

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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SUMMER WILL NOT LAST FOREVER.—LATIN PROVERB.

From Here and There

Before the war, Germany was exporting 40,000 colors, shades, and tints.

A severe earthquake occurred recently in the southern portion of North Island, New Zealand.

Former Czar Nicholas of Russia and his family have been transferred from prison by the new government to Tobolsk, in western Siberia.

Crown Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie, of Rumania, and great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, is coming to America.

The transportation task our nation faces is greater than that of any other country at any time. Forty tons a year for each soldier must be carried across the water, besides the food and munitions sent to the Allies.

The Norwegian steamer "Ellen" which was sunk by a submarine off the Azores Islands, carried eleven large locomotives to be used in railroads which American engineers are constructing behind the battle lines in France.

Among the many sharks recently seen in Long Island Sound, by Bridgeport, Connecticut, fishermen, was a school of twenty. They seemed to be ravenously hungry. A dozen of these invaders of the sea were shot in one day.

The gruesomeness and ugliness of Europe's scarred battle fields of last year have been covered by millions of flowers. Scarlet poppies, red rosebay, rushes, hemp, loosestrife, meadowsweet, and scores of other kinds of flowers cover acres of blood-stained ground.

The golden plover flies all the way from its breeding grounds in Alaska to Hawaii, a distance of two thousand miles, without alighting or pausing for rest. The speed at which it travels is estimated at fifty miles an hour, so that about forty hours, flying day and night, must be required to accomplish the trip.

American Red Cross chapters in large cities within easy access of New York have been asked to supply quickly surgical dressings for nearly 200 of the navy's warships. More than 600,000 bandages and compresses will be needed, and the Red Cross expects to fill the order within ten days. Because of the scarcity of bandages, straw and newspapers have been used in some of the European hospitals for bandaging wounds.

Integrity

A CHRISTIAN man refused to write advertisements for cigarettes at \$1,500 a year. A member of a church in Pennsylvania was of the same type. At a time when misfortune in the family made increased income necessary, he was offered twelve dollars a week to write a half-page advertisement for a wholesale liquor dealer. The offer was declined with thanks, saying that "booze money is blood money, and I can't betray my Lord nor my brother at a price." The dollar was not "almighty" with this man.—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

The Devil's Decree

Being an edict issued by His Satanic Majesty concerning the advancement of his kingdom

T. H. JEYS

To all of my servants in every land,
To friends of disorder on every hand,
To every criminal, friendly to me,
I hereby send forth my satanic decree.

My servants, take to you that poisonous weed,
Which maketh a stench that is fearful indeed,
And let it be fashioned and made into a roll
Just such that the mouth may encompass the whole.

Then into your mouths this vile roll you shall stick,
And, although it makes you most fearfully sick,
A fire shall you kindle with match or with coal,
And suck at the end till you burn up the roll.

Show all proper vigor in all public places
To puff the rank odor direct into faces
Of clean, decent people; e'en though they object,
Their wishes should never be given respect.

And as the fumes upward toward heaven shall rise,
Offending the nose, and obscuring the eyes,
'Twill plainly be evident, all may well know
That I am your master and make you do so.

Then some of the leaves you must press into plugs,
Just such as might serve for the killing of bugs;
And you, my bondservants, must take it and chew it,
E'en though it may nauseate you when you do it.

As soon as you chew it, saliva will flow,
And you must eject it wherever you go;
Expectorate freely on floor or on wall,
With no thought or care as to where it may fall.

So thus the vile stench of the vilest of plants
My servants must scatter where'er there's a chance:
Let no opportunity e'er be neglected
When nicotine fumes can with ease be ejected.

Whenever the people remonstrate sorely
That some of their rights should be recognized, surely,
Let little attention to such e'er be paid,
No matter by whom, or in what place 'tis made.

To chewing and puffing and snuffing the weed
Let all my bondservants give diligent heed.
Thus every creature on earth will soon see
That this is the incense you offer to me.

If any should try from his bondage to break,
If snuffing or puffing he try to forsake,
If from his vile thralldom he long to be free,
I'll watch that such happiness never shall be.

But rather, I promise my servants a place
And a share in my kingdom of stench and disgrace.
So let all be diligent, chewing or snuffing,
Or at the narcotic industriously puffing.

Then keep at your snuffing and chewing and smoking.
Although decent people are gasping and choking.
Whether up on the mountain or down on the level,
You're pleasing me well.

[Signed] Your Master, the Devil.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

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No. 37

Me, Not Another

"WHERE are the reapers?"—how oft we sing!
And its chorus—"O who will come?"
Then in a moment the words forget,
Thinking not of the harvest home!
Ready to harvest the fields all stand,
But the reapers are few, we know;
Yet we still linger with idle hand,
Leaving others the work to do!

Oft have we read of the words of Paul,
As he journeyed, on slaughter bent,
When 'neath the flash of the light from heaven
He fell down in astonishment,—
Not "another," but "me," his cry.
"What wilt thou have *me* to do?" he said.
But *we* are waiting for some one else,
While the sickles around us lie.

"Why stand ye idle?" the Master says,
While the clock chimes the hour eleven?
Go reap ye the harvest, and what is right
Unto you shall be surely given.
Take up your sickles! go forth today,
Waiting not till another come!
You of the labor must have a part
If you'd share in the "harvest home."

—Selected.

Argentinian Courtesy

INEZ HOILAND-STEVENS

UPON coming to Argentine one naturally is impressed by the newness of everything, the strange customs, and the unfamiliar language; but one thing above others is especially noticeable to the North American, and that is the never-failing, ever-present politeness of the people. One sees it everywhere,—in the home, in the business circle, in society, on the street, in church, school, shop, or station. It seems to be a part of the Spanish make-up, and although we foreigners are likely to think it extreme sometimes and often savoring of form rather than sincerity, still we must confess that perhaps it is better to err along that line than be too outspoken and abrupt. As a matter of fact, the frank, open, businesslike ways of the North American seem nothing short of rudeness to these Spanish people; they forgive it because it is in a foreigner, but nevertheless it jars on their nerves.

In the public schools, from the lowest grades up, the children are taught the principles of etiquette, there being certain hours in the program regularly devoted to the study of good manners and courtesy in general. Textbooks are also provided which treat on those subjects. The children are taught respect for their teachers and superiors and are thoroughly drilled in the most common forms of polite address. It is good to see the little boys greet their teachers on the street, lifting their caps and making a gallant bow.

I once visited several of the best public schools in one of the larger cities of this province, and was surprised and delighted at the system and excellent order that prevailed. The children, when addressed by the teacher, arose immediately to their feet; their answers were prompt, polite, well made, and accompanied by a smile. When a visitor is presented to a room, all the children rise to greet him.

In the stores one notes a spirit of courtesy. The clerks are very obliging, and it seems to be no trouble at all to them to display their goods, whether the customer buys or not. Upon delivering the package, the clerk, with a smile and a slight bow, says, "*Sirvase*," which is a very nice way of saying, "Here is

your parcel." In fact, that is the custom everywhere, when handing something to another; and to omit that polite form seems to them as rude as to shove something in one's face without notice. It is never good form to leave the store without saying *adios* (good-by) to the attending clerk.

In this country where military service is obligatory, much is made over the soldiers, and although they are recognized as rather rough characters when in the barracks, still they, especially the officers, are noted for their good manners in public gatherings and when in contact with noted people. There are books on etiquette which the army men are obliged to study. In these are given rules on politeness and good form in higher society, in the middle class, and also among the common people. It is said that an Argentine officer need not be ashamed to appear in any circle of society, for he is supposed to be a model in politeness. Mothers, in teaching their children good manners, often admonish them to be "courteous as a soldier."

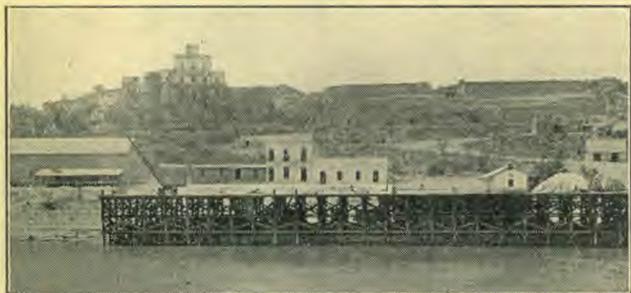
In the matter of introductions the Argentinian does not stop with "pleased to meet you," but acknowledges himself as your servant (*Servidor de Vd*), or says, "*A sus ordenes*" (at your service).

As might be expected, these people are very profuse in their expression of thanks. Although the simple form *gracias* (thank you) is much used, *tantas gracias*, or *muchas gracias* (many thanks), is very much heard, and the still stronger expression *muchissimas gracias* (many, many thanks) is used a great deal. In case that does not suffice to express one's gratitude he can still resort to *mil gracias* (a thousand thanks), or better still, *million de gracias* (a million thanks). The final climax is reached when one explodes with *un mundo de gracias* (a world of thanks); and that usually suffices.

But it is possible to get too much of a good thing, and that is the case in Spanish letters. North Americans are so short and to the point in their correspondence that it is really quite a trial to learn to write

proper Spanish letters. One never thinks of beginning in the businesslike way so common among us. We get right down to business, say what we want to say, and conclude by wishing health, happiness, etc., to the one addressed. According to the Spanish idea that would be selfish and rude. They reverse the order, placing all the good wishes and invoked blessings at the first, as a sort of preface, giving their first thought and preference to the one addressed. Then follows the real message.

We have received scores of letters from parents of our students who wrote with the express purpose of inquiring something about their children. In most cases, however, the larger part of the letter was taken



The Fort of Diamante, Entre Rios. The City is over the Bluff to the Right.

up with introductory preliminaries, good wishes, and sometimes sermonettes, and at the very last came the purpose of the letter. More than once we have skipped over the first part of the letter to get at the real heart of the message.

In canvassing especially, one notices the inborn politeness of these people. They may have little or no interest in the paper or book presented, but rarely will one ever find, among the native Argentinians at least, a person who will say so. They may ask the canvasser to call again, or make some other excuse; but rarely does he receive anything but the most courteous treatment; in fact, he is received as a friend.

Of course we all know that after we have left some homes the people have laughed at our expense, and who knows what they *said*? but they at least treated us well to our faces, and any canvasser appreciates that.

If some one calls to make an inquiry or to ask some trifling favor, he is profuse in his apologies for having caused you so much trouble. I remember one case in particular which occurred shortly after we arrived here, five years ago. I asked one of our students to come over to see about a Sabbath school class she was to teach. I considered it a favor on her part to come over, and intended to tell her so at her departure; but before I had time to even suggest such a thing she strung out a long apology for having put me to so much inconvenience in taking my valuable time; thanked me for my most generous and kind attention, etc. That took all the wind out of my sails, and the fine little speech I had prepared was completely forgotten, as I mumbled some sort of answer.

Another strong characteristic of the native Argentinian is his consideration for the foreigner in learning the language. One cannot but wonder at their patience and long-suffering when they are forced continually to listen to foreigners butchering their beautiful language. Not by a word or look do they show their discomfort. One may have a fine idea and do his best to convey it to them through his poor Spanish: they nod their heads encouragingly and assure him they understand, when probably they have not the

faintest idea of what he is getting at. They take the will for the deed, and would not discourage one by saying they did not get the point.

Very seldom one sees a native laugh at the mistakes of a foreigner. One may make a most ridiculous or disastrous mistake, and he sits as expressionless as a stone,—that is, if there are not some foreigners present to set a bad example. It takes the foreigners—North Americans, English, etc.—to notice and laugh at the mistakes of others. They, moreover, have the reputation of setting themselves up as critics and infallible authority on the Spanish language after a few months' residence here.

I suppose one could write a book about the ridiculous mistakes in Spanish that are being continually made by our workers. One minister wanted to introduce his wife to a native, and presented her as his *hermosa*. That word in Spanish means beautiful, while the word he wanted to use was *esposa*, meaning wife. The woman in question happened to deserve the compliment, but the native never seemed to notice the mistake.

One of our workers once made quite a speech about the war in Europe, especially emphasizing some points about the Bulgarians, whom he mentioned many times, calling them *Pulgas*, which means fleas. He meant to say *Bulgaros*, of course. I do not know how intelligent an idea those hearers received from the discourse, but the speaker saw nothing in the expression of their faces to indicate that he had made a mistake, and so went calmly on. Afterward one of the students had courage enough to come up and ask him if he would please tell him what he had been talking about, that he did not quite get the connection. Small wonder!

I shall never forget one of my first blunders of that kind. Upon coming to the table at dinner time I remarked to the students seated around, "*Pero, tengo un hombre!*" meaning to say, "My, but I am hungry!" What I *did* say was, "My, but I have a man!" Nobody smiled even, although I noticed my mistake almost as soon as I had said it, and to hide my embarrassment laughed heartily at my blunder. But I did appreciate their kindness in not seeming to notice it. You know it is one thing to laugh at one's own



Seventh-day Adventist Headquarters, Florida, near Buenos Aires, South America.

mistakes, and quite another when the laugh comes from "the other fellow."

North Americans boast of their civilization and progress, and with reason; but one thing is certain: as a nation they have no world-wide reputation for politeness and courtesy; and is it not barely possible that in this respect they may learn something from their less-favored neighbor to the south, down in the Neglected Continent?

What Can We Do to Solve the Foreign Problem?

SOME consideration is given on page eight as to what the foreign problem is, and to what constitute its special difficulties; now we shall take up the phase of how we can give the message to the strangers in our land. Where can we find the point of contact that will enable us to win their confidence?

The first thing is to learn something about the countries from which these people came, so as to be able to talk intelligently with them. If we can say something in appreciation of their native land, of the great men it has produced, of its influence on the world's history, we shall have done much to win their confidence. What do you know about Poland, which has been called "The Knight of Europe"? Poles are often called Polacks, and other terms of contempt are used in speaking of them; they are considered as little above animals in intellect. Read some good books on Poland, and learn what the Poles have done for Europe; learn what kind of people they really are.

Then there are the Italians, rudely called Dagos. Do you know their wonderful history, their contributions to the arts and sciences? Their country is well worth study, for there are many fascinating episodes connected with its history.

The fact is, these people are not inferior in intellect to ourselves. The trouble with them is that in most cases they have been purposely kept in ignorance by the priests; their minds are undeveloped, but not deficient. Given the opportunity, they will show they are as capable as were their ancestors. Why not find out what foreigners live near you, and make a study of their history, as a first step to winning their souls?

One great need of these foreigners is a knowledge of sufficient English for at least ordinary intercourse. This will enable them to get better and more profitable employment in most cases, and to avoid being exploited by unscrupulous men. Classes for the study of English may be formed, and the foreigners invited to attend. These classes should be conducted by older church members, assisted by the young people. Such books as "Gospel Primer" could be used as reading books, and thus a knowledge of Bible truths be given while the language is being learned.

Classes could be formed to teach the mothers cooking, sewing, mending, nursing, and simple treatments. Tact will be needed in forming such classes, for generally foreigners are proud, and resent being considered beneath the native-born people. When they realize that a sincere interest is taken in them, they respond heartily, and appreciate the efforts that are made to improve their lot. Similar classes could be held for the unmarried young women who want especially to know how to make their own clothes. Classes might be formed to teach the boys carpentry.

These form helpful points of contact for uplifting the people, and gaining their confidence. One of our most effective means for giving them the message is the distribution of literature, and it is probably the best of all methods. While many are illiterate, others can read their own language, and anything in their mother tongue is welcome. Imagine yourself in the interior of China, not having seen an English publication for months, perhaps years, and then have some one offer you an English paper. You would give almost any reasonable price to get it. We have magazines in German, Danish-Norwegian, Swedish, Bohemian, French, Hungarian, Italian, Yiddish, Polish, and Rumanian, and a paper in Russian. We have tracts in almost all the leading languages, and books

in a number of them. Bibles, too, should be circulated among these people. Many of them are hungry for the truth of God, as is shown by the following letter from a Russian:

"DEAR BRETHREN IN JESUS CHRIST: Though I am not acquainted with you personally nor have I ever seen you, my spirit witnesses that you are truly my brethren in the Lord. I received a few tracts and papers from you, through which I have concluded that you are the servants of God. And now I plead with you, Help me to understand the precious truths of the Bible which you know. In the past I have had no chance to come in contact with the Bible, but a few weeks ago I met in Berlin, New Hampshire, a Russian man who was a Russellite. He interested me in the Bible. The Bible was a new book to me. As we studied further, I found the Bible teaches that the seventh day of the week is 'the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.' But this man rejected the Sabbath. He said, 'There are some seventh-day Sabbath keepers, but they are not right. They do not have the truth, because Christ has abolished that kind of Sabbath keeping.' Since then I stopped believing what he said, and I tried to find some of those people who keep the Sabbath which I found in the Bible. Soon I left that place, and went to Portland, Maine, and to my great joy I found many seventh-day Sabbath keepers there, though they are not Russians but Americans.

"One sister, a missionary, got me some tracts in Russian which I read through, and accepted all the truth, and now I am keeping the Sabbath. This sister is also teaching me to read the Bible in English, for which I am more than glad. But how much happier I shall be if you will send me a Russian Bible. Please do not delay a single day. Send it at once. I will pay you whatever it costs. Recently I visited a Polish family, and talked with them about their salvation. They joyfully listened to what I said, but I found I was too uninformed to work for my God. So I repeat, My brethren, help me to understand this great truth. And especially please explain Dan. 9: 24."

Here is a letter from a sister who has a burden for the foreigners, and who works persistently for them:

"Recently the first Hungarian woman was baptized. She says she feels the blessing from our Lord in living the truth. She is always happy. Her husband came to the baptism, and from this time he is keeping the Sabbath strictly. He is laid off from his work. Our new sister Makra is faithful. Her friends became enemies to her. One Sabbath when she came home from church her door was broken open. Sister Makra and her husband came from the Catholic Church. The whole town is stirred since our new sister has been baptized. There are a few more souls seeking the truth."

Undoubtedly the Lord has brought about this large immigration of foreigners to this country that, in a new environment, away from old associations and ties, they might be given the message. Will you not come to his help in carrying out this purpose?

EDITH M. GRAHAM.

An Old Indian Temple in Porto Rico

FOR several days a neighbor across the street had been trying to get me to make a trip with him back into the hills near Cayey to see what purported to be an old Indian temple. From his description of it I judged it would be very interesting, especially as there were near it some large natural caves.

At last the day was set for the journey, which was made on foot. Before the tropical sun had risen over the crown of hills which surround Cayey, we were well on our way.

After winding along a cart road for about two miles, we turned off into a bridle path, which in turn led us up a steep hill and down again into a little valley. Porto Rico is not a level country, except a little fringe on part of the coast line. The interior is rough, but productive, there being very little waste land on the island. After making another ascent, we reached a summit. The neighbor guide now informed me that we were near the caves.

During the trip my companion had incessantly talked of a man living near these caves, whom he claimed possessed supernatural powers. We soon were

presented to this man, who was called the "prophet." In his house, tapers were provided for exploring the caves. I had begun to get a little inkling that my neighbor was not so anxious for me to see the caves and the temple as he was to convince me of the occult powers of this "prophet."

My suspicions proved to be well founded when a little later, after having finished the first cave, we entered "the old Indian temple." This temple consists of a medium-sized chamber of natural limestone, with pillars, arches, divisions, and relics of a superstitious worship which, it is claimed, the Indians made use of at the time of the Spanish invasion. On entering this temple cave, the men all removed their hats and formed a circle about the "prophet" as the central figure.

There we were in the half light which flickered in through the spaces between the wide banana leaves that partly closed the entrance. All was perfectly quiet for a moment, when the "prophet" fell into a kind of spasm or trance which at first was a sort of muttering, but soon I got the run of what he was saying, which was in Spanish. The poor ignorant people thought these words to be a direct revelation from God, and therefore of great importance to them. The principal burden of his muttering seemed to be that there was a great necessity for the "stranger," meaning myself, to become converted and realize the importance of his message.

Surrounded by evil angels, encompassed by Satan's worshipers, in a foreign land, and alone in this company in the half darkness, I found myself trapped in the midst of a Spiritualist circle. Lifting my heart to God in prayer, I asked to be led by his Spirit, and to be given strength to help these poor superstitious people find their way to that peace and security which can come only by following a "Thus saith the Lord." The warning against those that "peep" and "mutter" immediately came to my mind, as did also the infallible rule of Isa. 8:20: "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

Before I had finished this brief prayer the man was thrown to the ground, and after a short struggle, with twitching muscles, he came to his natural state again. I then asked permission to offer a prayer before we should leave. Standing with heads bowed, a humble prayer followed in which I asked the God of heaven to beat back the powers of darkness that surrounded us, and let in the light of heaven.

Many of the Porto Ricans having lost their faith in the Roman dogmas which have been taught them for centuries, are turning to Spiritualism. The people are now in a transitory stage, and seem to be ready to adopt almost anything which looks like progress. That they may learn of and accept the truth for this time, instead of taking up with something worse than they now have, is the endeavor of our small number of workers in Porto Rico.

H. D. CASEBEER.

Another Milestone

IN the closing days of hot July there was held at College View, Nebraska, an important Missionary Volunteer Council, at which were present workers from the north, south, east, and west, representing all parts of Canada and the United States. The general and Union Missionary Volunteer secretaries, together with a few of the local conference workers, constituted the council, which met for the purpose of studying the

needs of the young people, in order to be better prepared to help them to meet the problems which are confronting our boys and girls, and young men and women, in these days of peril.

From the first morning when we met for our opening devotional hour, each one present felt the absolute necessity for a renewed surrender to God, "a deeper consecration to meet a greater need."

Our young people would have listened with keen interest had they been present at the sessions as the various topics were considered, and perhaps they would



Delegates to the Missionary Volunteer Council Held at College View, Nebraska, from July 26 to August 1.

have found it difficult to refrain from adding a word of their own, when the discussions were at their height. An extensive list of topics received consideration. The prayer bands, weekly programs, Missionary Volunteer music and banners, and new plans for the Reading Course, and for the Standard of Attainment were some of the topics considered.

The Junior work, which so vitally concerns our boys and girls, received a large share of attention. The actions taken regarding it included plans for a much-needed Junior literature, for practical lines of work especially adapted to boys and girls, and for a better organization of our Junior societies. If all goes well, the Junior leaders will receive the assistance which they have so long desired in carrying forward the work for the children.

Elder Daniells addressed the council one morning during a brief stop at Union College, while passing through on his way to the Coast. He said in part:

"If I were allowed to say but one word here this morning, I would speak on the side of *service*. Activity is the thing that counts in these last hours of earth's history. The all-important thing is to get our young people to do something for others. A *thousand times* more Christian help work ought to be done. This is a great sheet anchor to save our young people in the storms. Service for others—let us get that idea into the heart of every boy and girl in our ranks. God give us the seeing eye, the hearing ear, but above all, the willing heart."

Yes, if we would be like Jesus we must serve, for "he lived to bless others." May God help us to vitalize and spiritualize every part of our work, keeping ever before us the thought that after all the one great business of our lives is winning others to Jesus. "Individual work for individuals" is what really counts most for God.

When the council closed, all felt that another milestone on the way to the heavenly country had been passed—an important milestone showing unmistakably that we are nearing the journey's end. As the

workers separated to return to their various fields, it was with a clearer, brighter vision of the work which lies before us as Missionary Volunteers. *Service* is to be the keynote of our lives, willing, loving, consecrated service.

ELLA IDEN.

Mission Notes

THE church at Nazareth, India, holds two Harvest Ingathering services a year, one in the spring, and the other in the fall. At their last service a collection of more than 617 rupees was made in tithes and offerings. Neighboring churches cannot understand how our church of fifty-six can give more than three times what the pukka mission gives with a membership of eight hundred communicants.

While working on a well for the mission station at Kalyan, India, four large cobras and one krait were killed. Two of the cobras were five and one-half feet long. One of the native mission boys and a horse were killed some time previously, doubtless by one of these cobras. Our missionaries who live constantly amid such dangers, are wonderfully kept by the power of God.

Electric lights and fans in the Lucknow office have greatly moderated the unpleasantness of summer days and evenings; and the office workers are glad to come to work when the temperature is from 100° to 110°. Electric punkahs have also increased regularity and punctuality in Sabbath school and church attendance.

A sister passing through a Chinese village left some tracts where they fell into the hands of a physician. He read one of the leaflets, accepted its teachings, and converted one room of his dispensary into a chapel, where on the Sabbath day, instead of carrying on his regular work, he met those interested in the new teaching. As the result of these Bible studies, he, with seven others, came to our general meeting held in Canton, where he was baptized.

About ten years ago a business man of Shanghai, China, purchased "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation" from one of our colporteurs. Only recently, however, did he read the book. Having found it of great interest, he purchased from the Shanghai conference office "Bible Readings for the Home Circle," "Heralds of the Morning," "The Coming King," "Past, Present, and Future," "His Glorious Appearing," "Capital and Labor," "Bible Footlights," "Our Paradise Home," and an assortment of tracts. He also subscribed for the *Signs of the Times* and the *Watchman*.

Our Words

DO we realize what a blessing speech is? How would it seem to be unable to speak? Refrain from speaking, even for a short time, and see how many things you will want to say. Words express thoughts: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Matt. 12:34. Our thoughts determine the character of our words. If the mind dwells continually upon trifling things, the conversation can have no depth, will edify no one. People speak of the things which concern them: children talk of their play, their toys, their pets; boys of their games; girls, too often, of their dress and the fashions; and men and women talk of the things in which they are interested. To be able to converse well is an art. How pleasant it is to meet with those whose conversation help us, those who are well read and who can instruct as well as entertain.

If our words of one day were written down and we could read them over at night, what would they reveal to us? Would there be unkind expressions, thoughtless, silly words? or would they all be those which were a help to some one—words which we would have spoken if it had been the last day we should ever be allowed the privilege of speech?

Yet our words *are* written down, though we see not the angel scribe who is by our side silently writing every one. Many things would be left unsaid did we realize that "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Matt. 12:36. The apostle James says: "If any man among you seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." James 1:26. Then there must be power in true religion to enable us to speak aright. As words reveal what is in the heart, if the heart is renewed by the power of Christ, will not the words be different from what they were before conversion?

A witness on the stand gives his testimony in words. We are to be witnesses for Christ. Those who are saved are said to have overcome Satan by the blood of Christ and the word of their testimony. Our bodies are the temples of God, and the sacrifice we are to offer is "the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name." Heb. 13:15.

Unkind, cruel words should be left out of our vocabulary, as well as those which are idle and foolish. Cross words are often spoken to those we love the best. As the poet has aptly expressed it,

"We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best."

Let us refrain from using slang phrases and extravagant expressions. We would not think of taking God's name in vain if we really knew we were doing so, yet we often do it thoughtlessly. Is it not taking his name in vain to say we are serving him when we are not using his strength to gain the victory over wrong habits of speech?

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue." Prov. 18:21. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Prov. 17:22. Then let us speak cheering, helpful words to those we meet day by day. Many times we are encouraged by the words of others. Perhaps we, too, can say something which will be a help to some one, as expressed in the song:

"Did you hear the loving word?
Pass it on.
Like the singing of a bird,
Pass it on.
Let its music live and grow,
Let it cheer another's woe;
You have reaped what others sow,
Pass it on."

Let us never express discouragement; if we talk faith, we will have more of it. If we talked more about our future reward, it would seem more real to us. And if it seemed that we were soon to enjoy the beauties and pleasures of the heavenly home, would not more of our conversation be in regard to it? We can hardly refrain from talking of some anticipated pleasure. Then let us yield ourselves to God and receive abundant grace to enable us to overcome our wrong habits of speech, so that we may anticipate the pleasure of standing on Mount Zion among those of whom it is said: "In their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God."

MINNIE EMBREE PARKER.

Modern Babel

EDITH M. GRAHAM

OF ancient Babel we read: "Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth." Gen. 11:9.

The eastern part of the United States has become modern Babel, from a reversing of the procedure, for here the Lord has gathered people from almost all the countries in the world. He had a purpose in the scattering; therefore we may conclude that he also has a purpose in the gathering.

Here are a few facts concerning modern Babel:

Sixty-six languages are spoken in New York City. In 1910 there were twenty-three cities in the United States of twenty-five thousand inhabitants or more, where more than half the male population of voting age were foreign born. In Duluth, Minnesota, 74 per cent; in New York City, 71 per cent; in Chicago, 67 per cent; and in Boston, 63 per cent of the children are the progeny of foreign-born fathers. What these people will become depends very largely upon how they are treated. As one writer says:

"Most of those who come to us are predisposed in favor of our institutions. They are generally unacquainted with the true character of these institutions, but they all know that America is the land of freedom and of plenty, and they are favorably inclined toward the ideas and obligations which are bound up with these blessings. They are open to American influence, and quickly respond to a new and better environment.

"They naturally look up to us, and if with fair and friendly treatment we win their confidence, they are easily transformed into enthusiastic Americans. But if by terms of opprobrium, such as Sheeny and Dago, we convince them that they are held in contempt, and if by oppression and fraud we render them suspicious of us, we can easily compact them into masses hostile to us, dangerous to our institutions, and organized for the express purpose of resisting all Americanizing influences."

What brings all these people here? The reason can be summed up in two words—money and freedom. In some cases poverty leads them to a country where they have been told big wages are paid. Sometimes persecution drives them here. They all come to find something better than that which they had in their old homes. One boy tells his story as follows:

"I can never forget that evening four years ago. It was a cold December. We were in a big room in our log house in Lithuania. My good, kind, thin old mother sat near the wide fireplace, working her brown spinning wheel, with which she made cloth for our shirts and coats and pants. I leaned my head on her dress, and kept yawning and thinking about my big goose-feather bed. My father sat and smoked his pipe across the fireplace. Between was a kerosene lamp on a table, and under it sat the ugly shoemaker on a stool finishing a big yellow boot.

"At last the boot was finished. My father stopped smoking and looked at it. 'That's a good boot,' he said. The shoemaker grunted. 'That's a poor boot,' he replied, 'a rough boot like all your boots, and so when you grow old you are lame. You have only poor things, for rich Russians get your good things, and yet you will not kick up against them. Bah!'

"'What good will such talk do me?' said my father. 'You!' cried the shoemaker. 'It's not you at all. It's the boy—that boy there!' and he pointed at me. 'That boy must go to America!'

"Now I quickly stopped yawning, and I looked at him all the time after this. My mother looked frightened, and she put her hand on my head. 'No, no; he is only a boy,' she cried. 'Bah!' cried the shoemaker. 'He is eighteen and a man. You know where he must go in three years more.' We all knew he meant my five years in the army. . . .

"'And what is this?' he cried, and pulled out an old American newspaper, printed in the Lithuanian language, and I remember he tore it, he was so angry. 'The world's good news is all kept away. We can read only what the Russian officials print in their papers. Read? No, you can't read or write your own language, because there is no Lithuanian

school—only the Russian school—you can only read and write Russian. Can you?—No, you can't! Because even those Russian schools make you pay to learn, and you have no money to pay. Will you never be ashamed—all you?'

"Now I looked at my mother, and her face looked frightened, but the shoemaker cried still louder. 'Why can't you have your own Lithuanian school?—Because you are like dogs; you have nothing to say, you have no town meetings or province meetings, no elections. And why can't you even pay to go to the Russian school?—Because they get all your money. And so your boy must never read or write, or think like a man should think.'

"He kept looking at me, but he opened the newspaper and held it up. 'Some day,' he said, 'I will be caught and sent to jail, but I don't care. I got this from my son in Chicago, who reads all he can find, at night. My son got it in the night school, and he put it in Lithuanian for me to see.' Then he bent over the paper a long time, and his lips moved. At last he looked into the fire, and then his voice was shaking and very low:

"'We know that these are true things; that all men are born free and equal; that God gives them rights which no man can take away; that among these rights are life, liberty, and the getting of happiness.'

"He stopped, I remember, and looked at me, and looked at me, and I was not breathing."—*The Incoming Millions*, p. 22.

These people are coming here because they are reaching out for better things, though perhaps they are hardly conscious of what they are really hungering for. What they need is the gospel, which will give them true happiness and liberty.

Whence do these people chiefly come? and what kind of people are they? Most people know what the English, Germans, Irish, Scots, Swedes, and Danish-Norwegians have done in the past, and what they are now. The bulk of the immigrants during recent years have not been from these nations, but from the southern and eastern parts of Europe. They are largely Italians and Slavs.

The Italians who first came were of a very low class, and engaged in ragpicking, organ grinding, and similar pursuits. This has caused Americans generally to regard all the Italians who come as of this class, but this is about as intelligent an idea of them as that which some people in Europe have of the United States, that outside of New York and a few other cities this country is still a land of painted savages. It will be a surprise to many to learn that among the immigrants in one year eleven of the professions were represented by over eight hundred persons, and that sixteen grades requiring skill were well represented.

The Italians are a temperate race, arrests for intemperance among them being three in a thousand in one State against three in a hundred among the northern races, including the Scotch, Irish, English, and German, and this is about the average proportion. They are a thrifty people; for there are far fewer paupers among them than among the Irish, French, and Germans, and fewer even than among the careful Scotch people. Many of these immigrants are such as the young man described below:

"On a trolley in New York, I sat next to a handsome young Italian, with a face that resembled strongly that of the Neapolitan boy in the famous painting. The complexion was the rich olive, the eye clean and frank. 'How long have you been in this country?' 'Nearly four years.' 'You speak English very well,' for the accent was unusually good. 'Pretty well,' with an appreciative smile; 'I have been in night school every year. I want to learn many things.' 'Why did you come to America?' 'Make more here. In Naples I get only twenty cents a day; now I get one dollar twenty-five.' 'What are you doing?' 'I drive a team. At first I was put on the railroad, but I got a better job where I could learn something. I shall get dollar and a half a day pretty soon.' 'But Italy is such a beautiful country, don't you miss your home?'

'No work there—this beautiful country too.' 'Is your family here?' 'One brother; the others are in Naples. We send them money to live; they live cheap there.' 'Are you going back when you save money enough?' 'To see them, yes; to stay, no; I like it better here.'

"I found that he was thoroughly American in his ideas; he had better advantages here, and was bound to study and get ahead. He did not go to church; did not care about the priests over here, and felt free now to do as he pleased. He was the best type of the Italians, healthy, honest, ambitious. He had received no schooling in Italy, but was educating himself as rapidly as possible, and using the night schools as his opportunity."—*Id.*, p. 203.

Next to the Italians come the Slavs, who include the Poles, Slovaks, Hungarians, Croatians, Slovenians, Lithuanians, Ruthenians, Bohemians, Moravians, Rumanians, Russians, Dalmatians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Serbians, Bulgarians, and Montenegrins, though some think the Hungarians and Bulgarians more properly belong to the Mongolians. The Rumanians, too, are largely of Italian descent.

These Slavs are unquestionably not so well developed mentally as are the Italians, and are more illiterate. They have been purposely kept in ignorance, that they may be the more easily kept in subjection by their rulers. As we study their history we can see that they are not lacking in mental possibilities. The Poles stand highest among them, and they are a remarkable people, with a great love for liberty. In the sixteenth century Poland was the most tolerant country in Europe, and an asylum for persecuted Protestants. Later, through Jesuit instrumentality, its religious liberty and nationality were lost. Among its great men were Copernicus the astronomer, Kosciuszko the patriot warrior, and Chopin the composer.

The Slavs become miners and factory workers chiefly, though a small part till the land. The Bohemians settle quite largely on the land, and soon make good citizens.

As is said by one writer, "Immigrant isolation is a greater peril than immigrant ignorance. The only way to prevent it is to take an interest in the welfare of these newcomers, and be willing to undergo some sacrifice to make that interest known." Few feel that sense of responsibility for the salvation of these foreigners that really belong to them.

"In a class of intelligent men and women engaged in the study of this problem of immigration and assimilation, the teacher asked all of the class who lived in communities where the foreigners were present in considerable numbers to raise their hands. Nearly every hand went up. 'Now let those of the class who have taken pains to learn how many of these foreigners there are, what races they represent, and what are their conditions and needs religiously, raise their hands.' Out of the seventy persons present, only three responded to that inquiry. 'The moral is obvious,' said the teacher quietly; and there was profound stillness in the room. 'I have only to ask you if the result of our inquiry does not suggest either a lack of vision or a neglected duty.'"—*Id.*, p. 127.

This brings to our minds the fact that the foreigners cannot be saved as a whole, but as individuals, and therefore they must be sought out and won in an individual way. Human nature is the same the world over, and the Christ-love is as powerful to win the people of any one nation as it is of others.

Pick Up the Golden Nuggets

ON the floor of the gold-working room of the United States mint at Philadelphia is a wooden latticework which is taken up before the floor is swept; thus fine particles of gold dust to the value of thousands of dollars are saved every year.

"Every successful man has a network called system, which he uses to catch the raspings and parings of existence,—those leavings of days and wee bits of

hours which the majority of people sweep into the waste of life.

"He who hoards and turns to account all odd minutes, half hours, unexpected holidays, gaps between times, and chasms of waiting for unpunctual persons, achieves results which astonish those who have not mastered this secret."

The Reading Course books for 1917-18 accord golden opportunities for self-improvement, even though life's duties exclude luxurious leisure for reading. "Oh, it's only five (or ten) minutes to mealtime—there's no time to do anything now!" is a common expression, and many spare moments are lost for lack of definite planning. It is a wise suggestion to keep a Reading Course book in some place where occasional glimpses will remind you of your resolution.

"The plea that we have no time for culture will vanish as soon as we desire culture so much that we begin to examine seriously into our present use of time." Five or ten minutes a day spent with a good book will be well worth while. Ten minutes a day is one whole hour a week—fifty-two hours a year; and there are always some days in each week when more than ten minutes can be devoted to reading. Do not despise the day of small things. Procure a set of the Reading Course books,—one book at a time, if you can do no better,—and begin to utilize the few moments at your command.

Here is indeed "A Splendid Record," which we copy from the *Southern Union Worker* of June 21, 1917:

"Mrs. W. H. White is the first person in the Southern Union to finish all the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses. In appreciation of the privilege accorded her, she says: 'I heartily recommend them to both old and young. I certainly do appreciate having access to a library of such good books. I found them to be entertaining, instructive, inspiring, and uplifting; and I hope this year will see many take advantage of the opportunity the library affords, and finish the courses. I have read eleven of the books in less than two and a half months, in my spare moments and on Sabbaths. I do all my own work, including washing, ironing, sewing, and helping attend the garden. Few of us realize the value of spare moments.'"

Some wait ever for the morrow;
Present hours slip by;
"So little can be done today—
What's the use to try?"
Notice, he who grasps the moments,
Every one that flies,
Is the man in life's short contest
Who obtains the prize.

It is now time to place orders for the Reading Course books. If your order is not yet in, this is a matter which should have your first attention. Write your tract society secretary, or the Missionary Volunteer secretary of your conference. M. V. D.

Sweet Words

THINK not, because thine inmost heart means well
Thou hast the freedom of rude speech; sweet words
Are like the voices of returning birds,
Filling the soul with summer, or a bell
That calls the weary and the sick to prayer.
Even as thy thought, so let thy speech be fair.

—Selected.

YOU cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge one.—*Founde.*

The Broken Wheel

IN connection with our training school at Lucknow, India, there is a Missionary Volunteer Society. Accompanying this is a diagram which was used one Sabbath by the leader, Maung Ba Tin, a student from Burma, to stimulate the activity of the members. First he drew the perfect wheel, and then, according to

in life to my good old-fashioned mother. In my boyhood days, after the desolation of the war in the South, it was a great struggle for a widow to rear her three boys. With no money, by her energy and ability she earned enough to rear and educate them. When, as a youth in my teens, I found the Wilson *Advance* for sale, my mother mortgaged her little home in

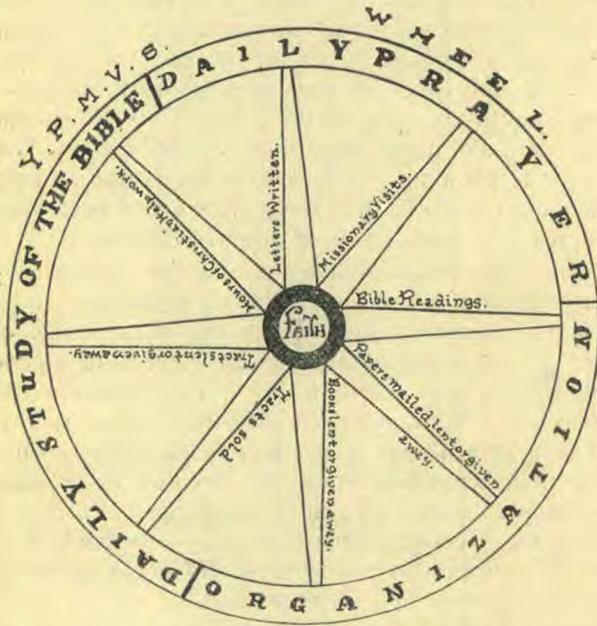


FIG. I

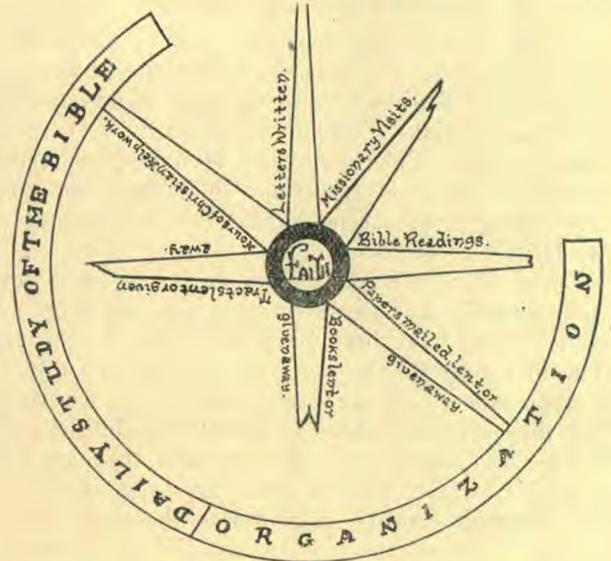


FIG. II

failures, erased spokes and rim. His own explanation is given with the diagram.

In another column there is also an article written by this young man, which shows the great influence of friends for good or evil. It is the duty and privilege of every Missionary Volunteer, the world around, to be a soul-winning friend. M. E. K.

The Missionary Volunteer Wheel

THE Missionary Volunteer Society wheel represents the different kinds of work outlined to be done by the members of the society. The rim of the wheel is composed of three principal parts, organization, daily prayer, and daily study of the Bible. Faith, which is represented by the hub, is the center, or source, of all missionary effort, for work is the outcome of faith in the life of the true servant of Christ.

The wheel in perfect condition, as shown in Fig. I, means that the members are putting forth energetic effort in every phase of missionary work.

If the members neglect to do any given work, a part of the spoke which represents that respective work will be erased according to the proportion of failure. Thus, as shown in Fig. II, the spokes representing the missionary visits, Bible readings, books lent or given away, tracts sold, and tracts lent or given away are imperfect because these lines of work were neglected by some of the members. Daily prayer for the work and for personal strength is neglected, so that part of the rim is wanting.

MAUNG BA TIN.

Burma.

Tribute to Mother

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Secretary of the Navy, recently wrote a letter to the Y. M. C. A. of Richmond, Virginia, containing a tribute to his mother, which is so tender and beautiful that we quote from it: "I owe every measure of success I have achieved

order to help me get the money with which to purchase the paper, and enter upon the ambition of my life to be a journalist. There are no greater pleasures in my life than when my mother comes to visit me in Washington, or when I am able to visit her in Goldsboro. When I go to see her at Goldsboro, I am reminded of Harry W. Grady's story of his visit to his mother in Athens, which says: 'I don't think I ever felt happier than when I reached the little home of my boyhood. I got there at night. She had saved supper for me, and she had remembered all the things I liked. She toasted me some cheese over the fire. Why, I had never tasted anything like it since I put off my round jackets. And then she had some homemade candy she knew I used to love, and, bless her heart! I felt just sixteen again as we sat and talked, and she told me how she prayed for me, and thought of me always, and what a brightness I had been to her life, and how she heard me coming home in every boy that whistled along the street. When I went to bed, she came and tucked the corners all around me in the dear old way that none but a mother's hands know, and I felt so happy and peaceful and so full of tender love and tender memories that I cried happy, grateful tears until I went to sleep.' My own visits home are not unlike Grady's, and I always come away with a new inspiration for tomorrow's duties and a new sense of strength to perform them." This sentiment has an echo in the hearts of millions of American men. On our patriotic anniversaries and in these stirring times it should be remembered that the greatest things in church and state and the sweetest things in individual life grow out of a sanctified Christian motherhood.—*Christian Herald*.

NONE should spend money without being able to give a good reason for the way in which it is spent.

"SOME people pay so much attention to their reputation that they lose their character."

Butterball's Expensive Meal

IN the twenty years or so that I have spent as a guide in the city of Washington I have never known a dull day. I suppose one reason is that I am really interested in the work that goes on in the various government offices and buildings, and that I feel I'm doing my bit in explaining to sight-seers how the machinery of their government is kept running. Besides, I meet all kinds of people, and get a lot of pleasure out of them. First and last, I've picked up some interesting stories from the people I've guided.

Last year in the spring a high school class from one of the northernmost counties of New Hampshire was visiting Washington, and I took them through the national Treasury. I had shown them the strong steel vaults that contain millions of dollars in gold and silver and untold more millions in bulky bales of greenbacks and yellowbacks. I showed them also the money-laundry machines that wash soiled bills, and the macerater that destroys old bills that have been redeemed.

Altogether, it was an impressive hour for the young people, yet I noticed that one of the younger boys of the class — Reddy Hosmer I think the others called him — still cast inquiring glances round him, as if he were not quite satisfied with what he had seen. As we started to leave, he rather bashfully said that he wanted to see Amanda Brown.

"She is the woman who saved Grandfather Hosmer's eight hundred and thirty dollars that Butterball ate up," he explained diffidently.

His classmates seemed to know the joke, whatever it was, for they at once began to laugh uproariously.

"Certainly, you shall see Mrs. Brown," I said, and led them back to the door of a little room.

There, before a table by a great window, sat an elderly lady, with a calm, thoughtful face. Ready at her hand stood various magnifying glasses, together with certain other instruments of her own devising. She was deftly spreading out on cards the size of bank notes some fragments of mutilated bills.

Mrs. Amanda Brown is the most skilful expert in the world in identifying defaced, burned, shredded, or otherwise mutilated bank bills. Numbers of them come almost constantly to the Treasury, with requests, sometimes piteous, that the money be refunded.

Something much like awe was in Reddy Hosmer's face — awe and a vast respect. The incident of his grandfather's eight hundred and thirty dollars plainly had been a tragic one in the Hosmer household. I inquired about it, and when he had got over his first bashfulness he told the story.

"Grandfather sold his wood lot last year," he began. "The big paper company that runs the mills over at Berlin Falls, New Hampshire, had been trying to buy that wood lot for four or five years, but he wouldn't sell it. First they offered him four hundred dollars for it, and a while afterward five hundred, and then six; but grandfather hung on to it, till finally they offered him eight hundred and thirty, and he took it.

"The company's agent came and brought a lawyer

with him to have the writings done, and to pay for it. When the deed was made out and grandfather had signed it, the agent started to hand him a check for the eight hundred and thirty dollars; but grandfather had kept one hand on the deed.

"No, siree," he said to the agent, "I don't want none of your little pieces of paper. When I sell ye a wood lot, I'm going to get my money for it. I want to see the color of your money, sir."

"The agent laughed and looked at the lawyer, and he laughed, too.

"All right, Mr. Hosmer," the lawyer said. "We can't object to that. You keep your deed till tomorrow. We will bring your money tomorrow noon."

"And they drove off, still laughing.

"They can't come any of their games on me," said grandfather.

"Anyhow, they came back the next day and paid

grandfather the eight hundred and thirty dollars in new bills. There were sixteen fifty-dollar bills and three tens. Grandfather counted the money over twice.

"That's right, gentlemen," he said, and then handed them the deed.

"They took it, and the lawyer said, 'You are as smart as the best of them yet, Mr. Hosmer, if you

are eighty years old. I shall know better next time than to try to get the start of you.' They both shook hands with him, very friendly, and then went away, still smiling, but at what we could not guess.

"After they had gone, grandfather counted his money again, and after that he sat and fingered those new fifty-dollar bills for a long time. But at length he strapped them all up in the little old leather pocket-book that he generally keeps in a drawer of his writing desk in his own room, which is on the ground floor just behind the sitting-room.

"At supper time he said to father that he meant to put that money as soon as he could into a mortgage, where it would be drawing interest; and he thought he knew a man over at Colebrook who wanted to hire some money. He told father he wanted him to take him over to Colebrook the next day to see this man.

"The desk in grandfather's room stands close by the window; and almost always, mornings, when it is fair, after grandfather comes out to breakfast, mother slips in and opens the window to air the bed and freshen the room. She did that the next morning, but did not stop to tidy up. Grandfather had counted his money again after he got up that morning, but instead of putting his pocketbook back in the drawer had left it on the leaf of the desk, as he often did; and that was how Butterball came to get hold of it."

"Tell him who Butterball was!" several of Reddy's classmates exclaimed.

"Oh, yes!" said Reddy, blushing. "Of course you wouldn't know. Butterball was a little Jersey heifer; we called her that because the skin under her hair was just the color of butter. She was a year old, and had always come to the house when she got loose at the barn, for mother had made a kind of cosset of



The Treasury Building, Washington, D. C.

her. Butterball would come on the run to the kitchen door or windows and put her head in, for mother to give her apples or potatoes or brown crusts of bread. If she didn't get some sort of titbit, she would bawl and go lowing round the house just like a spoiled child. She'd got to be such a nuisance to every one that father was constantly threatening to turn her into veal.

"That morning it was rather chilly, and we had the kitchen door and windows closed. While we were at the breakfast table we heard Butterball low outside, but did not pay any attention to her. After a while grandfather finished his breakfast and went to his room. Then suddenly we heard him shouting. Oh, what a noise he made! Before any of us could get to the door of his room he rushed out, bareheaded, shouting:

"'Stop her! Catch her! Make her drop it! She's got my pocketbook in her mouth! If you don't catch her soon, she'll swallow it.'

"We all ran out and round the house — and there stood Butterball by grandfather's window, chewing something! Maybe she had mistaken grandfather's little fat old pocketbook for a potato or a crust of bread. At any rate, she had it in her mouth and was munching away at it.

"Father tried to get hold of her horns, but we were making such an outcry that I suppose we scared her, for she turned and ran for the barn.

Grandfather made a grab for her tail and just managed to catch hold of it.

"'Head her off!' he cried, as he struggled in vain to bring her to a standstill. 'Get her by the throat, some one! Don't let her swallow!'

"But Butterball ran, dragging grandfather after her, and reached the barn in spite of us. There we closed round her, and father seized her by the head and wrenched her mouth open, but it was empty. She had swallowed the pocketbook!

"Oh, what a rumpus grandfather made! I'm sure you could have heard him a mile!

"'Eight hundred dollars gone down that pesky critter's gullet!' he cried over and over again. 'Eight hundred and thirty dollars!'

"Five minutes later poor Butterball was veal. In her stomach was found a slimy wad that you hardly would have recognized as grandfather's pocketbook. Evidently the heifer had been munching on it a long time before grandfather caught sight of her. We opened the purse a little, and could see that the bills were all chewed into pulp together, and the drier the wad got, the worse it looked.

"'It's a dead loss!' said grandfather, with a groan. 'My wood lot's gone!'

"But father had heard that the government some-

times redeemed mutilated money, and so the next day we put the wad into a little box and sent it on here by express, with a letter telling what bills there were and what had happened to them.

"Grandfather declared a dozen times, if he did once, that no one could make anything out of it; he was all cast down at having lost the money. But, to his great astonishment, three weeks later he received a letter in a big official envelope of the Treasury Department, which contained sixteen new fifty-dollar bills and three tens! The letter said that Mrs. Amanda Brown, the government expert, had been able to identify each one of the bills, and that the government took great pleasure in refunding them."—*Robert Yocum, in Youth's Companion.*

The Story of Silk

WE all know that silk comes from the silkworm, but the story of this discovery is very interesting.

About twenty-six hundred years before Christ, there lived in China a little girl fourteen years old, known as the lady of Si-ling, who was the wife of a famous emperor. One morning she was walking in her garden with her ladies in waiting, when she noticed a peculiar caterpillar. While she was looking at it, she was attracted by its strange movements. She watched it day after day, till finally she found it wrapping fine threads around itself until it was shaped like a peanut.

She examined this cocoon with much curiosity. Taking hold of the end of one of the threads, she tried

to unwind it, but found it would come off only in small pieces. So she put the cocoon in water to soften it. She then unwound about three hundred yards of silk, which was the entire cocoon. From such experiments, she soon conceived the idea of having her servants weave these threads into silk cloth. This was the beginning of silk manufacture. Since that time this empress has been called the "Goddess of Silk."

One of the principal industries of Japan is the raising of the silkworm. Hundreds of girls are employed in caring for them.

The moth from which the silkworm comes is whitish in color, and an inch to an inch and a half in length. The female is a little larger than the male. Soon after laying her eggs the female dies, and the male does not live much longer.

The eggs are about the size of a pinhead, and are very numerous. They are laid at the end of summer, and are not hatched till the beginning of the next summer.

The caterpillar at first is not more than a quarter of an inch long, but it grows very fast, till it is nearly



Miss Ethel Longacre, Takoma Park, D. C., is the first person to express to the editor of the "Instructor," by word or deed, any interest in the "Instructor" Canning Club, and though she is just past the age indicated for membership in the club, her picture, showing forty-five cans of fruit and vegetables, the results of her work as far as quantity is concerned, is herewith shown. We are sorry the picture does not reveal the excellent quality of her work. Miss Ethel was given first prize in a canning exhibition when only thirteen years of age, by the Takoma Park Canning Club, which is conducted under the auspices of government experts.

We hope there are many others who will express in so admirable a way their interest and knowledge of the art of canning fruits and vegetables. Who will be the second to meet the requirements of the "Instructor" Canning Club? See "Instructor" of July 3.

three inches long. It changes its skin four or five times during its growth. Each time before changing its skin it becomes sleepy and stops eating, but at other times it eats greedily. It becomes restless when it is ready to make a cocoon.

The organs that make the silk are two glands in the body which end in the mouth, and are called spinnerets. These secrete a gummy substance which the worm spins into silk thread and winds around itself to make the cocoon. It takes five days to do this.

If the cocoon was left to hatch, the moth would push itself out through the fibers, and thus spoil the silk. To prevent this, the cocoons are put into large ovens, not hot enough to spoil the silk, but just hot enough to destroy the life of the moth.

These cocoons have to be either soaked in water or steamed, in order to loosen the thread, so it can be wound into skeins. It is then called "raw silk." The thread, as it comes from the cocoon, is so fine that it takes more than three thousand strands to make one thread of common sewing silk.

Skeins of raw silk are sent to this country, where they are put through many processes of cleaning, combing, and dyeing, before the thread is woven into cloth.

After learning how silk is made, we shall certainly appreciate our pretty silk ribbons more than we ever have before.

ROSE MADELINE BROWN.

Our State Flowers

- ArizonaSahuaro, or Giant Cactus
- ArkansasApple Blossom
- CaliforniaGolden Poppy
- ColoradoBlue Columbine
- ConnecticutMountain Laurel
- DelawarePeach Blossom
- FloridaOrange Blossom
- GeorgiaCherokee Rose
- IdahoSyringa
- IllinoisViolet
- IndianaCarnation
- IowaWild Rose
- KansasSunflower
- KentuckyTrumpet Vine
- LouisianaMagnolia
- MainePine Cone and Tassel
- MichiganApple Blossom
- MinnesotaMoccasin Flower
- MississippiMagnolia
- MontanaBitterroot
- NebraskaGoldenrod
- NevadaSagebrush
- New MexicoCactus
- New YorkRose
- North CarolinaDaisy
- North DakotaWild Prairie Rose
- OhioScarlet Carnation
- OklahomaMistletoe
- OregonOregon Grape
- Rhode IslandViolet
- South DakotaPasque Flower
- TexasBluebonnet
- UtahSego Lily
- VermontRed Clover
- WashingtonRhododendron
- West VirginiaRhododendron
- WisconsinViolet
- WyomingIndian Paintbrush

The following States have made no choice of State flowers: Alabama, District of Columbia, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia.—*Selected.*

Poetic Telegraphy

A dot and a dash is letter A;
A dash and three dots is B, they say.
Two dots, a space, and then a dot,
Is letter C, if not forgot.

A dash and two dots is letter D,
A simple dot and such is E,
A dot, a dash, and a dot for F,
Two dashes and a dot and G is cleft.

For letter H the dots are four,
Two simple dots and I is o'er;
Dash, dot, dash, dot, for letter J,
Dash, dot, dash, makes letter K.

One long dash for letter L,
Two little dashes and M is well;
Now make a dash and a dot, and then,
The wire has spoken the letter N.

A dot, a space, and a dot for O,
Five dots will do for P, I know;
Two dots, a dash, and a dot for Q,
For R, a dot, a space, and two dots will do.

Three dots is S, one can easily see,
And a simple dash for letter T;
Two dots and a dash make letter U,
Three dots and a dash, and V is through.

Now dot and dash, and dash again,
You bring poor W into the game;
I know these dots and dashes do vex,
But it takes a dot, a dash, and two dots for an X.

Now, dear alphabet, 'tis soon good-by,
Two dots, a space, and two dots for Y;
And here's my best regards to thee,
Three dots, a space, and a dot for Z.

—*Selected.*

An Improvement on an Old Idea for Window Screens

ESLE V. MERCER has adapted the principle of the ordinary window-shade roller to the mosquito screen. The roller used is of much larger diameter than that of a window shade, and it is fitted with a much more powerful spring. Moreover, it is entirely inclosed in a metal casing, mounted directly outside the window. The screening itself is reinforced by thin-edge strips of flexible metal.

When the screen is pulled down, it is fastened in place by a catch on the bottom window sill. When the cleaning day comes around, instead of having to remove each screen from its fastenings in order to get at the windows, it is necessary only to roll up each one in its turn. When the mosquito and fly season is over the screens need not be taken down and stored. They may be left rolled up in the cases.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

WE each have experiences that stand out in our memories. Most of us have friends who stand uppermost in our estimation. If we, as Christians, were asked to name the most prized of our earthly treasures, our answer could be but one,—the Bible. It not only reveals to us that Friend that never fails, but leads us to an experience in all that is good and upright. To me, its value is beyond computation.

I. V. C.

I HAVE come to know the Bible as the truest friend and best adviser.

L. S.

The Morning Watch

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department

"The early morning often found Jesus in some secluded place, meditating, searching the Scriptures, or in prayer."

Praise and Thanksgiving

(Texts for September 16-22)

SOMETIMES we can praise God by praising our fellow men. Human tongues and printed pages have praised the Livingstone who died upon his knees for Africa; the Henry Martyn who was willing "to spend and be spent" for India; the Bishop Hannington who purchased with his own blood a right of way to Uganda; the Fidelia Fiske who laid her life upon the altar for Persia; and the Mary Reed who gave her all to the lepers of India. And the praise given these noble men and women has persuaded hundreds of young people to live lives that would please their Master and help others.

They deserve praise, whose lives are ever interpreting to others the real meaning of consecration. Their unselfish deeds are ever lifting the fallen; their noble lives are a constant inspiration to those who struggle for the best.

It is good for us to praise others. It deepens our appreciation of them; and God has commanded us to esteem others better than ourselves. It trains us to look for the good in others rather than their faults; and when faults do force themselves upon us, this habit will remind us that "it is wise and kind to be somewhat blind, and look for the virtues behind them." Seeing the good in others and expressing our appreciation of it will make us more congenial friends, and will weed envy and jealousy out of the heart as few other things will.

Praising others for the good they do does not mean flattery. O, no! Praise is commendable; but flattery is despicable. Flattery is not honest; and persons who resort to it either have no regard for truthfulness or are blindly dealing in counterfeits. Flattery is selfish; it is meted out for what the giver hopes to receive in return; but sincere praise flows out of a feeling of genuine appreciation, and does not seek for reward.

Sometimes, because certain persons do not smile upon us, we withhold praise that we feel away down in our hearts justly belongs to them. This is pettish; this is small; this is unbecoming to a Christian. Gen. Robert E. Lee left young people a good example. One day he was praising one of his underofficers for his skill. "But," said the friend to whom he was speaking, "don't you know what mean things he has been saying about you? He has been maligning your character." "That has nothing to do with this matter," said the noble Southern leader, and went on with his sincere praise of one who was doing him wrong.

How often words of praise are followed by a "but." But almost always spoils praise. "How unselfish they were to give up those splendid positions, but—;" "He will be just the man for the place, but—;" "That was a beautiful song, and she sang it well, but—." Why add those words of criticism? Even if the criticism be true, does justice demand that it be passed on? Can it be that there is a little jealous feeling down in our hearts that prompts the "but"?

Every day our hearts should overflow in unbroken praise and gratitude for the manifold blessings God is showering upon us. Every day we should recall our debt to others. We owe much to those whose

inventions have given us many of the home comforts we enjoy today, whose books help us to solve life's problems, whose lives inspire us to live for high ideals. Think what we owe the friends who have helped to make us what we are! Think what we owe our parents who are ever willing to sacrifice for our good! We owe much to others; we owe all to God; then shall we not live the thank-you life?

MEDITATION.—Somehow these thoughts of praise are hanging a great question before me. Am I making the golden rule my daily standard for living? If I am, I shall be sinking self into forgetfulness in trying to serve and please others! I shall not be measuring life by what others do for me, but by what I do for others. How kind and considerate I shall be when the golden rule becomes the rule of my life; how slow to find fault and criticize; how ready to praise and encourage! I believe if I endeavor to live by this rule, I shall fall less short of giving God the praise that is due him; I shall come nearer meeting God's plan for my life. O, I do mean to endeavor to measure my life by this rule each day!

M. E.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending September 22

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

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

- September 16. Hosea 1 to 4: God's judgments and promises.
 September 17. Hosea 5 to 9: Warnings and exhortations.
 September 18. Hosea 10 to 14: Mercy for the repentant.
 September 19. Joel: The day of the Lord cometh.
 September 20. Amos 1 to 4: God's judgments against the nations.
 September 21. Amos 5 to 9: Types and warnings.
 September 22. Obadiah and Jonah: Doom of Edom; mercy to the repentant.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for September 13.

Junior Assignment

- September 16. Mark 8: The four thousand fed.
 September 17. Mark 9: Jesus on the mount.
 September 18. Mark 10: The danger of riches.
 September 19. Mark 11: Jesus cleanses the temple.
 September 20. Mark 12: Parable of the vineyard.
 September 21. Mark 13: Jesus' great prophecy.
 September 22. Mark 14: The last Passover; Jesus in the garden.

One Lad's Luncheon

Do you like holidays? One can imagine a whole chorus of answers to that question, and the chorus sounds very much like "Yes!" No doubt your mother packs a nice lunch for you when you go off for a holiday, and you greatly enjoy eating it. Now I wonder if you would do as one lad did, if some one were to come along and ask you for that lunch which you were expecting to eat all yourself.

In this week's reading there are so many truly wonderful things; but of them all, nothing is more marvelous than the miracle of the five loaves and two fishes which fed five thousand persons. In which

chapter of Mark do we find this miracle recorded? Please read also the sixth chapter of John which tells the same story. John records something that Mark fails to mention in his account. What is it?

Yes, it was a little lad who had brought his luncheon, who supplied the food which was so wonderfully blessed of God. It was simple fare, just bread and fish; but how good it must have tasted to the hungry multitude! You know how delicious plain bread and butter tastes when you are really hungry.

A loaf of bread in those days was quite different from what we call a loaf. It was a little flat cake about half an inch thick and seven inches across. Any boy could have eaten five of these "loaves" without a bit of trouble. But although the lunch was so small, when Jesus blessed it, it fed the five thousand!

Don't you like to think that it was a boy who was on hand to help when there was a need? Children can be God's "helping hand" in so many ways. Even the little that we have, if given to Jesus, is sufficient to meet any emergency. It is not so much what we have, as it is his blessing that counts. When we share what we have with those around us, not only are others blessed, but we ourselves receive a blessing. And how much happier one is who thinks of others. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," Jesus said. Try it, and see how true it is.

ELLA A. IDEN.

The Sabbath School

XII—A Wonderful Thousand Years

(September 22)

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection." Rev. 20:6.

Questions

1. When Jesus comes, who will be raised from the dead? How will the living join them? 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.
2. How will his coming affect the wicked who are living at that time? 2 Thess. 2:8.
3. What is said of those who are slain at that time? Jer. 25:33.
4. What did the prophet see concerning the earth and the cities? Jer. 4:26, 27.
5. In what way did John, the beloved disciple, designate the resurrection of the righteous? Rev. 20:5, last part.
6. Upon whom is a blessing pronounced? Memory verse.
7. What will have no power on them? What will be their privilege? Rev. 20:6.
8. Who are especially mentioned as reigning with Christ during that time? Verse 4. Note 1.
9. What did John see in vision concerning Satan? Verses 1, 2. Note 2.
10. In what place was Satan shut up and bound? For how long a time? Verse 3. Note 3.
11. What will take place at the end of the thousand years? Zech. 14:4, 5.
12. What did John see coming from heaven? Rev. 21:2, 10. Note 4.
13. When are the wicked raised to life? Rev. 20:5, first part.
14. When is Satan set free? Verse 7.
15. What attempt does Satan and his followers make? With what result? Verses 8, 9; Mal. 4:1.
16. When every trace of sin is removed, what promise will be fulfilled? 2 Peter 3:13; Rev. 21:1.
17. What events mark the close of the millennium? Note 5.

Notes

1. There are four special events which transpire when Jesus comes the second time: (a) The Lord descends from heaven; (b) the righteous dead are raised to life; (c) the righteous living are translated; (d) the wicked who are alive will be destroyed. These four events mark the beginning of the millennium,—the thousand-year period mentioned in Revelation 20.
2. The chain with which Satan is bound is a chain of circumstances. The wicked people are dead. The righteous have been taken to heaven, where he can trouble them no more. He can only roam over the desolate earth, and see the effects of sin,—the results of his own evil influence.

The word translated "bottomless pit" means an empty or waste place, such as the earth was at the beginning, before God made it a place of beauty for the home of man.

3. "For a thousand years, Satan will wander to and fro in the desolate earth, to behold the results of his rebellion against the law of God. During this time his sufferings are intense. Since his fall, his life of unceasing activity has banished reflection, but he is now deprived of his power, and left to contemplate the part which he has acted since first he rebelled against the government of heaven, and to look forward with trembling and terror to the dreadful future, when he must suffer for all the evil that he has done, and be punished for the sins that he has caused to be committed."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 660.

4. "After the judgment of the wicked dead had been finished, at the end of the one thousand years, Jesus left the city, and the saints and a train of the angelic host followed him. Jesus descended upon a great mountain, which as soon as his feet touched it, parted asunder, and became a mighty plain. Then we looked up and saw the great and beautiful city, with twelve foundations, and twelve gates, three on each side, and an angel at each gate. We cried out, 'The city! the great city! it is coming down from God out of heaven!' And it came down in all its splendor and dazzling glory, and settled in the mighty plain which Jesus had prepared for it."—*Early Writings*, p. 291.

5. The events which mark the end of the millennium are: (a) The Lord Jesus, with saints and angels, comes from heaven to earth; (b) the New Jerusalem comes down from heaven; (c) the wicked are raised to life; (d) Satan is set free; (e) the wicked are destroyed; (f) the earth is made new.

Two of My Friends

SOME years ago before I became a Christian, I had a very dear friend, who was little older than myself. I often think of the many happy days of my boyhood spent with him. We went to the same school, were in the same class, and lived in the same street. He taught me to be good and obedient. Whenever I was in need of something, he never failed to supply it. But as we were growing up, he taught me some new lessons; first, he taught me to smoke cigarettes, and then to drink liquor. Later I was separated from him, owing to the fact that my family moved to another part of the town.

After coming to this new place, I had another friend, who was very much unlike my former friend. In conversation my new friend would prefer to speak on religious subjects. The lessons that I had learned from my old friend were very displeasing to this friend, and he would urge me to stop them. Sometimes he gave me papers to read, the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR and *Signs of the Times*. Many times he read me passages from a large book, which looked like the Bible.

One Saturday morning, while I was passing a house about a mile and a quarter from my home, I heard a beautiful song, sung by many voices. Being filled with curiosity, I stopped there for a few minutes to listen. Among those who came out of the house after the song, I saw my friend. Having observed everything closely, I went home; that evening I asked my friend why they were all gathered together and sang songs as they did that morning. "Because it was the Sabbath," he said.

I did not argue with him in anything, but listened very attentively to what he had to say. Some months afterward we were separated, but the words he had spoken and read to me impressed my mind so much that I was obliged to visit the very house near which I had stood to listen to the song. The people gladly welcomed me, and I began to study the truth with them. Today, I rejoice in the third angel's message, as a result of a friend who pointed me to Jesus. My relatives are still Buddhists, but I shall follow the example of my friend and point them to the way of life.

MAUNG BA TIN.

Burma.

The Youth's Instructor

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

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A MINISTER tells about going to see a parishioner who was in deep affliction. He found her embroidering a sofa pillow cover. He asked her to let him take it in his hand. He purposely turned it on the wrong side, and then remarked to her that it did not seem beautiful to him, and that he wondered why she should be wasting her time upon it. "Why, sir," she replied, "you are looking at the wrong side! Turn it over." "That is just what you are doing," he replied. "You are looking at the wrong side of God's workings with you. Down here we are looking at the tangled side of God's providence; but he has a plan,—here a stitch, and there a movement of the shuttle,—and in the end a beautiful work."

REV. S. POLLARD writes: "Is there any one with imagination keen enough to picture what would happen if all the hospitals in London were closed, if all the surgeons disappeared, and if not a single doctor or trained nurse were left to care for the sick of the world's greatest city? London without a doctor! Seven millions of men, women, and children bearing their sicknesses alone! The Chinese province of Kui-chau, in the northwest corner of which I am writing this, has a population estimated at seven millions. There is not a doctor in the whole of this province. Missionaries are working in nine centers, but although several of these missionaries are married women, there is no medical missionary in the whole number."

Consider the Lilies

IN this age of rush work, self-sufficiency, and pleasure hunting, the surging peoples think naught of the beneficent admonition, "Consider the lilies;" but He in whom all wisdom dwells sensed even in youth the beauty and hidden messages of helpfulness woven into the exquisite fabric of the lily. He knew if the passing throngs would bend a listening ear to the lily, new versions of life's wonderful meaning would be caught; and as the eye searched for hidden beauties there would be gained clearer visions of God's power and love.

"Consider the lilies." These gracious words were first given to Nazareth's children upon the dewy hillside in the early morning hour when the youthful Jesus himself, with some of his comrades, wandered over the hills and dales as the sun was lighting up the world with its morning glory. Plucking the red lilies of the eastern slopes, Jesus passed them to his youth-

ful friends and bade them, "Consider the lilies." As he endeavored to direct their study, they found the lily to be but a beautiful telegraphic code message from the Father above.

It said to them, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be established upon you as it has been upon us. To do this you must allow the Creator to have his way entirely with you. You must eat the spiritual food he provides, you must drink of the water of life. If you do this, whatever your environment, his beauty will be wrought into your soul, and you will be a source of joy and pleasure unto others as well as unto yourself."

The lily counsels simplicity, beautiful naturalness without affectation or ostentation. Dr. J. H. Jowett, in speaking of this lesson from the lily, says:

"Everybody knows the painful difference between artifice and nature. There is a great gulf between the forced and the natural. Forced fruit is always defective, wanting some fineness and delicacy of flavor which belongs to fruit that is quietly matured.

"Forced oratory has no grip; it is suggestive of the manufactory, and not of the spontaneous growth of nature. An audience quickly perceives when a speaker is 'pumping it up.' And the audience knows the difference between the pump and the spring.

"Forced piety is never winsome; the onlooker always resents it. People who force themselves to use pious speech, who frequently introduce the name of the Lord, who plentifully employ such adjectives as 'dear,' are not wise or powerful ministers in his kingdom.

"Forced emotion is equally repulsive. There are many people who literally force themselves to feel wretched, or to feel joyful, or to feel good. They 'work themselves up,' and the result is a manufactured product, and not a natural growth."

The consideration of the lily begets in one a trust in God's providing power that is essential to true living. "Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The heavenly host, who can requisition the world's millions into coöperation, is ready to minister to the needs of the trusting child of God, while the one who trusts in himself must look to himself for the satisfying of temporal needs. He may have reason to worry when the outlook is dark and forbidding; but the trusting child of God who heeds the message of the lily has only to wait in patience and see the goodness of the Lord.

If you listen to the whispered counsel of the lily, you will not worry; you will simply abide God's way and time, remembering that your times are in his hands, and you would have it so. Then peace like a river will flow into the soul, a peace abundant with blessing.

It was to the worrying people of adult life that Jesus later repeated his admonition upon the mount, when he spoke his memorable sermon containing the beatitudes and other instruction for reaching life's spiritual heights.

Let us cherish this twice-given counsel, and reverently bend eye and ear to catch the silent messages borne from heaven above, through the lily code, to earth's worrying, toiling, forgetting peoples, allowing the Creator of all to translate them for us into beauty and strength of character.

F. D. C.