

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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NOT ALL HUNGRY CHILDREN IN WARRING LANDS FARE SO WELL AS THESE GIRLS

From Here and There

Forty races are fighting in the world's greatest war.

One fourth of Oregon's almost 60,000,000 acres is covered with merchantable timber.

A hammer has been patented to which nails are fed from paper strips, so that a carpenter can nail laths at many times the usual speed.

Rubber tires were used on a carriage in Boston sixty years ago. The police stopped the experiment as being too dangerous to women and children.

The muskrat of Africa has habits like those of its American relative; but it is larger and much better looking, and is pure white in color, rather than being of a sable brown.

Children under eighteen years of age have on deposit in the 180 savings banks connected with the public schools of New York City the immense sum of \$250,000.

One of our medical students, Harold Lewis, son of Prof. C. C. Lewis, delivered \$1,325 worth of books this fall as the result of his canvassing work in Canada during the summer vacation.

A barrel of flour will ordinarily make two hundred loaves of bread. At this rate the year's wheat crop is estimated to provide grain for 38,000,000,000 loaves, or about 3,800 loaves for every man, woman, and child.

A giant Bible, said to be by far the largest ever printed, has just been bound by the Oxford University Press in England. It is five feet two inches high, three feet six inches wide, and ten inches thick. It took twelve goatskins to make the binding. The volume is to be used in a Bible crusade in London.

Art treasures and pictures valued at 5,000,000 rubles have been stolen from the great historical museum of the late Grand Duke Michael Nicholaievitch. A painting by Corregio, valued at \$250,000, was taken. Early this month six armed robbers stole silver statues and antiques valued at \$750,000 from the senate building.

For the last ten years, Prof. Dayton C. Miller has been at work inventing an organ which will actually sing words. He has already formed combinations of pipes to speak the vowels and to say "mamma" and "papa." "I have only to perfect the instrument to say some simple sentence," says Dr. Miller. "Then the problem [of having an orchestra and chorus in one] will be solved."

Huge shade trees covered with lilac blossoms will be familiar sights at Glenellyn, Illinois, if the recent discovery of Dr. Frank Johnson, village forester, proves practical on a large scale. Dr. Johnson announced that after a long series of experiments he had at last succeeded in budding lilacs to a common variety of shade tree. He refuses for the present to tell which variety, but exhibited a sprig with a lilac bud grafted to it. "I can cover an entire tree with lilac blossoms," he asserted, "and ordinary varieties of bugs will stay away from it because the blossoms are so bitter. Six trees so budded will blossom next spring at Glenellyn."

A Priceless Name

NAMES have their value, and are often held at invaluable prices. It was the Ephesians who so loved and worshiped their civic cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and who had such great reverence for their temple which was dedicated to Diana the goddess, that they refused to inscribe on it the name of Alexander the Great, though he offered them the whole spoil of his Eastern campaign if they would do it.

To watch some pious Hindu laboriously washing away his sins in a turbid stream of water, or measuring his body on the ground through mud and dirt for miles to reach some sacred spot with a name dearer than life to him, helps one to love the great "Name" which is invaluable and worth more than anything on earth.

This should appeal to Christians, who can claim the greatest name in all the world, the name of Jesus, the only name worth while, with a priceless value, worth more than the spoils of all the victorious armies put together.

The apostle Luke recognized this when he wrote: "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." The wise man knew the value of a name, for we read: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Jesus is a good name, one tried by every temptation known to man and at last brought to bear the shame of the whole world. Are we parting from it for the spoils of some campaign? Are we selling it for pleasure, for position, for power, or for a place in society? Or are we loving it with the same zeal that the Ephesians of old loved the name of their goddess? Are we willing to labor and sacrifice as the heathen of India to reach a place where we can have sweeter and closer communion with the One we love so much? This is the question we must ask ourselves, Is the name of Jesus a priceless name to me?

RAY L. KIMBLE.

"Topsy-Turvy Land"

JUST think, if we were boys and girls in "Topsy-Turvy Land," we should be getting up just at the time when people here are going to bed; we should eat our food with our fingers instead of with knives and forks. There, a boy takes off his shoes at the door instead of removing his hat, and a girl is careful to wear a thick veil over her face although her feet are left bare. These and many other odd customs have given the name of "Topsy-Turvy Land" to Arabia. Their religion is as topsy-turvy as their habits of life, and it is very hard to make them understand about a loving Saviour. Only a few missionaries have entered this field, yet the third angel's message must be given to them as well as to other countries. This entire little book is a plea for earnest work to be done in making this people at one with God.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
What Successful Men Say Gives Success — No. 3	3
A Tongan Wedding	5
The Cross	7
Camp Meeting in the Bay Islands	8
Platinum	9
Harvest Song (poetry)	10
A Little Witness	12
College Degrees	16
SELECTIONS	
How I Went Through College on Nothing	6
Chippy and Other Pets	11
When Peace Like a River	13
The Book for the Young (poetry)	14

The Youth's Instructor

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What Successful Men Say Gives Success — No. 3

ONE known as "a man with an idea and energy," says: "There are three important factors in commercial success. One is to give one's employees a bonus as an incentive to better efforts; another is to do and say anything in a different way from the other fellow; and the third and most important is to give the people an article which is unexcelled in every way."

An Ex-United States Senator

attributes his success to his acquired love for cleanliness, and his friendly relations with all sorts of people, the latter expressing itself in friendly, thoughtful service for the humblest folk. The story of his acquisition of these traits is more interesting than fiction. As a boy at the age of twelve he began work as "a porter and general roustabout in a railway station restaurant." The beginning of his career he attributes to a friendly suggestion made to him by the wife of a railroad division superintendent about his personal appearance. "You are too untidy," she declared. "Why don't you keep yourself neat, as your brother does? Just because you sweep floors is no reason why you can't have your face clean."

His first impulse was to take the view that his personal appearance was none of her business. But on second thought he said to himself, "Maybe you're right about that." "The more I thought about it, the more I decided that the woman had given me some first-rate advice. From then on, though my clothes were shabby, I contrived to look surprisingly clean. And I carried the propaganda still farther by taking especial pains to keep dirt out of remote corners of the lunchroom. People began to comment on what a painstaking little worker I was. And I found that when I was neat and clean, somehow I felt more sure of myself, more as if I were just as good as anybody else.

"I had to work about half of each day. I could go to school the other half. But it was so difficult to keep up with my classes under this handicap, that I made up my mind to quit school and abandon the idea of getting any further education. My teacher, it seemed, had been favorably impressed with the way I had suddenly begun to keep my hands and face clean. She regarded it, I suppose, as a commendable effort on my part to maintain the appearance of a self-respecting boy, regardless of my rather humiliating kind of work. At any rate, though I had been a somewhat mischievous youngster and caused her a lot of trouble, she began to display an interest in me. She called me aside one day and told me that if I would come to her home two or three evenings in a week she would coach me so that I might keep up with the rest of the class. I took advantage of this great kindness, and she helped me in that way for two or three years, until I was in high school. This teacher, as it happens, is still living, and when I landed in the United States Senate she sent me a nice letter of congratulation. I received a great many such letters, but none that pleased me so much as hers. It was the first one I answered.

"The proprietor of the restaurant stopped me one day, and told me he had noticed I kept both myself

and the floors clean. He added that there was a vacancy behind the station lunch counter, and I could have a place as clerk!

"I should rather have had that clerkship than any job that could possibly have come to me. For one thing, it meant that I should have greater opportunity than ever before to get acquainted with the railroad men and the traveling public. Almost everybody I saw, rich or poor, appealed to me as a person I should enjoy knowing.

"The day after I became clerk I knew precisely what I wished to do in life. I would learn how to provide people with what they wanted to eat. And when I got old enough, and money enough, I would run a hotel. I found that I not only had a great opportunity to meet people, but also to ingratiate myself with them by serving them just the food they wanted. It was really a lot of fun to try to give a man exactly what he sought, and thus permanently attach him as a friend. I enjoyed making friends, I guess, just as a person might enjoy catching fish. Having a natural liking for humankind, I was able, as I discovered, to remember people's names and, what proved to be still more important, to remember what kind of pie a man liked. If there was a frequent customer whose favorite pie was apple pie, and who liked two spoonfuls of sugar in his coffee, I aimed to put just the right food before him without waiting for his order.

"This may have been a small matter, but it was astonishing how it pleased people. They felt flattered that their personal tastes should have made so deep an impression on a clerk whom they met only casually. Come to think of it, if you dine at a home where the hostess recalls that you will take neither cream nor sugar in your coffee, you are quite likely to think of her as a more charming hostess than if between visits she forgot all about your eating tastes. Without having any particular motive, in fact without even realizing that I did it, I developed this little aptitude for remembering people's likes and dislikes, and trying to humor them. This proved immensely valuable to me later on.

"The habit of neatness, too, had grown upon me. I know now that it had a great influence on my entire future career. I got so that I couldn't bear the sight of a flyspeck. When not waiting on customers, I busied myself polishing glasses or scrubbing the counter. I saw to it that everything about the place glistened with its spotless cleanliness. We had big glass domes which we used as covers for cakes. I kept those so bright and shiny as to excite comment by traveling men. One of my duties was to prepare the sandwiches. I carefully cut away all the fat, and people got to liking my sandwiches better than those served at other stations.

"The owner of this station restaurant where I was employed also operated similar eating places at two different towns over in an adjoining State. I was transferred to the smaller of these, and a little later to a much larger one—in the union station at the State capital. In connection with this trip to the State capital there occurred a little incident that, while tri-

ding, was to prove of importance to me. Another employee was transferred along with me, an old Irish woman who had worked for many years as dishwasher. The trip was made partly at night, and the old-fashioned railroad coach was not well heated, though it was bitter cold weather. I noticed that the old woman had dozed off in her seat, and that she looked half frozen. Naturally I felt sorry for her, and so I took off my overcoat and threw it over her. When she woke up and found what I had done, tears came into her eyes and she said:

"'Lord bless ye, me b'y. Mebby I'll get even with you some day.' Years passed, and I had a chance to run for county auditor. One morning, when I was wondering whether to make the race or not, I received a call from my old friend the Irish dishwasher, whom I had completely lost track of.

"'You're fixin' to enter politics,' she began, 'and you'll need money. I've saved a bit, and I want you to take it. I hope it'll help you to win.'

"And she reached into her bosom after a soiled, crumpled, one-hundred-dollar bill, every cent she had in the world, which she pressed into my hand.

"That comprised my first campaign contribution, and it was on that money that I entered politics. Later on it was my proud privilege to pay the old woman back her one hundred dollars with one hundred per cent interest.

"On the day that I went to work in the union station restaurant in the State capital, one of the other clerks was somewhat annoyed by the fact that I appeared to him rather needlessly well dressed.

"'I guess we'll have to initiate you by givin' you a lickin',' he remarked.

"'All right,' I agreed. 'Let's step right back here and get it over with.'

"I really had a good deal of confidence in my boxing ability. I was successful in dodging his blows, and got in a couple of right good little slaps at his face.

"Well, he and I right then and there became great friends. I think the main reason we at once grew so friendly was because I did not gloat over my success in our little boxing bout. On the contrary, I offered to show him all I knew about boxing. Early in life I learned never to gloat over an adversary when I had been successful. I have always followed this rule in politics, and it has helped a great deal. I have always figured that there is no reason why I shouldn't be pleasant and agreeable to an adversary, especially if he has received more scars in the political battle than I have.

"While on the job in this big restaurant I tried to apply the same scheme that I had in the smaller places — of keeping everything almost uncannily clean, remembering people's names, and the kind of pie they liked — and I really made a great many friends. Business men living in that great city got into the habit of coming to the union station restaurant for their noonday lunch, because they were sure of clean, well-prepared food and of courteous treatment.

"One day a business man said to me: 'I didn't really want anything to eat, but I thought I'd drop in and have a bite just for an excuse to chat with you. You seem so genuinely interested in everybody's welfare that you're a tonic.'

"I consider that one of the highest compliments that I have ever received.

"After a time I became manager of the restaurant. I saved my money, and later on I was able to buy out the proprietor. Then some of my friends got me to run for county auditor, and I was elected.

"The auditor's job was a wonderful opportunity for making friends, because people were constantly coming to the office to consult records, and all that was necessary to do was to wait on them courteously — to be accommodating.

"I was also able to apply to a large extent my policy of neatness that had succeeded in the restaurants. Our books and records always looked so neat and shipshape that they couldn't help but excite the favorable attention of those who came to examine them.

"Then, while in my second term as county auditor, I was elected mayor of our city. Again I made cleanliness almost a paramount issue. It may sound boastful, but I am certain that the city had never seen such clean streets. I used to get up at half past five in the morning and drive around town in a buggy, hunting for back alleys that needed tidying up.

"While mayor, I still kept my station lunchroom, looking after it in spare time. Later on I sold it and bought a hotel up in the business section of town. There again I featured cleanliness. We had clean food, clean beds, and clean floors. I had become a bit of a fiend on the neat-and-clean proposition. One day I told an employee to clean up the kitchen. He did so fairly well, but left some little collections of dirt in corners. So I asked the chef for a potato, cut it up with my pocketknife, and placed a potato eye in each dirty corner, remarking:

"'If we're to have dirt, we might as well have something growing in it.'

"That had the desired effect.

"Nothing can equal a wide acquaintance, to my notion, in affording pleasure. No matter where you go, you run across an old acquaintance or make a new one. It is great sport. This reminds me of one of the most enjoyable surprises of my life.

"Some years ago I happened to be traveling through New Mexico on business. At a small settlement, which seemed to consist chiefly of a dingy little railroad station, a man drove up in a buckboard, deposited a woman and baby on the train, and then hastened on his way. The man was a mining prospector who was desperately poor. His wife had been obliged to make a long journey. I noticed that she was making preparations to spend the night in an ordinary train seat with the baby in her lap, and arranged for her to have a berth. She was very grateful for this slight favor, and insisted on knowing my name.

"Several years later I received a letter from a miner in New Mexico, who said he wished to thank me for the little assistance that I had given his wife and baby on the train.

"'I don't know whether you're the man I want to write to or not,' he said. 'I used to go to school with a boy having your name, but I don't suppose you could be the same one.'

"I looked at the signature, and the name was that of a boy I had played shinny with and sat alongside of in school back in the little town where I grew up.

"Later on he struck it rich in mining. And the first money he took out of his mine went to buy a handsome stickpin, which he sent to me for old acquaintance's sake.

"I have the pin yet. It is one of my most highly prized possessions."

A WRITER recently said: "If you talk about yourself for fifteen minutes to a friend, his attention wanders. But if you talk about him for fifteen minutes, he is so fascinated with your choice of subject that he would gladly listen an hour."

A Tongan Wedding

H. L. TOLHURST

THE brother of one of our church members was to be married; and as we desired to learn all we could of native customs and ceremonies, we were glad that the opportunity would be ours of seeing this wedding, which was to take place in our village. A Tongan wedding conducted according to native style, is worth traveling far to see.

Days of preparation precede the event, but the preliminaries proper begin the day before the wedding. First, the female relatives of the bridegroom convey to the home of the bride's parents a present consisting of a roasted pig, with other foods, cooked in a native oven. Then his male relatives bear a similar present to the bride's parents.

The wedding ceremony was performed in the Tongan Free Church. The building was well filled with expectant friends and relatives. After a lengthy delay, owing to the nonattendance of the bride's father through indisposition, a substitute was found. When everything was ready, the contracting parties entered the church by a side door, the bride walking behind the groom.

The bride wore few of the dainty things worn by European brides; but according to native fashion, both she and the bridegroom were well dressed. Over her dress, which came a little below the knee, were several valuable native mats, woven from the long, slender leaves of a certain plant. These mats were so fanned out at the bottom that a few inches of each was showing beneath the one above it. The top one was finely woven and beautifully ornamented with red feathers, and must have been quite an expensive article. These mats were turned over in a huge roll under the arms, preventing the hands from hanging by the side. The groom was similarly attired in native mats. He wore a singlet with short sleeves. In fact, both had bare arms and legs, which were plentifully besmeared with scented oil.

The two who were that day to unite their destinies took their places in front of the officiating minister, each sitting on the knee of a relative, though this custom is not always followed in the church. Certain preliminaries which usually are attended to in the vestry were performed. When the groom was asked his age, he excitedly turned to one of his relatives and asked, "How old am I?"

The service was about the same as others we had witnessed in Australia. When the minister asked, "Who gives this woman to be this man's wife?" the one fulfilling this function stepped forward and taking her hand placed it in the hand of the bridegroom. After prayer, the minister kissed both the young people, as did also several relatives.

The ceremony being over, all left the church, the bride repairing to a building where she changed her

attire, and the bridegroom going to a house in another part of the village. Soon a procession bearing a large basket of food passed along the street toward the house which the bride had entered. They were cheering as they went, and two of them were decorated with native mats. These were relatives of the bridegroom, and were bearing a present from his family to that of the bride.

Later a large procession approached with great noise and much cheering. It was the groom with his attendants, on his way to meet the bride. She had rearranged her toilet, and was awaiting his arrival. He marched in front, attended by a young relative of his mother, who carried a basket containing a bottle of oil. Frequently the attendant called a halt, while he oiled the bare legs of his charge. This seemed to be an essential proceeding. The head of the groom had been anointed with oil and liberally sprinkled with sandalwood sawdust. Next came a column of women

dressed in native cloth, marching two abreast. One row consisted exclusively of the bride's relatives and the other of the groom's, and between them they bore a large native mat, measuring perhaps thirty feet by eight feet. Upon reaching the place where the bride stood waiting, they all turned and came toward us a little way, and then turned back to meet her. The whole procession then marched to the proposed scene



NATIVE HOUSE, TONGA

of the feast. Sometimes this wedding feast does not take place till some weeks after the marriage ceremony is performed.

The procession was headed by relatives of the bride, bearing aloft enormous rolls of native cloth and other presents. The bride and groom followed, and after them was carried the huge mat before mentioned. Bringing up the rear were several male relatives of the bride, carrying thirty-two pigs of various sizes, two baskets of fowls, and one of fish, all cooked. After taking these to the place of the feast, they returned for the large pig, which is never absent on such an occasion. Soon they appeared, dragging it on a sledge made from the branch of a tree, the idea being that it was too large and heavy to be carried.

At the place where the crowd assembled, we found the bride and bridegroom each seated on the knee of a relative beneath a booth erected to shelter them from the sun. The presents were spread out before them on the grass, and the baskets containing pigs and other food were arranged in two long rows, with the largest pigs at the head of the lines to the right of the bridal party, and the smallest ones on the extreme left, at the bottom of the lines. The people sat on the grass near at hand.

As they sat thus, an influential member of the bride's family began calling out such expressions as, "Good

work," "Good food," a member of the groom's family repeating the words in the same tone of voice. Shortly the order was changed, the member of the bride's family repeating the call made by a member of the groom's family.

The master of ceremonies, who was of the bride's family, ordered the baskets of food to be examined. Each basket must contain other food besides the pig. Such omission is counted an unpardonable offense. After the examination, the presents were counted. There were found to be sixty-three pigs in all, besides twenty-nine baskets of fish and fowl.

The kava bowl was now brought into requisition. The root of the kava plant is pounded between two stones and then mixed with water in the bowl, which is a wooden vessel shaped much like a washbasin. It is fashioned from a single piece of wood, and is often handsomely carved. After being thoroughly mixed, the kava is strained through fiber. The latter is held in both hands and drawn through the bowl toward the operator, gathering up the particles of pounded kava root in its meshes. It is then wrung out and the small pieces of root shaken out of it, and the process repeated. The movements of the operator's hands are very graceful. On such an occasion as this a complete kava plant, leaves and all, had to be provided; though, of course, the root only was used in the preparation of the beverage.

While the kava was being prepared, a gap was made in the lines of baskets through which the bridegroom passed, wearing a mat that trailed far behind him. He was accompanied by a female relative. Having reached the place where stood those in charge of the proceedings, the mat was taken as a present for the bride's father. The two then departed, but soon returned with a long piece of native cloth, perhaps twenty yards long, which had one end fastened round the groom's waist. This article went to the bride's mother. They were both presents from the bridegroom.

At this stage the large pig was cut up and divided between the two families. Then all the food was distributed, each family receiving its share, to be taken home and there eaten. Very rarely do the Tongans at their feast eat together after the style of our picnics.

The preparation of the kava having been completed, one man filled a coconut-shell cup with kava, and called out in a very loud voice, "The kava is poured out." The one in charge of the kava party answered him, "Take it for Jone." Jone claps his hands to indicate his whereabouts in the kava ring. The vessel is handed to him by an attendant, who turns away while he drinks the contents, and then returns for the cup.

When the bride's kava was announced, the bridegroom served her. No one else might do so, though it is quite permissible for him to wait upon others also, as he did on this occasion. The bride was the third to be served, as the person of highest rank, or the one being honored, is always the third served. This is the rule with the Tongans. Tradition explains

the origin of the practice thus: One of the ancient kings, having heard of kava for the first time, procured some and decided to try it for himself. But desirous of having it tested first, he had some given to two of his officers. After waiting for some time, and observing that no harm befell them, he ventured to drink. So it became an established custom for the one in whose honor the kava party is given to drink third.

We were surprised on preparing to leave for home, to have presented to us a portion of the food. It is customary thus to provide for any visitors or strangers who might be present. Knowing our views on the question of unclean foods, they did not include swine's flesh in what was given to us.

We praise God for a message that is calling out from the Tongans a company who forsake the feast of unclean things, the kava bowl, and the pipe, in preparation to meet their coming Master.

How I Went Through College on Nothing

IN a hospital where I recently had to spend some time I overheard a young man telling a friend that his failure to secure an education, because of his poverty, had been the greatest misfortune of his life. It had put him in a class with the common day laborer, he said, which meant that he must work long hours and receive poor pay.

After his departure, his friend came over to my bed and said: "What do you think? That fellow you saw me talking with a bit ago is twenty-five years old, and he can neither read nor write."

Among those who heard the remark, some said, "What a pity!" others, "What a mistake!"

It was neither a pity nor a mistake: it was a crime against manhood. I know from my own experience that that man, if he had really wanted it hard enough, could have had a college education.

In the earlier years of my life I was denied, as thousands of others have been denied, the privileges of a common-school education, owing to the fact that I was almost a helpless cripple, due to an injury to my spine.

My father and mother — both hard-working people, though extremely poor, with a family of seven to feed, clothe, and educate — sacrificed as only parents must sacrifice in order to provide me with competent surgical aid necessary to effect a cure, while at the same time seeking to fulfil their obligation to the rest of the children. As soon as my physical condition would permit it, I was put to work.

It Was "Up to Me"

I knew that my parents had done for me all that was in their power.

It was now up to me to make good — to get for myself the education that they had been unable to give me.

How was this to be accomplished when I was twenty-four years old and working from ten to twelve hours each day in a blacksmith shop?



TEACHER AND PUPILS AT SCHOOL, NUKUALOFA, FRIENDLY ISLANDS

There was a free night school that held out an opportunity to me; but the question of buying clothes, books, and paying board raised difficulties that seemed sometimes too great to be overcome, and yet they must be overcome.

I purchased at a secondhand store the books that were needed in the night school, and resolutely started in. The course of study covered a period of six weeks.

As soon as the school closed, I interested one of the teachers in my ambition, and enlisted her aid. When I laid my plan before her, she gladly gave me the aid I was seeking. Thus, after weeks of self-denial and sacrifice on her part, she made it possible for me to pass the required studies admitting me to college.

Not Even Railroad Fare

But my hardest fight was yet to be fought. I had the qualifications necessary for admittance; but, as the time drew near for the opening school term, I became painfully aware of the fact that I did not have enough money to pay even my railroad fare, let alone the matriculation fee, board, room rent, books, clothing, etc.

It was a discouraging situation. Yet I held to the hope that, if only I could continue to raise the money necessary to get me to the college, I should surely be able to find some work, out of school hours, that would assist me in meeting my expenses while there.

So, with this thought in view, I sought out a publishing house, and succeeded in getting a line of religious books and Bible cards to sell. The books retailed at one dollar each, and the cards sold for one dollar a set, paying me a fifty-per-cent commission.

I put in a month with the books and cards, and succeeded in getting together enough to pay my railroad fare and the first term's tuition fee. However, when this was done, it left me nothing with which to pay board, buy books, clothing, etc.

Nevertheless I determined to let the future care for itself, and set out for the college.

I introduced myself to the president, who listened attentively to my story, and said:

"I am deeply interested in the struggle that you are making for an education, and would gladly help you if it were in my power; but you are only one of the many that have asked for work. However, if you desire to return in September and try it out, I will promise you the first opening that we have."

It occurred to me that I might possibly pay my way with the books and cards that I had been selling. I asked him what he thought of that plan, only to receive the unhappy information that the same books and cards were being sold in the territory adjacent to the college by another student, who was working as I was to secure an education. Of course I could not infringe on his territory.

Getting a New Grip on Myself

It seemed to me that my last hope had been taken away. But I was unwilling to admit defeat.

I think that college president must have known something of my disappointment, for he said, as he placed his hand on my head:

"Never mind, my boy. Remember, the darkest hour is just before day. You have the mettle in you that makes men, and I'm sure that you will win out."

These words put new life into me. I took a new grip on myself, and determined that I *would* win out.

I paid the entrance fee out of the money I had on hand, and decided to trust to my ability to find work to pay for everything else. I would go as far as the

money I had on hand would carry me. At the end of that time, if I could not make it go, it would be time enough to think of failure.

There were still three weeks before the term opened, and I continued the book business as vigorously as possible in territory near my home. I was successful in making enough money to pay my board while at home and to buy a new suit of clothes and an overcoat.

When the time came for me to say good-by to my friends, I took an invoice of what I had on hand, and discovered that I had my railroad ticket and \$19.75 in money as the grand total of all my earthly possessions. Yet I was happy. Indeed, it seemed to me that I never was so happy in all my life as when, on the opening day, I took my seat beside the other students.

Managing on Twenty Dollars a Month

By close figuring, I found that by doing my own washing, ironing, and cooking I could manage on twenty dollars a month; so, with my \$19.75 as a working capital, I realized that I had at least one month's grace, in which I could organize myself and have an opportunity to find work.

I opened a "pressing parlor," and charged the students twenty-five cents each for pressing their trousers. This was the only source of revenue I had the first month of school.

At the end of that period the president of the university, true to his promise, notified me that the faculty had elected me to fill the position of college postmaster.

My duties were to gather the outgoing mail from the college and carry it to the post office in the village, a distance of a mile. I made three trips each day — at 7 A. M., 12 noon, and 7 P. M.

This gave me a six-mile walk each day, and provided me with needed exercise, besides paying me a salary of ten dollars a month.

The Hardest Years of My Life

I next started a stationery business in connection with my office. The mail route paid my tuition, ninety dollars a year. My stationery business paid my food bill for the year, fifty-five dollars. My pressing and repair department averaged me thirty-five dollars a year.

This covered the cost of my clothing, twenty dollars; books, ten dollars; and left me five dollars over. These figured a grand total of one hundred and eighty dollars a year, and by close application and hard work I completed the four years' course of study in three years. My books were bought secondhand from the upper-class men.

Those three years were the hardest of my life, but they have paid large dividends, and they lifted me permanently out of the ranks of helplessness and despair onto the road that leads to success.—*Thomas F. Everhart, in Every Week.*

The Cross

AS the aged apostle Paul, when a prisoner at Rome, was about to pass the threshold of time into eternity, we hear him proudly saying, as he is soon to seal his testimony with his blood, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Some glory in riches, others in position, still others in knowledge, and again others in the blood that runs in their veins. The only thing in which man has any right to glory is the cross of Jesus.

While Sir John Bowring was governor of Hongkong, he stood one day at the ruins of an old cathedral in the Portuguese colony of Macau, and was moved to write these beautiful lines:

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

We hear much these days of the Red Cross. Perhaps no other society for the physical uplift of mankind, is more widely known, and no other has done more to relieve the world's burden of pain, sorrow, and suffering.

But there is another cross even more widely known. It stands alike as a symbol of pain and suffering and of peace and love,—a cross that nearly nineteen hundred years ago was raised on Calvary and upon which Christ died.

It was here that mercy and truth met together, and righteousness and peace kissed each other. Some one has said, "If sin was man's fatal act, the cross was God's vital act." "The tragedy of the cross is God's answer to the tragedy of sin."

While in the office of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Hongkong a few days ago, I noticed a picture that stood in a prominent place. I studied this picture for a long time. It presented a sleeping-room in an English home. On the bed was a bright little boy of perhaps eighteen months. He was playing with a tin soldier. Above the bed was a large picture of his father in uniform. The baby was unconcerned about his weeping mother who was kneeling broken-hearted by the bedside. She had just received from headquarters her cross—the iron cross. What consolation in an iron medal? As I thought of the many thousands today experiencing in fact what the picture represented, I said, "Oh, if they would only turn to Calvary's cross, there is peace and rest for the broken-hearted."

Young friends, think more of the cross. Think of Jesus uplifted between heaven and earth for the sins you daily continue to commit.

"Behold Him bear the rugged cross,
Until he sinks beneath the load;
While onward o'er Calvary's hill
His bloody footsteps mark the road.
And neath Golgotha's darkening skies,
The Majesty of heaven dies.
O suffering Christ, and wilt thou give
Thy life that guilty man might live?
Thou through whose word the worlds were framed
And all the starry hosts were named?"

"Thou before whom bright seraphs fall
In love and adoration deep,
Didst leave thy many mansions fair,
To seek and save the one lost sheep.
O infinite, O gracious love,
As high and vast as heaven above;
Thou canst not know, O heart of mine,
Nor reckon up such love divine.
What wonder that the heavens bent!
What wonder that the rocks were rent!
That nature gasped and held her breath
While Christ on Calvary bowed in death!"

What does the cross mean to you? I remember when, as a boy, we lived in the Middle States, how often we were in danger from prairie fires. When we saw that we should be unable to contend with the oncoming flames, we would burn off a section of land and all get over where the fire had been. Then we were safe. Amid this world of sin there is but one safe place for any of us. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago the fire of God's wrath burned over Calvary.

If you will take your stand by the cross of Christ, you are safe for time and eternity.

In every heart there is a cross and a throne. If Jesus sits on the throne, Satan is on the cross. Is it thus in your heart, dear reader? But if Satan sits on the throne, Jesus is on the cross, suffering. "If any man will come after me," said Jesus, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Another translation reads, "If any man will come after me, let him deny self and nail it to the cross daily, and come and follow me."

"The cross of Golgotha will never save thy soul;
The cross in thine own heart, alone can make thee whole.
Christ rose not from the dead, Christ still is in the grave.
If thou for whom he died, art still of sin the slave."

S. A. NAGEL.

Camp Meeting in the Bay Islands

BEAUTIFUL for situation" indeed was the site chosen for the camp meeting in Coxen Hole. Ruatan, the ninth annual meeting of the North Honduras Mission. The tent was pitched on a hill above the bay. By aid of coconut-covered keys and a submerged coral reef, the shore was protected from the breakers. From the tent could be seen the tossing Caribbean Sea, but the water of the harbor was perfectly calm.

The story of the entrance and planting of the truth upon the Bay Islands is very interesting. The believers told how thirty-three years ago they received literature, without knowing whence it came. Then an islander who had accepted the truth in California, visited her relatives, and persuaded some of them to observe the Sabbath. We were told of the faithful work of the Hutchins, Willis, and Goodrich families, and others who labored among these islands. At the Sabbath school convention portions of Mrs. Hutchins's diary, written while in the field, were read. Thus we heard pioneer experiences read on the spot where they were written twenty-five years previously.

The population of this group of islands is about five thousand. The English language is used, as the people are mainly descendants of early English settlers. We were surprised to find the tent filled to overflowing with an interested and interesting audience, very similar to a camp meeting audience in any of our Western States. The young people especially seemed to appreciate their meetings. While there are only about two hundred Adventists in this field, more than fifty young people were present at the camp meeting, and we were informed that half as many more were detained at home.

Very little has been done for these young people. A few societies were organized, but soon died out for lack of care. As a result of this camp meeting many made new determinations, and fifteen were baptized in the sea. Others promised to present themselves for baptism soon.

Life in these islands is very circumscribed. The ideals set before the young people are limited. Education consists of five years in the native school, taught by native teachers. Those who would receive a higher training must go to the United States, a voyage which is almost unthinkable to these people. A few have accepted the government's offer of free scholarships in the National Normal School at Tegucigalpa. To get to this school, they have to travel two days by sea and six days on a mule.

Plans for a school to meet the needs of the young people of this field were discussed, and a resolution

was passed, asking the General Conference to consider the advisability of strengthening the school at Siguatepeque, pledging the support of this local field. The young people were most enthusiastic over this proposition, as also they were when the securing of a young people's leader for the mission was suggested. Two of their number were chosen to assist in the work in the North Honduras Mission, and one in the South Honduras Mission. This is the first that any of their number has been called to a part in public labor in the cause.

This field has a promising future, in its young people, who, rightly trained, would be the strength of the work soon. If a school were provided for their education in their field, the problem of evangelizing Central America would be almost solved. Such a school would also be patronized by many young people who are not of Adventist parentage, but who recognize that we have the truth.

In addition to the force of workers belonging to the North Honduras Mission, Elder R. W. Parmele, general superintendent of the Northern Latin American Missions, and the writer were present to assist in the religious work of the meeting. At this writing Elder Parmele and I are on our way to Siguatepeque to look over the school enterprise that has been conducted there for some years past by Brother and Sister Karl Snow. Siguatepeque is quite centrally located in this field, and if properly strengthened, it could become a training center for all of Central America.

HENRY F. BROWN.

Nature and Science

Platinum

PLATINUM points! What are platinum points, Uncle Henry?"

"Why, my boy, they are the points, or ends, of the wires in the magneto between which the electric spark jumps."

"I see, Uncle Henry, but is platinum always used for these points?"

"Platinum or some alloy is commonly used. Did you know that platinum is worth twenty times what it was a few years ago, one thousand dollars now not being sufficient to purchase a pound of it? It is called 'the metal of nobility,' and watch chains, bracelets, and other jewelry made of it are worth several times as much as 18-carat gold."

"Is this because so many motor trucks and automobiles have been used by the armies of Europe?"

"Hundreds of thousands of auto trucks and other service cars have been supplied to the fighting forces; and all these have required platinum; but platinum is also necessary for the manufacture of cordite, a kind of smokeless powder, which in its manufacture demands perfectly pure sulphuric acid, and this acid is purified only in platinum vessels, some of which cost \$15,000. It is being used by the dentist to make plates for artificial teeth; and is also used for wire, foil, and munitions."

"A peculiar property of platinum makes it of use in automatic lighting. As a sponge will absorb water, so a platinum sponge—that is, platinum in a finely divided form—will absorb as much as a thousand times its own volume of oxygen. It is used therefore as a carrier of oxygen. If a current of hydrogen is directed against the platinum sponge, or into platinum black, so rapidly does the metal drink up, or absorb,

the hydrogen that it becomes red hot, and in two or three minutes the gas will burst into flame. The self-lighting mantles for gas burners are based upon this quality of platinum."

"We have one of those, and I have often wanted to know how it worked."

"Platinum has other interesting qualities. It, like gold, is unaffected by any of the single acids. It is also very hard to melt, a heat of seventeen or eighteen hundred degrees being necessary to melt it. The hardest steel fuses at several hundred degrees lower. Platinum does not rust, which makes it highly serviceable. When heated, it expands less than any other metal and at about the same rate as glass, so wires of platinum are thrust into and through the soft glass and remain tightly embedded in the glass tubes. This is the way globes, or bulbs, are made for our incandescent electric lights."

"Is platinum always the color of that in the magneto, Uncle Henry?"

"No, that has been mixed with some other metal. Pure platinum received its name from its resemblance to silver, the Spanish word for silver being *platina*, platinum ore having been originally discovered in South America. Platinum, however, is not so white as silver nor so gray as steel. When powdered it is black."

"It is one of the heaviest of metals, being three times as heavy as iron and more than twenty-one times as heavy as water. It is soft as copper, and can be hammered into sheets, or drawn out into wire that is invisible to the naked eye. This is done by embedding the metal in a silver bar and then drawing them both out into wire. After the proper fineness is obtained, the silver is dissolved away from the platinum by the use of an acid."

"Have you ever seen that done, Uncle Henry?"

"No, but I hope to see it sometime. I have a friend who does this very work, and I am planning to visit him in his home and shop on my way to California in the spring."

"I wish I could be with you in his shop, uncle. Is platinum found in our country?"

"Yes, small quantities have been obtained from California, Oregon, New York, and North Carolina. Alaska, British Columbia, and Australia have yielded small quantities, but the Ural Mountains of Russia really furnish the world supply, which does not exceed 200,000 ounces. The supply is so small compared with the present demand that the British government requires one to secure a permit before dealing in it. Everything that contains platinum is being melted over for use in munitions. *Every Week* tells of an English gentleman who years ago received a bad coin. Because of the platinum in it he recently sold it for eleven dollars."

Conservation Notes

"She wants not, because she wastes not."

MILLIONS of loaves of bread are baked by our commercial bakeries. Government investigations showed that one loaf out of every twenty furnished the retail stores was returned to the baker. While the bread returned has not been entirely wasted, the uses to which it was put represented a considerable loss of value of materials and labor. In ordinary times it was of no great consequence; but just now every grain of wheat is worth saving. The government, therefore, did a wise thing when it asked all the bakeries to discontinue the practice of permitting dealers to return all loaves unsold. The bakeries have

acceded to this request in the interest of the national food supply.

Baking potatoes in the "jackets" means a loss if the jackets are not eaten, since the meat sticks to the stiffened skin and is discarded. Drop washed potatoes into a vessel of rapidly boiling water and allow them to remain for ten minutes. Remove, and strip the thin skin as when potatoes are peeled after thorough cooking by boiling. The potatoes will still be practically raw, and may be handled like raw peeled potatoes in preparing any dish, as scalloped or French fried potatoes, potato chips, etc. The entire skinned potato, including the thin, golden-brown crust, then may be eaten.

Making Garbage into Fuel

MR. HERBERT HOOVER announces that in a recent month the garbage records of a number of leading cities showed a reduction of about thirty-two per cent. In other words, a third of what was formerly thrown away as garbage, is found, under war economy, to be worth saving as food.

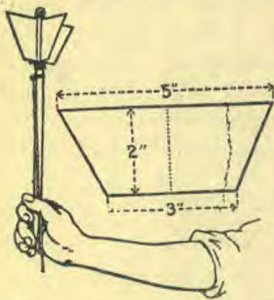
We can go a long way farther in reducing our kitchen wastefulness before we shall compare in thrift with the peoples of Europe. And when we have done that,—when we have cut down our garbage to the smallest possible amount,—then the garbage itself ought to be taken and turned to use.

San Antonio has solved the problem. Its garbage is hauled out to a plant on the edge of town, where it is converted into a fuel brick known as "oakoal," which is said to burn excellently. The time will certainly come when the garbage that is now wasted will be burned, and from its heat electricity manufactured to light our cities; and the sewage now dumped into our rivers will be spread across the farms as fertilizer.

Little by little, the world is getting itself organized on the basis of real efficiency, which means no particle of waste.—*Selected.*

A Filipino Arrow

A FILIPINO boy who came to the United States to study, taught some of his American friends how to construct an arrow that has furnished them with a good deal of fun. Cut a straight stick of alder or willow about ten inches long and tapering from half an inch to quarter of an inch in thickness. Point the smaller end, and split the other end into four equal parts for a distance of two and a half inches. Make two wings of stiff writing paper on the plan shown in the diagram. Fold each at



right angles on the dotted lines and fit it into the split end of the stick, with the narrow edge toward the point of the arrow. Bind the arrow with stout string above and below the wings, and a little below the wings cut a shallow groove completely round the shaft.

To fly the arrow, take a string about fifteen inches long and make a heavy knot in one end. Place the knot in the groove and wind the string once round the stick; then carry it down toward the point of the arrow and wind it round your hand. Hold the arrow by the pointed end and throw it straight before you.

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Bird on the Hat

IT is a baffling psychological mystery why woman wants a bird on her hat.

It is a confession, carried aloft like a banner, that she needs unnatural aids to make her beautiful. For the bird adorns the woman; no woman adorns a bird.

To refined minds, the woman is prettier without the bird; to all minds, the bird is prettier without the woman.

The bird on the woman's hat is a constant reminder that the vanity of woman can ruthlessly throttle the sweetest music that ever kissed the soul, enslave the most perfect type of freedom, mar the purest thing of beauty in the world, and can then place the evidence of her heartless crimes above her brow and ask us to look and think her more beautiful!

Is it, then, to be wondered at that humanity has sickened of it, and is saying, through the law and the game wardens, that the song birds shall stay where God put them—in the fields and the woods?

There, in their native element, the song birds are our first and sweetest inspiration. . . . They are the greatest optimists in all the world, teaching always cheer and hope. They croak no melancholy dirges, but sing only songs of love and praise. They bring into our hearts nothing but brightness, and drive from us naught but gloom.

Now let them stay where God put them—in the brightness of the fields, in the deeps of the woods, and in the brightness and the deeps of human souls.—*Christian Herald.*

An Island Inhabited by Rats

THERE is a curious situation in South Georgia, the big island that lies in the South Atlantic a thousand miles due east of the lower end of South America.

Thirty years ago it became the base for the Antarctic whale fisheries, with the result that every year a thousand or two dead whales, stripped of their blubber, were turned adrift on the shore.

Also, sundry rats landed from the whaling ships.

Now the rats own the island. There are millions upon millions of them. They have all they want to eat—fresh-killed whale in summer, cold-storage whale the rest of the year. They have worn well traveled roads all over the island, which they keep open in the winter as tunnels under the snow. And they have killed off every living creature in fifty thousand square miles, except the whalers who come in summer, and an occasional bird.—*Every Week.*

Harvest Song

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice.
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

Yes, bless His holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth.
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Chippy and Other Pets

ONE cold winter day our dog chased a pair of gray squirrels into an old hollow tree. Father had promised to secure one of these pretty creatures for a pet; so after stopping up the entrance to the tree, he hurried home for buckskin gloves and a sack. With the help of the gloves he secured the squirrels in spite of their sharp teeth, and brought them home in the sack.

To one of the pair was given its liberty, as it was an ill-tempered, battle-scarred veteran, with dingy fur, only half a tail, and one whole ear. The other squirrel was a beautiful creature, perfect in every way, and gentle and unafraid from the first. Father built a large cage the height of the living-room, and in it fastened a small tree for the squirrel to play on.

Chippy, as I had named her, was an accomplished acrobat, and delighted to perform stunts for our

amusement. She would hang by both hind feet, and, doubling up, would grasp her bushy tail in her little gray "arms" and whirl around the branch like a wheel on its axle. Then she would hang by one foot, head downward, and holding a nut in her forepaws, calmly proceed to crack and eat it. She was very fond of sweets, and would sit for a half hour at a time, sucking a sugar rag made of a lump tied up in a bit of white cloth.

Tobacco she hated. A relative of mine who uses the weed liked to tease her by offering her a piece. She would smell it, then turn away, wrinkling her nose in disgust. If it was again offered her, she would fly at it, scolding and chattering in a rage. Animals are wiser

than men in this respect. They will not touch a poison with which men are willing to endanger their health.

Chippy seemed perfectly contented in her roomy cage, and grew plump and sleek. But the fourth spring she began to grow thin for some unaccountable reason. I had a runway made from the cage to an open window, so the squirrel could go in and out at will; but she preferred to stay indoors, sleeping the greater part of the time, though sometimes making a pathetic attempt to perform her acrobatic stunts when she saw me looking at her.

One day aunt and I were in the flower garden and the squirrel was with us. She frolicked more than she had done in days, and played with aunt, peeping out from her hiding place beneath my arm, then dodging back out of sight when aunt looked in her direction. The next morning I saw the squirrel come out of her nesting box and hurry out of doors. She had not returned in an hour; so I went in search of her, but she was nowhere to be found. At last I caught a glimpse of gray fur at the foot of some steps leading to an outside cellar door.

"Ah, you naughty Chippy, I've found you!" I exclaimed. But no bright eye met mine, and the little form lay motionless. My pet was dead.

On a June day, the following summer, I was seated at a drawing table in a closed-in piazza, which I called

my studio. Hearing the patter of tiny feet, I glanced up from my work, and saw a little hackee, or chipmunk, which had come in through the open door and was investigating my workshop. It disappeared into a jardinière, then bobbed out and continued its tour of inspection. Finding a cake crumb, it nibbled at the dainty a moment, then stowed it away in its cheek pouch. Then the little creature came up to me, and perched upon the toe of my slipper. Suddenly it gave a quick spring and came scrambling up into my lap and from there to my drawing board, where it sat down in the very center of the design I was working upon, and leisurely ate the cake crumb! Its meal finished, it returned to the floor the way it had come, and soon disappeared through the door. It returned several times that afternoon, and carried away all the grains of corn which I scattered.

The next day I tried an experiment. From the open door I made a trail of corn to my feet, then placed a grain in the fold of my skirt, another on my knee, one in a tuck in my blouse, one on my shoulder; another I held between my lips, and the last kernel was placed on the top of my head. Soon my little friend arrived, and at the third trip had reached my feet and taken the kernel from the toe of my slipper. Then his sharp eyes discovered the grain on the skirt and he quickly secured that. Up he came to my knee and found the kernel there, and it did not take him long to find the one in the blouse. From there he went to my shoulder; and then from the corner of my eye I saw that the little creature had discovered

the grain between my lips. Two little paws were laid against my cheek, I felt the pressure of a soft little body, and the grain was stored away. Would he find the one on my head, I wondered? Yes, up he went, and I felt his little feet in my hair. A moment later he sped down and across the floor, his cheek pouches distended with sixteen large kernels of corn, by actual count. How he managed to stow away so many was a mystery to me.

When fly time came, I had a small hole bored in the bottom of the screen door for the use of my little friend, and all that summer he continued his visits. He never failed to make himself perfectly at home; and I often sketched the wee creature, once painting his portrait on a design for a magazine cover. With the cool days he ceased to come, and I never knew what became of him.

On another June day I sat down to rest by a spring beneath a spreading oak tree. Before me was a moss-covered log, and I almost jumped when a loud "Kerplunk! kerplunk!" sounded from beneath the ferns which shaded it. Looking more closely, I saw a green frog with a vest the color of yellow cowslips. Turning over an old board, I found two large earthworms, and tossed one of them to the frog. It fell not more than four inches from his nose; yet he did not stir until the worm began to wriggle. Then something

If

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing the very best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy, quite,
To criticize your neighbor long
Because he's busy being wrong.

—Southern Churchman.

happened. Froggie's mouth opened with a loud "plop;" I caught a glimpse of a long tongue; and the worm was gone, while froggie sat winking and gulping, with two loops of worm projecting like mustachios from the sides of his mouth. But soon the squirming loops disappeared, and his frogship was ready for more dinner.

The next day I again visited the spring, taking a can of earthworms with me. Yellow-vest was sitting on the log, as hungry as ever. As the second worm struck near him, another frog, which I had not seen, jumped and seized it. The newcomer had a snow-white vest, and was Yellow-vest's mate.

In a short while I had these frogs so tame they would allow me to handle them freely. I would put down my hand, and Yellow-vest would jump upon my palm, and settling himself contentedly, look up at me as if to say: "Well, I'm ready. Bring on the worms." He was very jealous of White-vest, and she never dared to eat before her lord had dined. One day I put Yellow-vest down before his appetite was quite satisfied, and placed a worm on the log before White-vest. She quickly seized it, and then something unexpected happened. Yellow-vest sprang to her side, and raising his little green "hand," gave his spouse so vigorous a slap that she flew through the air and landed with a splash in the spring. Then Yellow-vest jumped into my hand, and settled down with a satisfied "Kerplunk! kerplunk!" which said plainly: "There! I've taught my wife her place!" After he had eaten until he could not hold another mouthful, he allowed White-vest to eat her dinner undisturbed. One day, when I visited the spring, no little frogs were awaiting me, and several stones lying scattered about were plain evidence that my pets had met an untimely end at the hand of some thoughtless lad.

Those of my readers who have lived in the country can remember some chicken that was a special pet, I am sure. I had many pets among the fowls, and one of the most interesting was a large plymouth rock rooster, which answered to the Indian name of Tomaquag. An Irish peanut peddler often came to the house, and it was Tomaquag's special delight to provoke an outburst of wrath by stealing nuts from the old man's basket and running away with them to the waiting flock of biddies, unmindful of the threat, "Oi'll wring yer neck, ye thavin' burrd, if Oi catch ye stalin' another o' me paynuts."

One day a hungry tramp came to the door, and among other eatables given him were two good-sized pancakes spread with butter and jam. When the tramp seated himself on a box to eat, Tomaquag was near, and saw him lay one of the pancakes down. In a moment the rooster had it in his beak and was running away, with the man in hot pursuit. Around and around they went; but at last the exhausted bird dropped the cake, and the panting tramp picked it up and proceeded to eat it, after brushing off some of the dirt, while Tomaquag watched and scolded his disapproval.

Another pet, a handsome Rhode Island red cockerel named Beppo, was a great favorite with our baker. Whenever the baker's cart stopped at the door, Beppo would fly up on the step or wheel, and wait patiently for the doughnut, which his friend never failed to give him.

This article would not be complete without a brief reference to one of my latest pets, which is still in our possession. This is a gray and white goose named Polly. We bought her when a gosling; and as the

age limit of geese is said to be eighty years, I suppose she will live a long time, barring accidents. She is an excellent watchdog, seldom failing to warn us when any one is about, and we easily taught her a number of tricks. One was to stand on a chair and extend her foot to shake "hands;" another trick was to bring a basket which we threw; and still another was to select words. In a stand made for the purpose we would place cardboards bearing the words "wise" and "silly;" and when we asked Polly to tell us whether she was a wise or silly goose, she would select the word "wise" and bring it to us. No one has time to give her practice in these accomplishments now, but sometimes a member of the family throws the basket, so that visiting friends can see the goose carry it. I taught her to take it always by the handle, and she has never forgotten the lesson. It is really wonderful how quickly birds and animals learn, but their teacher must possess infinite patience and a real love for all worthy living creatures. No pet is bright and interesting if abused and mistreated.—*N. Martha Steadman, in Christian Endeavor World.*

A Little Witness

FEHOKO is a little girl of seven summers; and half the year is summer where she lives, and the other half is spring. Her life has been like one long spring, with nothing to mar her happiness. But spring is restless—restless with awakening life. So it was with this little Tongan maiden: she was almost as restless as the great waves that beat upon the reefs of her native land.

She was not five years of age when she first attended Sabbath school, and she seldom sat still for more than a few minutes at a time, and paid no attention whatever to the lesson. After several months, however, an improvement was noticed. She changed completely as far as giving attention was concerned; and now she is able to go home to her parents, who are church members, and relate to them what she has learned.

When she was about six years of age, some of the neighbors tempted her with swine's flesh, hoping to persuade her to eat some of it. But in this they were mistaken; persuasion had no effect upon her. Young though she was, Fehoko resolutely declined to defile her body with the smallest particle. Her tempters were very much surprised to find such firmness in one so young, seeing it is so seldom found here in those of older years.

Dear young friends, when a little Tongan girl, who has enjoyed very few of the privileges that have been ours, can take such a firm stand for right, declining what is here considered a great delicacy, shall we find it easy to deny our Lord and our profession by partaking of the unclean thing? Let us determine that with God's help, we will not dishonor him thus.

H. L. TOLHURST

*Services at the Front

SERVICES at the battle front are held in curious places, and about them there is a new simplicity and reality.

One chaplain says the "white cloth has often been spread on God's own table among the trees of a wood, and we have got very near to the great heart of God, despite the booming of the guns. Sometimes we have held our services in a deep cellar in a shell-torn village."

Another speaks of a service "under a torn oiled sheet and a single wall of sandbags. All present had to stand. We had three candles and plenty of draft, but the singing was hearty. Twenty men who desire fellowship sufficiently to plunge through darkness, and mud a foot deep, over a wide valley, can sing."

In one case the only available place for morning parade was the village *brasserie*, or brewery. "The proprietor," writes the chaplain in the *Recorder*, "was somewhat apprehensive lest the men should breach the casks. I was easily able to set his mind at rest." There among the beer barrels they had service and communion.

In another place a dancing-room behind the bar of an *estaminet* had to serve as a church.

"There was a touch of the ludicrous at the service, for at frequent intervals in the sermon, madame would brush past on her way to the cellar to get fresh supplies of beer. However, she evidently appreciated the efforts, for she refused to take any payment for the room, but asked for some little souvenir. Among other things the chaplain gave her a small hymn book."

In dirty disused stables, in a battered sugar factory, in a dismantled mill with piles of rusty machinery, and in many other strange places, have men sung the old hymns and repeated the old familiar prayers. And all agree that the very novelty of their surroundings has thrown a new light on old words, and often in very truth has the ladder been let down and men have felt, as that ancient fugitive with a stone for his pillow and the stars for his canopy, that the Lord was in this place. It was Bethel, a house of God.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

"When Peace Like a River"

"It Is Well with My Soul," was written by H. G. Spafford, and the popular tune to which it is always sung is one of P. P. Bliss's best compositions.

Mr. Spafford was a member of the Chicago bar and an elder of the Presbyterian Church.

He had been successful in his profession, but had made some unfortunate investments, and when the financial panic of 1873 seriously disturbed the business of the country, Mr. Spafford found that his savings of many years had been swept away.

The members of his family were prostrated by the disastrous turn in their affairs, and he acceded to the wish of helpful friends that they should visit Europe, and thus be removed for some time from the scenes of his financial ruin.

Mrs. Spafford and her four children took passage on the French liner to Havre, and the story of the voyage is one of the most appalling of calamities of the sea.

When in mid-ocean and in the blackness of a November night in 1873, the steamship collided with the Glasgow clipper "Loch Earn," and in twelve minutes the former went down, carrying to death 250 souls, and among them were Mr. Spafford's four daughters.

Mrs. Spafford sank with the vessel, but floated again, and was finally rescued.

The saved were taken to Havre, and from that city she sent a message to her husband in Chicago:

"Saved, but saved alone. What shall I do?"

This message of fearful import—"sufficient to drive reason from her throne"—was the first notice Mr. Spafford had that his dear ones were not as happy as when he parted with them a few days before in New York.

In his unutterable sorrow, Mr. Spafford did not chant a dirge to impossible hope.

When he reflected that his property was lost in destruction's waste, that his wife was painfully prostrated, and that his four children were buried in the dark waves of the sea, there came from his heart a song of trust and resignation that has many times encircled the globe:

"When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll,
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
'It is well, it is well with my soul.'"

When Mr. Spafford returned from Havre with his invalid wife, he said to his friends:

"I never felt more like trusting God than I do now."

Spafford's hymn of resignation, with its fine musical setting by the lamented Bliss, is one of the most helpful of the many gospel songs written during the past half century.

One Sunday evening a service of song was given in one of our large city churches at which the story of "It Is Well with My Soul" was told, and the lines sung with great tenderness of expression by the audience and choir.

Attending the service was a gentleman who had suffered financial reverses in the panic of 1893.

When he heard the story of Spafford's heavy affliction and joined in singing the hymn so pathetically inspired, he said to his wife on returning home from the service:

"I will never again complain of my lot. If Spafford could write such a beautiful resignation hymn when he had lost all his children, and everything else save his wife and character, I ought surely to be thankful that my losses have been so light."—*Philadelphia Press*.

The Joy of Service

IF the parable of the householder as given in the twentieth chapter of Matthew is to be taken as true to life, then may not the youth justly ask, "Why may I not wait until a later period, even the eleventh hour, to begin the service of Christ? Why can I not spend my youthful years in gaining what the world has to give me, and then give my heart to Jesus? It seems that those who worked one hour received the same as the ones who worked all day."

Let us analyze the parable and the service of which it is only a faint representative. Were these laborers performing the hourly tasks assigned them as a service of love or simply for a pecuniary reward? For the latter, it must be said. Now a question in regard to the service of Christ. To avail at last and bring the promised reward, must it not be a service of love? There must be no mercenary motive actuating it. Is it not a pleasure to serve those we love?

Now how about the postponement of conversion? Will we not lose much of the joy of service by waiting until the eleventh hour? Then, too, there are the liabilities to be considered. Life is exceedingly uncertain. Too, every day of procrastination materially lessens the desire for that which brings the greatest of joys,—the Christian life. They of the parable entered at the first call they heard. Had it been a work of love, would not those who entered late have lost much that is to be found in sincere service for Christ? Those who enter late in his service may be saved finally, but they lose the joy of seeing as many souls saved through their efforts as might have been had the early years been devoted to the work of winning others to share the same happiness.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

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."

The Book for the Young

(Texts for October 28-31)

How shall the young direct their way?
What light shall be their perfect guide?
Thy Word, O Lord, will safely lead,
If in its wisdom they confide.

Sincerely I have sought thee, Lord;
O let me not from thee depart;
To know thy will and keep from sin
Thy Word I cherish in my heart.

O blessed Lord, teach me thy law;
Thy righteous judgments I declare;
Thy testimonies make me glad,
For they are wealth beyond compare.

Upon thy precepts and thy ways
My heart will meditate with awe;
Thy Word shall be my chief delight,
And I will not forget thy law.

— Selected.

The Christian's Words

(Texts for November 1-3)

SOME young Christians seem to have about three distinct vocabularies — one for the home, one for the social circle, and one for the church. But this is not a good plan. It reminds me of what I once read of Talleyrand, a French statesman and ecclesiastic of the eighteenth century. Some one remonstrated with him for using profane language; but he replied: "It is not as an ecclesiastic, but as a statesman, that I swear." The other gave him this answer: "And when the statesman goes to hell, where will the ecclesiastic go?" Truly, if our words in the home and in the social circle deny our Master and condemn us, our Sabbath conversation cannot exonerate us.

Words are an index to the heart; but it is not the studied phrases that best reveal character. Emergencies more often uncover our real selves. It is the unconscious deed, and the word that slips out when we "didn't think," that flow uncensored from the heart, and are a true index to its contents. We should study this index that we may know our own hearts and know how much we need God in them to keep the source of our words pure and clean.

Not only at the final reckoning will Christians be judged by their words, but today and every day those about us are measuring us by our words. Surely, as Lord Bacon said, "Discretion in words is more than eloquence." And he is most discreet who makes God his own discretion.

The Christian needs to pay special attention to his words; they will attract or repel those he tries to lead to Christ. In every kind of missionary work the Christian's words stand between him and the object of his effort. For this reason "we should accustom ourselves to speak in pleasant tones, to use pure and correct English, and words that are kind and courteous. Sweet, kind words are as dew and gentle showers to the soul." The poet puts it this way:

"Walls and towers of fear are broken,
When sweet, gentle words are spoken."

The Christian's words should be a "savor of life unto life." "I do wish she would be careful," said an old lady when speaking of one of her young friends. "She is a splendid young woman; her motives are good." Some years ago I met a man whose tongue

was his worst enemy, according to the opinion of some of his friends. He was earnest, faithful, and energetic; but every little while he would make an unfortunate "speech" that would knock half the good results out of his missionary endeavors. It seemed a great pity; but Christians must learn that careless words are "flies in the ointment."

Yet no young Christian should become discouraged. Our words are one of the best talents we have to use in the Master's service; but this talent is one of the hardest we have to keep on the altar; a little breeze hurls it off, and we must stoop to pick it up out of the dust of humiliation, and replace it on the altar of consecration. Eternal vigilance is needed to keep it there; and even that will not do it. James has truly said: "The tongue can no man tame."

My dear young friend, we need to enrol in the psalmist's class. In this class there are three lessons to master. First, we must purpose "that my mouth shall not transgress;" this must be our steadfast purpose, our daily determination. The second lesson is this: "I will keep my mouth with a bridle." That means eternal vigilance, constant effort; there will be many sharp tugs at the reins when the vehicle of speech is about to slip into a dangerous pit. And the third lesson is the prayer of consecration: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." This lesson must be learned before we can master one and two; for it takes more than human wisdom to make all our words savors of life unto life. This is possible only when there is full submission to God and constant communion with him.

That is a high standard to reach, so be not discouraged if you do not attain it at once. It "is not reached at a single bound." Little by little, you and God working together will succeed in cleansing your heart of every wicked thing that Satan has smuggled into it; then by God's grace it will be pure, and even as a pure fountain cannot send forth a muddy stream, so "out of the heart" that is cleansed from sin will flow words that are a "savor of life unto life."

M. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending November 3

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

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

October 28.	Luke 23, 24: Accused, scourged, crucified; the resurrection.
October 29.	John 1 to 3: Jesus' baptism; water made wine.
October 30.	John 4 to 6: The woman of Samaria; miracles.
October 31.	John 7 to 9: Jesus teaches in the temple; blind man healed.
November 1.	John 10, 11: The Good Shepherd; Lazarus raised.
November 2.	John 12, 13: Entry into Jerusalem; the last supper.
November 3.	John 14, 15: Words of comfort; the True Vine.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for October 25.

Junior Assignment

- October 28. John 10: The Good Shepherd.
- October 29. John 11: Lazarus raised to life.
- October 30. John 12: Jesus anointed.
- October 31. John 13: The last supper.
- November 1. John 14: Jesus comforts his disciples.
- November 2. John 15: The True Vine.
- November 3. John 16: Parting words.

A Gift of Love

A thin-faced, eager-eyed lad stepped into a florist's shop, and bought a bouquet of roses. The boy's shoes were badly worn; his clothes were old and patched. The clerk noted his shabby appearance, and as he was about to leave the store, asked, curiously, "What are you going to do with a bunch of roses like that?"

"Dere fur me little brudder, sir. He's sick, an' he loves flowers." He was gone in a moment, leaving the clerk staring after him wonderingly. A half hour later, in a dreary, desolate attic, a tired and lonely little invalid went wild with delight at sight of the lovely roses. They seemed to brighten the gloom like sunshine, and their sweet perfume floated out and filled the whole room.

I suppose some people would think that the lad was extravagant. "He ought to have saved his money for clothes, instead of wasting it for unnecessary things," they might say. But that little act of unselfishness was doubly blessed. It cheered and comforted the heart of a little sufferer, and at the same time it put something fine and noble into the character of the boy who made the sacrifice. Gifts to even one of the least of his little ones, are gifts given to Jesus. And the greater the sacrifice, the more blessed the gift.

Who was it in this week's Bible reading who made a costly offering to the Master? Who criticized her for extravagance? Do you think the precious ointment was wasted? No, nothing is ever wasted that is given to Christ. Jesus carried the memory of Mary's unselfish act of love with him as he went to the cross; and it comforted him and was like a gleam of light in the darkness.

I read of a little lame girl who heard one morning in church of the great needy mission field. She longed with all her heart to give something, but she had no money, for she was very poor. All at once she thought of her crutches, her most precious possession; so when the collection plate was passed, she placed them upon it, with the help of the usher who seemed to understand what she wished to do. Her gift, though small in itself, was so blessed by God that it became worth several hundred dollars; for when people saw her sacrifice, their hearts were touched, and they, too, brought their gifts to Jesus.

You see, it is not so much the value of the gifts we bring that counts, as it is the sacrifice it costs us. Our Saviour honors and blesses the deeds prompted by a loving, unselfish heart. What do you think Jesus considers the choicest and best gift that we can bring to him? Yes, it is the gift of ourselves. Let us first give him our hearts, and then other gifts are sure to follow.

ELLA IDEN.

The Sabbath School

V — Which Power Should We Obey?

(November 3)

MEMORY VERSE: "We ought to obey God rather than men." Acts 5: 29.

Questions

- 1. What regard will the believer have for God's holy law? Ps. 119: 97.

- 2. Of what is the Sabbath commandment a part? Ex. 20: 8-11.
- 3. What does God say he will not do? Ps. 89: 34.
- 4. How long does the Lord say his Sabbath should be kept? Ex. 31: 16, 17.
- 5. How enduring did Jesus say the law is? Matt. 5: 18.
- 6. What did he say of those who keep the commandments? What of those who break them? Verse 19. Note 1.
- 7. What has Satan always tried to do? Note 2.
- 8. What evil power will be revealed before Jesus comes? 2 Thess. 2: 3.
- 9. What is this power to do? Verse 4.
- 10. How is the same power described by the prophet Daniel? Dan. 7: 25. Note 3.
- 11. Which of the commandments relates to God's time? Which has the Papacy tried to change? Note 4.
- 12. What does the Saviour say of those who keep the commandments of men? Matt. 15: 9.
- 13. Whom does the apostle say we should obey? Acts 5: 29.
- 14. Which of the commandments will be the great test in the time of the end? Note 5.

Notes

1. From this it is evident that Jesus had no thought of changing the ten commandments. "One of these commands the observance of the seventh day as the Sabbath. But the practice of most Christians is different; they keep the first day of the week instead, many of them believing that Christ changed the Sabbath. But, from his own words, we see that he came for no such purpose. The responsibility for this change must therefore be looked for elsewhere."—*Bible Readings*, p. 440.

2. "From the very beginning of the great controversy in heaven, it has been Satan's purpose to overthrow the law of God. It was to accomplish this that he entered upon his rebellion against the Creator; and though he was cast out of heaven, he has continued the same warfare upon the earth. To deceive men, and thus lead them to transgress God's law, is the object which he has steadfastly pursued. Whether this be accomplished by casting aside the law altogether, or by rejecting one of its precepts, the result will be ultimately the same. He that offends 'in one point,' manifests contempt for the whole law; his influence and example are on the side of transgression; he becomes 'guilty of all.'"—*The Great Controversy*, p. 582.

3. The Papacy has fulfilled this prophecy by doing exactly the work which is here described. The names given to Christ in the Bible are, in Catholic books, given to the Pope. The Pope is called the "shepherd," the "husbandman," "another God on earth," and "King of kings and Lord of lords."

The Papacy has persecuted, and worn out the saints of God by fire, sword, and every form of death that evil men could invent. Many millions of men, women, and children have thus laid down their lives for Jesus' sake. The Papacy has also thought to change the law of God, but it could only "think" to do this, for the commandments cannot really be changed.

4. In Catholic catechisms this question is asked, "Question.—How prove you that the church hath power to command feasts and holy days?"

"Answer.—By the very act of changing the Sabbath into Sunday, which Protestants allow of."—*Abridgment of Christian Doctrine*, p. 58.

"Ques.—Have you any other way of proving that the church has power to institute festivals of precept?"

"Ans.—Had she not such power, . . . she could not have substituted the observance of Sunday, the first day of the week, for the observance of Saturday, the seventh day, a change for which there is no Scriptural authority."—*A Doctrinal Catechism*, Rev. Stephen Keenan, p. 174.

"Ques.—Which is the Sabbath day?"

"Ans.—Saturday is the Sabbath day."

"Ques.—Why do we observe Sunday instead of Saturday?"

"Ans.—We observe Sunday instead of Saturday because the Catholic Church, in the Council of Laodicea (A. D. 336), transferred the solemnity from Saturday to Sunday."—*The Convert's Catechism of Catholic Doctrine*, third edition, 1913, p. 50.

5. "The Sabbath will be the great test of loyalty; for it is the point of truth especially controverted. When the final test shall be brought to bear upon men, then the line of distinction will be drawn between those who serve God and those who serve him not. While the observance of the false sabbath in compliance with the law of the state, contrary to the fourth commandment, will be an avowal of allegiance to a power that is in opposition to God, the keeping of the true Sabbath, in obedience to God's law, is an evidence of loyalty to the Creator."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 605.

"LET not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of him."

ECONOMY is the poor man's mint.—Tupper.

The Youth's Instructor

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ARE you in love with Jesus? Do you talk about him, think about him, and read about him until your chief topic of conversation is Jesus? If so, you have an anchor that will keep you from temptation and keep you in the hour of trial.

HE who would reach life's best in the intellectual, industrial, or spiritual world must ever seek to improve himself. He cannot afford to allow any one of the following excuses to find a place in thought or act: "I was born that way," "I haven't time," "I'm too sleepy," "I don't have the chance." These are all traitors, robbers, enemies, to the realization of one's highest good.

YEARS ago Mr. George C. Boldt, late manager of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, was having overflow pipes placed in bathroom floors, lest a careless guest should forget to turn off the water in the bath tub. He overheard a laborer saying, "I wonder why there couldn't be an extra overflow in the tub itself." The next day the manager ordered some bathtubs with a specially designed overflow that was so simple that the manufacturer wondered why he himself had not thought of it.

SOME can laugh even while they cry. Neither suffering nor sorrow can quench the laughter of their souls. There are others who can never laugh. They are always crying, bewailing their low estate, even though they have small afflictions. One of the world's laughers was Paul Scarron, the creator of French burlesque. When twenty-seven years of age he was paralyzed by the drug of a charlatan. He rarely moved without screaming, never slept without opium. "My head bending down on my chest, I am pretty much like a Z. I am the epitome of human misery." But his business was to make the world laugh. His dying jest was: "My children, you cannot cry so much for me as I have made you laugh in my time."

College Degrees

THE University of the State of New York last spring conferred on Thomas A. Edison the degree of Doctor of Laws. Frequently we read of colleges having conferred an honorary degree upon some man. The men so honored we observe are men who have gained distinction for some great service to the world. Such degrees are worth while.

The degrees for our versatile Mr. Edison are all of this character. Sometimes young people, and older ones too, get the idea that the college degree is the

only key that opens the door of opportunity. This is not even true in the business world, much less is it true in the religious world. The degree cannot find its way unaided to the human heart. Charity, Christian love, must lead or direct in this search; it therefore supersedes the degree in making one a force in the social and religious world. Get the degree if you can; but do not feel it is the essential. Many things are of greater moment than degrees.

Character, real old-fashioned strict integrity, transcends everything else. Degrees without this stanchness and virility of character are impotent to make the owner a success in any Christian work. Men all about us are doing things. The ability to do is not dependent upon a degree. I know two men, each holding a responsible position. One has no degree, the other holds a Ph. D. degree. But as for real ability to do, to bring acceptable results from service, the degreeless man seems to be ahead of the doctor of philosophy. at least he does not fall behind him.

The knowledge that brings the degree is desirable. It may greatly enlarge one's power of service; but the degree is not a safe means of judging of the capability of a man, or of comparing the qualifications of two men for a given work.

The degree, then, is not the goal; it may not even be an object to be striven for. It certainly is not worthy of being made a basis of snobbery or class distinction.

The world honors deeds more than degrees. It honors power more than paper. A degree may indicate that you yourself are able to do better work than you would have been able to do without the discipline and knowledge that came to you in the pursuit of a degree; but it gives you no basis for judging of the usefulness of another who is not fortunate enough to possess even a bachelor's degree.

Your preparation for service may lie away from the path that leads to a college degree. For you it may come through the experience of home study and practical experience. It is possible for Heaven to weave a stronger, richer garment for you out of these than any college could do from its extended and varied curriculum. The eternally important thing is service.

Autumn

THE sun, a globe of ruddy flame,
Seems floating in a misty sea,
And bathes with mellow, golden light
The brilliant foliage of each tree.

The grapes in purple clusters hang,
The peaches show their cheeks of down;
And strewn among the withered grass
Are ripened pears of russet brown.

The passing breezes waft to me
Delicious odors from the vine,
And autumn in her gala robes
Seems every color to combine.

I look away with wistful gaze
Across the meadows, brown and sear,
Where, shadowed in a purple haze,
The mountains' snowy crests uprear.

"Oh, autumn with your dreamy air,
And harvests rich with luscious fruit,
The memories you bring to me
Are sweet as strains on harp and lute."

—Lottie M. Halvorsen.

If a man is not familiar with the Bible, he has suffered a loss which he had better make all possible haste to correct.—Theodore Roosevelt.

"Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."