bed with an aching pain in the finger on which she used her thimble. This, by midnight, had become so intense that she could not sleep; a felon was forming. At last she rose from her bed, and kneeling beside it, asked God to rebuke the pain and heal her, basing her plea on the fact that in the condition she was in she could not wear a thimble or use the shears, so that the six girls would have no work prepared for them and would be idle until the finger healed. She returned to her bed and slept soundly the rest of the night. When she awoke the next morning not a sign of the felon remained — she had been healed.

At the time I listened to this story I comprehended but little about God. While I did not doubt that by some unusual but natural process the advance of the disease had been checked and the inflammation had subsided, yet my mind made no effort to believe that God had had anything to do with it, as this thought seemed childish and purely imaginative. I, of course, admired the simplicity of the woman's faith, and tacitly admitted the charm of such a confiding trust, but never for a moment did I think of accepting it as true. At that time I was, practically, an infidel.

Later, during the years that passed, changes came to me, and one summer found me boarding at a farmhouse, giving Bible readings, and on alternate nights doing the same thing at a village seven miles distant, walking back and forth to meet my appointments. Halfway between the farm and the village the road passed through a hemlock swamp, and a rude log bridge, without railings, spanned a turbulent little brook with water, at that point, some six feet in depth — an undesirable spot at which to fall overboard in the dark.

One night when I started home from a meeting, the clouds began to gather and threaten a storm. As it was a moonless night, I borrowed a lantern to light

my way across the bridge. Before I reached the swamp the storm broke and became a raging tempest, the wind howling and the lightning flashing incessantly, with an occasional distant boom of a falling hemlock tree. My attire consisted of a thin linen coat and pants, with a shirt. I had with me my Bible, the first I ever owned, purchased for me by Elder Elam Van Deusen, who brought the Sabbath to me. The book was precious to me on account of its associations, and because it was filled with notes, annotations, and references, mostly written with red ink. I felt certain that if the leaves became wet, the ink would run and blur all, so that my Bible would be ruined.

As a forlorn hope I opened my shirt and put the Bible inside, buttoning my coat over it. By that time I was near the center of the swamp and close to the bridge. The wind increased to such a pressure that I could no longer stand before it, so holding my lantern up inside the umbrella so that it would not be blown out, I knelt down and drew it close over my head. The storm continued to rage and the limbs of trees to fall about me until I was hedged in by a natural cage which partly screened me. Finally the lantern went out, leaving me in darkness, and I gradually became soaked through. I thought of my Bible, and cried to God to spare it if the favor was a consistent one to ask; but the sequel shows that I had little faith in God's willingness to interfere in so trifling a matter.

The storm passed over, and through the intense darkness I groped my way, feeling the road by sliding my feet through the muddy track, and so passed over the bridge safely, finally reaching my boarding place. My room was in the attic, and I had no lamp. I took out my Bible and laid it on the bureau, mentally ejaculating, "Well, I have used the old Bible for the last time, for it is ruined now." Dropping my clothes in a pile on the floor, I prepared for bed as quickly as possible and was soon fast asleep.

The next morning my first thought was of my Bible. Springing out of bed, I saw on the floor my clothes in a little heap surrounded by a puddle of water. "Poor Bible," I said as I took it in my hands, but nearly dropped it in my surprise. There was not a sign of moisture on it anywhere, nor was it injured in any way! It had been miraculously preserved. Was it in answer to my prayer? Had I believed when I prayed that God would so preserve it? — No.

That occurred over thirty-five years ago. Has my faith grown since then? I hope so — I know so; but a recent revelation makes me think that even now, possibly, I do not yet understand "the first principles of faith."

About twenty-five years ago I was laboring in the Atlantic Union Conference. At the time I carried a little \$1.50 clock watch made for boys' use, a faithful little ticker whose tick, tick, could be heard several feet away from my vest pocket where it was carried. I had secretly hoped that the day would come when a better-looking watch would take its place, but I always had two uses for every dollar that came my way. One morning my faithful old watch refused to tick longer, and quit.

To be sure it was only an old \$1.50 clock watch. Most boys would be too proud to carry it, but for years it had been my companion, comforting and encouraging me with its faithful ticking. On a dusty road, when sales were slow, and the sun was hot and water not easily found, and things, generally, went hard, its ringing "tick, tick," speaking hope and courage, would seem to say, "It's better farther on:" so

that the hills did not seem to be so very steep, nor the distance to the next house so very far, nor my hunger quite so provoking, as I would look ahead and speculate as to the probabilities of a sale and of getting my dinner at the next stopping place. In many ways that little cheap watch had been a help and comfort; but now — what should I do? Buy another? Alas, I had but a five-dollar bill in my pocket, and what would that purchase?

On the way to the ferry at Jersey City, which I had to take to reach New York City, and the book depository in Bond Street, I thought that I would give the watch to some child for a plaything; but as I was crossing in the boat, I took it out of my pocket and gently dropped it overboard. It sank in that turbulent watery highway, where I trust that it still lies quietly resting in its muddy bottom. I could not let strange hands abuse the old thing, for it had earned its right to a peaceful end. But what was I to do now for a timepiece? I had determined that I would have something better than before, and go without until I could obtain a suitable one.

After transacting my business, I walked down to Third Avenue on my way to Brooklyn. As I turned into the avenue, I saw a sign, "Levy Brothers, Pawnbrokers." Like a flash it came to me: The Levys, father and son, have been pawnbrokers for a great many years, and undoubtedly have an immense stock of pawned watches to select from for the money I have on hand. I stopped at the entrance, and standing there, mentally asked God to let an angel guide me in a purchase, and grant that I be caused to select one that would answer my needs as long as my probation might last, or until the Lord should come; then I went in.

"Mr. Levy, I wish to buy a watch, and I want a good, serviceable timepiece that will last as long as I am likely to live; but I have only five dollars to spend. Now if you have a genuine bargain that you can let go for that amount, please show it to me."

"I have just what you want, sir," and going to a huge safe in the rear he took out a large tray holding some fifty watches, all silver cases, and brought it before me. They all proved to be Waterbury watches, railroad timekeepers, too large to carry in the vest pocket and too heavy for my use. This I explained to Mr. Levy, and when he saw that he could not sell me one of those, he pushed a felt mat before me, and opening his hand laid down the watch I am now carrying. As soon as I caught sight of it, the impression grew strong that it was the one to buy, and without a word I picked it up, put it in my pocket, and laid down my five-dollar bill.

Over twenty years passed by, and during all that time this watch had never varied over a minute a year from correct time. It was never cleaned or in the hands of a watch repairer for any purpose until last August, when it stopped. Believing it to be worn out, I questioned the advisability of having it repaired. I had always been half ashamed of the purchase, it having cost such a trifle, and thought that it could not, in reason, be worth much more than that. I do not doubt that had I been offered five dollars for it the temptation to sell it would have been a strong one.

One day, being lonesome for want of its company, for a watch is company, I decided to call on an acquaintance of mine, a jeweler, and have him tell me if the watch could be made serviceable at a small cost. I explained to him how I had obtained it, and that I did not care to spend much more money upon it. As

soon as he saw the movement, to my surprise he seemed at once greatly interested. Quickly removing it from the case, he examined it with his glass very carefully. At last he spoke:—

"Mr. Chapman, there is nothing the matter with the watch except that it needs cleaning." Then laying down the movement and picking up the case, he continued:—

"You have an exceptionally fine watch. I doubt if I have any in my stock to compare with it as a time-keeper. It is an old English movement made by a specialist. You will notice the gold bands on the front and the back. This was the style on all the cases made for him. It was to distinguish his watches from all others. He died before he succeeded in introducing them to any extent. Notice that the number on your case is 400. This was about the total output, so that you own a very rare timepiece, and one that, if properly cared for, will prove to be a very reliable watch. You may consider yourself extremely fortunate in having found such a prize." And then I thought of what I had asked God to do for me, and oh, how humble I felt! Carrying this perfect timepiece, a gift from my Father, for over twenty years, and ashamed to let any one examine it!

Well, have you a faith any stronger than mine has been in an ability to trust God in small affairs? How does the record stand with you?

#### A Blueberry and Camp-Meeting Trip

THERE are six of us — papa, mamma, my sister, two brothers, and I — who live on a small farm in Mercer, Maine. In the summer of 1913, just two days before our camp meeting, we all got ready to go blueberrying about five miles from our home. As we have no horse, we went with our oxen. We planned to stay all night, so took bedding and provisions with us. Bossy went along also to supply the usual milk for the table.

Having got an early start, we reached the blueberry place in time to do some picking in the forenoon. When we were hungry we came out where our cattle were, and papa made a small arch out of some bricks that were there, and we warmed our food over the fire he had made.

We worked hard all day picking blueberries, and just before dark, papa and my brothers built a small house of boughs, in which we made up our beds for the night. After supper, papa milked the cow. After finishing the necessary tasks, we lay down in our leafy bower. Playing Gypsy was great fun.

In the night we heard a noise, and mamma said, "Surely that cow has got loose and is eating the blueberries," which we had stored in the cart. So papa hastened to investigate, and found that the cow had not disturbed the berries, but had eaten nearly all the potatoes we had with us.

In the morning we built a fire and fried some fritters for breakfast. Then after papa had milked the cow, we picked berries until noon. Only one place had attraction for us after the morning's strenuous work, and that was where we had breakfasted. After finding plenty of food to supply our noon hunger, we continued picking in the afternoon until about four o'clock, when a heavy thunderstorm seemed to be coming. We started for home, though we had planned to work until late. After two or three miles' travel, the clouds began to clear away, and the shower passed by. We reached home about dark, and I found a

letter from Aunt Jennie Bates saying I could go to camp meeting at Camden if I could go with Brother Edmond Taylor's family, who lived about eleven miles from us.

I went to a neighbor's house to see if a telephone message had been received for me, and I found that Mrs. Taylor had sent word that they were going to start the next morning at three o'clock. We had no horse, so I thought I could not go. I could scarcely keep from crying, as I was very anxious to go to camp meeting. Soon our neighbor came to the door, and said if papa would get their horse from the pasture, we might drive it to Mr. Taylor's. I greatly appreciated this unexpected favor.

You may be sure I was not long in getting together the necessary things for my trip. Papa and mamma got some blueberries ready to take to Norridgewock. We started about ten o'clock, and reached Brother Taylor's about one o'clock. Because papa had been driving oxen, sometimes when he was almost asleep he would call "Whoa hish" to the horse. I was so pleased because I could go to camp meeting that I sang almost all the way, not feeling sleepy in the least.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and I a little later drove to Skowhegan, where we took the train for Belfast. I had never before been on a train or a boat. I enjoyed both of these; but I cared most about the camp meeting. We had some excellent meetings.

BLANCH MAGUIRE.



#### Endurance

(Texts for December 3 to 9)

"PATIENT continuance in well-doing,—this is to be our motto."—*Testimonies for the Church, Vol. VII, p. 235.*

"The Christian pilgrim does not yield to his desire to rest."—*Id., Vol. VII, p. 18.*

*Sunday: Isa. 40:29*

The promise for today sweeps away every excuse for failure. We cannot succeed in our own strength, but this text pledges to us strength from heaven. "All that heaven contains is awaiting the draft of every soul who will labor in Christ's lines."—*Id., Vol. VI, p. 267.* However, this strength is not given in the form of an armor that we can put on at pleasure. It is to life what warp is to the carpet. Day by day, moment by moment, it must be woven into the fabric of life in order to give us endurance.

Even if things are hard, do not give way to self-pity; but "work as seeing him who is at your right hand, ready to give you his efficiency and omnipotent power in every emergency."—*Id., p. 76.* If you will let him give you power today to resist the enemy, to live cheerfully, to serve others as he did, to please him in all things, you will be weaving into your character this heavenly power and be strengthening the cords that will anchor you safely in the time of trouble.

*Monday: Prov. 3:11*

Your home life shows what you really are. Close contact year after year has worn away all pretense, all

company manners, all shams. Your home folks see, not the person your friends think you are, but the person you really are — your real self.

Naturally, then, the home test is the supreme test of character. That is where the young person proves best of all his real worth. The text for today is a warning against grumbling over home discipline, and getting tired of being corrected often. Although they may not realize it, many young people owe their success in life largely to the home discipline which they often thought unjust.

Young friend, do you still enjoy the great blessing of a parental roof? Then do not mar the peace and happiness of that home with one unkind word because of its discipline. Remember that obedience is one test of discipleship in the Master's service, and the home is appointed to teach the first part of this great lesson; and do not forget that he who would be a *good leader* must first learn how to obey.

*Tuesday: Prov. 24: 10*

In connection with your study of the text for today, meditate upon the following words: —

"Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
Or others, that we are not always strong,  
... when with us is prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?"

O, no, there is no excuse for our fainting "in the day of adversity;" for the "weakest believer in the truth, relying firmly upon Christ, can *successfully* repulse Satan and all his host." — *Id.*, Vol. I, p. 341. But there is no escape from fainting unless we let God take full control of our lives, that he who knows the future may supply us with strength for every need.

"Over every man, good and evil angels strive. . . . It rests with *us* to determine which shall win." — *Id.*, Vol. VII, p. 213. "Any departure from self-denial, any relaxation of earnest effort, means so much power given to the enemy." — *Id.*, p. 222.

*Wednesday: 2 Tim. 2: 3*

Christ's soldiers are in the land of the enemy and must expect hard times. Every advancement means new difficulties, but failing to advance as the Captain commands means defeat; therefore, the first requisite of a good soldier is obedience — prompt, implicit, enthusiastic obedience. "A neglect to conform in every particular to God's requirements means certain failure and loss to the wrong-doer," but "those who follow his directions will never meet with defeat." — *Id.*, p. 199; Vol. II, p. 515.

Our Captain has endured much hardness for our sake. What are we enduring for his sake today? Are we willing to be different from the world in order to please him? When his name is profaned and Christianity ridiculed, do we step forth bravely to defend? In our choice of amusements do we follow his commands? Does our dress prove that we belong to the army of Prince Immanuel? Are we striving to do all things to please him rather than ourselves or our friends?

Can our Captain count on us? Are we good, reliable soldiers? These are strenuous times for the soldiers of Prince Immanuel's army, for "Satan's agents never pause in their work of destruction." — *Id.*, Vol. IX, p. 220. So if we are meeting no hard fighting, it behooves us to have a personal interview with our Captain to learn whether we are doing our full duty.

*Thursday: Mark 13: 13*

O, the ingratitude of the human heart! The present age is saturated with ingratitude. Many parents are

being neglected by their ungrateful children for whom they have sacrificed all. But the basest ingratitude of all is heaped upon Him who gave his own life in order to redeem mankind.

And now that the Saviour is no longer on earth, this ingratitude is reaped by his followers. "Ruin of souls is his [Satan's] only delight, their destruction his only employment." — *Id.*, Vol. V, p. 384. So "the Christian life is a constant battle and a march. There is no rest from the warfare." — *Id.*, Vol. III, p. 253. Doubtless the hatred of the world will be felt more and more; for Satan, knowing that the end of all things is just at hand, is working desperately hard. But remember that this is one of the all things that will work together for your good if you are faithful; and do not forget that if you endure to the end, you "shall be saved."

*Friday: Rev. 3: 5*

Yes, the reward is for the overcomer — for him who endures to the end. For your own sake and for the sake of others you love, be faithful. If you fail, somebody else will stumble over your failure and miss the reward. "Every soul that fails to obtain the victory carries others down through his influence." — *Id.*, Vol. IV, p. 577.

You will "never be in a position where it is not necessary for you to watch and pray earnestly in order to overcome." — *Id.*, Vol. III, p. 235. But remember, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." For every trial you will be given strength to overcome. And O, the joy that will be yours when the gates of heaven swing open, and you hear the Master say: "Come, . . . inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

*Sabbath: Heb. 10: 23*

When Pizarro led his men south to conquer the Incas, he drew a line in the sand from east to west. "Friends," said he, "north of this line are ease, comfort, and the barren hills behind us; south of it are hardships, hunger, toil, suffering, danger, and Peru with its wealth untold." Then stepping across the line, he invited his men to follow.

A line which no hand can erase separates those who serve God from those who serve him not. On the one side are wealth, pleasure, popularity, and all that the world offers; on the other side are self-denial, hardship, and all that the cross brings. On the one side is eternal death; on the other, everlasting life.

You have stepped over the line; you have chosen to serve God. Now hold fast your profession. Eternal life will cost us all we have, but it will be worth infinitely more. Hold fast, for "the time has come when everything is to be shaken that can be shaken." — *Id.*, Vol. VII, p. 219. Hold fast to your profession, for "he is faithful that promised." Hold fast until you hear the "well done" from your Saviour.

MEDITATIONS.—In "The Spirit of Prophecy" I read: "Nearly all have ceased their watching and waiting." Such a statement calls me to examine my own heart prayerfully. Again I read: "We are placed in various circumstances to be tested on all points," and I pray that through his grace I may come forth victorious from each test.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—That which we should ever make the central theme of our prayers, let us pray for this week in a very special sense — *complete victory in Christ*. Let us lay hold by faith on the promises of Christ as we have never done before; for in this way, and in no other, can we obtain that experience which will make us "more than conquerors" in Christ.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending December 9

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 December.

#### The Bible Year

##### Assignment for December 3 to 9

December 3: Mark 1, 2.  
 December 4: Mark 3 to 5.  
 December 5: Mark 6 to 8.  
 December 6: Mark 9 to 11.  
 December 7: Mark 12 to 14.  
 December 8: Mark 15, 16.  
 December 9: 1 Timothy.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for November 30.



#### X — Paul's Sermon at Antioch in Pisidia

(December 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 13:17-33; 38-43.

MEMORY VERSE: "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." Acts 13:38.

#### Questions

1. To what place did Paul and Barnabas go from Paphos? Who left them there? Acts 13:13. Note 1.
2. When they left Perga, to what place did they come? What did they do on the Sabbath? Verse 14. Note 2.
3. How was the Sabbath service usually conducted? What invitation was given to Paul and Barnabas on this occasion? Verse 15. Note 3.
4. Of what events did Paul first speak? Verses 17-23. Note 4.
5. What did he say of John the Baptist? Verses 24, 25.
6. To whom did Paul say the message he had brought was sent? Verse 26.
7. Why did those who worshiped God every Sabbath condemn Jesus? Verse 27. Note 5.
8. What did the ignorance of the Jews lead them to do? Verse 28.
9. What did they thus fulfil? What is said of Christ's burial? Verse 29.
10. Who brought Jesus from the grave? Verse 30.
11. Of whom was he seen after his resurrection? For how long? Verse 31.
12. What did Paul say he had brought to Antioch? Verses 32, 33.
13. Through whom did Paul say we have forgiveness of sin? Verse 38.
14. Who are justified, or made righteous? What could not justify any one? Verse 39. Note 6.
15. With what warning did Paul close his sermon? Verses 40, 41. Note 7.
16. For what did the Gentiles ask when the Jews had left the synagogue? Verse 42.
17. Who followed Paul and Barnabas as they were leaving? What did the apostles persuade them to do? Verse 43.

#### Questions for Diligent Students

1. Of what things does the Lord say we should "beware"?
2. Why should we study the prophecies?

#### Notes

1. Perga was about seven and a half miles from the mouth of the river Cestrus, in Asia Minor.

The apostles met many difficulties on the road to Perga. But they forgot they were weary, hungry, and cold, for they were thinking only of saving the people who knew nothing of Jesus. It was at Perga that John Mark became discouraged. He had a pleasant home, and was not used to hardships and difficulties. He was not able to endure hardness as "a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and from Perga he went back to his home and left Paul and Barnabas to do the work alone.

2. "Antioch in Pisidia was probably one of the sixteen Antiochs founded by Seleucus Nicator, and named after his father. The ruins are impressive and of great extent."—*Ramsay*.

"There was but one synagogue here, and both Jews and Gentiles attended its services, though the Gentiles who came were probably those who were inclined toward Judaism."—*Practical Commentary*.

3. "At the farther end of the synagogue stood a desk for the reader. Above that was the women's gallery; their faces could be seen behind the partition of lattice work. On the side of the room nearest Jerusalem, was the ark, or chest, for the sacred scrolls. Seats for the worshipers were arranged according to station, those for the rabbis being nearest the reader's desk. As each attendant entered he cast a scarf over his shoulder, the sacred tallith, with its four tassels. Among the worshipers on this particular day were two strangers. One was a man of imposing presence and benignant countenance, with clear, kindly eyes,—a gracious man whom we know as 'the son of consolation.' His companion was of smaller stature, described as a man 'of mean presence;' with stooping shoulders and defective sight. These two found their way to the rabbinical seats. The service commenced with a prayer recited by the reader, or 'Angel of the Assembly.' Then the chazan brought from the ark the sacred scroll, from which was read the scripture for the day. Then singing from the Psalter, which was the Hebrew hymn book. After that the service was thrown open, according to custom, to such as occupied rabbinical seats."—*David James Burrill*.

4. Paul briefly spoke of God's choosing Israel as his people, of their stay in Egypt and their deliverance, of the judges, and of Saul and David, their first kings. This brought him to the promise of God made to David that the Saviour should come through his descendants.

5. Jesus told the Jews they knew not the Scriptures; yet they wore the words of God on their arms and foreheads, recited them over and over, and listened to them every Sabbath. But they gave their own interpretation to what God said, and if it opposed their wishes they chose their own way instead of his. We may do the same now. It is not enough to attend Sabbath school and learn lessons from the Bible, to listen to preaching, or to be baptized. The heart must submit to Jesus, and sin must be put away.

6. The offerings made by the Jews for so many years could only point to the blood of Jesus which alone could take away sin. The law of Moses, or any other law, could not justify the one who transgressed it.

7. When God says "Beware," it is his signal, or sign, that danger is near. Like the red flag displayed to warn the traveler, it should be heeded.

#### Shorthand Without Hands

A YOUTH of fifteen named Possneck, who some time ago lost both his hands in a machinery accident at Arnstadt, has accomplished the remarkable feat of gaining a speed certificate for shorthand. After his mishap, by which his hands were cut off at the wrists, he was received into a cripples' home. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, one of the patrons, took an active interest in the lad, and paid for two artificial hands. The cripple soon became so expert in their use that he is an excellent penman, and can write shorthand at the rate of one hundred and fifteen words per minute.—*London Tit-Bits*.

ARE there those who are genuinely sorry you are going to leave? If so, you may be sure your life has touched others helpfully.

# The Youth's Instructor

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## "Each Day is a Life"

WHEN you get up in the morning, throw back your shoulders, take a deep breath. Meet the new day like a man. Say to yourself: Another day — another life! For all we know it may be the only day we'll ever have. Let's make it the best day we can. Let's strive to see that it is a day worth while. Let's move a step forward in our work. Let's do all the good we can. Let's get all the happiness we can — *today*.

*Right now* is the only time you can control. Yesterday is a record. Tomorrow is a secret. Today is yours, is mine. — *William Johnston*.

## Beauty for Ashes

A TRAVELER while crossing a mountain range, came suddenly upon a large open space that had recently been swept by fire. Standing in crowded companies among the blackened tree trunks and half-charred stumps, grew pretty little bright-faced flowers called the fireweed, the only living thing to be seen in all that blackened waste.

So it is,—

"In hearts once charred by grief and woe,  
Sweet blossoms spring and nod;  
Every blackened life is decked  
With gifts of love from God."

GRACE E. BRUCE.

## An Appreciation

Of David Paulson, M. D., who entered into his rest Oct. 15, 1916, at Asheville, North Carolina

PHYSICIAN, minister, medical missionary, lecturer, author, editor, friend. Truly a man blessed with many talents, and not one of them wrapped in a napkin or buried in the ground.

A man who rose from poverty and obscurity to a prominent place in the front rank of those who have upheld the banner of the cross and carried the message to the ends of the earth. A worker who never spared himself. A leader always far in advance of his followers. A friend of the friendless, who constantly sought to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free. A humble, yet a mighty follower, of Him who went about preaching the gospel and healing the sick.

A Peter who preached the word in season and out of season, and, under God, pointed the way of life to

hundreds of weary, sin-sick souls. A Moses who, during his busy lifetime, led scores and hundreds of our brightest and best young people into the promised land, where they might serve their Lord and Master and their fellow men to the best possible advantage. An Abraham, who ruled well his own household. A John who looked far into the future, and saw visions of the work yet to be done, and the finger of God beckoning him onward and upward. A David, who truly was a man after God's own heart.

At home and abroad, as the news goes forth that this man of God has finished his fight, hundreds of home and foreign missionaries, nurses, physicians, conference workers, ministers, and leaders in our work, will say, "He rests from his labors, but his works do follow him."

In the highways and hedges, in prisons, in missions, and in many a humble home made brighter by his loving, active ministry, many a prodigal son and many a Mary Magdalene will raise their faces to heaven and say, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

CLYDE LOWRY.

## A Regrettable Fact

A WOMAN who was planning to serve wine with other delicacies at a reception was asked by a friend, "Do you think it is right to serve fermented wine to your guests?"

"Certainly," she replied; "it is served in our church, and if it is right in the church, it is right in any home."

A probate judge of Thomas County, Kansas, once said in writing of the prohibitory law: "We are so much opposed to the rum traffic that in our country we do not even permit the sale of liquors for medicinal or mechanical purposes. Liquor is absolutely unobtainable here. *Such wines as are needed for sacramental purposes* are obtained by special orders from Kansas City or St. Louis."

Think of it, the only exception being in favor of the church! Shame on the church that would in the name of religion place to the lips of a communicant that upon which the Lord has pronounced a curse, that which is recognized as the greatest destroyer of homes and of souls in the earth! The pure unfermented juice of the grape is the only legitimate wine for the communion service.

## "Youth's Instructor" Bible Premiums

FOR several years the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has offered Bibles as premiums in connection with subscriptions. These Bibles have been good values for the prices charged. As far as we know they have given satisfaction.

The Bible publishers inform us that the cost of Bible paper has increased 110 per cent this year, and the cost of the leather used in binding is 70 per cent higher than it was early this year. These conditions have made it necessary for them to charge us much more for these Bibles than we have been paying.

Because of the advanced price to us we cannot continue to offer Bibles as premiums with the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR at the advertised rates. Therefore, all present Bible offers as premiums will be withdrawn Jan. 1, 1917. The reason we do not withdraw the offer at once is because we believe it only right to give our friends due notice of such changes.