

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Courtesy of Elder F. D. Starr

"The heavens were gray and dull and low,
The earth was old and stained and sear,
When God outspread his spotless snow,—
A carpet for the coming year.

"Above it, sunshine came again;
Beneath it, many a weary thing
From summer heat and autumn rain
Found rest and waited for the spring."





The bat is the natural enemy of the mosquito.

Texas has the honor of having within its borders the only armadillo farm in the world.

The submarine telephone perfectly reproduces the human voice through twenty miles of water.

The absence of a comma in a bill which passed through Congress many years ago, cost our government a million dollars.

George F. E. A. Wettin is the real name of the king of Great Britain; and Mrs. Henry Schwerin that of Wilhelmina, queen of Holland.

The police of Westford, Massachusetts, have received instructions to arrest any person using profane language on the public highway or street.

Baron Morimura, a wealthy Japanese Christian, has given \$100,000 to establish a professorship of Christianity in the Imperial University of Tokio.

The Northern Express Company, Seattle, Washington, has been fined \$1,000 for bringing into the State, liquor packages without the legal permit attached to them.

The new "ballistic cinematograph" now used at the Royal Prussian Institute of Military Technology, at Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin, takes 100,000 pictures per second.

A county attorney in Oklahoma, who at the time was a candidate for the legislature, was recently caught bringing intoxicating liquor into the Indian country. He was promptly convicted.

A bee's wing moves so fast that hitherto no moving picture could catch it, but it has at last been photographed by an electric spark lasting a hundredth of a second, during which time twenty sharp negatives were made.

When an outdoor feast was given in the old days, a list was made out of the eatables it was desired to take on an outing. This list was presented to each guest in turn, who "picked" out the article of food she wished to furnish. Each article was then "nicked" off the list. Then the first syllables of "picked" and "nicked" came together, and we had the word "picnic."

An old lady who died recently in Marseilles, directs by her will that, should she die before victory is secured, her body is to be placed provisionally in a vault, and to be interred ultimately in the field on which France's final battle of victory is fought. Her entire fortune she has left to the town that shall give its name to the successful combat. She at least had no doubt of the victory of her country.

The empress of China, Hsi Tai-hou, wanted a country home, but lacked means with which to build it. But when the Chinese government appropriated \$50,000,000 for the navy, she promptly seized the vast sum, and used it in converting a site by a lake over by the western hills into a fairyland, with magnificent palaces, pavilions, temples, beautiful barges, white marble balustrades, arched bridges, pillars, and gorgeous flower gardens.

A man suffered for years from acute rheumatism. He went from one doctor to another without relief. Finally he went to his dentist one day to have his teeth fixed. A blind abscess was found, which was opened and cured. Immediately his rheumatism disappeared. Another man had a supposed case of spine trouble. No doctor gave him relief until, finally, one physician suggested that he have his teeth examined. Pyorrhea was discovered, cured, and the spinal trouble left him. In another case defective eyesight was found due to defective teeth. A man's throat trouble of years' standing was found to be caused by toxins in the teeth. Evidently we do not give our teeth due credit for their importance in our general health.

The Surinam Government Leper Hospital at Groot Chatillon is near Bethesda, where Moravian missionaries are at work. They report the cure of two young women patients, one of whom has been four years under treatment at Bethesda, and the other seven years. Both have regularly used Aiouni. This is a preparation of the chaulmoogra oil, long known in India as a palliative for leprosy. It is mixed with olive oil and other ingredients to make Aiouni, which is the discovery of M. Delord, a French missionary resident in Switzerland. After six months under special observation, the two girls were dismissed by the highest medical authority in the colony as cured, and were permitted to return to their homes.

It takes American history to sweep away the Friday as an unlucky-day proposition. For it was not only on a Friday that Columbus sailed for America, but he discovered land and actually landed on Friday. Nothing unlucky about that! The "Mayflower," too, made Provincetown Harbor on a Friday, and it was on a Friday that the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. George Washington elected to be born on a Friday; St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest settlement in the United States, was founded on a Friday; and it was on a Friday that John Adams made the motion that these United States should be made independent. So Friday has not been an unlucky day for this country.

The Grand Shereef of Mecca, who in July revolted against Turkey and proclaimed an independent kingdom, has adopted the title of King of the Hejaz. The Hejaz is a region in Arabia covering about 100,000 square miles.

"MANY a man is a producer if allowed to work in his own way, while if hectored constantly, he becomes a miserable failure."

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

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No. 9

Two Dreams and a Vision

(Concluded from last week)

THE two dreams referred to in the title were given in last week's issue; the vision follows:—

"While I was praying at the family altar, the Holy Ghost fell upon me, and I seemed to be rising higher and higher, far above the dark world. I turned to look for the Advent people in the world, but could not find them, when a voice said to me, 'Look again, and look a little higher.' At this I raised my eyes, and saw a straight and narrow path, cast up high above the world. On this path the Advent people were traveling to the city, which was at the farther end of the path. They had a bright light set up behind them at the beginning of the path, which an angel told me was the midnight cry. This light shone all along the path, and gave light for their feet so that they might not stumble. If they kept their eyes fixed on Jesus, who was just before them, leading them to the city, they were safe. But soon some grew weary, and said the city was a great way off, and they expected to have entered it before. Then Jesus would encourage them by raising his glorious right arm, and from his arm came a light which waved over the Advent band, and they shouted, 'Alleluia!' Others rashly denied the light behind them, and said that it was not God that had led them out so far. The light behind them went out, leaving their feet in perfect darkness, and they stumbled and lost sight of the mark and of Jesus, and fell off the path down into the dark and wicked world below. Soon we heard the voice of God like many waters, which gave us the day and hour of Jesus' coming. The living saints, 144,000 in number, knew and understood the voice, while the wicked thought it was thunder and an earthquake. When God spoke the time, he poured upon us the Holy Ghost, and our faces began to light up and shine with the glory of God, as Moses' did when he came down from Mt. Sinai.

"The 144,000 were all sealed and perfectly united. On their foreheads was written, God, New Jerusalem, and a glorious star containing Jesus' new name. At our happy, holy state the wicked were enraged, and would rush violently up to lay hands on us to thrust us into prison, when we would stretch forth the hand in the name of the Lord, and they would fall helpless to the ground. Then it was that the synagogue of Satan knew that God had loved us who could wash one another's feet, and salute the brethren with a holy kiss, and they worshiped at our feet.

"Soon our eyes were drawn to the east, for a small black cloud had appeared, about half as large as a man's hand, which we all knew was the sign of the Son of man. We all in solemn silence gazed on the cloud as it drew nearer, and became lighter, glorious, and still more glorious, till it was a great white cloud. The bottom appeared like fire; a rainbow was over the cloud, while around it were ten thousand angels, singing a most lovely song; and upon it sat the Son of man. His hair was white and curly, and lay on his shoulders; and upon his head were many crowns.

His feet had the appearance of fire; in his right hand was a sharp sickle; in his left, a silver trumpet. His eyes were as a flame of fire, which searched his children through and through. Then all faces gathered paleness, and those that God had rejected gathered blackness. Then we all cried out, 'Who shall be able to stand? Is my robe spotless?' Then the angels ceased to sing, and there was some time of awful silence, when Jesus spoke: 'Those who have clean hands and pure hearts shall be able to stand; my grace is sufficient for you.' At this our faces lighted up, and joy filled every heart. And the angels struck a note higher and sung again, while the cloud drew still nearer the earth.

"Then Jesus' silver trumpet sounded, as he descended on the cloud, wrapped in flames of fire. He gazed on the graves of the sleeping saints, then raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and cried, 'Awake! awake! ye that sleep in the dust, and arise.' Then there was a mighty earthquake. The graves opened, and the dead came up clothed with immortality. The 144,000 shouted, 'Alleluia!' as they recognized their friends who had been torn from them by death, and in the same moment we were changed and caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air.

"We all entered the cloud together, and were seven days ascending to the sea of glass, when Jesus brought the crowns, and with his own right hand placed them on our heads. He gave us harps of gold and palms of victory. Here on the sea of glass the 144,000 stood in a perfect square. Some of them had very bright crowns, others not so bright. Some crowns appeared heavy with stars, while others had but few. All were perfectly satisfied with their crowns. And they were all clothed with a glorious white mantle from their shoulders to their feet. Angels were all about us as we marched over the sea of glass to the gate of the city. Jesus raised his mighty, glorious arm, laid hold of the pearly gate, swung it back on its glittering hinges, and said to us, 'You have washed your robes in my blood, stood stiffly for my truth, enter in.' We all marched in and felt that we had a perfect right in the city.

"Here we saw the tree of life and the throne of God. Out of the throne came a pure river of water, and on either side of the river was the tree of life. On one side of the river was a trunk of a tree, and a trunk on the other side of the river, both of pure, transparent gold. At first I thought I saw two trees. I looked again, and saw that they were united at the top in one tree. So it was the tree of life on either side of the river of life. Its branches bowed to the place where we stood, and the fruit was glorious; it looked like gold mixed with silver.

"We all went under the tree, and sat down to look at the glory of the place, when Brethren Fitch and Stockman, who had preached the gospel of the kingdom, and whom God had laid in the grave to save them, came up to us and asked us what we had passed

through while they were sleeping. We tried to call up our greatest trials, but they looked so small compared with the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory that surrounded us, that we could not speak them out, and we all cried out, 'Alleluia, heaven is cheap enough!' and we touched our glorious harps and made heaven's arches ring.

"With Jesus at our head we all descended from the city down to this earth, on a great and mighty mountain, which could not bear Jesus up, and it parted asunder and there was a mighty plain. Then we looked up and saw the great city, with twelve foundations, and twelve gates, three on each side, and an angel at each gate. We all cried out, 'The city, the great city, it's coming, it's coming down from God out of heaven,' and it came and settled on the place where we stood. Then we began to look at the glorious things outside of the city. There I saw most glorious houses, that had the appearance of silver, supported by four pillars set with pearls most glorious to behold. These were to be inhabited by the saints. In each was a golden shelf. I saw many of the saints go into the houses, take off their glittering crowns and lay them on the shelf, then go out into the field by the houses to do something with the earth; not as we have to do with the earth here; no, no. A glorious light shone all about their heads, and they were continually shouting and offering praises to God.

"I saw another field full of all kinds of flowers, and as I plucked them, I cried out, 'They will never fade.' Next I saw a field of tall grass, most glorious to behold; it was living green, and had a reflection of silver and gold, as it waved proudly to the glory of King Jesus. Then we entered a field full of all kinds of beasts,—the lion, the lamb, the leopard, and the wolf, all together in perfect union. We passed through the midst of them, and they followed on peaceably after. Then we entered a wood, not like the dark woods we have here; no, no; but light, and all over glorious; the branches of the trees waved to and fro, and we all cried out, 'We will dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.' We passed through the woods, for we were on our way to Mt. Zion.

"As we were traveling along, we met a company who also were gazing at the glories of the place. I noticed red as a border on their garments; their crowns were brilliant; their robes were pure white. As we greeted them, I asked Jesus who they were. He said they were martyrs that had been slain for him. With them was an innumerable company of little ones; they also had a hem of red on their garments. Mt. Zion was just before us, and on the mount was a glorious temple, and about it were seven other mountains, on which grew roses and lilies. And I saw the little ones climb, or, if they chose, use their little wings and fly to the top of the mountains, and pluck the never-fading flowers. There were all kinds of trees around the temple to beautify the place; the box, the pine, the fir, the oil, the myrtle, the pomegranate, and the fig tree bowed down with the weight of its timely figs,—these made the place all over glorious. And as we were about to enter the holy temple, Jesus raised his lovely voice and said, 'Only the 144,000 enter this place,' and we shouted, 'Alleluia!'

"This temple was supported by seven pillars, all of transparent gold, set with pearls most glorious. The wonderful things I there saw, I cannot describe. Oh, that I could talk in the language of Canaan, then could I tell a little of the glory of the better world. I saw

there tables of stone in which the names of the 144,000 were engraved in letters of gold. After we beheld the glory of the temple, we went out, and Jesus left us, and went to the city. Soon we heard his lovely voice again, saying, 'Come, my people, you have come out of great tribulation, and done my will; suffered for me; come in to supper, for I will gird myself, and serve you.' We shouted 'Alleluia! glory!' and entered into the city. And I saw a table of pure silver; it was many miles in length, yet our eyes could extend over it. I saw the fruit of the tree of life, the manna, almonds, figs, pomegranates, grapes, and many other kinds of fruit. I asked Jesus to let me eat of the fruit. He said, 'Not now. Those who eat of the fruit of this land, go back to earth no more. But in a little while, if faithful, you shall both eat of the fruit of the tree of life, and drink of the water of the fountain.' And he said, 'You must go back to the earth again, and relate to others what I have revealed to you.' Then an angel bore me gently down to this dark world. Sometimes I think I can stay here no longer, all things of earth look so dreary. I feel very lonely here, for I have seen a better land. Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest!"

The Movies

"Is it right to go to moving picture shows?" is a question we often hear these days, from professed Christian young people. Several years ago, before the prevalence of the moving picture theaters everywhere, we very rarely heard the question raised among our people as to the right or wrong of going to the theater. It seemed to be understood that a Christian could not frequent this place of amusement. There were those who would not even go to a theater building, because of the odium attaching to the name and because of the effect of their presence in a playhouse, upon their mind.

Is it possible that the theater has become less objectionable because the invention of moving pictures has made it cheaper? Is theater going less of a sin because it is so common? Has the theater been purified as well as cheapened? Are these darkened moving picture rooms, with their all-day performances and promiscuous audiences, better places for Christians to go than the large theaters with their living actors? Or has the very commonness of the theater and the prevalence of the theater spirit dulled our sensibilities to the evil? Why the question, "Is it right to go to moving picture shows?"

"A Boston girl was found tied to a tree. When discovered, she told a moving tale about having been chloroformed, bound, and gagged by two men, thrown into an automobile, ill-treated in divers ways, and finally tied to a tree. She stuck to her story for several hours, making it bigger each time she repeated it, but finally broke down and confessed that the whole was false. She had gone to a 'movie' the night before, had seen a play bringing in the events she described, got a friend to tie her to the tree, and then tried to palm herself off as the 'movie' heroine."

This is a very fair sample of the stuff being poured into the minds of children and young people who constitute a very large portion of the movie audiences. The author who tells the above story says: "The great majority of them are trashy or worse than trashy. Bad books, frippery and sensational stories, constitute a fearful evil, but they are as nothing to this later evil that has developed so rapidly. Comparatively few

children care to take the trouble to read, but all children enjoy looking at pictures. Reading is usually a solitary employment, but the movies are delightfully social. Moreover, there is nothing novel about reading; but the movie makes use of one of the most fascinating of recent scientific and mechanical inventions, and produces with ease the most astounding phenomena. Besides it has the 'pep,' the 'go,' the 'zip,' which mean so much to young folks."

The thinking people of the world (though they may not be Christians even) are much concerned over this great evil. Just now in the city of Washington there is a great agitation over this question. In Cleveland, Ohio, a committee of representative citizens made a study of the moving picture shows of the city, giving this report:—

"They found that forty per cent of the two hundred and ninety films examined were unfit for children to see; fourteen per cent represented robbery; thirteen per cent murders; eight presented indecent suggestions; five portrayed domestic infidelity. Others represented loose ideas of marriage, kidnaping, and suicide. They also found that twenty-one per cent of the evening audiences were under eighteen years of age. A chief of police reports that many criminals who come under his charge confess that their fall came as a result of reading exciting tales of crime. This is unquestionably true. Others trace their fall to picture scenes of violence or to the theater."

But regulation or censorship can never stop the evil. "Absolutely immoral films can and doubtless will be suppressed; but trashy ones, merely sensational ones, can hardly be touched by the law." All the evils of novel reading lurk in the movies, and more,—the appeal to the passions, the presentation of unreal life, the popularization of sin, and the stirring of the emotions with no corresponding appeal to action.

Here are opinions from three authorities with widely different viewpoints:—

"The most insidious suggestion of evil in the land today."—*A Pinkerton detective.*

"In every performance some ignoble suggestion."—*Dr. Winfield Hall, a leading authority on social ethics.*

"The worst said has not been strong enough."—*Judge Landis of the United States District Court.*

"Is it right to attend the moving picture shows?"
Do you think Jesus would? M. E. KERN.

The Book of Romans *

It was during Paul's sojourn at Corinth, on the occasion of his visit to that city after learning of the favorable reception of the epistles addressed to the Corinthian believers, that he wrote the remarkable letter known today as the epistle to the Romans. For many years Paul had been laboring untiringly in an effort to help the heathen to gain clear conception of the divine plan of salvation, and of God's willingness to transform hearts, even the most sinful and corrupt.

The book of Romans is often thought to be difficult reading, and is not infrequently passed over by those who read with pleasure other portions of God's Word. But there are riches in this epistle that none can afford to miss.

The pastor of a Protestant church in one of the larger cities of France has happily emphasized the value

of prayerful study of the book of Romans by a story concerning a member of his congregation, a poor old shoemaker. This humble believer had for his shop a tiny place that was more like a large box than a room. "Besides himself," the story runs,[†] "there was only space enough to accommodate one person, who sat upon a board brought in for that purpose; but that seat was seldom empty. Generally some person sat there to whom the shoemaker preached Christ while he was at work.

"The pastor once met a learned professor of the University of Paris, a member of the Legion of Honor, at the house of a friend in the country, where they spent a couple of weeks together. In the course of conversation, the professor told the pastor that he had tried to be satisfied with the religion of Roman Catholicism, and again with that of Protestantism; but both attempts had only alienated him the more from Christianity.

"The pastor advised him to make a third attempt, and recommended to him the reading of the New Testament, especially the epistle to the Romans. The professor thought such reading was fit only for old women, but consented to try it. After some days, being questioned as to his progress, he replied:—

"Evidently it is not a book for old women. I have read the epistle to the Romans, and I assure you I cannot understand a word of it. And if I cannot understand it, how can any one understand it?"

"The pastor maintained that there were persons who understood the epistle, and offered to introduce the professor to them. Half in sport, and half from curiosity, the professor accepted the offer, and the pastor brought him to the old shoemaker, and put him into his box, remaining himself without, that the professor might have the seat upon the board. The learned man, with a smile of compassion, now asked the shoemaker if he understood the epistle to the Romans. Upon which the latter answered, with joyous sincerity,—

"Yes, by the grace of God."

"The professor made several visits to the humble shoemaker, and at length confessed to the pastor,—

"The shoemaker does, indeed, understand the epistle to the Romans."

"This was not all. The shoemaker was the instrument, in the hand of God, of the professor's conversion; and the latter, after some time, bowed as an ignorant sinner at the feet of Jesus, and found peace in him."

In Reformation days, when the epistles of Paul, particularly those addressed to the Romans and the Galatians, were studied as a fresh revelation direct from heaven, Calvin wrote of the letter to the Roman believers:—

"When any one gains a knowledge of this epistle, he has an entrance opened to him to all the most hidden treasures of Scripture."

Luther's testimony is equally to the point:—

"It is the masterpiece of the New Testament, and the purest gospel, which can never be too much read or studied, and the more it is handled the more precious it becomes."

The epistle to the Romans dwells much on the spiritual relationship that exists between man and his Maker, through the mediation of a risen Saviour. Those who approach the study of this portion of the Bible with a desire to learn more fully of the way

* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for March 10, 1917, on "Paul's Visit to Macedonia" (Acts 20: 1-16).

† See *Bible Society Record*, Vol. VI, No. 9, p. 140.

of salvation, will be enabled to understand its message. And then, with transformed heart and quickened mind, the study of other portions of Holy Writ cannot but result in spiritual blessing and uplift.

On the study of the letter addressed by Paul to his fellow Christians in Rome, Dr. Barnes writes:—

"Perhaps, on the whole, there is no book of the New Testament that more demands a humble, docile, and prayerful disposition in its interpretation than this epistle. . . . No man ever yet understood the reasonings and views of the apostle Paul but under the influence of elevated piety. None ever found opposition to his doctrines recede, and difficulties vanish, who did not bring the mind in a humble frame to receive all that has been revealed; and that, in a spirit of humble prayer, did not purpose to lay aside all bias, and open the heart to the full influence of the elevated truths which he inculcates. Where there is a willingness that God should reign and do all his pleasure, this epistle may be in its general character easily understood. Where this is wanting, it will appear full of mystery and perplexity; the mind will be embarrassed, and the heart dissatisfied with its doctrines; and the unhumiliated spirit will rise from its study only confused, irritated, perplexed, and dissatisfied."

Of that which he wrote to the churches, Paul himself testified:—

"We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory: which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. . . . We have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual."

He who would understand the teachings of the Sacred Writings, must needs be taught of the Spirit of God. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual discerneth [margin] all things."

To the student of Scripture there comes sounding down through the centuries Paul's solemn charge to Timothy:—

"God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. . . . Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." 2 Tim. 1:7-13.

"Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." Chap. 2:1, 2.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Verse 15.

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Chap. 3:16, 17.

C. C. CRISLER.

"Thou Shalt Call His Name Jesus"

"THOU shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1:21. Sin is defined as wrong-doing, as neglecting to do what is right. Paul tells us in Rom. 3:22, 23: "There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the educated and the unlearned, have all sinned. Go where you will, you will find a consciousness of sin and a need of pardon. The poor native of India can be seen bowing down to idols of wood and of stone, but he ceases his devotions with the same heavy heart. The sin-oppressed devotee lies upon boards filled with sharp-pointed spikes. Slowly these barbs penetrate his bare body. Patiently he endures the suffering, but when helped to arise, his heart is still filled with sin and sadness. The Chinese in his heathenism wanders from temple shrine to temple shrine. He says his prayers, bestows his offering, and returns with a Christless heart to a Christless home. The works of man, his pilgrimages, and self-torture will not suffice to free the heart from sin.

In Luke 19:10 we are told, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The fifteenth chapter of this book illustrates the manner in which Jesus seeks for poor lost souls. The shepherd, who had a hundred sheep, at the close of the day counted his sheep as they passed into the sheepfold. Again he counted, and to his dismay found that one of his sheep was gone. Only ninety-nine were safely housed. One was wandering out in the wilds, alone. Securely fastening in the ninety and nine, he hastened away, endangering his life in an effort to find the lost sheep. He sought until he found the lost, then triumphantly carried it home.

Again Jesus attempts to reveal his love and interest in lost mankind, by the woman who had ten pieces of silver, and lost one. She lighted a candle and diligently swept the house, peering eagerly into every recess where the coin might have rolled. She continued her search until it was found. Then rejoicing, she acquainted her neighbors with her good fortune.

Jesus wants to save us from our sins, not in our sins. He transformed John, the son of thunder, into the disciple whom Jesus loved. He took backsliding Peter and gave him victory over his self-assertiveness, his swearing and cowardice, and made him a bold witness for the Master. He will transform our lives, if we will but permit him.

Rowland Hill was one day preaching to a large outdoor audience in a London park. Lady Anne Erskine drove by in her carriage. Noticing the crowd, she asked her coachman the reason for the gathering, then directed him to drive up near the speaker. When Rowland Hill noticed the carriage, he stopped preaching. Addressing the crowd, he said, "I have something to sell. It is not a crown, nor a title to royalty, but a soul—the soul of Lady Anne Erskine. Do I hear a bid? Yes, Satan bids wealth, renown, and pleasure—the whole world for her soul. Do I hear another bid? Yes, the Lord Jesus bids forgiveness, peace that the world cannot give, and life everlasting." Turning to the carriage, he said, "Lady Anne Erskine, which bid will you accept?" The carriage door opened, and Lady Anne Erskine stepped forth, with tears streaming down her face, and said, "I accept the bid of the Lord Jesus."

There are two bids for each of our souls; and we must decide which bid we will accept.

C. L. BENSON.



Success with Fern Balls

INNUMERABLE failures in trying to grow fern balls result from not giving the balls sufficient water. Mere spraying is useless. Nothing short of a good soaking every other day until growth has started will bring success. Two or three hours is none too long to leave the balls in the water, and regular watering is required even after the ferns have begun to appear.

By soaking the balls in weak manure water after growth has begun to show, you can develop extra fine specimens. Pulverized sheep manure from the seed store is a very convenient fertilizer for use in town houses. Put it in a cheesecloth bag and immerse the bag in a pail or tub of water until the water has assumed the color of weak tea, when it will be sufficiently strong. Feeding the ferns in that way even once a week will result in amazing growth.

The best time to start fern balls is early in the year; in from two to four weeks they will be covered with feathery green foliage. They may be dried off at any time, and will then remain dormant until water is applied again.

If you cut a fern ball through the middle and place one half flat side down in a fern dish, and apply water as already described, you will in a short time have a charming centerpiece for the dining table. The divided fern ball will demand much less care than the ferns commonly used on the dining table. If it takes on a burned appearance, it is likely to be because of exposure to the sun. It is better to keep it out of direct sunlight at all times.

Fern balls are made by packing the roots of a special variety of Japanese fern in moss, forming the whole into the shape of a ball and binding it with tough string. Sometimes the strings rot away or break, but then it is necessary only to fasten a few fine wires round the ball to make it as firm as ever. Properly grown, fern balls are interesting and attractive, but the half-naked specimens that are often seen have little to recommend them.—*Youth's Companion*.

Sea Gypsies

OUR little sea gypsy, the mackerel, in its watery home is no more like the dried specimens displayed in the market stall than is the mummy of Rameses like the ancient king when seated upon his gorgeous throne. So let us forget the unsightly cured specimens of the market, and think only of the sprightly fish of the great sea.

Some years the mackerel has appeared in great quantities upon our shores, and then again the fishermen search in vain for it. This habit of the mackerel has long puzzled scientific men as well as fishermen. It has been known that they are "a wandering species, traveling over immense areas of ocean, their movements manifestly directed to a great extent by the search for food and by anxiety to escape their enemies, among the most voracious of which are whales, porpoises, sharks, and bluefish." It has been known that in late autumn they seek tropic latitudes; in spring they start northward, making their way along the coast,

traveling sometimes in schools a half mile wide and twenty miles long. One school was estimated to contain 1,000,000 barrels of fish.

To the fisherman the puzzle has been, Where were the fish in those years when they failed to make their appearance on our coast? The annual catch has varied from 500,000 barrels to 2,700. In 1885, in New York City alone, 125,000 barrels were landed; but one year half the vessels that went after mackerel returned empty. "The same thing happened in the following year. Congress finally forbade the capture of the fish for five years, thinking by this means to give it a chance to recover from excessive destruction." This, however, did not replenish the market. Through the efforts of the Fisheries Bureau this sea mystery has finally been solved. The mackerel has been with us all the while, though we failed to find it. The fish wandered farther from the shore and at a greater distance below the surface, but they were not run-aways, as had been thought.

The favorite food of the mackerel, according to the Bureau, "is a very minute crustacean of bright-red color, which in our off-shore waters lives and multiplies in such fabulous numbers as often to lend a vivid tint to patches of sea covering hundreds of square miles. In some years this 'red feed,' or 'cayenne,' as the fishermen call it, is found in quantity near the land and at the surface. Under such circumstances the mackerel are conspicuously present, their schools swimming at or near the surface. But in other periods of years the red feed is farther out and deeper down; and so likewise are the fish out of sight.

"It has been ascertained that during the periods of the 'disappearance' of the mackerel, the schools are feeding at a depth of only twenty to fifty feet ordinarily."

Since this discovery the fisherman's courage runs high. The past year more than 3,000,000 pounds of mackerel a month was brought into three of our Eastern ports.

The Bat

THE bat is a much misunderstood and misused creature. It is no uncommon thing for hunters returning from a day of sport to sharpen their shooting eye by taking shots at the common leatherwing bat, which begins to fly just before nightfall; or for large parties to journey to the fields in the vicinity of swamps, and shoot at the species commonly known as bull bats.

This is a pernicious practice, for the bat is the natural enemy of the mosquito. This flying rodent hunts its food through sense of hearing; it will follow a large moth around an electric light for some seconds before devouring it. The bat will attack only such insects as emit certain tones in their flight, and their dips, dives, and circles are made as its hearing brings it in range of some favorite insect.

The efficiency of bats in destroying mosquitoes has been proved by experiences at Mitchell Lake, a malarial locality some miles from San Antonio, Texas. All the sewage of San Antonio, some ten millions of gallons daily, flows into Mitchell Lake, and in the past it had been the breeding place of millions of mosquitoes. The locality is now entirely free from mosquitoes, thanks to the mosquito-devouring bats that were encouraged to make their homes in specially constructed bat roosts.

An experiment made by C. H. R. Campbell, M. D., showed conclusively that bats are the foes of mos-

quitoes. Tens of thousands of mosquito eggs were placed in a tub of water, to which was added some organic matter to furnish food for the larvæ. This tub was placed in a room, the doors and windows of which were screened. In the course of time all the eggs hatched out, and the room was filled with mosquitoes. At night, after the mosquitoes had developed into adult insects, the buzzing noise could be plainly heard several feet from the room. On one occasion the doctor entered the room with a darkened electric flash light and liberated two bats. Instantly the buzzing noise ceased, and on turning on the light it was found that the mosquitoes were clinging motionless to the wall.

The vibrations of the mosquito wings cause the well-known sounds, and to protect itself from the bat, the mosquito must stop its flight. The bat is protected from the bites of the mosquito by the peculiar formation of its hairy covering, which instead of being a round shaft, like ordinary hair, consists of lances and pockets, like morning-glories strung on a straw, with the edges of the flowers terminating in points and the bells outward.—*Illustrated World*.

A Short Cut

"WHY that forlorn expression on your face, Jack?" asked Uncle Henry, as he saw how puzzled the boy was in his effort to divide accurately a $9\frac{3}{4}$ -inch board into four equal parts.

"This looks easy enough," said Jack, "but every time I try to divide it one division or another is larger than the rest. I am sure I shall never be enough of a mathematician to make a first-class carpenter; guess I shall have to be a doctor."

"Aren't you drawing conclusions too early?" said his uncle.

"You have not yet learned the secrets of the trade. Now if you will make your ruler measure obliquely just 10 inches across your board, and then will make a dot on your board on every $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches (one fourth of ten is two and a half), you will have the divisions indicated accurately. Or, if you have a $10\frac{1}{2}$ -inch board, and wish to divide it into three equal parts, place the ruler across the board so that the oblique measurement will be just 12 inches, which is a multiple of the number of parts into which it is to be divided. Then at every fourth inch mark, place a dot on your board. Now mark your divisions through these dots."

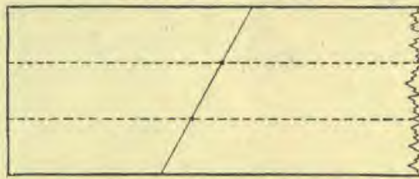
"That is worth a box of candy, Uncle Henry. I wonder if all my troubles could be solved as easily if I only knew more."

"Very likely; knowledge is a wonderful dissolver of troubles. Now let us make sure you have the idea so clear that no trouble of this kind will ever again hinder your work or ruffle your good nature."

"Well, let me see," said Jack, thinking up a problem. "I can divide a board 11 inches wide into seven equal parts by placing a ruler across it so that the oblique measurement is 14 inches, and then mark off every 2 inches; or mark off every 3 inches on an oblique line measuring 21 inches."

"I will trust you after this to waste neither energy nor time puzzling over such a simple proposition as the accurate division of a board," said Jack's uncle.

"Now I am anxious, uncle, to learn more of the carpenter's short cuts, and I believe I shall after this give more attention to my arithmetic too."



Short cut for dividing a $10\frac{1}{2}$ -inch board into three parts

Germany's Substitutes

ACCORDING to the Associated Press, since the war Germany has been very successful in manufacturing for herself or in finding substitutes for imported articles, such as,—

Salt-peter, Aluminum, Oils, Rosin, Graphite

"Before the war she imported annually over \$40,000,000 worth of salt-peter for agricultural and ammunition purposes, mainly from Chile. Today factories are manufacturing salt-peter, so that Germany is now able to supply the amount necessary for ammunition and for fertilizers.

"Before the war the supply of bauxite for the manufacture of aluminum had been imported from France, and the cutting off of this supply led German scientists to discover a process of aluminum manufacture by electricity from ordinary clay.

"Chemical experts in the German coal fields have discovered new ways of extracting oils from their coal, partly relieving the serious condition resulting from the cutting off of mineral oil products, which, in 1913, amounted to no less than \$277,000,000.

"Germany lost practically all of her imports of rubber, and to offset this shortage she has substituted steel for rubber in innumerable cases. Further, the perfection of the submarine merchantman made it possible to bring in considerable new rubber to mix with the old in the creation of a regenerated or synthetic rubber. The supply of this has been developed, until now it is said to be sufficient for another eight months.

"Ceylon was the exclusive source of supply of graphite used in Germany before the war. Since then Germany has been dependent entirely upon the inferior Bavarian graphite; but German chemists have been able to find a process by which the Bavarian article can be purified to a 97-per-cent standard.

"Supplies of rosin had come exclusively from America and France, but German chemists have now become able to produce all that is needed from the German forests, or are able to use as a substitute the by-products of wood and coal.

"Paper has been adapted in innumerable instances to serve for cloth. By using protoxide of sodium, sulphite cellulose, and paper, a very durable and satisfactory thread has been evolved, which, in turn, lends itself to the creation of sacks and bags, girdles, doilies, aprons, working garments, wrapping cloth, and thread and string. The inventors have discovered a way to give the 'paper-cloth' great resistance to dampness.

"Almost the only 'unsubstitutable' substance has been copper, but there has been found to be plenty of that on hand in German industrial plants elsewhere. In place of the copper thus taken by the government there have been installed aluminum and zinc, out of which wires and utensils of various sorts have been fashioned. In addition, zinc has been found to do just as well as copper in the manufacture of a score of articles in everyday use, and is a good substitute also for brass and bronze. Iron and steel also substitute satisfactorily in dozens of other cases. Zinc and aluminum and zincked iron find their use now in switchboards and the like, in place of marble or slate.

Substitutes for Foods

"Imitations have played almost if not quite as large a part as substitutes for foodstuffs, of which a short-

age has been created by the war. Many of the imitations are of doubtful nutritious value. The grain supply of the empire, originally not near enough for the consumption of 70,000,000 of people, has been 'stretched' by potato flour. And now that the potato crop is almost a failure, potato flour will itself be substituted by barley during the first half of the present year."

The Ruined Gate

IN northern India, near Najibabad, is an old fort built some three or four hundred years ago by Najebu-Daulah, from whom Najibabad was named. It was a formidable fort for the time. The walls are about thirty-five feet high and fifteen feet thick, and made of very hard stones that have defied the elements. Here and there in the wall are dents made by cannon balls in a siege of some former time, but there has been no damage done. The inmates must have felt secure behind the massive walls, and well they might in those times.

The gates are made of very hard wood and covered with iron. In size, each gate is thirty feet high, twenty feet wide, and about a foot thick. On the outside the gates bristle with sharp spikes, to keep any one from climbing up. I tried one gate, and found that it moved easily on its hinges, and that it still was in perfect condition. But the other gate was broken down and ruined. I looked for the cause. It had not been battered down by cannon, nor burned; but one corner had touched the ground, and the white ants had eaten the wood and ruined it. The gate that had defied the assaults of enemies and had stood the test of the elements, was lying broken and useless,—ruined by the smallest of insects. What a lesson for us as young people! Satan's most successful plan of attacking the young is to get them to associate with the world. It may seem harmless to join the world in some things, but we will find to our sorrow that it is the plan of the enemy to deceive us, and ruin us to the cause of God. Let us keep close to Christ and "unspotted from the world."

I. F. BLUE.

The Best Accomplishment

"I WILL grant each of you one wish,' assented Fate to three women," said a writer in a magazine article.

"I choose beauty,' exclaimed the youngest.

"Give me power,' said another.

"Give me a low, persuasive voice,' the last murmured.

"Each had her wish. The beauty of the first was ruined by an accident. The power of the second lasted but one season. But the third woman kept her talisman through a long life, and from it came many things, among them power."

If you have a pleasing voice and can talk well, every one with whom you converse will be influenced by your power. This will give you more satisfaction and do more to help you win your way in life than any other social accomplishment.

A great many people are troubled by not being able to find topics for conversation. They are in the position of Artemus Ward, who, when called upon to make a speech without a chance to prepare, said, "I have the gift of oratory, but I haven't it just now with me." These people have the gift of speech, but they have nothing ready to say.

There is a good suggestion for them in the advice which Longfellow once gave to a young friend: "See some good picture,—in nature, if possible, or on a canvas,—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem every day. You will always find a free half hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as will astonish even yourself."

Also read a good newspaper and some of the best magazines.

All these things will give you food for thought and raw material for conversation. Practice talking about anything and everything you see and hear and read, your experience during the day, whatever interests you or arouses your attention. There is practically no limit to the topics of conversation available to the keen observer, the intelligent reader and thinker. Make use of these topics.

While conversation is not "swapping stories," a practice much in vogue among Americans, a fund of anecdotes, apt and to the point, are a great aid in brightening talk or in illustrating a point one wishes to make.

Lincoln was master of the art of using anecdotes with the best effect. He knew the value of a hearty laugh in melting reserve and putting those he was talking to on a more intimate and familiar footing. He put people at ease with his stories, and made them feel so completely at home in his presence that they opened up their mental treasures to him without reserve. Strangers were always glad to talk with him because he was so cordial and quaint, and always gave more than he received.

To make yourself interesting and to hold attention, you must enter into the life of the people you are conversing with, and touch them along the lines of their interest. No matter how much you may know about a subject, if it does not happen to interest those to whom you are talking, your efforts will be largely lost. The best conversationalists are always tactful—interesting without offending. Neither do they stab people, hurt their feelings, or drag out their family skeletons, for the sake of making a witty remark.

To listen courteously and give others a chance to express themselves is as much a part of conversation as talking. The most popular conversationalist is the one who gives others a chance to reply. To be a good listener is a cardinal point in good manners, and will win more laurels than the most elaborate one-sided discourse. Indeed, the man or woman who monopolizes the talk—a monologue cannot be called conversation—is the most dreaded of all bores. Even one's best friend grows tiresome when the talk is one-sided; when it does not permit an interchange of ideas, which is the very essence of conversation.—*Orison Swett Marden, in Washington Herald.*

THE Missionary Volunteer Department has issued leaflets giving the assignments for both the Senior and the Junior Bible Year. It is designed that these shall be kept by the reader in his Bible, and that he shall after each day's reading cross out the assignment. This is a happy way to keep a record of one's reading. Sabbath school workers could use these to advantage in their divisions and classes. Hand them out to be used through the year, with the request that all be returned to you properly marked at the close of the year.



The Fifer's Powder Horn

THE butcher has just killed five steers. Come on, boys, that means ten new powder horns!" shouted a ragged soldier to his comrades; and with a rush the men surrounded the butcher. "What can I do?" he gasped; "I have only ten horns and there are at least thirty of you. Stand back, I beg of you!"

The butcher gathered his horns into his apron, and looked from one to another of the excited men.

"Come, come, Master Ritter, give us the horns!" And the mob surged about the poor butcher until he stumbled and fell in the snow.

Just then a tall figure clad in a long coat of buff and blue was seen riding toward them on his white horse. At his side rode a young man with auburn hair and keen bright eyes.

"What is the matter, my men?" said a quiet voice. And the ragged men stood in confusion, and saluted their general, for it was Gen. George Washington, who, with the young French officer, Lafayette, had suddenly surprised them.

The men were so embarrassed that they could not explain, but pointed toward the butcher; and he, poor fellow, had not a word to say. The general looked from one to another, when a sixteen-year-old fifer stepped out from the group and explained matters:—

"The difficulty is this, sir: Master Ritter has ten horns from the cattle he has just slaughtered, and we were all wrangling for them. I never have had a horn, sir, and if I'm old enough to fight, I should have one. Can you not decide how this division can be made?"

General Washington looked in pity at the line of ragged, determined soldiers. They were very poorly clad; some were without shoes, while their feet were wrapped in rags to keep them from freezing. And yet these men were quarreling for powder horns, for they did not have the simplest tools of warfare.

"You ask me, as a third party, to advise you? Very well. Come, follow me to the nearest hut, and you bring the horns, Master Ritter."

The men crowded into the rude little hut after their leader. He took paper from a pamphlet, and with a bit of charcoal wrote a number upon it and put it in his pocket.

"I have chosen a number between fifteen hundred and two thousand," he said very quietly, "and the ten men who guess the nearest to that number may have the ten horns." Then he gave the men slips of paper, and each wrote his number on it. One man guessed correctly,—1776,—and received the first prize. The young fifer was fortunate enough to be one of the nine others who came nearest to the number, and so he won his first powder horn.

As the men left the lowly hut, Lafayette said: "Come, boys, let us cheer the wise general;" and they all tossed their caps and cheered the commander-in-chief. Then they gave a cheer for the Declaration of Independence, and one for the soldier who wrote the number of that eventful year.

And as Washington rode away through the snowy street, the men looked after him with admiration and pride.

Who would not follow such a leader in the battle? Who would not be willing to wait patiently during a long winter of cold and hardship while he was near by, suffering with them and encouraging them? And each man in that group, whether he had won a powder horn or not from the hands of his general, had won something far more valuable—a feeling of loyalty and love for their commander and of renewed devotion to their country and the cause of liberty.

Was not Washington, as Lafayette said, a wise general?

The old stone house at Valley Forge, which was the home of the Quaker, Isaac Potts, and which was used by Washington as his headquarters that winter, is used as a museum today, and in this house may be seen an old powder horn which is marked:—

Jabez Rockwell—Ridgeway,
Conn.

His horn, made in camp at
Valley Forge

First used at Monmouth
June 28th, 1778

Last used at Yorktown
in 1781

It is the horn won by our young fifer, Jabez Rockwell by name, that day at Valley Forge. His great-grandson gave this horn to the museum, and his great-granddaughter told me this story just as I am telling it to you today.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Ellen's Lesson

ELLEN was the possessor of a very practical nature, and did not always understand as fully as she wished to the relationship between faith and works, of asking God to do for us and of doing our utmost ourselves to accomplish a desired end. Now Ellen was a lover of the Lord Jesus, and daily sought to learn more of the ways and teachings of the lowly Galilean. She trusted that sometime she would understand more perfectly.

I shall pass on to the INSTRUCTOR readers an incident which helped her to understand God's ways better.

To reach their nearest large town, Ellen had to walk two and a half miles to a small railway station, and then go fifteen miles by train. She thought she had

allowed three quarters of an hour to walk to the station and have plenty of time, so what was her surprise and chagrin when she called at the postoffice on the way, to find that there were but fifteen minutes to train time when her watch indicated more than thirty.

She had an important engagement to fulfil in the town, and would be greatly disappointed if she had to break it. "Ask the Lord to help you to catch the train," flashed across her mind. Then followed a mental dialogue:—

"No, God doesn't do things like that. If people aren't in time for trains, they miss them, that is all."

"But God knows and understands even the smallest details of our lives, and delights to have his children ask him for small favors as well as for great blessings."

"Yes, I know, but I wonder if he would be pleased to have me ask such a favor as to be in time to catch that train."

"I know all things are possible with God. He could send a motor car or buggy along to hasten me on my way, or the train could be late. Yes, it is possible for God to do it, if—well if he felt it was a suitable request."

After deciding to make the request, she realized she must show faith, and really believe that God would do that for which she asked him. Then she wondered how she would show that belief—should she walk deliberately as she had meant to do, thinking she had three quarters of an hour in which to reach the station, and trust God to get her there; or should she do the very most she could do for herself, and trust God to do the rest? She decided the latter course would be the right way, and hastened on with all speed. She fully expected to reach the train in time, even though running as she was, she could not make it in the time that remained, and she could not run all the way. If God was to send a vehicle along to take her to the station in time, why hurry so? It would not hasten matters. Still, she thought, "I must do all I possibly can, and trust that God will do for me that which I am unable to do." So thinking, she pressed on as rapidly as her fast-beating heart and tired limbs would allow her.

Several times she glanced back, hoping, expecting to see some conveyance coming that could take her to the station, but each time only to be disappointed. But one lone figure scuttled along that country road, and that was her own. Someway, though, she felt sure, positively sure, God was not going to have her miss that train when she was determined to trust him about it.

Not a person did she see until she was within one half or three quarters of a mile of the station. It wanted but a few moments of train time, and she was so weary she felt she could run no farther.

Just then an old man in a gig, driving a draft horse, coming from the station, came in view. Of course he was going the wrong way. Ellen wondered if "doing all she possibly could herself" would include asking this man—a complete stranger—to turn around and drive her back to the station. Ellen was independent, and much disliked asking favors, but, still hurrying on, she decided it would be included in what was possible for her to do, therefore she would ask him if necessary.

But now he had reached her and drawn rein, and cheerfully inquired if she was going to catch the mail train. "Yes, I hope to catch it," Ellen replied. "Well, you better get in and let me drive you back to the

station; you must be tired, and I fear you won't catch the train." Ellen was soon by his side and speeding as fast as the heavy draft and his aged driver could take her.

The train was in sight when they reached the station, but Ellen had time to thank her unknown benefactor, who knew nothing of the part he was acting in the answering of her prayer.

God had truly worked, and impressed the old man's heart to take her back the little distance that remained; but if Ellen had been two or three hundred yards farther back, even if the aged man had been willing to return to the station, they must have missed the train. Nor did Ellen forget to thank her heavenly Father, not only that he had answered her prayer, but for the lesson that she felt her heavenly Teacher had been giving her upon the fundamental principles of prayer and its answers. ELLA S. PAAP.

For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHERE is the great Rock of Gibraltar, and for what is it used?
2. What is the greatest rock in America? Why is it so regarded?
3. Where was the first English settlement made in this country?
4. Where is Independence Hall, and why does the building bear that name?
5. Why is the little wooden bridge across the Concord River, Massachusetts, one of our most famous bridges?
6. Locate the following universities and colleges: Princeton, Dartmouth, Cornell, Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Mt. Holyoke, Smith, Tufts, Vassar, Columbia, Oberlin, Radcliffe, George Washington, and Bryn Mawr.
7. For what are West Point and Annapolis noted?
8. Where is Fort Sam Houston? Why was it so named?
9. What is the Alamo sometimes called? What does the expression "Remember the Alamo" mean?

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of January 23

1. John Wesley preached in Georgia to the settlers and Indians. He sailed from Gravesend, England, October, 1735, and landed on the banks of the Savannah River, February, 1736. While in Georgia he organized at Savannah what is said to have been the first Sunday school in America.
2. Charles II had determined to conquer the New Netherlands, and in March, 1664, granted that province to his brother James, Duke of York. On September 8 of that year, Col. Richard Nicolls, with an English force, landed at New Amsterdam, and Stuyvesant, who was then governor, was compelled to surrender the city. Upon taking possession, Colonel Nicolls, as agent for the Duke of York, renamed the city New York, and became its governor.
3. The Northwest Territory was at first a general name given to all the districts of British North America lying northwest of the St. Lawrence basin. In the British North America Act of 1867, provision was made for the admission to Canada of "Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territory." Manitoba was formed out of this district in 1870. The territory remaining was then called the "Northwest Territories."
4. The genealogical researches seem to have established the connection of the Washington family with the Washingtons of Sulgrave, England. The brothers,

John and Lawrence Washington, appear in Virginia in 1658. John took up land at Bridges Creek, and died in 1676. His eldest son, Lawrence, married Mildred Warner, and to them were born three children, John, Augustine, and Mildred. Augustine married twice. By the second marriage, in 1730, there were six children, of whom George Washington was the eldest.

5. The Pilgrims were those Puritans who, having broken away from the Church of England, had in 1608 emigrated to Holland, and, after living a dozen years in Leiden, determined to go to the wildernesses of the New World, in order that they might live less as strangers in a strange country, and might rear their children where their mother tongue was spoken. The Pilgrim Fathers, with their wives and children, as borne by the "Mayflower," which landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620, numbered one hundred and two. Miles Standish, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, John Carver, and William Brewster were among the number.

6. Anthony Wayne, called "Mad Anthony," was an American general. He was a surveyor in early life, and later held various offices in the army. Upon Washington's recommendation he organized a new light infantry corps, with which he performed the most daring exploit of the War of Independence—the recapture of Stony Point by a midnight attack at the point of the bayonet. This well-planned enterprise aroused the greatest enthusiasm throughout the country, and won for him the popular sobriquet "Mad Anthony."

7. After the expiration of Burr's term as Vice-President (March 4, 1805), he visited the Southwest, and became involved in the so-called conspiracy which has so puzzled the students of that period. The traditional view that he planned a separation of the West from the Union is now discredited. The objects of his treasonable correspondence with Merry and Yrujo, the British and Spanish ministers at Washington, were, it would seem, to secure money and to conceal his real designs, which were probably to overthrow Spanish power in the Southwest, and perhaps to found an imperial dynasty in Mexico.

8. It is almost certain that North America was reached by Northmen about 1000 A. D.; and it may have been visited by isolated bands at various times before the rediscovery by Columbus in 1492.

New York Shopping

LAST year those incredibly rich South Americans, who before the war had always made an annual pilgrimage for several months to Paris, became a definite factor in New York life. Added to this group there are this year a large number of Cubans who have grown fabulously rich through the rise in price of sugar. Like the South Americans, they arrive with their wives and relatives and troops of children and nurses and maids, hire vast suites at a hundred dollars a day, buy automobiles for use during the period of their visits, and roam the shops, paying prodigious sums for enormous quantities of everything that takes their eyes.

The manager of one of the city's Babylonian ten-million-dollar hotels told of a woman who had set a new high point for that particular establishment in the matter of credits. She had come on from the West to do a week's shopping. The management had had her as a guest before, and had known her for some years as a trustworthy person of moderate means, but

not of conspicuous wealth. The day after her arrival, bills to the amount of a thousand dollars for C. O. D. purchases by the woman were presented at the cashier's desk. The woman had made no deposit and had not requested the management to make payments for her. Nevertheless, the bills were met.

Upon the following day goods to the value of several thousand dollars more were delivered. Although it was an unusual proceeding, the hotel believed that the guest realized what she was doing, and paid. The third day brought another heavy consignment, and there began to be anxiety. Meanwhile the woman was going about her affairs in the most ordinary manner, apparently entirely unconscious that some sort of explanation might be in order. The third lot was paid for, but when a fourth lot arrived the manager began telegraphing West for information. Word came back that the woman's husband was practically unlimitedly good, that during the last year he had become many times a millionaire, and that there was no reason why the guest should not have all the credit she wanted. Before her departure the hotel had paid for C. O. D. packages to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars.

As a simple matter of course and convenience the woman had adopted that method of doing her shopping.—*Selected.*

How New York's Waiters Fare

THE practice of tipping head waiters and captains in addition to the ordinary waiters has, like everything else, also run riot this year. Again it is the stranger who is primarily responsible. Not being known, he ingratiates himself at the plush ropes with a bill. It has grown so that head waiters and captains expect solid tips as a matter of course. They do not maneuver for them as they used to, because it is unnecessary to do so. All that they have to do is to stand still, smirk, and let their bank accounts grow. There is not so much of the sensational tipping as there once was. Hundred-dollar bills are not slipped often any more, but there is an almost unbroken flow of fives, tens, and twenties. Far more people than formerly tip, but they tip more modestly. The other night a head waiter, standing by the door of a cabaret, bowed out ten parties; something passed into his palm from some one member of six of them. It is a practical certainty that in not one instance was that something less than five dollars.

There is a tipping story current in New York this year which concerns a gentleman and a checkroom boy. The man, who has greeted his share of tardy sunrises this season in cabarets, had completed one particular evening's festivities, and flushed with wine, prosperity, and dancing, discovered, upon presenting his hat and coat check, that he had nothing left in his clothes save some large bills.

"Boy," he said to the attendant,—who really was not a boy at all, but a thoroughly astute young business man with a wife, several children, and a small car of his own up somewhere in the Bronx,—"I'm short in change tonight. But never mind, I'll tell you what you do: Buy —," and he whispered the name of a copper stock. Any number of those nimble youths who ease luxurious individuals out of and into overcoats can slip into the market at any time with four or five thousand dollars. This one could. He plunged, and the proceeds of the happy accident of the missing quarter or half dollar, or whatever it might have been, were sufficient to set the young man up in a business on his own account.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Saved by a Hymn

I WONDER if you have heard the story of the two Americans who were once crossing the Atlantic and met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked around, and, although he did not know the face, he thought that he knew the voice. So when the music ceased, he turned and asked the man if he had been in the Civil War.

The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

"Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first.

"Yes," he replied, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was very still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn:—

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

"After singing that, a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the other, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out,—

'Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing,'

I said: 'Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home.'
—Henry Drummond.

Helpful Ministry

CICERO, from Rome, said in a letter to Plautius: "Whatever friendliness you can show my friend Furnius, I shall take as done to myself." The King of heaven says to all of us: "Whatever you can do to make life better for those near you, I will count as done unto me."—J. M. Blake.



SNOW DRAPERY ON HOUSE ON MOUNT CRAIG, IDAHO



What God Is to Me

(Texts for March 4-10)

Sunday: Ps. 18: 30, 31

"THE large truths of these verses are the precious fruit of distress and deliverance. Both have cleared the singer's eyes to see, and tuned his lips to sing, a God whose doings are without a flaw, whose word is like pure gold without alloy or falsehood, whose ample protection shields all who flee to its shelter, who alone is God, the fountain of strength, who stands firm forever, the inexpugnable defense and dwelling place of men. This burst of pure adoration echoes the tones of the glorious beginning of the psalm. Happy they who, as a result of life's experience, solve 'the riddle of this painful earth,' with these firm and jubilant convictions as the foundation of their very being."—*"The Psalms," by A. Maclaren.*

Monday: Ps. 27: 1

"The hopes of safety in Jehovah's tents, of a firm standing on a rock, and of the head being lifted above surrounding foes are not the hopes of a man at ease, but of one threatened on all sides, and triumphant only because he clasps Jehovah's hand. The first words of the psalm carry it all in germ. By a noble dead lift of confidence, the singer turns from foes and fears, to stay himself on Jehovah, his light and salvation, and then, in the strength of that assurance, bids back his rising fears to their dens. 'I will trust, and not be afraid,' confesses the presence of fear, and . . . unveils the only reasonable counteraction of it in contemplation of what God is. There is much to fear unless he is our light, and they who will not begin with the psalmist's confidence have no right to repeat his courage."—*Idem.*

Tuesday: Ps. 28: 7, 8

"As in many psalms, the faith that prays passes at once into the faith that possesses. This man 'when he stood praying, believed that he had what he asked,' and, so believing, had it. There was no change in circumstances, but he was changed. There is no fear of going down into the pit now, and the rabble of evil-doers has disappeared. This is the blessing which every true suppliant may bear away from the throne, the peace which passeth understanding."—*Idem.*

Then David, after seeking deliverance for himself, widens his petition to take in the whole flock—Israel over whom he was an undershepherd. This prayer must remind the Christian of the great prayer of the Saviour just before his passion. Read it in John 17.

Wednesday: Ps. 32: 7

"With forgiveness comes security. The penitent, praying, pardoned man is set on a rock islet in the midst of floods, whether these be conceived of as temptation to sin, or as calamities. . . . To hide in God is to be 'preserved from trouble,' not in the sense of being exempt, but in that of not being overwhelmed, as the beautiful last clause of verse seven shows."—*Idem.*

Thursday: Ps. 59: 16

In this verse "a clear strain of trust springs up, like a lark's morning song. The singer contrasts himself with his baffled foes. . . . Petition, complaint, imprecation, all merge into a song of joy and trust, and the whole ends with a refrain significantly varied and enlarged. . . . Glad praise is ever the close of the vigils of a faithful, patient heart. The deliverance won by waiting and trust should be celebrated by praise."—Idem.

Friday: Ps. 62: 6, 7

"There is deep meaning in the slight omission of 'greatly' in the second refrain (see verse 6). Confidence has grown. The first hope was that the waiting heart should not be much shaken (verse 2), that the tottering fence should not be quite thrown down; the second is that it shall not be shaken at all. . . . And now he has no thought of the crowd of assailants, who have faded from his sight because he is gazing on God."—Idem.

Sabbath: Ps. 65: 5

"The second strophe (verses 5-8) celebrates another aspect of God's manifestation by deeds, which has in like manner a message for the ends of the earth. Israel is again the immediate recipient of God's acts, but they reverberate through the world. . . .

"The light is focused and set in a tower, that it may shine out over the sea and storm. The fire is gathered in a braiser, that it may warm all the house. . . . God is the only worthy object of trust, and remains so, whether men do in fact trust him or not. And one day, thinks the psalmist, God's patient manifestation of his grace to Israel will tell, and all men will come to know him for what he is."—Idem.

MEDITATION.—Father, open my eyes to see thy constant love and care; and tune my lips to sing of thy goodness. Help me always to put thee and thy love between circumstance and myself. Then the light of thy presence shall drive away the darkness of sorrow and distress, and my heart shall rest in peace. What a wonderful Father thou art! Thou art a never-failing Friend; a light in this dark world; a tower of defense from all troubles without, from all fears within. Take my life, and cleanse it from all sin, that it may reflect thy light on the pathway of others.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let us all pray for our Junior Missionary Volunteers, and then let us help to answer our prayers by taking an interest in these younger members, and doing what we can to encourage and help them.

The Missionary

THE Lord of love with him has gone;
The gleam is ever by his side;
He has that hand to lean upon,
And O, the weary world is wide!

Wide as the gloom the dawn-light leavens,
Till far upsoaring skies shine out,
Where all the winds of all the heavens
Blow east and west and north-about.

The night is dark; the way is steep;
Salt are the seas he has to swim;
Lions shall roar about his sleep;
Hunger and thirst shall visit him.

What dens of darkness shall he thread!
What desert marches make! what foes
About his way their snares shall spread,
While mighty armies round him close!

But with the Presence ever near,
As holy powers keep watch and ward,
He goes without a pang of fear,
And heartened by the living Lord!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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MATILDA ERICKSON Assistant Secretary
MRS. I. H. EVANS Office Secretary
MEADE MACGUIRE Field Secretaries
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J. F. SIMON

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending March 10

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

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

- March 4: Deuteronomy 23 to 25. Social and moral laws.
March 5: Deuteronomy 26 to 28. Blessings and cursings.
March 6: Deuteronomy 29 to 31. Mercy for the repentant; admonitions.
March 7: Deuteronomy 32 to 34. Song, blessing, and death of Moses.
March 8: Joshua 1 to 4. The new leader; the end of the journey.
March 9: Joshua 5 to 8. Obedience and victory; sin and defeat.
March 10: Joshua 9 to 13. Days of conquest.
For notes on this assignment, see the Review for March 1.

Junior Assignment

- March 4: Numbers 23. Balaam blesses Israel.
March 5: Numbers 24. Balaam prophesies of Christ.
March 6: Numbers 35. The cities of refuge.
March 7: Deuteronomy 32. The song of Moses.
March 8: Deuteronomy 33. The blessing of Moses.
March 9: Deuteronomy 34. The death of Moses.
March 10: Joshua 1: Joshua, the new leader.

Cities of Refuge

This week's reading is crowded with interesting things, isn't it? There is the strange story of Balaam. Then we have the account of the death of Moses, that great leader of God's people. How these things stir our imagination! How wonderful it would have been to stand with Moses on Pisgah's lovely height while he "gazed with undimmed eye upon the scene spread out before him." But if we are faithful, we shall see greater sights. We shall stand with the victorious throng on the sea of glass, and sing the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb,—the song of victory.

Another very interesting topic is the cities of refuge. In the East in ancient times, they had what seems to us a strange custom. If a person was slain, it was the duty of the nearest relative to pursue the murderer and kill him. Oftentimes in the excitement and anger no distinction was made between those who purposely killed another and those who might slay some one by accident. To prevent such injustice where possible, these cities of refuge were established. There were six of them,—Bezer, Ramoth in Gilead, and Golan, east of the Jordan; and Hebron, Shechem, and Kedesh, west of the river. They were so located as to be within a half day's journey from any part of the land. The roads leading to these cities were to be kept in repair, and there were signposts erected along the way, bearing the word "Refuge," to guide the fleeing one the right way.

Once in the city, the fugitive was given a hearing before the elders. If this was satisfactory, he was given refuge, and later a regular trial was held, prob-

ably in the community where he had lived. If it was proved that the killing was not wilful, then the slayer was given a home in the city of refuge until the high priest's death, when he was free to return home unmolested. If he was found guilty of intentional murder, he was turned over to the avenger of blood. No murderer was allowed to pay money and go free, but must pay with his life.

It seems that in Israel the altar in the temple was also recognized as a place of refuge. (See Ex. 21: 12-14; 1 Kings 1: 50.)

One can imagine how a man who killed another would drop everything, and flee for his life to the city of refuge. With what fear and hope he would hasten toward the place, with perhaps the avenger in hot pursuit, and with what joy would he rush through the gate to safety.

We are told in "Patriarchs and Prophets" that "the cities of refuge appointed for God's ancient people were a symbol of the refuge provided in Christ." By the shedding of his blood, Jesus has provided for sinners a sure retreat, and our enemy is not able to destroy us when we go to him.

"He who fled to the city of refuge could make no delay. Family and employment were left behind. There was no time to say farewell to loved ones. His life was at stake, and every other interest must be sacrificed to the one purpose,—to reach the place of safety. Weariness was forgotten, difficulties were unheeded. The fugitive dared not for one moment slacken his pace until he was within the walls of the city.

"The sinner is exposed to eternal death until he finds a hiding place in Christ; and as loitering and carelessness might rob the fugitive of his only chance for life, so delays and indifference may prove the ruin of the soul. Satan, the great adversary, is on the track of every transgressor of God's holy law, and he who is not sensible of his danger, and does not earnestly seek shelter in the eternal refuge, will fall a prey to the destroyer.

"The prisoner who at any time went outside the city of refuge was abandoned to the avenger of blood. Thus the people were taught to adhere to the methods which infinite wisdom appointed for their security. Even so, it is not enough that the sinner believe in Christ for the pardon of sin; he must, by faith and obedience, abide in him."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 517.

M. E. K.



X — Paul's Visit to Macedonia

(March 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 20: 1-3; 6-14; 2 Cor 9: 1-8.

MEMORY VERSE: "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." John 15: 12.

Questions

1. After the riot described in our last lesson, what did Paul do? Acts 20: 1. Note 1.
2. What was his work in the churches? To what country did he then go? Verse 2.
3. How long did he stay in Greece? Who laid wait for

him? At what time did they plan to take him? What change did this cause in his plans? Verse 3.

4. Where did his seven companions wait for him? Verses 4, 5. Note 2.

5. How had Paul told the Corinthians to prepare for the collection for the poor? 1 Cor. 16: 1, 2.

6. How did he commend their generous spirit? 2 Cor. 9: 2.

7. Who was sent to receive their offering? Why did Paul write to them? Verses 3-5.

8. How should we give to the Lord? Whom does he love? Verse 7.

9. What church did Paul visit? How long did it take to sail from Philippi to Troas? Acts 20: 6. Note 3.

10. What did the Christians do on Sunday? Was this day called the Sabbath? When was Paul to depart? How long did he preach? Verse 7. Note 4.

11. What is said of the place where they met? Who sat in a window? What accident occurred? Verses 8, 9.

12. How was mourning turned to joy? Verse 10. Note 5.

13. How was the remainder of the night spent? Who was there with the rest? Verses 11, 12.

14. To what place had the other brethren sailed? What did they plan to do there? How was Paul to journey till he met them? Verse 13. Note 6.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. What case of healing in the Old Testament do you find similar to the one in this lesson?
2. Prove that Paul counted Sunday as a common working day.

Notes

1. We now begin Paul's third missionary journey. Review the first and second before beginning this.

2. During Paul's visits to the churches he collected money for the poor brethren in Jerusalem. Seven brethren went with him from among the Gentile churches, that all might know that the funds reached their destination, and were used as planned. These delegates went to Troas and waited for Paul, while he and Luke went by Philippi.

3. "At Philippi Paul tarried to keep the Passover. Only Luke remained with him, the other members of the company passing on to Troas to await him there. The Philipians were the most loving and true-hearted of the apostle's converts, and during the eight days of the feast he enjoyed peaceful and happy communion with them."—"The Acts of the Apostles," pp. 390, 391.

4. In Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul," this statement is made on page 520: "It was the evening which succeeded the Jewish Sabbath. On the Sunday morning the vessel was about to sail. The Christians of Troas were gathered together at this solemn time to celebrate that feast of love which the last commandment of Christ has enjoined on all his followers."

Paul knew that he must depart the next day, and feeling that souls might be lost if they were not fully warned, continued to talk until after midnight.

5. "In one of the open windows sat a youth named Eutychus. In this perilous position he went to sleep, and fell to the court below. At once all was alarm and confusion. The youth was taken up dead, and many gathered about him with cries and mourning. But Paul, passing through the frightened company, embraced him, and offered up an earnest prayer that God would restore the dead to life. His petition was granted."—"The Acts of the Apostles," p. 391.

6. It took a day to sail from Troas round a promontory to Assos. Paul chose to walk across, a distance of about ten miles, and this gave him time to stay longer with those he loved.

The Meaning of the Vote

"THE liquor traffic tears down manhood; wrecks homes; lessens one's usefulness; inflames the passions; loosens the tongue of slander; poisons thought; fills almshouses and prisons; defiles the ballot box; makes miserable families; prompts to wrong-doing; prepares one for hell; desecrates the Sabbath; endangers property and personal safety; militates against insurance; invites laziness, profligacy, idleness, and crime; peoples the station houses, prisons, and chain gangs; destroys the soul; invites the incendiary to apply his midnight torch; and robs a man of his money, family, happiness, good name, his hope, and all the endearments of life. If you think this a good business to license, cast your vote for it." But remember your vote makes you responsible in part for all the dire results of the business.

The Youth's Instructor

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Disarmament

"PUT up the sword!" The voice of Christ once more
 Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
 O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
 And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
 With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
 Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
 Down with a groaning diapason runs
 From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons,
 Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
 Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
 Oh, men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
 War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

A Christmas Neglect

"BETH, don't you think 'the Christmas spirit' one hears so much about at the Yuletide, is limited in its application?"

"Why, I had thought the Christmas spirit too widespread, almost universal, rather than too limited, for I know many persons often spend much more than they can afford, simply because they are carried away by what is called the Christmas spirit. It certainly is both contagious and infectious."

"O yes, that is true; but I mean the material seems to transcend the spiritual in the minds of many. It is the making of gifts that takes first place in the thought, whereas the proper reception of gifts is just as much a part of the true Christmas spirit. Perhaps the reason for my pessimistic view is that I sent a very pretty and somewhat expensive gift to a friend this Christmas. I expected a prompt recognition of the gift, but no word has yet come. She is a busy young woman, but every one can find time to write a brief note acknowledging and expressing appreciation of a gift. To neglect to do this, is not only discourteous, but reprehensible."

"Yes, I had a similar experience last Christmas. I spent a great deal of time making a piece of lingerie for a friend. I crocheted lace for it, and embroidered the garment elaborately. It was not until March that the gift was acknowledged, and then no apology was made for the delay. You may be sure that this year I transferred my effort to one whom I believe to be more appreciative."

"If we were the only sufferers, we might comfort each other, and think no more about the matter, but frequently I hear of some one else who has received no word from the recipient of a gift. Cannot something be done to provoke greater care in this direc-

tion? Cannot a sort of publicity or 'safety first' campaign be inaugurated?"

"Yes, why not secure the coöperation of all the clubs in the city in such a campaign; have a paper read at each club meeting, in a given month, allowing time after the paper is presented for lively discussion of the subject. Reporters can be given a tip, and consequent upon this publicity, round tables will be held at the homes, which no doubt will work a reform on the part of some at least."

"That is a capital idea! Let's get it to working right away. Carnegie ought to give us a medal for this heroic venture to save injured feelings."

Mr. Roosevelt's Idea of Good Citizenship

"THE first requisite of good citizenship is that the man shall do the homely, everyday, humdrum duties well. A man is not a good citizen—I do not care how lofty his thoughts are about citizenship in the abstract—if, in the concrete, his actions do not bear them out; and it does not make much difference how high his aspirations for mankind at large may be, if he does not behave well in his own family those aspirations do not bear visible fruits. He must be a good breadwinner, he must take care of his wife and his children, he must be a neighbor whom his neighbors can trust, he must act squarely in his business relations—he must do all those everyday, ordinary duties first, or he is not a good citizen. But he must do more. In this country of ours the average citizen must devote a good deal of thought and time to the affairs of the State as a whole, or those affairs will go backward; he must devote that thought and that time steadily, intelligently."

Bits of Wisdom

"You are successful if your true character is expressing itself harmoniously in your daily work."

"You cannot be neutral where any man is concerned, save at your peril. You have got to take an interest in him. You must recognize his status. The measure of your indifference is the measure of your guilt."

"The noblest work and the bravest deeds—all of them—are always done at the call of interests not personally one's own; they are done for the other fellow."

"What you want is an alert, critical eye to your own defects—and those of your neighbor; and then to go on loving him with a whole heart, just as you love yourself in spite of all your ugly little ways."

"It is not enough to do the best we know; we must know the best to do."

A FOND mother from the Middle West, whose husband not many years ago wore overalls, but whose income has recently become troublesomely large, arrived in New York to do her fall shopping for three small children. Among what she conceived to be their requirements was an outfit of linen for each. She visited one of the smart linen shops on Fifth Avenue, and in a single afternoon her purchases of linen for her three children amounted to more than seventeen thousand dollars. Each child was equipped with bibs that cost twenty-five dollars apiece. Whether or not that is extravagance is a question which every one may settle individually. The man's income is computed at one hundred thousand dollars a week, and incidentally, you would not recognize his name if it were given.—*Saturday Evening Post.*