

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE CAPTIVE



Have you read the book, "Ann of Ava"? It is a thrilling story of adventure in mission fields.

The several battle fronts of the great war now aggregate over four thousand miles in length.

French and English aviators during the past year brought down seven hundred enemy aéroplanes.

A colporteur in New England recently took orders for over fifty dollars' worth of books in one day.

The 1916 output of the chewing-gum business amounted to \$17,159,000, and that of the confectionery business was \$153,000,000.

A company has been formed in Honduras for manufacturing alcohol on a large scale from bananas that are not suitable for exportation.

There are 1,010 persons on the teaching staff of Columbia University, and last year more than 19,000 persons received instruction in that institution.

May 1-6 has been agreed upon by the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C., and the General Federation of Women's Clubs, as the best time for the 1917 Baby Week.

A bill is to be introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature providing for the submission of the question of State-wide prohibition to the vote of the people in November, 1918.

Mr. Orville Wright addressed the National Park Conference which convened the first of the year in Washington, D. C., on the subject, "Air Routes to the National Parks."

The dead-letter division of the Post-Office Department handled during the past year 10,839,890 pieces of mail, 7,019,436 of which had to be destroyed because of inability to locate the individuals concerned.

A nurse in the Red Cross service in Bulgaria, expresses great disappointment in not receiving the 1916 Morning Watch Calendar. The calendar is helping thousands in their endeavor to live the victorious life.

Raisin-growing owners of 100,000 acres of land in the San Joaquin Valley signed a protest against being declared opposed to prohibition in California, which was read at a great meeting in Fresno, the center of raisin production.

The assistant attorney-general for the State of Colorado, Miss Clara Ruth Mozzer, is the first woman in the United States to hold that office. Miss Mozzer is only twenty-four years old, and of Russian-Jewish descent. She made her own way through college.

The Italian government has decided to put all vacant public grounds under cultivation to increase the food supply. In Geneva, Switzerland, wheat and potatoes have already been planted in the parks. Forestry employees are being utilized for the purpose.

A recent traveler describes in a London paper a river in Algeria which he says is as black as ink, and which he even claims is genuine ink. It is formed by the union of two streams, the water of one being impregnated with iron, and the other, which drains a great swamp, with gallic acid. This combination of iron and acid, it is claimed, makes a pure ink.

Value of a Kind Word

A MAN came one day to Lord Shaftesbury, bringing a note from the governor of Manchester jail, saying that the bearer was absolutely incorrigible, and had spent twenty years of his life in prison. Lord Shaftesbury talked kindly to the man, and found certain marks of humanity left in him, and he said: "John Spiers, shall I make a man of you?" "Yer can try, but yer can't do it," was the discouraging reply; "though I'll try, too." Lord Shaftesbury placed him in a reformatory for men, where the discipline was severe, but good, and in three days' time went again to see his *protégé*, asking, "Shall we go through with it and save you?" "If yer can," was the answer this time; and Lord Shaftesbury placed his hand lovingly on the poor fellow's shoulder, saying, "By God's help we will;" and by the conversation that followed, John Spiers was completely broken down.

Two years later he was met by a friend of Lord Shaftesbury's, clad in good clothing, and filling a trusted, honored situation. "Ah!" he said, "it was all the earl's kind words did it. That was new. Why, I'd never had a kind word or a loving look given to me in my life before, or I might have acted very differently."—*Selected*.

Mother's Vacation

THE mother is usually the last in the family to be considered in the matter of a vacation. The school plans the vacation for the children; the college or the office arranges the vacation for the daughters; and business provides a time of knock-off for the husband or son at work. But the mother—who plans or schemes a vacation for her? Usually she supplements the school, the college, or the shop, and plans and packs the others off until there is no one left to plan or pack mother off. She never thinks about a vacation for herself, or if she does she keeps quiet about it and dismisses it as out of the question. But is it? Certainly she needs a respite; all agree on that. Then why shouldn't she have it? It can be done if the members of the family give it a little more thought than they usually do. But some one should plan for her vacation as she plans for others; some one should save a little money; some one should assign and divide the household tasks, look up the best place for mother to go and the train which she will take, and help to pack and get her off. Turn about is fair play, and this idea of planning for a vacation for mother is commended to families where the thought, unfortunately, is all too new!—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"FAITH is the assent of the intellect and the consent of the heart."

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 6, 1917

No. 6



THE ANNFIELD SCHOOL, MUSSOORIE, INDIA

"The Lodge of Minnehaha" is shown near the bottom of the picture at the right.

What I Can See from My Window

R. D. BRISBIN

IT is a very unpretentious window, consisting of a rough frame about two and one-half feet by three and one-half feet, set with four windowpanes, and swinging on hinges against the outside wall; yet it opens unto some of the most wonderful and interesting sights I ever saw. I know you want to hear about it, and that is the reason I am going to write.

The little sheet iron cottage of which it is a part we call "The Lodge of Minnehaha." It sits astride a spur of one of the vertebræ of the backbone of the world, the Himalayas, or abode of snows. Our altitude is 6,500 feet above the sea, and within a hundred miles are the eternal snows. Just above us towers Landour, lifting its head 500 feet higher, from which can be seen hundreds of miles of snow ranges, and Nanda Devi, 26,500 feet high in the snowy distance.

On both sides of the spur the earth seems to drop away—down, down—for nearly 400 feet, so steep you would not care to fall. These slopes, however, are covered with live oak trees, which partially cover the ragged aspect of the whole. These ravines, or khuds, as they are here called, are filled with raging torrents. The two streams on either side meet about half a mile below, and joining forces, they roll huge boulders and tear loose the soil on their downward path, until they tumble at last into the plains and help to form the headwaters of the sacred Ganges.

I look down after the morning's rain and see the city of Dehra Dun nearly 3,000 feet below on the plains, sweltering in the heat of an Indian summer, while we have just experienced a hailstorm. Dehra Dun is more than twelve miles away by road, but the air is so clear we can see the houses as they nestle among the trees, and with a glass, can see the people as they move about. Twenty-five miles to the west from there a low range of mountains divides the valley, and beyond twines the silver ribbon of the Ganges. Still farther the eye may rest until verdant plain and the blue sky meet fully 150 miles to the west. Aren't you beginning to think it is a wonderful window?

Opposite, on another spur, about one-half mile distant, are schools, a hospital, a church, and many other buildings of the town of Mussoorie, all seemingly in reckless attitudes on the face of a cliff, as it were. I tremble to think what would happen if we had a severe earthquake shock; for here in India the houses are built mostly of brick, which is covered with plaster and then whitewashed, and the foundations that many of the masons lay are not to be relied on in strenuous circumstances. Built on side hills as they are, it would not take very much to send them down like a pack of cards, and earthquake shocks are by no means uncommon.

And what are those queer-looking little whitewashed affairs on the little hill below us? O, that is the Mo-

hammedan burying ground! The Mohammedans believe they must sit up after being buried, and answer several questions to the angel of death regarding their faith, and their conduct before death; so their tombs are made so they may assume the proper posture when being examined. Look, there comes a procession now. Four men are carrying a rough framework of poles, on which the dead man is laid. How strange! we hear no sound from any of them. No. The Moslem is taught to refrain from weeping for his dead, so all is quiet and still. The last prayer is said by the moolvee, or priest, and another of India's sons has gone to his long home to await the resurrection. Fifteen people a minute, hour after hour, day after day, year after year, thus pass from India's life of sin and misery.

But what is that coming now? That cannot be a funeral procession, for they have some men playing drums and a horn. That is a Hindu funeral, and the road down which they are winding from our right leads to the burning ghat. You exclaim, "What a hideous noise they are making!" Perhaps we may think so, but they think it is music; so as they lived here and were ruled by wise and powerful kings long before Englishmen were heard of, perhaps that is music after all, and what we call music is noise. Who can judge?

The complicated ceremonies for the dead were largely completed at the house. Now all that awaits is for his body to be burned, and his soul will commence another cycle of life, perhaps as a fish, an alligator, or a mammal of some kind; for is he not but a poor shopkeeper, and must suffer for the sins he has committed in this life? If he were a Brahman, that would be different. Then he might merge into Nirvana; but—"Bah! He is one of the common herd; so off we'll hurry him and have it over." We see the smoke ascending a little later, and know that another of the fifteen has gone. His ashes will be scattered in the stream and join the Ganges on its way to the sea. I wonder if I ever had a chance to tell him of Christ, and improved my opportunity?

The sun is now setting over the hills. How beautiful the colors! If they were painted, one could scarcely believe them to be true. During the rains the sunsets in the Himalayas are unequaled for beauty, and are indescribable. The afterglow in the eastern skies is also one of the beauties of these hills. Many times the reflection is so bright that the sun appears to have lost its way and to be setting in the east. We go outdoors and linger to catch the last rays as they nestle among the clouds, and then night settles over all, and we bow our heads and thank God for the beauty of the "everlasting hills."

But I forgot to tell you about the birds. From the tiny little sapsucker and humming bird to the great lazy kite which soars in never-ending circles, all are here,—the omnipresent crow and English sparrow, the swallow, tailor bird, brown thrush, Indian robin, spectacle bird, wagtail, blue jay, kingfisher, parrakeet, cuckoo, wild pigeon, owl, and all the night birds, some of which have peculiar bell-like calls of one or two notes, which once heard can never be forgotten. But best of all is the whistling thrush. Of all the care-free, wild songs of the forest or field his is the most beautiful I ever heard or ever expect to hear in this earth. Early in the morning, before the world is astir, he is up and bursting his throat with melody which seems to be heaven-born in its fulness, and the last thing at night he perches on a tree or prominent rock and sings his matin. Dear little fellow, how many lessons we may learn from you!

In one of my jaunts in the jungle I heard the whip-poorwill, although he seemed to be just learning English, and stuttered badly when he tried to sing. But I knew his call, even though not so clear and sharp as that of his American cousin, and gave him credit for the attempt.

But did I tell you that the bobwhite often comes to entice me with his call and to flaunt his bravery right beneath my window? I often hear his voice down the khud and across on the wooded slopes of the other hills, and I answer back to him and try to deceive him into thinking I am one of his bitter rivals.

*The best of all happened early one morning about five o'clock, when the mists hung heavy as a gray mantle about the cold, dripping trees and rocks. I was awakened by a strange clucking and beating of wings. It was another call of the wild, and in a moment I was standing in my magic window witnessing a royal battle between two wild cocks. Back and forth they rolled and tumbled and spurred and fought, much as their barnyard cousins. I was only twenty feet away, but they were so interested in their quarrel they paid no attention. Finally they rolled fighting down the path out of sight into the mist. They had evidently met on the narrow path which skirts the cliff below, and being old rivals, as I should judge from their hatred of each other, they had fought at sight. Many times they and their kin have visited my cottage for the crumbs outside. These birds are about the size of the Minorca fowl. The plumage of the female is brown and black, while that of the male is brown and black, with dashes of blue, red, and gold. A prettier family of fowl would be hard to find.

The insect life of the Himalayas includes some of the most beautiful butterflies and moths. The beetles are the fellows that make life interesting, though. If I happen to leave my window open during their season of flying tournaments I am likely to have two or three from two to four inches long, with ferocious-looking mandibles and horns, making circles about my electric light. I suppose that is part of the conditions in their contest for the championship. There is no peace until there is a skirmish and a capture. And what crabbed fellows they are! If two are placed together they will fight with terrible clashes of armor and grinding of incased legs until one gets enough. But it is a hard matter to separate them in their duels, for with horns and wings and twelve legs all mixed up together, it is almost too much to attempt.

I must not forget the flowers. Lilies, forget-me-nots, dahlias, roses, morning-glories, and many other flowers peculiar to the country, grow wild, and I look from my window down into their bright, sunny faces every day, and think how dreary this old world would be without flowers.

All this and more have I seen from my window.

Getting Rid of Shyness

A CELEBRATED Japanese psychologist who had made a thorough study of shyness and its causes, was asked to take under his care the son of a nobleman, and cure him of that defect, which made him ridiculous and caused great suffering. The young man was so bashful that he could scarcely convey food to his mouth in the presence of a guest, and would often drop his chopsticks or whatever he was eating with, together with his food, if any one happened to look at him. It was positively painful to him to meet people or to associate with them in any way.

The psychologist began his treatment by doing everything in his power to gain his pupil's confidence and to put him at his ease. He introduced him to his friends and cultivated a friendly, even a chummy, relationship with the boy, so as to make him forget his defect and give him the greatest freedom for self-expression both in his studies and in his play.

Gradually, without being obtrusive, he began to refer to his pupil's bashfulness, and assured him that his trembling, his confusion, his stammering, and his pain at meeting people had no real cause except in his imagination, and therefore could easily be overcome, if he would only think more and have a better opinion of himself. He endeavored to convince him of his real ability, and then showed him how his foolish shyness would cripple his whole career by robbing him of initiative, courage, independence, all the qualities that characterize men of large achievements.

At first it was very difficult for the youth to make himself do the things he had always shrunk from, but he persisted, and gradually gained more ease and lost much of the awkwardness caused by embarrassment. He found himself more and more willing to converse, and was conscious of greater freedom in his movements, his thought and expression. This encouraged him greatly, and before many months he had almost completely overcome the handicap which had threatened to ruin his whole career, to say nothing of his constant frightful suffering.

Shy people are constantly misunderstood and underestimated because their real selves are never allowed expression. They are so afraid that others are weighing and measuring them in the balance and finding them wanting, that whenever they can they "flock by themselves," as the Irishman put it. Their shrinking, self-effacing, apologetic attitude is fatal to their efficiency as well as their comfort and happiness. If instead of avoiding others, they would mix freely in society and undertake responsibility at every opportunity, no matter how it might pain them or how every nerve might shrink from human contact; if they would stop staying alone in corners at receptions and in drawing-rooms; if they would cease worrying about their appearance and manner, and would force themselves into the great human current, they would soon entirely overcome their self-consciousness.

Why not sit down by yourself and take account of the things you are missing, the doors that are closed to you, the things you are barred from, because of your timidity, your hindering bashfulness? Try it, and then have a good heart-to-heart talk with yourself. Say, "I don't propose to make a daub of what the Creator intended for a masterpiece just because of this sensitiveness which I have been encouraging all these years. I am going to overcome it. I am going to push to the front, I am going to force myself into the van, no matter how it pains me, no matter if I do seem forward and bold. I know that it is the only remedy for my defect. I am going to show people that I am not the failure, the deficient person they take me for."

When timid, bashful, retiring men and women claim their kinship with the Supreme Being they feel re-enforced, buttressed with a mysterious inward feeling of peace, of harmony, a sense that they are not doing their work alone, but that they have tapped illimitable power. They no longer feel that they are separate units, puppets to be tossed about by cruel fate, with simply a gambling chance at life instead of certainty. All fear vanishes, and they become poised, natural, independent, masters of themselves, partakers of infinite power.—*Marden, in Washington Herald.*

Living Up to Our Privileges

WONDERFUL are the privileges of the Christian. It is not easy for us to realize their value and importance, because the glories of the spiritual life are not earthly, and therefore do not appeal to our physical senses. But truly to be "partakers of the divine nature," to be "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ," is to have the highest honor possible to a human life.

The most saintly person with whom we may converse will tell us how far short he is of the ideal. There is always the longing to reach out for the higher and deeper things, but there comes the assurance that those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness" shall be filled. God has promised to satisfy the longing soul, but he blesses us that we may be a blessing.

We do not make the most of our life in the work of Christ. The possibilities of Christian service are incalculable. Opportunities of usefulness and helpfulness are ever before us, but so often are allowed to pass unnoticed. The "ideal" is ever before us, calling us on to better things.

It is encouraging, however, to know that each day of striving brings us a little nearer the goal. Jesus taught, both by precept and example, that we should live "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." If we only understood that Christ himself is with us still in the person of the suffering and needy, what changes it would make in our lives! We often think if we had lived when Jesus did, and dwelt where he would have visited us, how different it would be. How we should have ministered to him, and faithfully followed his commands. A wonderful lesson is taught in the following poem by Mrs. M. E. Preston:—

"If I had dwelt"—so mused a tender woman,
All fine emotions stirred
Through pondering o'er that Life, divine yet human,
Told in the Sacred Word—
'If I had dwelt of old, a Jewish maiden,
In some Judean street
Where Jesus walked, and heard his word so laden
With comfort strangely sweet;
And seen the face where utmost pity blended
With each rebuke of wrong,
I would have left my lattice and descended,
And followed with the throng.

"Foxes have holes"—methinks my heart had broken
To hear the words so said,
While Christ had not (were sadder words e'er spoken?)
A place to lay his head!
I would have flung abroad my doors before him,
And in my joy have been
First on the threshold, eager to adore him,
And crave his entrance in!

"Ah! would you so? Without a recognition
You passed him yesterday;
Jostled aside, unhelped, his mute petition,
And calmly went your way,
With warmth and comfort, garmented and girded.
Before your window sill
Sad crowds swept by, and if your blood is curdled,
You wear your jewels still.
You catch aside your robes lest want should clutch them
In its imploring wild;
Or lest some penitent might touch them,
And you be thus defiled.
O dreamer, dreaming that your faith is keeping
All service free from blot,
Christ daily walks your streets, sick, suffering, weeping,
And you perceive him not!"

Thus no seeming chance brings into our presence those in need of help. We need only to be in readiness for whatever heart or hand may find to do in serving him. Perhaps only the smallest service may be required, but that is a divine ministry, and we may never know what value it has been to the receiver.

One day, when it was cold and wintry, a little child, we are told, closed her prayer with the words, "I saw

a little girl on the street this afternoon, and she was cold and barefooted; but it isn't any of our business, is it, dear God?" How many act in this way, though they would not state it so definitely as did this child.

We are sure our young people are finding many calls for helpfulness, and are being blessed in filling them as far as they can. We trust they will tell the INSTRUCTOR readers of these things, so that others may be provoked to good works also.

LIZZIE M. GREGG.

The Power of the Gospel *

As a pioneer apostle to the Gentiles, Paul faced a heathen world the degradation of which was apparent even to the dispassionate philosophers of corrupt Rome. Dr. Fisher, in depicting the state of morals in ancient heathen society, has written of the period during which Paul lived and labored ("Beginnings of Christianity," chap. 6) that "the decay of that virile energy, the loss of that virtue, which had carried Rome forward in its career of conquest, were visible on every hand. The civil wars, from the time of Sylla, had desolated the most flourishing regions of the empire. . . . There were countries, like Sicily and Egypt, whose extraordinary fertility enabled them to recover rapidly from the devastating effects of war, and to furnish supplies of food to provinces whose agriculture was blighted. Greece, as a consequence of the Macedonian and Roman wars, was covered with ruins. The most of her renowned cities were reduced to villages. Corinth only, favored by its situation, rose from its ashes, and gained rapidly in population and wealth — the increase of luxury and profligacy keeping pace with its growth. The nobler qualities of the Hellenic race had vanished. Still proud of their blood, dexterous, supple, unprincipled, and accomplished in the art of catering to the appetite for amusement and sensual indulgence, they swarmed in Italy and Rome, and infected the whole atmosphere of domestic and social life with their pestiferous influence."

Paul's description of the hideous vices prevalent among the heathen, is paralleled by accounts written by eyewitnesses among the heathen themselves. Seneca, one of the most upright and trustworthy of Roman philosophers in Paul's day, testifies with indignation against the evils of his age. "Daily," he says, "the appetite for sin increases, the sense of shame diminishes. Casting away all respect for right and justice, lust hurries whithersoever it will. Crimes are no longer secret; they stalk before the eyes of men. Iniquity has so free a course in public, it so dominates in all hearts, that innocence is not only rare — it does not exist at all. It is not a case of violations of law

in individual cases, few in number. From all sides, as at a given signal, men rush together, confounding good and evil."—"De Ira," ii. 8.

Professor Jowett ("Epistles of St. Paul," p. 77) has said of society during the times when the apostle was preaching Christ and him crucified, that "if the inner life had been presented to us of that period which in political greatness and art is the most brilliant epoch of humanity, we should have turned away from the sight with loathing and detestation."

Such were the conditions faced by the apostle Paul in his ministry; such were the conditions prevailing in Rome, the capital of the empire, when he addressed to the Christian believers in that city the epistle in which he confidently declared: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." Rom. 1:16.

To Paul, at the time of his miraculous conversion at the gate of Damascus, had been granted a vision of his crucified Lord, now risen and ascended on high. The proud heart of the Pharisee had been melted; thenceforth Jesus appeared before him as One mighty to transform and to save. Through his personal experience he had received unmistakable evidence of the power of gospel truth; and he was inspired with a longing to exalt the cross before all classes. "I am debtor," he declared, "both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise." He knew that if only he could present before sinners the loveliness of the Christ-life, a marvelous change would take place, and the

Walk Prayerfully

LET us walk softly, friend;
For strange paths lie before us, all untrod.
The new year, spotless from the hand of God
Is thine and mine, O friend!

Let us walk straightly, friend;
Forget the crooked paths behind us now,
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,
To better deeds, O friend!

Let us walk gladly, friend;
Perchance some greater good than we have known
Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown
Shall yet return, O Friend!

Let us walk kindly, friend;
We cannot tell how long this life shall last,
How soon these precious years be overpast;
Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;
Work with our might while lasts our little stay,
And help some halting comrade on the way;
And may God guide us, friend!

—Selected.

old life of sin would be abandoned for a life of holiness.

When, after many years of experience in preaching to the heathen and in observing the effects of the gospel message on the human heart, Paul entered Corinth, one of the most corrupt of all heathen strongholds in the apostolic age, he "determined not to know anything" among them, "save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." The apostle had learned to put no trust in any wisdom or talent of his own. His labors among the careless inhabitants of the city were performed "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling." Yet he had full confidence in the power of the gospel to save the most degraded of sinners, and his preaching was "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." The faith of his hearers stood not "in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." 1 Cor. 2:2-5.

For a time after leaving Corinth, it seemed as if Paul's confidence in the power of the gospel might have been presumptuous. Surrounded, as his converts were, by all that is alluring in heathenism, they began to waver, and some of them yielded to temptation. But the apostle appealed to them to turn from themselves and from all that was evil and corrupt, to the living God. "Ye are Christ's," he urged them to re-

* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for Feb. 17, 1917, on "Paul at Corinth" (Acts 18:1-28).

member. As he set before them the claims of the gospel, he waxed bold to declare that if they heeded its teachings, they would be saved from the prevailing iniquity.

Richly was the apostle's faith rewarded. Many among the Corinthian believers, including some who had been rescued from the depths of heathenism, were enabled to become living monuments of the power of the gospel to transform life and character. "Thanks be unto God," the apostle wrote to them when he learned of their faith and constancy, "which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place. For we are unto God a sweet savor of Christ."

The change wrought in the hearts of the Corinthian believers demonstrated beyond doubt the power of the gospel to save. And it was while Paul was visiting his beloved converts, after they had passed through fiery trials and had proved their devotion to the cross of Christ, that he wrote to the believers in Rome, assuring them of the power of the gospel to save to the uttermost.

Paul's presentation of the gospel, declares the Rev. James Stalker ("Life of St. Paul," chap. 4), "remains a possession of incalculable value to the human race. Its searching investigation of the failure and the wants of human nature, its wonderful unfolding of the wisdom of God in the education of the pre-Christian world, and its exhibition of the depth and universality of the divine love, are among the profoundest elements of revelation."

"But it is in its conception of Christ that Paul's gospel wears its imperishable crown. The evangelists sketched, in a hundred traits of simple and affecting beauty, the fashion of the earthly life of the man Christ Jesus, and in these the model of human conduct will always have to be sought; but to Paul was reserved the task of making known, in its heights and depths, the work which the Son of God accomplished as the Saviour of the race. He scarcely ever refers to the incidents of Christ's earthly life, although here and there he betrays that he knew them well. To him Christ was ever the glorious Being, shining with the splendor of heaven, who appeared to him on the way to Damascus, and the Saviour who caught him up into the heavenly peace and joy of a new life."

"When the church of Christ thinks of her Head as the deliverer of the soul from sin and death, as a spiritualizing Presence ever with her and at work in every believer, and as the Lord over all things who will come again without sin unto salvation, it is in forms of thought given her by the Holy Ghost through the instrumentality of this apostle."

C. C. CRISLER.

Help to Make Him Known

LESLIE was only thirteen years' old, but he had spent three long years lying in bed. "Poor boy," they said, "he will never walk again." And by and by even his mother gave up hope. One day a stranger came to the house. "I know a doctor who can cure your boy," he said. "But I have no money," said the poor mother. "It will cost you nothing," said the stranger. "Here is a letter. Go to him in my name. It is all written here." It seemed too good to be true. The lame boy was cured. But he had lost three years before he heard of the great doctor. The world is full of sick souls waiting to hear about the Physician of souls. What are you doing to bring them to him?—*Selected.*



Bay Rum

ALL the genuine bay rum comes from the Danish West Indies. The source of the perfume (*Myrica acris*) is one of a large family of shrubs, and a distant relative of the American bayberry plant, from the berries of which the early settlers procured wax for candles. According to a bulletin of the National Geographical Society, the shrub produces leaves from three to five inches long and round berries about the size of a pea, which contain from seven to eight seeds. The bay rum made from a combination of the green leaves and the berries is of a better quality than that distilled from dried leaves or from the leaves without the berries, but gathering the berries is a task so tedious that it makes them cost from fifteen to twenty times as much as the leaves. The basis of bay rum is Jamaica or St. Croix rum, made from the skimmings, of the sugar boilers, the scrapings of sugar barrels, and the washings from sugar pots. For the best grade of bay rum, the rum must be free from foreign odors and almost colorless. For a number of years much of the bay rum sold in this country has been made here; the ingredients are usually about one half alcohol, one sixteenth Jamaica rum, forty drops of oil of bay to the pint, twenty drops of oil of orange, a few drops of oil of mace, and the remainder distilled water, all of which is allowed to stand for several weeks and then is filtered through magnesia.—*Youth's Companion.*

Learning at School How to Use the Toothbrush

DECAYED teeth are due to the action of acids on the teeth, followed by the work of microorganisms flourishing in the remains of food. To combat decay, the surface of the teeth must be kept absolutely clean; plaques, stains, and accretions must be removed; calcareous, or lime, deposits around the gums must be dislodged, and the presence of food debris made impossible. How shall this be done? "Through the schools," replies Dr. Alfred Fones, of Bridgeport, Conn.; and he points to the results already obtained in his home city as an evidence of the truth of his assertion. He describes Bridgeport's plan as follows:—

"Every child submits to a thorough examination of the mouth and is given the prophylactic treatment. If, through ignorance, a parent objects and sends a note to the principal, asking that the child be excused from the prophylactic treatments, such wishes are recognized; but out of nearly twelve thousand children that we are handling in the public schools of Bridgeport this year, we have had fewer than sixty notes from the parents. This type of clinic costs about eighty cents per child per year. This city thus takes one half the responsibility in educating and helping the children to preserve their teeth. The other half is placed upon the child and its parents, in seeing to the dietary and the proper home care of the mouth."

"Almost any municipality can afford this type of clinic. It does not pauperize the child, and is in harmony with our American idea that we are glad to help those who help themselves. Not only will dental decay be greatly lessened under such a system, but a much greater interest will be aroused in the proper care and preservation of the teeth."

"The hardest work of all is that of educating the city officials sufficiently to secure an appropriation for such a clinic, and permission to enter the schools."

"The plan we have adopted for our school work is as follows:—

"When the child enters school in the first grade, his mouth is carefully examined, conditions recorded, and his teeth given

a thorough prophylactic treatment. Classroom talks are given by the supervisors, and toothbrush drills begun. The teacher records on the blackboard, morning and afternoon, those who have and who have not brushed their teeth. It is our effort to see that, during the course of the year, each child has four prophylactic treatments, also repeated toothbrush drills and classroom talks. When these children enter the second grade, the same form of treatment and teaching is followed, and so on up to and including their period in the fifth grade. Stereopticon lectures are given to the children of the third, fourth, and fifth grades, the still higher grades being accommodated if there is room for them. Pamphlets containing illustrations are given out to be carried home by the children—reaching, in this way, the parents. Many of the children entering school at six years of age have the first permanent molars in place, with cavities developing in the fissures on the masticating and buccal surfaces. In order to start these children with sound permanent teeth, we are having these small cavities filled, in the schools, by a woman dentist. This operative work we term preventive dentistry, for, in filling these small cavities at this early age, we are preventing the more serious ones later on. No attempt is made to do general reparative work, but we have the paid services of a dentist, centrally located in the city, who will relieve the school children from toothache, when they present cards which have been given to them by the principal of the school. By such a system the child is under instruction, education, and preventive treatment for the preservation of his teeth for the first five years of his school life, so that if, when leaving school, his teeth are decayed, he has no one to blame but himself."

Australia's Pest

WITHIN a few years after the introduction of rabbits into Australia they were overrunning the country. They appropriated the forage for sheep and cattle, and threatened the extermination of the native fauna, because of the loss of its food supply. Like swarms of locusts, they swept parts of the country clean of vegetation, destroying the bushes and eating the grass down to its roots. Not only were the agricultural lands and sheep runs infested, but vacant land in the suburbs of the cities was honeycombed by these industrious little miners.

Liberal bounties and wholesale poisoning and hunting with packs of tamed dingos failed to check the spread of the remarkably prolific beast. Hundreds of thousands were killed, but millions were born each year. There was some hope that a severe drouth might exterminate them, or at least deplete their numbers to the point where a vigorous attack might be successful. It was found, however, that though during drouths their corpses were thickly strewn over "back blocks" and along dry watercourses, they quickly reappeared with the coming of the rains. The introduction of parasites was also without result, and it seemed for a time as if agriculture and grazing were doomed over large parts of the continent.

As a last resort, the scheme of fences, which gives to an Australian land map such an unusual appearance, was devised. As described in the South Australian Act of 1914, the "rabbit-proof fence" is made of wire netting three feet wide, set four inches into the ground, and topped by a strand of barbed wire placed above the netting. A "vermin fence," designed to prevent the encroachment of "rabbits, wild dogs, and foxes, and any other animals which the governor, by proclamation, declares to be vermin," is built like a rabbit-proof fence, but reaches a height of four and one-half feet and includes three strands of wire at the top. Especially designed gates are used on highways, and the penalty for leaving one open is justly severe.

The cost of these fences is enormous; for distances are great, construction is expensive, and they must be continually patrolled and repaired. The need, however, is imperative, and the work has been vigorously pushed. Vermin fences run through woods, cross vacant fields, and stretch far out into the desert. They

border stream channels and follow the shores of the great salt lakes, dividing the country into a series of irregular blocks.

The state of South Australia has, since 1891, erected 29,148 miles of fence, enough to encircle the globe, and with the remnant build a double line of fence along the southern border of the United States. When contracts now running are completed, the mileage will be much increased. New South Wales has expended over \$27,000,000 for rabbit extermination, and has within its borders 98,000 miles of fence. One of West Australia's fences extends entirely across the continent.

It is said that rabbits were once so numerous that three million were poisoned at a single water hole in one of the drouth years. At some places the paths they wore in going down to Darling River are declared by C. E. W. Bean, author of "On the Wool Track," to be two feet deep.

Of late years the rabbit has been paying in part for his keep—paying board, as it were. He goes to swell the total of food exports from the Commonwealth. Along the country roads, rabbits may be seen hung on the fences awaiting the passage of the rabbit carts which convey them to the packing houses to be prepared for shipment as frozen meat and hides. Practically all are exported (the Australian does not eat "vermin"), and during 1913 frozen rabbits and hare to the value of \$1,400,000, and skins to the value of \$3,000,000, were sent from Commonwealth ports.—*Herbert E. Gregory, in the National Geographic Magazine.*

The Phonopticon

To say that a man has invented an apparatus by means of which a blind man can hear printed letters, is a strange assertion; but it is not nearly so strange as the apparatus. That marvelous new chemical, selenium, is responsible.

One of the peculiarities of selenium is that the amount of electric current that can flow through it, is influenced by the intensity of the light in which it is placed. It registers these fluctuations in a phenomenal way, as Dr. F. C. Brown, of the University of Iowa, who is the inventor of the apparatus, has discovered.

The selenium "eye" of the apparatus is moved over a sheet of paper containing printed letters. The electric current is sent through the selenium, and, in turn, through a delicate ear receiver, which is clamped to the ears of the blind man. Various letters make various sounds in the receiver, according to their shape, and the tone produced by each letter is slightly different. It requires time, of course, for a blind man to learn the sounds produced by different printed letters; but the inventor believes that, with practice, a blind man will learn to read with greater facility than by the raised-letter method.

The blind throughout the country are expressing much interest in Dr. Brown's "phonopticon," as it is called, and it is expected that the device will find its way into all the blind institutions in the world.—*Every Week.*

Be fretless; be fussless; be tired and good-natured instead of tired and cross; remember that any one can stand what he likes, but only a philosopher can stand what he doesn't like; don't suffer ten deaths a week through fear, when you have to die only once; and, above all, get busy! — *George L. Walton.*

An Essential Part of a Strong Organization

EDITH M. GRAHAM

A REGIMENT of soldiers on the march draws near a bridge. As they come to it, they see a notice that in crossing it they must break step. The force of so many feet coming down on the bridge in unison, is more than the structure can stand. Yet the same number of steps made irregularly do not produce any ill effects. In this we have an illustration of the strength of united efforts.

It is because organization increases the value and force of efforts that we organize our churches into societies for work, and have the young people organized into Missionary Volunteer Societies. It takes several things to make a strong organization, but one I would call attention to is the reporting system.

One of the things few of us like to do is to report. Yet a reporting system is essential to the success of God's work. We can all readily see that if the warring nations on either side of the great world war were to try to carry on their warfare without knowing what their soldiers were doing to execute their plans, they would be hopelessly defeated in a very short space of time. No united effort, military, religious, or social, can be carried on successfully without some system whereby the leaders may know how the work is going. So with the missionary work of our churches, the leaders must know what the members are doing, or they cannot direct the work effectively.

We have something which we can all use to help us in reporting our work. It is the Morning Watch Calendar. As it lies open before us at January, 1917, we see on the left-hand side what God does. He guides, saves, protects, delivers, helps, and strengthens. How much he does! There are also suggestions for more things we may ask him to do for us, for we know he gives without measure.

On the other side is a blank page where we should put down what we do. All the doing is not to be on God's part. He expects us to share in it. Why not form the habit of day by day putting down what you do for God, and placing the record before him with an earnest prayer that he will bless it to the salvation of souls? Such a practice would surely improve the quality of our work, and uniting prayer would add greatly to its effectiveness.

Some think the little they do is not worth reporting. If it is all you could do, it is worth just as much as the widow's two mites. God judges, not by how much we give or do, but by the spirit of love and service that prompts us. The young man who, because he loves the Lord, gives the little time he has at his own disposal to God, when there are many things he might like to do for himself, gives service that is of much worth in God's sight, and he may record the

way he used it with a knowledge that it is accepted of God, though in itself it is small. So with the young woman who sacrifices her own pleasure and comfort to do something for some soul. Her service, while it may not seem great, is as great in God's sight as the love which led to it.

After all, who can say which work is small? One tract has been the means of starting a work which has reached thousands. We cannot tell what will result in much or what in little. Therefore let us be careful not to despise the small things. If every member of the North American Division would distribute an average of one tract a day for a year, it would mean over 29,000,000 little messengers sent out among the people.

All God asks is that we do what we can. We can all do something for him during each week, and probably every day. Then let us put it down, and report it regularly, that all may have the encouragement that comes from seeing how the small work of many individuals mounts up when it is put together.

The Man Who Looked Up

I HEARD a beautifully sad story the other day. It was of a man who was suddenly stricken with an illness which necessitated his lying upon his back for the rest of his life. But he was a brave man, and, undaunted, as I confess that I might not be, by the news the doctors brought him, he began at once to make plans for the days that stretched before him.

"If I must lie on my back," he said to a friend, "I will live, not in a dull room, looking at the ceiling, but upon my roof, looking at the stars and the moon, and at the wonderful storms that make the heavens glorious."

So he caused a little roof garden to be built for him in the heart of the city where he dwelt—a garden in summer and a room with a glass top for stormy days and winter. To this he was taken. He had been a busy man in his younger days, and had never had time to study astronomy. Now he found his opportunity. He smiled up at the heavens, watching the miraculous processional of flame as it marched on its endless journey; he saw the inconstant moon, and timed his life by her moods; and he reveled in the lightning when it flashed its mysterious patterns on the deep velvet of the clouds. And many a night he forgot his pain in the great cosmic forces above him. He studied the stars, as always he had longed to do; and he dictated a volume filled with his observations. He made the most of a great misfortune.

He found Beauty—which is God.—Charles Hanson Towne.

January

Do you feel that you have lost your way in life? Then God himself will show you your way. Are you utterly helpless, worn out, body and soul? Then God's eternal love is ready and willing to help you up, and revive you. Are you wearied with doubts and fears? Then God's eternal light is ready to show you your way. God's eternal peace ready to give you peace. Do you feel yourself full of sin and faults? Then take heart; for God's unchangeable will is to take away those sins, and purge you from those faults.—Charles Kingsley.

God Guides		God Delivers	
Mo. 1.	Ps. 25:8, 9	We. 17.	Ps. 94:18, 19
Tu. 2.	Ps. 32:8	Th. 18.	Ps. 40:2
We. 3.	Ps. 48:14	Fr. 19.	Ps. 66:13
Th. 4.	Ps. 71:17	Sa. 20.	Ps. 116:7, 8
Fr. 5.	Ps. 73:23, 24	God Alone Can Help	
Sa. 6.	Ps. 77:20	Su. 21.	Ps. 44:6, 7
God Saves and Protects		Mo. 22.	Ps. 49:6, 7
Su. 7.	Ps. 27:15	Tu. 23.	Ps. 108:12, 13
Mo. 8.	Ps. 94:18	We. 24.	Ps. 124:8
Tu. 9.	Ps. 98:8	Th. 25.	Ps. 127:1
We. 10.	Ps. 105:14, 15	Fr. 26.	Ps. 142:4, 5
Th. 11.	Ps. 106:5	Sa. 27.	Ps. 149:3
Fr. 12.	Ps. 107:20	God Strengthens	
Sa. 13.	Ps. 138:7	Su. 28.	Ps. 18:32
God Delivers		Mo. 29.	Ps. 27:14
Su. 14.	Ps. 18:17, 18	Tu. 30.	Ps. 29:11
Mo. 15.	Ps. 25:15	We. 31.	Ps. 65:22
Tu. 16.	Ps. 34:7		

Special Prayer.—A closer walk with God. A greater burden for souls. Greater faithfulness in home missions. Greater interest in foreign missions.

SUNSET TABLE	Belt 1	Belt 2	Belt 3	Belt 4	Belt 5
Friday, January 5	4:12	4:14	4:16	4:18	4:20
" 6	4:10	4:12	4:14	4:16	4:18
" 7	4:08	4:10	4:12	4:14	4:16
" 8	4:06	4:08	4:10	4:12	4:14
" 9	4:04	4:06	4:08	4:10	4:12

PAGES FROM THE 1917 MORNING WATCH CALENDAR

Daily Record of Personal Missionary Work

See Paragraph on Reporting in the Preface

See Paragraph on Reporting in the Preface		1. Prayers	2. Bible	3. Tracts	4. Letters	5. Other	6. Total
Jan. 1							
Jan. 2							
Jan. 3							
Jan. 4							
Jan. 5							
Jan. 6							
Jan. 7							
Jan. 8							
Jan. 9							
Jan. 10							
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Jan. 29							
Jan. 30							
Jan. 31							



Faithful Leo

THE sun beat down with hot rays upon the hayfields. It was making the once green grass into fragrant hay, which Grandpa White would stow away in his barn loft for old Brindle and Daisy, and Dolly the horse, to eat next winter.

Marjorie and Ralph had chosen the tallest haycock for their playhouse. They worked busily, until they had hollowed out a cozy nook upon the shady side. Then they went back to the farmhouse for some playthings.

"I wish you to amuse the baby for a little while, Marjorie," said her mother. "I must finish the ironing this afternoon and sew some lace upon your new dress."

"All right, mamma," agreed Marjorie, cheerily. "Ralph and I are playing house down in grandpa's hayfield, and Beth shall be our baby."

"Do not play out in the hot sunshine," warned mother.

"Oh, our house is on the shady side of a big haystack," explained Marjorie.

"And the wild grapevine that climbs on the rail fence is near by and makes it seem cooler," added Ralph.

When they went back to their playhouse Marjorie carried Lilian, her prettiest doll, Ralph had a new book which his aunt had sent on his birthday, and Baby Beth hugged a plump Teddy bear. Grandpa's dog, Leo, trotted on behind.

"Poor doggy, it is too bad you can't take off your great fur coat," said Marjorie, as Leo threw himself down in the shade with his tongue lolling out. "Just see how he is panting, Ralph."

"I should think he would go swimming in the pond and get cooled," replied Ralph. "That's what I should do if I were a dog."

They played happily for a long time. Marjorie dressed her doll in its best silk gown, while Ralph read aloud from his storybook. Beth tumbled about in the hay playing with Teddy. Leo stretched out lazily, until he looked like a yellow fur rug, and took a nap.

By and by, Marjorie said it was lunch time, and they ate the little frosted cakes which grandma had put into a paper bag for them.

It grew hotter as the breeze which had been cooling the hayfields stopped blowing. The sunshine did not seem so bright. Hazy clouds were gathering above the western hills.

Baby Beth cuddled her curly head upon one chubby arm, and went sound asleep. Marjorie made her a little pillow of hay and laid Teddy beside her.

"Doesn't she look sweet!" Marjorie exclaimed.

Ralph looked up from his book. He had been away off in a New York zoo, gazing at all kinds of wild animals.

"Oh, say, Marjorie!" he cried, "Grandpa is going to get in a load of hay. See, Dennis has Dolly and the hay cart! Let's have a ride to the barn."

Marjorie hesitated. "Baby is sure to sleep for an hour, and nothing will hurt her," she decided. "I'll race you across the field."

Away they flew, while Baby Beth and Leo slept on.

It was great fun to tramp down the sweet-smelling hay as grandpa and the hired man tossed up great heaping forkfuls.

Then all at once it grew dark and the wind began to blow. Grandpa trotted old Dolly, that he might get the hay into the barn before the rain came. Just as they reached the end of the lane, great raindrops splashed down and the thunder pealed loudly.

Suddenly Marjorie cried out, "Oh, Baby Beth!" In the excitement and fun she had forgotten her little sister under the haystack.

"Quick, mamma!" she called, running into the kitchen and catching her mother's hand. "Come with me and get Baby Beth. I'm afraid to go alone."

Together they ran across the fields. Wild fears flashed through Marjorie's mind. Perhaps the hay might have fallen in and smothered baby! Suppose, just suppose, that she had waked up and wandered down to the pond and been drowned!

Under the haystack, safely sheltered from the storm, they found Baby Beth. Her face was rosy with slumber, but her eyes were big and frightened and tears were rolling down her cheeks. In front of her, on guard, his great body protecting her from harm, was Leo, his shaggy coat dripping with rain. He wagged his tail and whined with relief when he saw baby's mother coming.

"Naughty Leo, wouldn't let baby dit out!" sobbed Beth.

Mrs. White wrapped the baby in a shawl she had brought and hurried home. Poor frightened Marjorie followed closely, bringing Teddy and Lilian, whose lovely silk gown was spoiled. Leo ran on ahead, barking joyously.

Her mother did not need to scold penitent Marjorie.

"Old dog Leo was better than I," she sobbed. "I never thought of the bad things that might happen to baby; I didn't even remember she was under the haystack till it began to thunder. I was just thinking about having a good time myself, and I'm just as 'shamed as I can be. I'm glad Lilian's blue dress is spoiled. I'm glad I'm sopping wet. I ought to get cold and be sick a whole month, only I s'pose you'd have to take care of me."

Mother patted Leo's shaggy head, saying, "Faithful old doggie!" Then she raised Marjorie's tear-stained face and gave her a forgiving kiss.

"Mamma is sure that her little girl will remember next time," she whispered gently.—*Nellie M. Leonard.*

Not Caught, and Yet Caught

ONE day when my cousin and I were playing out at the barn we found a nest of eggs. At that time I must have been about six years of age and he a year or so older. There was nothing strange about the finding of the eggs, for all farmer boys will do that, but that day we had been wishing to go to the little country store, which was but a quarter of a mile distant, and get some candy; but we hadn't any money, and moreover we knew that our mothers did not wish us to go. When we spied the eggs, the money proposition was settled, for we could trade the eggs for candy.

We took two eggs in each hand, and slipping out through the rear barn door, went to the grove where

of me, and though I am sure she didn't run any harder than I, she did cover more ground. In what seemed to me but a second she had caught hold of my overalls just above the knee. She stopped, but I went on, thus tearing a slit in my overalls from the knee down. I didn't stop running until I had reached the grove.

I climbed up and sat on the top rail of the fence, when, besides having my clothes torn and being out of breath, I found I had lost my eggs. While I waited for my cousin I had time to think. He soon came up the road with the candy, and made great fun of my misfortune.

The experience taught me two lessons: first, if we stop to reason with wrong, we are apt to yield; second,



J. C. MILLER, OWNER OF CAR, COL. W. H. CODY (BUFFALO BILL), AND CHIEF WAN-NA-SA-GA. COLONEL CODY DIED JAN. 10.

we could not be seen from the house. Here we tarried for a time; for in spite of the fact that we had the eggs, and thought they would never be missed, there still remained the feeling that we ought not to go.

We carefully weighed the reasons for and against, or thought we did: "We have the eggs, and they will never be missed; we are sure we shall not get caught; and then think of the candy we can buy. But we know it isn't just the thing to do, though we don't believe it is anything very bad." My cousin first made up his mind that he was going; I wanted to go, but just couldn't get away from the thought that it would not be right, and also that there was a black dog at the store that would bite. The more I thought of it the more the dog, and not the thought of the wrong I was about to do, kept me from going.

My cousin was sure that we could get onto the porch before the dog would see us, and then the storekeeper wouldn't let her bite us. So after a little more debating I decided to risk it. All the way down the road I felt rather shaky, due mostly, I am sure, to a guilty conscience.

As we neared the store, I began to look for the dog. My cousin had just reached the porch and I had but a few more steps to take, when out came the dog. Without even trying to get onto the porch, I turned and ran down the road. The pup at a glance seemed to take in the situation, for without paying the least attention to my cousin, she raced up the road in pursuit

a guilty conscience is enough in itself to defeat the bravest undertaking.

N. L. BEEBE.

Bob Montgomery

I AM indebted to the courtesy and reliable memory of Maj. J. Coleman Alderson, of Charleston, West Virginia, who gathered from his correspondence, and from personal interviews with those who possessed the facts, most of the story related below.

Major Alderson, during the war between the States, was first lieutenant of Company A, 36th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, in the Confederate army. One of his correspondents has been a frequent visitor to the Old Brierfield plantation, the estate of Pres. Jefferson Davis, and the Hurricane plantation, the home of Gen. Joe Davis, brother to the president.

For some years before the war, when Mr. Jefferson Davis was in public life and spending most of his time in Washington, he had a body servant by the name of Bob Montgomery, who, by reason of his constant contact and association with his scholarly and refined master, and the fact that he possessed an unusually bright mind for a Negro, had acquired a fair education.

When the war came on, and Mr. Davis moved to Richmond, Virginia, the capital of the Confederacy, he left Bob in charge of Brierfield, as the most reliable and trustworthy and competent agent he could commission for that responsible business.

As a further proof of the character and ability of the man, the adjoining plantation of Hurricane was also left to his charge by Mr. Joe Davis, who went into the Confederate army and became a general in command.

When New Orleans fell, leaving the Mississippi River open and unobstructed to the entrance of the gunboats of the enemy, there was no protection to Vicksburg, which is about thirty miles up the river from the Brierfield and Hurricane estates. These plantations lay on the riverside, and Bob, with shrewd intelligence, realized the danger to his master's property.

Filled with apprehension and acting with the greatest prudence, he went at once by train to Richmond, Virginia, in order that he might place before his master a plan that he had devised for the protection of the joint estates. Reaching Richmond in the night, he did not wait for the morning, but hastened to find President Davis, arouse him from his slumbers, and submit his plan for the security of the estate. President Davis of course felt a doubtful hesitancy to act upon advice from so humble a source, as touching so important an enterprise, yet gave patient attention until Bob's proposition was fully explained.

The plan was as follows: That the president and his brother, Gen. Joe Davis, should sell the estates to him, Bob Montgomery, for which Bob should execute his notes, covering the full purchase money, and give a deed of trust on the property to secure the payment of the notes; that when the war should be over, there being default in the payment of the notes, the mortgage should be foreclosed, and the legal title should repass to the original owners.

The reply of Mr. Davis was: "Bob, I cannot sell my estate to you, because you are my slave, and you could not legally receive the title from me." This staggered Bob for some time, and he had begun to think he had taken his trip to no purpose, but he recovered his equanimity, and promptly submitted another proposition; namely, that President Davis should first voluntarily grant freedom to his slave, have a public record made of the act, and then negotiate legally with Bob in respect to the real estate.

To this Mr. Davis replied that he would consult his brother, Gen. Joseph Davis, and give Bob an answer in the morning.

When Bob Montgomery came back again in the morning, he found Mr. Davis waiting for him with the papers drawn, signed, and acknowledged.

They were all delivered to Bob, who, now a free citizen of the Southern Confederacy, hastened to his home in Mississippi, to the control of his large Southern estate, and the enjoyment of his independent citizenship. The first thing he did after reaching Mississippi was to have his legal documents placed upon record.

One might have supposed that his care and forethought would have stopped here, but he had a mind to still further protection. He secured a transcript of all these papers, carefully certified by the recording officer, and made a journey to Washington. There he obtained an interview with President Lincoln. I can well imagine the President's surprise when Bob informed him that he had been the private secretary of President Davis, but was then a freedman, and the legal owner of the two estates of Brierfield and Hurricane, and produced the authenticated copies of the record to substantiate his claim.

Then he made known the object of his interview. He stated that it was well known that the plantation of Brierfield had belonged to President Davis, and the plantation of Hurricane had been the property of Gen. Joe Davis, and though both estates had passed into his possession, yet he feared that the simple assertion of his ownership would not be sufficient to protect his property from the molestation of soldiers and the devastation of war. He requested from President Lincoln an official order to the effect that no Federal officer or soldier should molest him, nor in any way interfere with or damage his property.

The order from this high source was obtained, and Bob Montgomery again started for home, this time with a reinforcement that the military of neither government could afford to disregard. He arrived just a few days before a Federal officer and a squad of men appeared on the premises with commands to make destruction complete. Bob met them with his official order, and the assurance that if anything was disturbed it would be reported to Washington as quickly as the wire could carry it, which information produced a retreat of the soldiers more rapid than was their advance.

Notice of this Executive shield of protection was widely published in the army, and no company, squad, or individual marauder ever appeared again on the premises of either plantation.

At the close of the war, and after the release of Jefferson Davis from prison, at Fortress Monroe, and the excitement of reconstruction had in a large measure passed away, by a friendly but formal legal proceeding the mortgage was foreclosed, and the two estates were conveyed to their original owners.

Bob Montgomery, however, on his part had not been idle during the four years of uninterrupted agricultural industry on those two productive Southern plantations. The cotton that had accumulated during this time amounted to an exceedingly large storage, and commanded a good price.

A large sum was realized from the sale of the cotton. Neither the Davises nor Bob Montgomery have ever seen fit to take the public into their confidence and inform it as to the exact figures of this sale. The neighbors were left simply to conjecture as to the amount of the returns. Some have put at a hundred thousand dollars, others at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and others at two hundred thousand dollars, the amount that went to Bob as his share of the sale.

Then Bob Montgomery went into the Mississippi delta and purchased a large tract of unimproved land. A part of it he sold out in small farms to Negro settlers. Upon another portion he built a Negro town, and called it Mound Bayou — exclusively an African municipality. Bob was its first mayor. It has four stores, sawmills, a good hotel, a strong and prosperous bank, numerous small manufactories, and other enterprises, and a steadily growing population. It remains a model Negro settlement to this day. All the civil offices are filled and conducted by Negroes.

In the days of carpetbag rule, Bob Montgomery was a member of the State legislature, and made himself conspicuous for the good sense and equity of his conduct, and particularly for the fact that he never let an occasion pass without warmly and defiantly resenting any indignity, or insult, or aspersion cast against the name of his old master and friend, Jefferson Davis.

When, in 1876, white people recovered control of the State government, Bob Montgomery was still retained a member of the State legislature, and coöperated in harmony with his white fellow members. His memory is respected by all classes; but Bob himself has long since gone to rest.—*American Magazine*.



The Golden Rule Standard

(Texts for February 11-17)

Do you desire to be a guest of Jehovah? Of course you do. How tender, how sweet, how deep, is the thought that you may be his guest! And since you may be, you should know upon what terms he extends hospitality, for surely it is his privilege to prescribe them.

The fifteenth psalm helps one to understand what the qualifications of Jehovah's guests must be. Notice the construction of this psalm: The first verse asks the question; the second verse describes in a general way the guests of Jehovah; and then the verses that follow, in three clauses each, expand upon the general description already given. It is probable that David wrote this psalm when the ark was returned to Jerusalem; but whether written for this occasion or not, it is of eternal value.

The psalmist's idea of the righteous man flows from the Old Testament revelation of a righteous God. He who would be a true worshiper of God must strive to grow more and more like him in all the attributes that it is possible for humanity to share. "Not men's own fancies, but insight gained by communion with God, and docile inquiry of him, will reliably tell what manner of men they are who can abide in his light."

The picture given in this psalm of the ideal Christian hardly seems complete. It is almost entirely negative and concerned only with acts. It teaches justice and honesty, but not the deeper forms of "love to our neighbor." "Herein," says one writer, "it reproduces the limitations of earlier revelations." Later, Jesus came to magnify the law and teach its deeper meaning, in order to show his followers how to live in the spirit as well as the letter of the law. But while the New Testament may add to the fifteenth psalm, it takes nothing away; and that psalm "still stands as an unantiquated statement of what a man must be who dwells in the secret place of the Most High."

First of all, this psalm teaches that a man is not made up of two water-tight compartments in which he can keep his religious life and his daily conduct separate. Most of the Old World religions, as the heathen today, made no connection between a man's religion and his conduct; but, as is seen in this psalm, Judaism taught that the two are inseparable. If a man cannot mix his religion and his business, it is pretty good proof that he is in either the wrong business or the wrong religion. It is a person's daily life that proves the real worth of his religion.

Psalm 15 may well be called the Golden Rule Psalm. It attacks the sins of the tongue; and demands right speech, and faithfulness in vows and promises. It

denounces flattery, and forbids usury and bribery. If it were made the universal standard for daily living, there would be great changes in many business transactions. If it were made general censor today, many of the bright and witty, but nevertheless unkind "speeches" that are current in social circles would never be heard. What a reformation this psalm would work in newspaper columns! How little it would leave of some of the political speeches that have echoed and reechoed from shore to shore! How utterly it would annihilate words that have polluted royal lips! But the questions for you and me are, How do we measure up to this standard? Does it demand that any of our thoughts fall back unspoken? Does it call for any change in our dealings with others?

Those who live by this golden rule standard are accepted as guests of Jehovah; and come what may, his guests remain steadfast, for he will hide them in the secret recesses of his pavilion. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

MEDITATIONS.—Father, while thou art preparing a home in heaven for thy children, I pray that thou wilt help me to make the necessary preparation here on earth to enter it. May my dealings with others, my words, and my inmost thoughts reflect thy will more and more each day.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—This week let us all pray for our missionaries in preparation.

M. E.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending February 17

THE programs for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for February.

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

February 11: Numbers 1 to 3. A census; order; redemption money.
 February 12: Numbers 4 to 6. Separated for service.
 February 13: Numbers 7, 8. Princely offerings.
 February 14: Numbers 9 to 11. Following the cloud; murmuring; punishment.
 February 15: Numbers 12 to 14. Jealousy punished; the reward of unbelief.
 February 16: Numbers 15, 16. Sin and punishment.
 February 17: Numbers 17 to 19. Aaron honored; support of priests and Levites.

For notes on this assignment, see the *Review* for February 8.

Junior Assignment

February 11: Exodus 16. The Sabbath honored.
 February 12: Exodus 17. Water from the rock.
 February 13: Exodus 18. Visit of Jethro.
 February 14: Exodus 19. The camp at Sinai.
 February 15: Exodus 20. The ten commandments spoken.
 February 16: Exodus 24. Moses in the mount.
 February 17: Exodus 32. The golden calf.

The Oldest Living Thing

I have a picture which is named "The Oldest Living Thing." It is a fine picture of one of the great California trees, the "General Sherman," the patriarch

of the Sequoia National Park. It is 280 feet high, and its greatest diameter is $36\frac{1}{2}$ feet. It is as thick as many houses are long. It surely makes one wonder and admire to behold its gigantic form towering far above the forest. It makes one dizzy to look up to the top of it, and it almost makes the brain dizzy to try to think back when that great tree was a little one such as several of those right around its base. Scientists tell us that this tree was already 2,000 years old when Jesus was born.

"In the age when the known world was rocking in the throes of the Trojan wars, and the time that history tells us marked the exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt, this greatest of *Sequoia gigantea* was a flourishing sapling of some twenty or thirty feet in height, and truly under the special care of the Creator, who held it safe from the lightnings of his wrath as he did from the attack of earthly enemies."

But is this "the oldest living thing"? The word of God is older. Even part of the written Word is somewhat older than this tree is supposed to be. In Heb. 4:12 we read, "The word of God is living, and active" (A. R. V.), and Peter tells us that the word of God "liveth and abideth forever." 1 Peter 1:23. Yes, the word of God is alive, and it still grows in the hearts of God's children. And it has the same power to save from sin as in olden days. The "General Sherman" is on the decline, as can be seen by the dead branches in the top. Very likely some day it will succumb to the blasts of the storm or the tremor of an earthquake and come down with a crash; and great will be the fall thereof. But the word of God "abideth forever."

What a privilege to read God's wonderful, living book—the Bible. It contains the living word of God, which is able to make us wise unto salvation. 2 Tim. 3:15. If we will take heed to it, God will purify our hearts from sin. Ps. 119:9. The scriptures which we study will be brought to our minds again and again by the Holy Spirit. When we are tempted, we shall receive help, for "his word runneth very swiftly." Ps. 147:15. Possibly some day even "General Sherman" will be sawed into lumber and built into houses. But these houses and all things earthly will pass away, while those who feed upon the word of God are built as lively stones into the Lord's spiritual temple, which will endure forever. 1 Peter 2:2-5.

The Grandest Scene in Human History

Just now the papers of Washington, D. C., are having a great deal to say about the preparations that are being made for the second inauguration of Woodrow Wilson. It is felt that such a great event as installing a President of the United States in office should be marked by some grand display. It is planned to have a great inaugural parade which will be a kind of pageant representing the country's progress. It is also proposed to have an exhibit of the actual working of the various departments of the government. Then, of course, there will be the solemn inaugural ceremony itself, on the Capitol porch, in the presence of many thousands of people.

As stated last week, the giving of the ten commandments on Mt. Sinai was perhaps the most wonderful event in human history except one. And it was made a scene of awful grandeur, in keeping with the great importance of the event. There, with a precipitous granite peak for a pulpit, and the whole nation of Israel for an audience in the plain below, God, with his own glorious voice, spoke his sacred

law, amid thunder and flame and a wonderful display of power.

"God accompanied the proclamation of his law with exhibitions of his power and glory, that his people might never forget the scene, and that they might be impressed with profound veneration for the Author of the law, the Creator of heaven and earth. He would also show to all men the sacredness, the importance, and the permanence of his law."

Afterward this holy law was written on tables of stone by God himself and delivered to Moses. It was kept in the sacred ark of cedar overlaid with gold, above which was the mercy-seat. The ten commandment law is often spoken of as the testimony. It is a testimony against us when we sin, and by it we shall all be judged. May we, like David and Jesus, be able to say, "I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." Ps. 40:8. (See also John 4:34.)

M. E. K.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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VII—Paul at Corinth

(February 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 18:1-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee." Acts 18:10.

Questions

1. To what city did Paul go from Athens? Acts 18:1. Note 1.
2. Whom did he find there? Why had Aquila left Italy? Verse 2. Note 2.
3. By what trade did Paul and his friends meet their expenses? Verse 3. Note 3.
4. What did Paul do on the Sabbath? With whom did he reason? Verse 4. Note 4.
5. Who came to Paul in Corinth? After their coming, what testimony did he bear? How did the Jews receive his teaching? What did Paul say to them? Verses 5, 6.
6. In whose house did he afterward find a home? Verse 7.
7. What was the result of his labors? Verse 8. Note 5.
8. How was Paul encouraged to stay longer in Corinth? Verses 9, 10. How long did he remain there? Verse 11.
9. How did the Jews continue to oppose Paul? Before whom was he brought? Of what was he accused? Verses 12, 13. Note 6.
10. How did Gallio answer the Jews? What did he do to them? Verses 14-16.
11. How did the Greeks treat Sosthenes? Verse 17. Note 7.
12. How long did Paul stay in Corinth after this? To what place did he then go? Who sailed with him? To what city did they come? How did Paul labor here? Verses 18, 19.
13. What did the Ephesians wish him to do? What reason did he give for not remaining with them? Verses 20, 21.
14. At what place did Paul land? What did he do here? To what city did he then go? To what places did he afterward journey? Verses 22, 23.
15. Who came to Ephesus after Paul had departed? What is said of this Jew? Verses 24, 25.
16. How did Apollos receive more instruction? What is said of his labors after that? Verses 26-28. Note 8.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. Give Bible examples of laborers for God who have sometimes been greatly discouraged.
2. Trace on the map the places Paul visited on his second missionary journey.

Notes

1. *Corinth*. An important city in Greece, about fifty miles west of Athens. It was the capital of the Roman province of Achaia. It has a citadel of rock which rises 2,000 feet

above the sea. Its summit is so broad that once a whole town was built upon it. The city was on an isthmus which connects the two parts of Greece. It was the center of commerce and business, as Athens was the seat of learning and culture. It has been called "the Vanity Fair" of the Roman Empire. It had a delightful climate, its population was about 400,000, and it was a very wicked city. The currants we use derive their name from Corinth, the place from which they were probably first imported.

2. *Pontus*. This was a large district on the coast of the Black Sea. It comprised nearly the territory now called Trebizond, a center in the European war. There were many Jews in Pontus. It is now under Turkish rule.

3. The Jews taught their sons a trade, and the rabbis believed that if a father did not do this, he taught his son to be a thief. Jesus worked in wood. Paul made tents.

"Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore, Every woodman in the forest, every boatman at the oar, Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and clearing sod,

All the dusty ranks of labor in the regiment of God, March together toward the temple, do the task their hands prepare;

Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer."

4. "During the first century of the Christian era, Corinth was one of the leading cities, not only of Greece, but of the world. . . . It was an important place in which to establish memorials for God and his truth. . . . Paul saw on every hand serious obstacles to the progress of his work. The city was almost wholly given up to idolatry. Venus was the favorite goddess; and with the worship of Venus were connected many demoralizing rites and ceremonies."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 243, 244.

5. Paul was almost discouraged in Corinth because of the wickedness he saw, and the abuse he suffered from the Jews. He began to plan to leave the city, when the Lord gave him a vision to encourage his heart, and he continued his labor with zeal and faith.

6. "Gallio was a man of integrity, and he refused to become the dupe of the jealous, intriguing Jews. Disgusted with their bigotry and self-righteousness, he would take no notice of the charge."—*Id.*, p. 253.

7. Gallio's decision caused the Jews to leave the court in anger. The crowd saw that they were beaten, and they turned on Paul's side. They took Sosthenes, and beat him in the courtroom, and Gallio did not interfere to protect him. Thus a victory was gained for the apostle.

8. Aquila and Priscilla heard Apollos speak in Ephesus, and invited him to their home where they explained to him the truth more perfectly.

For the Finding-Out Club

1. How does a submarine find its way about when under water?
2. How old is London?
3. What is the difference between iron and steel?
4. Is the whale a fish?
5. Of what is glass made?

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of December 26

1. The Egyptians, when an east wind brought the plague of locusts and the west wind swept it away. Ex. 10:13-19.
2. The homes of the Israelites during the plague of darkness. Ex. 10:22, 23.
3. Manasseh. 2 Chron. 33:7.
4. The magicians of Egypt, when the plague of lice came upon the land. Ex. 8:18, 19.
5. Josiah (2 Chron. 34:1, 2) and Jehoiachin (2 Chron. 36:9).
6. Love. Song of Solomon 8:6, 7.
7. Haman. Esther 7:8.
8. The city of Abel. 2 Sam. 20:22.
9. The unnamed man who showed the army of Judah the way into Bethel. Judges 1:24, 25.
10. Jael (Judges 4:21), Shamgar (Judges 3:31), Samson (Judges 15:15), the unnamed woman who wounded Abimelech (Judges 9:53).
11. When the plague of hail and fire came upon the Egyptians. Ex. 9:23-28.
12. Cyrus, king of the Persians. Ezra 1:2.
13. The Egyptians, when the waters of the Nile were turned into blood. Ex. 7:20, 24, 25.

14. Amon, king of Judah (2 Chron. 33:24); Sennacherib, king of Assyria (2 Chron. 32:21).

15. Saul (1 Sam. 28:7, 8). Manasseh (2 Chron. 33:6).

Members of the Finding-Out Club

[The 1916 membership of the Finding-Out Club will not appear in print again. Only 1917 members will be recorded. We enrolled during the last year one hundred and sixty-three members, and these were credited with two hundred and seventy correct lists of answers. We believe the 1917 record will be even better than that for the year just past. Who will be the first to enroll as a member of the Club?]

Stanley R. Altman ²	Bernice Mac Lafferty ⁴
Berna Anderson	Laurence Mac Lafferty
W. M. Andress	Mildred Meleen
Mrs. C. M. Babcock	E. E. Messenger
Laechler T. Barnes ²	Clara Miller
Gladys Bartholomew	Edwin Montgomery
Harold E. Beasley ²	Mary H. Moore ⁷
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The Youth's Instructor

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Now is the Accepted Time

A WOMAN came to Dr. Chalmers one day and said: "Doctor, I cannot bring my child to Christ. I've talked, and talked, but it's of no use." The doctor said, "Now you be quiet and I will talk to her alone."

When the doctor got the Scotch lassie alone, he said to her, "They are bothering you a great deal about this question; now suppose I just tell your mother you don't want to be talked to any more upon this subject for a year. How will that do?"

The Scotch lassie hesitated a little, and then said she didn't think it would be safe to wait for a year, something might turn up. She might die before then.

"Well, that's so," replied the doctor, "but suppose we say six months."

She didn't think even this would be safe.

After a little hesitation, the girl said: "I don't think it would be safe to put it off at all," and they went down on their knees and found Christ.—*Selected.*

Fire Brigades of Japan

(Excerpt from a private letter)

My first acquaintance with the fire brigades of Japan came one night after we had been in bed some time. Awakened by the ring—or tolling—of all the bells in the neighborhood, I got up to investigate the cause of the disturbance, and found that a big blaze was in progress some little distance back of our place.

With a rush worthy of a better object, we started for the scene of the fire. The whole of the village was awake, and every one making as much noise as possible. The fire was a large rice barn, and was blazing merrily. There were no fire engines in this part, but two hand engines were at work. These were about as effective as a baby at a barn raising. This was a barn razing, all right. We noticed that every man connected with the fire company had a lantern in his hand, and could not be persuaded to let it go for a moment.

Pretty soon a new shout went up, as another company came dashing along at a fast walk. A standard bearer came first with a formidable arrangement for scaring devils. This he planted as near the fire as he had courage to go. Evidently that was as much as was expected of him, for that was all he did. Then the third manual came in sight, and was hooked up with proper ceremony. After a time the hose was led into a ditch which runs through the village, and the fun began. Men with long poles began to try to push the walls of the barn so that they would fall onto the

flames and put them out—perhaps. Having so stirred the fire that it would burn up everything, they began to throw water on it in an effort, apparently, to save something, but what, was not clear to me. All this time the fire was burning furiously, and one could see the end of that barn. The blazing bamboo poles make a noise like infantry in action. All around were other barns on which were perched men with branches of trees to brush off the sparks that might fall upon them. We left when there was nothing to be seen but glowing coals.

The sequel came next morning when all these firemen were as full of saki as they could well be. If another fire had broken out, there would have been no help for the sufferer, as all the firemen were drunk. Companies will come a long way to attend a fire, knowing that after the fire is out, liquid refreshment will be served in large quantities.

I cannot describe all the funny things done on that occasion, but to me the whole thing is a big joke. Probably the farmer thinks otherwise, unless he was insured against loss.

More recently a large fire started at Shinjuku, our nearest point to Tokio, and cleaned out a car barn belonging to the railway. The cars making one of the electric services into Tokio were stored in this barn. Twenty out of thirty cars were burned to the trucks, and this has tied up that line for some time to come. It is all part of the Imperial Railway system, so no one individual or company bears the loss. It must have been a hot fire, as the whole place was of wood. The car frames were bent down by the heat generated.

I am told that it is about time for another fire to get started in Tokio, so that part of the city will get a very necessary spring cleaning. I want to be there when it comes off.

The Temperance Boy

I'm a little temperance boy!
Good friends, do you doubt it?
Only listen, and I'll soon
Tell you all about it.

These are little temperance feet,
So you'll never find them
Walking to a beer saloon,
Dragging me behind them.

Through these little temperance hands
Poison never passes;
But with water pure and cool
They will fill your glasses.

And these lips shall never taste
Brandy, beer, or whisky;
Sooner would I see them all
In the Bay of Biscay.

And these eyes shall never look
Where the red wine glistens;
God forbids it in his Book
To the child that listens.

So, my friends, I think this truth
You will now discover,
That I'm a little temperance boy—
Temperance all over.

—*Selected.*

A MAN who had been converted from a sinful life gave this experience of his acceptance with Jesus: "I just crept to the feet of Jesus, and, greatly to my astonishment, he did not scold me—he knew I had been scolded enough; and he didn't pity me; and he didn't give me any advice either. He knew I had had plenty of that. He just put his arms around my neck and loved me. And when the sun arose I was a new man."