

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE SILENT SNOW POSSESSED THE EARTH.— TENNYSON.

From Here and There

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie have subscribed \$250,000 to the Y. M. C. A. war fund.

Members of Congress will urge that the government make land allotments to our soldiers after the war, thus helping them to get a ready start in life after their return from Europe.

Difficulties experienced by aéroplane camera men in making photographs of enemy movements below has brought about the invention of a new device, the pistol camera, which greatly facilitates their work. German airmen originated the pistol camera.

The Institute of France has recently awarded a prize of \$2,000 to each of two Frenchmen having unusually large families, one having fifteen children, the oldest of whom is under eighteen; and the other having sixteen children, ranging in age from thirty-four to eight.

Gaza has fallen to the British in their victorious sweep through Palestine, and now they are closing in on Jerusalem. An important factor in their success has been the work of the Australian Camel Corps. These men, mounted on the torpedo-proof "ships of the desert," have been enabled to cross with ease the sandy stretches that are the greatest obstacles encountered in Palestine.

Dr. H. D. Dakin, an American chemist, has discovered an easy way of disinfecting drinking water. A tablet containing one sixteenth of a grain of halazone will kill every germ in a quart of water without making the water unpalatable. In a dilution ranging from 1-200,000 to 1-500,000, halazone will destroy such water-borne germs as the colon bacillus and the typhoid bacillus and the deadly cholera vibrio.

Camp Funston is the largest army camp in the United States. Its fifty thousand men have been drawn from seven States: Nebraska, South Dakota, Missouri, New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, and Kansas. There are twelve Y. M. C. A. stations at Camp Funston. Here the noncombatants, of whom there are 140 representing ten denominations, are organized into a separate company. Instead of drill these men work on trucks in connection with the Sanitary Department.

Wonderful strides have been made recently in changing the attitude of the government toward the liquor traffic. An amendment has been made to the Post Office Appropriation Bill making "bone-dry" every prohibition State in the Union by forbidding importation into it and transportation therein of intoxicating liquors for beverage use, and by closing the mails to liquor advertising of all kinds in prohibition territory. Twenty-five States are now "bone-dry."

The annual report of the Rockefeller Foundation for 1916 shows, among other items, the following objects to which Mr. Rockefeller has contributed during the year: To the Red Cross (unconditionally), \$5,000,000; to the Y. M. C. A., \$300,000; for medical research (to find out what causes pneumonia, cancer, etc., and how these diseases can be cured), \$951,000; for playgrounds, \$2,000,000; for Dr. Carrel's research work in France (resulting in saving the lives of thousands of suffering men), \$300,000; to the China Medical Board (in a country where physicians are as rare as hen's teeth and thousands die needlessly), \$814,000; for the children of Belgium, \$100,000.

At the same time China turns her back to Germany she throws out a moral challenge to Great Britain. She has closed her doors upon opium, and in this challenges Britain to pass prohibitory law in her colonies that still produce this drug for countries which have not yet prohibited its importation. The United States as well as England would do well to take a lesson from China's bravery and bold morality.

Mrs. Anna Coleman Ladd, a sculptor of Boston, has devised a method of overcoming in part the facial disfigurements suffered by soldiers. She suggests that a soldier whose face has been made unrecognizable by wounds wear a mask fashioned to resemble his original countenance. Her plan, it is said, has received the approval of Maj. V. P. Blair, who is attached to the War Department at Washington.

The man who first thought of putting an eraser on the end of a lead pencil made \$100,000 out of the thought. The man who patented a metal top for bottles made \$54,000 the first year. The man who first conceived the notion of punching a hole in a piece of paper and pasting it on a tag to prevent the string from tearing through also did well.

Vessels now carry hydro-aéropalnes to be used to chase away enemy airships in case of an attack on the water. Enemy planes recently attacked a vessel with bombs, but were driven off by the large hydro-aéropalne which the vessel quickly lowered into the water, and received back on board after it had successfully routed the attacking planes.

Miss Eleanor Hill Weed, of Washington, granddaughter of late Representative Ebenezer Hill of Connecticut, "did her bit" this summer by cultivating, with eleven other girls, the big Vassar College farm of eight hundred acres, doing everything from handling the plow to harvesting the crops.

Mrs. Chalmers Watson, M. D., highest ranking woman officer in the British army, has just been appointed chief controller of the Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps, which gives her command over the thousands of women working behind the fighting lines in France.

Women are knitting everywhere, in street cars, in autos, on railway trains, in parks, in depots, in stores, and in offices,—anywhere and everywhere that there is a waiting or resting period. This is not an impractical nor unseemly convention for peace time as well as war time.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 25, 1917

No. 52

Celebration of the Peruvian Day of Independence

J. M. HOWELL

THE Peruvian day of independence, July 28, is perhaps the greatest feast day known in the republic. Everybody is expected to take part, and the national colors are flying everywhere. Many know nothing of the liberty which the day represents, for they are as truly slaves as ever existed,—slaves to King Alcohol.



PLATERIA MISSION WHERE THE CELEBRATION TOOK PLACE

On every side are proofs of his domination. The celebration that ought to be an honor to the country turns into a drunken revelry, nearly always ending in bloodshed and loss of life. But the Indians that live around the mission station have stopped celebrating in this way, and it is a relief to come from one of these celebrations to the kind we have here at the mission.

As the twenty-eighth of July fell on Sabbath this year, we postponed the feast till Sunday. The evening after the Sabbath the bands from the various districts came to the mission for what is called "the vespers of the feast," consisting of music and bonfires. After these opening exercises the people went into the church, where Brother F. A. Stahl showed many stereopticon pictures, which pleased them as much as they would little children in the States.

Sunday morning we were awakened early by the blowing of trumpets, and in all directions people could be seen hurrying to and fro. At about ten o'clock they began to gather, at first only a few, then in groups, till at noon there were present about twenty-five hundred. Brother C. V. Achenbach came from his district, bringing nearly all his people with him. The Indians marched and played till about two in the afternoon, when the school gave a short program. Rest and luncheon followed. On one side of the school yard women sat selling oranges and bread.

After the intermission the different companies went through various exercises copied after the military drills of the Peruvian army. All the young men were dressed in uniforms of blue and white, and the captains were in full military dress. The guns and swords were made of wood and tin. The drills were performed creditably. At four in the afternoon the visitors began to return home. First we escorted the Esquinas company a short distance on their homeward way, then the Chinchiri and Patillani companies, and last the Cota company.

Early on the morning of the thirtieth Mr. and Mrs. Stahl and Mr. and Mrs. Borrowdale went to the peninsula where Mr. and Mrs. Achenbach are located. There they had a repetition of what had happened the day before in Plateria, with the addition of a balsa race on the thirty-first, in which Brethren Stahl and Borrowdale took part, causing great merriment among the onlooking Indians.

These feasts serve to make us better acquainted with the Indians, and many attend whom we have never before seen. They come because their relatives will be there, and they think they can attend the celebration and return to their homes just as unconcerned about religious things as when they went; but not so, for in all patriotic speeches an effort is made to lift the mind from this world and the perishable to the kingdom that is soon to replace all earthly kingdoms, where there will be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying. Without doubt many will in the judgment day be glad they attended the interesting and helpful celebration of the Peruvian day of independence at the Plateria mission.

The Reward of Adversity

DO not think that because you are called upon to suffer affliction and trouble that your life need necessarily be counted as a failure. Affliction is often the stuff great men are made of. What may seem one's misfortune may prove to be the stepping-stone to some real accomplishment.

As an example of this take, for instance, the life of Milton, the blind poet as he is called, who labored in affliction yet is ranked with the greatest of all poets.



A BAND THAT TOOK PART IN THE CELEBRATION

At the age of forty-three, his biographers tell us, he was in total darkness. To find the key to power and knowledge requires a long apprenticeship. Few men accomplish this before the age of forty. Milton had attained this power only to find the fruits of his labor snatched from him.

It was after this terrible calamity that Milton produced his masterpiece, "Paradise Lost." During the great plague and the London fire he wrote "Paradise Regained." Upon these poems, written in his affliction, more than upon any other of his works, rests the immortal name of Milton.

Nor do we need to go abroad to find examples of achievement in spite of adversity. "It is a significant thing," says the editor of a popular magazine, "that a large proportion of the lives of history have been conceived in suffering and nurtured on disappointment and pain."

We read of Lincoln as the village story-teller. But the real Lincoln is seen only in his pleadings with God for divine guidance in controlling the destinies of this mighty nation. Lincoln has assumed the place which Secretary Seward said he would—along with Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Adams, one of the "benefactors of the country and of the human race."

Luther, a truly great man, in the eyes of the world sacrificed his honor and his fame, but throughout the ages his name has stood for freedom of religious thought and liberty of conscience.

We as young people have, in our hours of disappointment and distress, the consolation that suffering is that out of which true greatness grows. Yielding to our afflictions will destroy us. Conquering them will develop in us a finer spirit and make us better men and women.

The apostle Paul fought the good fight of adversity and he kept the faith. And Paul will be remembered throughout all eternity.

PAUL N. PEARCE.

Accuracy in Quotation

WHY borrow a camera while your own camera may make a better photograph?

When, however, it is clearly evident that one's own idea, form of expression, or authority is inadequate to present the subject in hand, and there can be found an expression that is fully sufficient, it will doubtless be welcomed by those addressed; but the responsibility of accurate quotation is sometimes not fully appreciated.

In presenting a quotation, one should cite the authority and reference, thus preparing the mind to receive the especially important message. There is no such word as "Theysay."

That the force of a quotation may remain unbroken, it must stand on its own footing. If one person must oppose another, let him do it fairly, not by misrepresenting what he has said. Placing a smoked glass before the eye will never cause an eclipse of the sun, no matter how much one might desire to bring about the phenomenon.

Another slip to guard against is that of taking a phrase, clause, sentence, or paragraph out of its proper connection, and constructing a theory into which to make it fit. This might crudely be illustrated by the extreme example of a certain speaker who very much disliked the current fashion of ladies' hairdressing, and accordingly sought sympathy with his notion by taking as his text Matt. 24:17, "Top not come down."

If quotations are written, the punctuation should be exactly transcribed, else one may come as far from the author's thought as the following statement concerning Cæsar is from the intended description: "Cæsar entered upon his head, his helmet upon his feet, armed sandals upon his brows, a cloud in his right hand, a sword in his eye, an angry glare."

The one mistake perhaps most common and beyond doubt the most disastrous is that of misquotation, which is largely due to carelessness. What human intellect could number all the accidents that have occurred because of added or omitted words in quoting what 'some one said'? For an example of this type

of mistake let us look back to that fatal temptation in the Garden of Eden, and determine the real cause of the yielding. In Eve's reply to the beguiling serpent's suggestion, she meant to answer by giving the words of the divine command; but she added, "neither shall ye touch it," and substituted "lest ye die" for "thou shalt surely die." The overstatement and insufficient certainty gave occasion for a root thought of doubt which resulted in the precipitate step that doomed our world.

God's displeasure at such indefiniteness is so great that he has said concerning his message to man, "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues. . . . If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life." Rev. 22:18, 19. Mindful of God's jealous attitude regarding his Word, shall we not use carefully all borrowed expressions, thus doing much to overcome the habit of inaccurate quotation?

ZIBAH M. BEAMAN.

The Lights

FROM my car window I saw a bright light. At first I wondered whether it was a luminous star low down, or whether it was an electric light high up. But soon I noticed that we had left that light behind us and I could no longer see it. Then I knew that it was no star, but one of the city lights.

So do earthly lights and hopes go out or stay behind while we pass on; but it is not so with the heavenly lights, for they accompany us all the way. From the same window, I saw a faint twinkling star high up in the sky. It was not so bright as the earthly light, but when we had traveled miles onward, I could still see that faithful light.

The lights of the car made it difficult to see anything outside on account of the reflection on the windowpane of the things within, unless I interposed myself between the lights and the darkness outside. Then through the dark I always saw the little star.

So, I thought, earthly lights are like everything else earthly,—aspirations, pleasures, successes. Sometimes they look brighter than the heavenly; but they do not go ahead of us. Things which we can see, fashion, and handle, look more tangible than the things of simple faith, but as the heavenly light does not leave us, so faith will be a light that will accompany us on our pathway to the end of our pilgrimage. I bowed my head and prayed: "O Lord, teach me to set true values on the lights before my eyes, and to look up higher than the lights of earth, and to love the light of faith, so that when the attractions of the world are so bright as to make mirrors of my soul-windows; and I see material things in wrong perspective, I may think to look for the star of faith."

On reaching home I beheld from my window the same faint star in the sky, and I thought: It will be thus with life. When toil is over and I stand before the open grave, the star of my faith will shine just beyond and I shall say with perfect peace, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." IDA M. EGGLESTON.

INTELLECTUALLY, the difficulties of unbelief are as great as those of belief; while, morally, the argument is wholly on the side of belief.—Arnold.



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best;
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



Christmas in Norway

H. J. HALVORSEN

ALL was excitement in the house. Nobody seemed to know just what to do. The mother was still sitting at the table reading the letter over for the third time. Sophia ran out to meet her sister who was returning from work.

"O sister," she cried, "guess! Guess what is going to happen in about two weeks!"

"Guess what is going to happen?"

"Yes, something really good; we got a letter from Chris today telling us that he and Ben were in London and would be home in about two weeks. They have just come in from Constantinople and will leave London as soon as they can unload the boat and get it reloaded."

"Good! just in time for Christmas. What can we do to make things interesting? You know this is the first time they have been home at Christmas for a long time. Sailors must stay away from home so much."

"That is true," replied Sophia; "but then they see a great deal of the world, places that we only study about."

"I know what will be lots of fun. Let's play Yule Buke; many of the people won't know the boys."

Yule Buke is after the order of our Halloween celebration. The boys and girls dress up so they cannot be recognized, and then go visiting. The plan is to go from house to house and not make themselves known until they have received something to eat. This custom, however, has really passed away in Norway.

"We must begin at once to get things ready, Sofie. There is no time to lose."

The next week was a busy one for all. There was the house to clean and decorate, and the baking to look after. Of course the cookies would be baked first. The literal translation of the Christmas cookies is "poor man's baking;" but if you were to taste them, you would exclaim, "Fit for a king to eat!" The longer they lie the better they get. Pie is not on the menu in Norway. Raisin bread and cake that are to be bought at the bakery must be ordered early.

The national Christmas dish consists of rice cooked in milk and served Christmas Eve. When it is dished up, a large piece of butter is placed in the center of each dish of rice.

One of the chief dishes for the Norwegian Christmas dinner is steak made of the ribs of hogs. If that cannot be obtained, mutton or beef is used. People who are in poorer circumstances use a special kind of fish prepared in a special way for the occasion.

Nothing is known in Norway about Santa Claus. The parents and friends place presents on the Christmas tree, and at the right time the children go and get them.

"Merry Christmas, Chris," called Sophia up the stairs. "Look at the fine snow, it will make our coasting much better."

Coming down, Chris asked, "Can all of you go out this forenoon for some fun?"

"No, we girls must help get dinner this morning. Chris, what did you have last year for Christmas dinner?"

"Nothing like a Norwegian dinner I can tell you. I was in Brazil putting on a load of sugar at the time."

"Two years ago, at Christmas time, I was in New York in America," said Ben. "They do not know how to celebrate Christmas. The next day after Christmas everybody went to work as usual."

"What, work Christmas week?" was heard from every one.

"Yes, the Americans do. They seem to be too busy to spend more than one day celebrating. Instead of business stopping for the rest of the week it goes right on through the holiday season."

"Well, we are in Norway this year," replied Chris, "and shall have the whole week in which to visit, skate, coast, and do whatever we feel like doing."

In Norway, work stops at Christmas, not to be started again until after New Year's Day. Even the stores are closed for several days after Christmas. The week is spent in visiting neighbors and friends and in general merrymaking. When people go visiting, Norwegian hospitality requires that they have something to eat before they leave. Of course only a light lunch is provided.

For the young people, Christmas in Norway, as elsewhere, is a jolly time. All the boys that have been out at sea are at home. Everybody, so to speak, is either on the ice skating, or else out coasting down the big hills which are so numerous. Many exciting contests are held on the hills.

Notes on Christmas

We were once fined for keeping Christmas. Yes, in America! In 1659 the General Court of Massachusetts enacted that "anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting, or any other way, any such day as Christmas Day shall pay for every such offense five shillings." This law held and was enforced for twenty-two years, and even when it was finally repealed in 1681 the Puritans grew bitter and for years never recognized the day.

Nobody knows when Christ was born, of course, and December 25 is simply an arbitrary date. The day has been variously fixed and celebrated on April 20, May 20, March 29, September 29, and quite generally on January 6.

The Christmas tree was born in Egypt. There the tree used was the palm; and the ceremony was in full force long before the days of Anthony and Cleopatra. The palm puts forth a fresh shoot every month, and Old-Year parties were given with a palm spray,

with twelve shoots, symbolizing the completion of another year. The custom passed into Italy, where the fir tree was employed for the purposes of celebration; and its pyramidal tips were decorated with burning candles, in honor of Saturn. This festival, the 'Saturnalia,' was observed at the winter solstice, ranging from the seventeenth to the twenty-first of December. Then came the 'Sigillaria,' days for interchanging presents of figures in wax, like those on the Christmas tree; and, finally, the 'Juvenalia,' when men became 'boys with boys,' matrons turned children once again, and young and old indulged in the solemn romps with which the festival closed, and which used to mark our own old-fashioned festivities at Christmastime. Then the Christmas tree passed into Germany, but there still may be seen the pyramids which sometimes are substituted for the tree."

"Santa Claus is buried in Italy—that is, the man from whom we got Santa Claus. He was St. Nicholas—an archbishop of Myra, in Lycia, who passed away on Dec. 6, 342. He was supposed to be a holy personage of unusual attributes, with an especial love for children. In Russia, December 6 is a church day; in France it is the grand fête day of children; in many provinces of Germany it is celebrated as a preliminary to Christmas; in the Netherlands it is the real day for gifts, with December 25 as a church day; in South Austria it takes the place of our Christmas Day. Nicholas was abbreviated to 'Klaas' by the Dutch, and from this our 'Claus' is easily apparent. At Bari, on the southeastern coast of Italy, the bones of St. Nicholas are interred, and on every December 6, thousands of pilgrims visit the tomb and great ceremonies are held."—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

"The Night After Christmas"

'Tis the night after Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse;
While a dear childish treble, in sweet lullaby
As soft and as low as the wind's whispered sigh
When it swings the bough-cradles where new birdlings
 peep,
Is starting to sing her dear dolly to sleep.

'Tis the night after Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse;
For who dares to stir when she bids us be still?
"I's afraid 'oo will waken my baby, 'oo will!
You, muver and favur, go sit over 'air
By 'at fire—and be dood—in 'at big old chair!
And don't 'oo dare whisper—and don't 'oo dare peep
 'Til my 'ittle baby is goed fast asleep!"

Then she sings and she rocks in her little red chair,
And the shadows steal over us all sitting there,
Till only the flickering fire lights the room
As she sings to her dolly a soft baby croon
On the night after Christmas, when all through the
 house
Not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse!

"Jesus loves 'oo—is I know,"
Sweetly she's singing so soft and so low,
Till her own baby head nods in slumber's soft touch
While her doll to her breast in a firm little clutch
She holds; then asleep in her little new chair
We watch her and love her—our babykin there!

So the night after Christmas is dear to us, too,
As the night after Christmas is, no doubt, to you;
When the fun is all over, the frolicking done,
The shadows creep out at the set of the sun,
And baby still rocking her dolly to sleep;
How still—and how sacred; God-given and sweet!

—William L. Stidger, in *Christian Observer.*

Shall We Patronize the Moving Picture Show?

IT would seem that this question need not be asked of any one who is a reader of our good paper, but lest we are not all clean, I have made a few extracts from an article which lately appeared in a leading magazine, from the pen of "one of the world's great scientists," a professor of psychology in Harvard University. He says:

"We have today more than twenty thousand moving picture theaters in the United States, and every year three billion people pay their nickels and dimes at the entrance gates, . . . and every day about two million children sit for hours in the dark hall and gaze at the pictures thrown upon the screen."

"The plays poison the innocent mind and carry the germs of vice into honest homes. Every year hundreds of photo-plays are brought to the market which depict the sins of the senses and unveil the degradations of love. . . . Their unclean and suggestive influence work havoc in the adolescent."

Speaking of the harm done by the exhibitions of crime, he says:

"One is fascinated by its romantic surface, by its boldness, its cleverness, and from here it is only a step to the impulse to imitate the transgressor. It has been claimed that more than two thirds of the juvenile criminals in certain large cities have been found victims of the moving picture shows. . . . Perhaps the worst feature is the utter triviality and cheapness of most photoplays. The cultural level on which they move is that of the gossiper. . . . All the regrettable features of the lower type of newspapers are repeated



THE TEMPTING SHOP WINDOWS YIELD NOTHING TO THOUSANDS OF WISTFUL CHILDREN THIS CHRISTMASTIDE

here in exaggerated form. The mind easily becomes accustomed to such an atmosphere of vulgarity and triviality, just as a man becomes adjusted to poor air. Too many evils in the life of the community result from a certain flabbiness of the intellect and indifference of the heart."

After mentioning many other harmful influences, he continues:

"But it is still more true that the oft-repeated contact with trash gives the stamp of mediocrity. Just as the hearing of slang ruins the senses for the purer shades of language, so the seeing of silly, stupid photo-plays destroys the sense for the finer and deeper shades of existence." Again: "The rapid flight of the pictures accustoms the mind to haste and superficiality, . . . and one acquires the habit of mental haste and carelessness. Instead of the fine discipline of the soul, which ought to be the noblest product of the years of education, a trend toward low, shiftless thinking and acting must result."

Another writer in the same magazine says:

"For its own protection society ought to prohibit the display of scenes in public places, open to all people and patronized mainly by the young, which would not be tolerated on the street or in the home." "The most serious problem in American life today relates to the matter of suggestion of vicious conduct. Everything possible is being done in the schools to shield the young from such suggestion, and turn their thoughts from lewdness and sensuality, . . . but the moving picture show can in one evening fill the mind of a boy with visual imagery which will last for weeks, and undo the work of the school."

Both writers are very hopeful for the future of the moving picture show, and see great possibilities for good in utilizing it for educational purposes, but we who so well know the future and the trend of the times may still beware.

Still another writer in another magazine speaks of the plays as "rubbish," as "reeking bloody stuff, false to life, trashy romance, and cheap excitement, without intellectuality and without mentality," and says, "We don't want them. We are sick of these plays, weary of their mechanical construction of the conventional villain, hero, and heroine." He speaks of the public's being dosed with twaddle and sentimental falsity, and concludes with these words: "You cannot feed half the population of a nation, year after year, on such stuff as movies are made of, and expect it will have no effect upon its tastes and character."

In the articles from which these quotations are taken, no reference is made to the subject from the religious viewpoint. It is treated only from the ethical, the social, and the moral as contrasted with the really immoral, and if so many counts can be made against these shows by men of the world, what shall we say who know and are teaching and carrying to the world the grand old story of the cross,—we who are looking for the speedy closing of the great drama which has for six thousand years engaged the attention of "men and angels," the great consummation of the plan of salvation?

We are a spectacle or theater to those sinless beings of unfallen worlds, and the curtain is soon to fall. Almost the last acts are now passing in the courts of heaven and upon earth, and every individual is an actor. Every moment is precious. Angels are hurrying to and fro to assist those who are trying to make the needed preparations, and the Holy Spirit is visiting hearts everywhere. There are calls from all over the

world: "Come over . . . and help us." Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to God, and the isles are waiting for his law. Just a few more precious moments and then will go forth the final decision, "He that is righteous, let him be righteous still. . . . And, behold, I come quickly."

If the man of the world sees a waste of time in attending these shows, how shall we who know the shortness of time and the great work to be done, regard it? If he sees only the mental, the social, and the moral side, how shall we regard it who expect soon to be ushered into the presence of Jehovah and all the sinless beings of heaven, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing? If the cheapness, the vulgarity bordering on the obscene, is painful to him, what must it be to our guardian angel who is supposed to accompany us all the way? to our Saviour? and to that Holy Guest who is our teacher and guide? And more, if our ear is attuned to the music of heaven, how can we be pleased with the ragtime that is played to attract the passers-by?

Methinks our Saviour would be ashamed of us if when our name is called up yonder our angel should have to answer, "He is at the moving picture theater," and I greatly fear the name would be instantly blotted out.

But some may argue that one needs a little mental relaxation. Who that has tasted of the powers of the world to come; who that has drunk deeply at the wells of salvation, and knows the baptism of the Holy Spirit, can be pleased to witness the vulgar display of morbid sentiment? The portrayal of crime would be torture to him rather than pleasure. He may have loved those things once, but now he hates them. Instead, his mind is filled with the thoughts of God and of the sublime imagery of his Holy Book as compared with the tawdry finery of the stage and the tinsel and silly decoration of lewdness. The pen pictures of Isaiah, of David, of John the revelator, and of the other writers of Inspiration, and the beautiful, the pure, sweet language from the Spirit of prophecy of our own inspired writer who now sleeps in Jesus, spoil earthly shows for him. He can almost speak the language of Canaan, and in the singing and making melody in his heart to the Lord he finds sweeter rest and relaxation. He hears the blessed invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He goes, and finds the rest he needs.

MRS. E. M. PEEBLES.

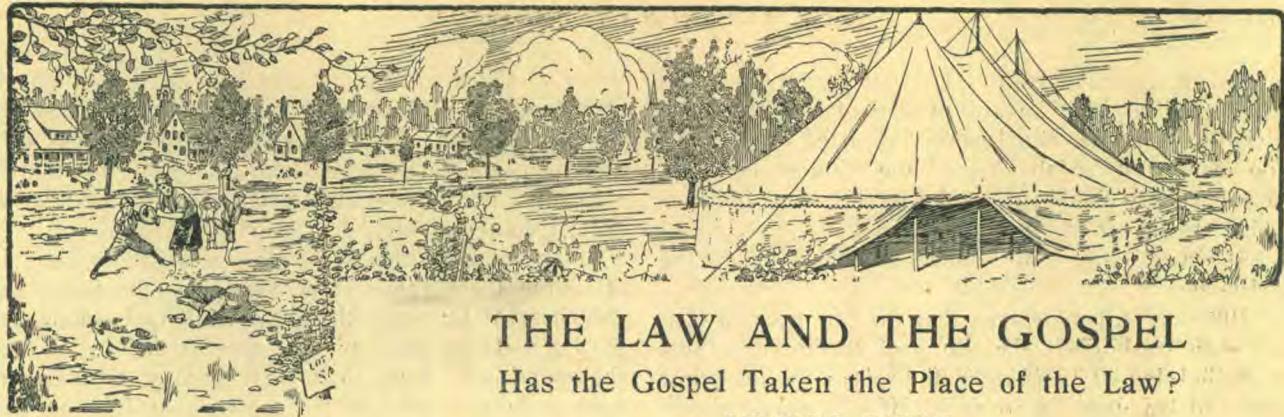
Perseverance

"The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces."
Prov. 30:28.

THERE is a little weaver,
One who is exceeding wise.
Her hands are small and clever
And successful where she plies.
Her foes are always active,
And armed with brush and broom,
Are guarding all the entrances
To keep her from the room.
But she is quite determined
Not to leave her work undone;
So, shrewdly in the palaces
Of kings her lace is spun.

If we a life are weaving,
We must be as wise as she;
We must forge ahead, and so
Outwit our bitterest enemy.
We must be intensely earnest!
Time is ever on the wing.
We must put our bit of lace work
In the palace of the King.

FLORENCE WELTY MERRELL.



THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL

Has the Gospel Taken the Place of the Law?

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

DONALD HUNTER was ready with his notebook to take down the passages when the meeting in the tent began on Tuesday night. Elder Harris had announced that he would speak that evening on the proper relation of the law of God to the gospel of Christ. This was a question upon which Donald had heard based many arguments against the Sabbath, and he wanted every text, so that at home he might carefully study the subject for himself. The tent was again crowded. The people seemed to feel that an understanding of this subject was vital in establishing the truth or falsity of Brother Harris's position on the Sabbath question. The minister said:

"In order to do away with the obligation to observe the seventh day, the theory is advanced that the gospel has taken the place of the law, and therefore no Christian is under obligation to observe it. This theory teaches that the old dispensation was a dispensation of law, and continued to the death of Christ; but that the present dispensation is a dispensation of grace in which we have nothing to do with law, and hence all Christians are free from the law."

"Now the truth of this subject is made so clear by the Bible that no one need remain in error concerning it. The law of God is that part of his divine revelation which was spoken by God himself to men in the thunders of Sinai (Deut. 4:12, 13), and written with his own finger on two tables of stone. Ex. 31:18; Deut. 4:13.

"The gospel is defined in Romans 1:16. It is the power of God to save men. This salvation is from sin. Matt. 1:21. It is evident therefore that the gospel has been made necessary because of sin. If there had been no sin, there would have been no need for a gospel. But sin came, and this made necessary a gospel to save from sin."

"But what is sin?—'Sin is the transgression of the law.' 1 John 3:4. This is God's definition of sin."

"Now let us put these things together. The gospel is the power of God to save men from sin. Sin is the transgression of the law. Law, then, existed first, for there could have been no sin had there been no law to transgress. Transgression brought sin into the world. Sin made the gospel necessary."

"It is plain from this that the gospel was introduced to save men from transgressing the law; and to use the gospel, as some now do, as an excuse to transgress the law is a total perversion of its real purpose."

"If the law is now abolished, as some teach, then there is no need at all for the gospel. For if the law is abolished, it follows that sin also is abolished, for it is impossible to sin without the law, as 'sin is the transgression of the law.' Notice how clearly Paul puts this in Romans 4:15 and 5:13. Where there is no law there can be no sin. Hence if the law is abolished we are both without sin and without law."

"But something else follows from this. The gospel is for the purpose of taking away sin. But by the abolishing of the law, sin has already been taken away, and thus the gospel is not needed, for the very purpose of the gospel is secured by abolishing the law, as this also abolishes sin. Hence the gospel, too, is abolished by this teaching of the abolition of the law."

"It becomes evident at once that this dangerous teaching of the abolition of God's law destroys itself. It abolishes altogether too much, for it does away not only with the law, but also with sin, with the gospel, with the church, with the gospel ministry, and with the great sacrifice of Christ on Calvary, for that sacrifice was offered to take away sin. No person who loves Christ, who loves the gospel, who loves the church, ought ever to be found teaching such a God-dishonoring doctrine as the abolition of the law, a doctrine which today is so popular."

"The law does not save men. That is done by the gospel. No one can get salvation out of the law. By doing what the law requires he cannot secure salvation. Rom. 3:20. The law condemns the sinner to die. Rom. 7:10. It cannot save him. It is not the purpose of the law to give salvation. That is the purpose of the gospel."

"And when we come to the gospel, and are saved by it and our transgressions are forgiven, then the condemnation of the law, the condemnation to death, passes away. Then it becomes true that 'ye are not under the law, but under grace.' Rom. 6:14.

"This does not mean, as many seem to think, that we are free to break the law. Not at all. The man who breaks the law is not under grace, but under the law. It is the man who is under grace who keeps the law, and he remains under grace only so long as he keeps the law. When he breaks the law he is no longer under grace, but goes back under the law. Let me illustrate this:

"A man commits murder. He is arrested, tried, and convicted. He is sentenced to life imprisonment, and taken away to jail. He is now under the law. But why?—Because he has broken it. Why are you not put in that same jail with him? Why are you free from the law and out of prison?—Because you are keeping the law. The law has no terrors for those who obey it. The murderer is under the law because he has broken it. It is clear, then, that those who have broken the law are under the law, and those who are free from the law are those who are keeping the law."

"But because of good behavior, after serving ten years of his sentence, the governor pardons this murderer. When he walks out of the prison he is no longer under the law, but under grace, the grace of the governor. He is now in the same position as the sinner whose sin Christ has forgiven. Does this mean, how-

ever, that the murderer, who is now free from the law, can go out and break the law? Does being under grace mean that he has a license to transgress the law? Can he now go out and kill another man because he is no longer under the law but under grace?

"It will be, I am sure, plain to all that the murderer will remain under grace only so long as he keeps the law. If he should again transgress the law, if he should kill another man, then he would be under the law again, and would go back to jail.

"Just so is the case of the Christian. The pardoning of our sins does not afford us a license to commit additional sins. It frees us from the condemnation of the law and puts us under grace, but we remain under grace only so long as we keep the law. When we break the law, when we break any of its ten commandments, the Sabbath commandment or any other, then we are back under the law again, and no longer under grace.

"Therefore those who keep the Sabbath are not under the law, but rather those who break the Sabbath.

"That we thus establish the law by faith in Christ is made plain in Romans 3:21.

"The purpose of the law is not, as I have said, to save men, but to point out their sin, and thus to reveal to them their need of a Saviour from sin. The law is a great sin detector. It points out sin, but it cannot remove it. But what law is it which points out sin, and to transgress which is sin? It is the ten-commandment law. This will be seen by reading Romans 7:7. The law which reveals sin is the one which says, 'Thou shalt not covet.' This is the law of ten commandments, the same law which contains the Sabbath commandment.

"Now the purpose of the gospel is to take away what the law points out. Hence the law and the gospel must go together, and can never be separated. Both are needed. This will be seen by reading James 1:22-25.

"Here the law is likened to a looking-glass, a mirror. When the laboring man comes home from work he looks into the mirror to see the condition of his face. The looking-glass reveals to him the fact that his face is soiled. It will not lie, it tells the exact truth. It points out to the man his need of cleansing."

Here every one became especially interested, as Brother Harris brought out a basin of water, a piece of soap, a towel, and a mirror. He was about to give an object lesson of the teaching of the Bible. He said:

"Now what this looking-glass does for the man is like what the law of God does for the sinner. It points out sin. This soap and water represent the gospel, that which takes away sin.

"The man who looks into the looking-glass would not think of taking it from its hook, and rubbing it over his face to cleanse his face." Here Brother Harris illustrated by rubbing the looking-glass over his face, which caused his listeners to smile. "That is not the purpose of the looking-glass, and neither can it do that work. The man should apply the soap and water [here the speaker plunged his hands into the water, lathered them well with the soap, washed them, and dried them with the towel, to the great interest of all] and cleanse his face and hands, when the glass has revealed their soiled condition, just as we go to Christ and wash away our sins in his blood when they are pointed out by the law.

"And now," said the preacher, "what would you think of a man who, after seeing in a glass his need of cleansing, would take a hammer [then taking a

hammer, the speaker struck the looking-glass a blow which shivered it to pieces, startling his big audience into the most intense attention] and break the glass to pieces, saying, 'You are abolished'? This would not help his face, would it? Neither can a sinner get rid of his sins by saying that the law is abolished.

"The duty, then, of every person who learns that the seventh day is the Sabbath is not to claim that the law is abolished, but to confess his past transgressions of this commandment, and go to Christ for grace to keep the Sabbath in the future. When the law points out our sin, let us not try to get right by abolishing the law, for that we can never do, but get right by accepting Christ's grace and bringing our lives into harmony with his law, and thus fulfil its requirements."

When they arrived at home that night, Mr. Hunter said to his wife: "I always thought that subject of the law and the gospel was a most complicated and intricate subject, hard to be understood, and I never hoped to be able to understand it so clearly as this sermon has caused me to. Why, it is as clear as the sun at noon; so clear that a child can comprehend. Certainly Brother Harris has a most wonderful understanding of the Scriptures to make them so plain to his hearers. This subject clears up many things which have perplexed me, and I am profoundly thankful I heard it."

Donald was glad, too, that he had heard it, for he felt now that no one would ever be able to confuse him about the relation of the law to the gospel. He would never forget that illustration of the looking-glass and the soap and water.

The Heavenly Merchantman

THE efforts of the earthly merchant are all put forth to secure his own interests. If he contemplates making a purchase, he must needs see the goods; he must test them, try them, prove them; and if they are not satisfactory, he does not buy.

Not so with the heavenly Merchantman. His interest, his efforts are all for the good of his purchase. It matters not that the purchase is in itself worthless. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." There is no need for us to be concerned over the purchase; we are already bought and paid for. But now comes the testing, the proving, that it may be known whether the Buyer can use us in that living temple which he builds, or whether he must reject us as useless.

Again, the value of earthly merchandise is not at all affected by the price paid for it. An enormous price may be paid for a worthless article; that does not add any value to it. Not so with the heavenly Merchantman. Mankind was worthless. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught," says the Lord to us; and thereby we proclaimed our own worthlessness. But the Lord says again, "I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir."

All are of equal value in his sight, from the beggar in the gutter to the king on his throne, because all were "bought with a price." "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ."

And so all men are of great value in his sight, not because of any worth in themselves, but because of the incalculable price paid. So greatly does he value them that he prayed, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am."

ELIZA ROSE

Nature and Science

Seagoing Lumber Rafts

THE raft has been used for centuries for carrying various cargoes. It carried Egyptian cotton on the Nile; it is in service on the Kongo River in Africa and the Ganges in India; but the raft which is its own cargo is that composed of logs—a method of water transportation that originated in Nova Scotia a half century ago.

Tree trunks cut from Nova Scotia forests were moved on wooden rollers to one of the harbors, where the logs were piled in layers and bound together with twisted wire rope. The raft was to be taken to a lumber mill on New York Harbor, where the logs were to be cut into timber for building purposes. To haul the raft while on the sea, one end of a heavy wire rope was fastened to its bow, the other was secured to the rear deck of a steam tugboat. It started on its ocean journey, but never reached its destination, for a gale of wind sprang up, the towing rope parted, and the raft drifted out to sea. Later, some of the logs were washed ashore on the Norwegian Coast.

In the Northwest the transportation of lumber in rafts is very extensive. They are of enormous dimensions, in shape closely resembling a cigar, having its greatest diameter at the middle and tapering to a point at both ends. While these rafts are of varying sizes, the smallest usually contain at least five thousand pieces of timber ranging from eighty to one hundred and ten feet in length and from two feet to nearly five feet in diameter at the butt.

Consequently, some of the rafts made in this peculiar fashion are nearly as long as the largest transatlantic liners, measuring no less than six hundred and fifty feet from end to end. So compactly are the poles arranged, however, that the greatest diameter is not over sixty feet; but, as our picture shows, the great weight of the wood forces a raft down in the water until the highest portion is rarely over ten feet above the surface.

To bind together the logs on the raft so that it will withstand the force of the seas to which it is exposed in the trip down the coast from the Columbia River or Puget Sound to San Francisco and the southern California coast, is a difficult problem. As the cigar shape offers less resistance than any other to the force of the waves, this has been adopted.

In order to pile the timber into this form, a huge skeleton, or shipway, as it is called, is constructed. This is practically a cradle, moored in the water adjacent to the boom where the logs are confined.

By means of a boom derrick the tree trunks are lifted from the boom one by one, and placed in the cradle so as to overlap each other, the plan followed being somewhat similar to that used in laying a brick wall, the end of each log coming opposite the center of the one adjacent to it, although to a novice the raft looks as if it were made up of timber thrown in without any order. After completion the raft is wrapped with iron chains lashed around it at intervals ranging from twelve to twenty feet apart. The chains are composed of one and one-half inch links, and after the chains have been stretched taut by a hand or steam windlass the ends are clamped together by little steel wheels. To prevent the chains from slipping, iron staples are driven through the links into the outside poles. In addition to the chains, however, side lines, as they are called, consisting of wire ropes, are stretched around the raft between the chain sections, so that, when the wrapping is completed, the mass of logs is bound together very securely.

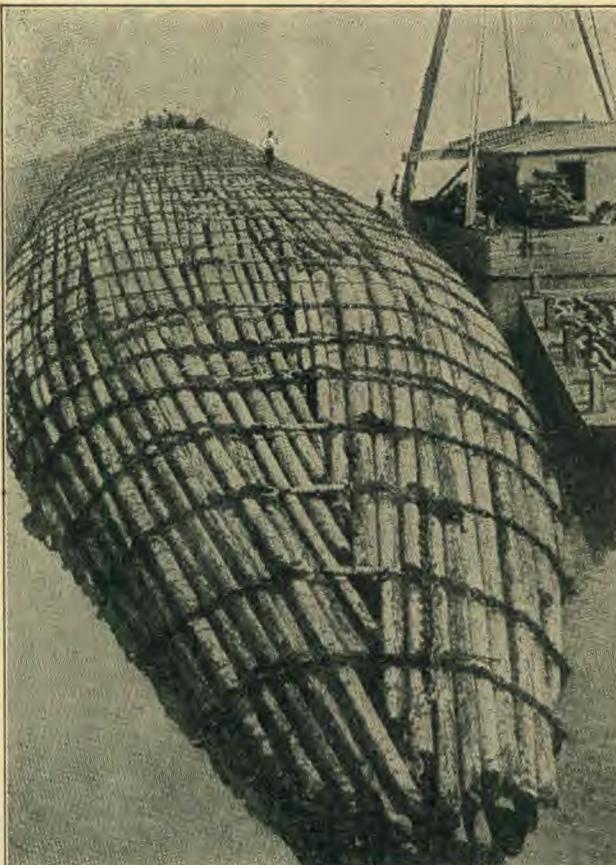
When the wrapping is finished, the raft is ready for launching. The cradle in which it has been formed consists of two sections held together at the bottom by bolts. To each bolt is attached a rope, and when the raft is ready to be floated, it is necessary only to pull on these ropes. The bolts then slip back in their sockets, the two sections of the cradle fall apart, and this curious sea craft is ready to be towed away by tugboats.

In building the raft two two-inch chains are stretched lengthwise from end to end through the center. One of these is bolted to a sort of bulkhead at one end, consisting of a band of iron which is fitted around the projecting ends of the outer pieces.

The other chain, called the towing chain, is connected at the forward end with the towing hawser, and secured inside the raft by lateral chains which extend also from side to side, being fastened to those which encircle the raft. In this way the towing strain is well distributed and is not borne merely by the bow end.

To move this unwieldy bulk, two powerful steamers are usually employed at sea, one for pulling directly ahead, and the other to aid in keeping the raft in the right course, especially in rough weather. But a comparatively small portion of the surface is exposed to the seas; otherwise it would be impossible to transport the timber in this form. The depth in the water allows only a very slow rate of speed to be maintained. The average time required between the Columbia River and San Francisco is from ten to fifteen days, according to the weather, although the distance is only about seven hundred fifty miles.

The Columbia River rafts are put together at a



A LUMBER RAFT READY FOR A VOYAGE

town called Stella, which is located in the lumber country about forty miles from the mouth of the river. These rafts are the largest which have yet been transported down the coast.

While many of these rafts have been safely taken to their destinations, some have had their fastenings torn away by the force of the waves. Where such accidents have occurred, the scattered logs have spread over the ocean for a distance of many miles, and have formed a very serious danger to vessels.—*Day Allen Willey.*

Insignia of Our Soldiers

THE service uniform of the United States Army is a cap with brown, falling visor, a coat and breeches of olive-drab cloth, and brown leggings of either leather or canvas. So far the uniforms of officers and men are very similar, although only officers should wear the leathern leggings. The first difference, says the Boston *Transcript*, is to be seen on the front of the cap, where the officer wears the escutcheon of the United States, and the enlisted man, the insignia of his branch of the service—crossed rifles for infantry, crossed cannon for artillery, and crossed sabers for cavalry. On the coat collar an officer wears the bronze letters "U. S." and a device of the crossed arms of his branch of the service. The enlisted man wears on one end of his collar a round disk that bears the weapons, the letter, and the number of his unit; on the other end of the collar he wears another disk with the letters "U. S."

The field uniform consists of the campaign hat and cord, the olive-drab shirt, and the remainder the same as the service uniform. The hat is the same for officers and men, but the officers below the grade of general wear a hat cord of black and gold, while the enlisted men wear a wool cord of the color peculiar to the branch of the service: blue for infantry, red for artillery, yellow for cavalry, orange for signal troops, and maroon for medical and hospital service.

A general wears five-pointed stars in number according to his grade—one star for a brigadier general and two stars for a major general. For the field and line officers the insignia on the collar and shoulder straps are as follows: colonel, a silver spread eagle; lieutenant colonel, a silver leaf; major, a gold leaf of the same design; captain, two silver bars; first lieutenant, one silver bar; chaplain, besides the insignia of line rank, usually that of captain, a Latin cross of silver.

The insignia of the enlisted men who have gained noncommissioned rank are in the form of chevrons on each sleeve: the regimental sergeant major has three inverted V-shaped bars with three arc bars below the open side of the chevron; the battalion sergeant major has three chevrons with two arc bars; the regimental supply sergeant has two straight bars below the chevrons, with two for the battalion and one for the company sergeant on that duty.

In the company, the first sergeant has three chevrons with a diamond-shaped figure in the included angle below; all duty sergeants, three chevrons; corporals, two chevrons; and lance corporals, one chevron. A color sergeant has a five-pointed star in the included angle of the chevron; a sergeant of the commissary service has a crescent below his chevrons; a chief trumpeter has one arc below the three chevrons, with the form of a bugle inclosed; the drum major has three chevrons with crossed batons in the inclosed angle.

Duty men wear appropriate devices. The cook wears a cook's cap on his sleeves; a first-class gunner, a projectile, point up with a bar below; a horseshoer, a horseshoe; a mechanic and artificer, two crossed hammers; a mechanic-farrier, a horse's head; a mechanic-saddler, a saddler's skinning knife.—*Youth's Companion.*

Israel Putnam and His Namesake

ISRAEL PUTNAM, familiarly known as "Old Put," was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1718. Many stories are told of his great courage and presence of mind. His descent into the wolf's den, shooting the animal by the light of her own glaring eyes, showed his love of bold adventure. His noble generosity was displayed in the rescue of a comrade scout at Crown Point, at the imminent peril of his life. He came out of one encounter with fourteen bullet holes in his blanket. At Fort Edward, when all others fled, he alone fought back the fire from a magazine in which were stored three hundred barrels of gunpowder, protected by only a thin partition. "His face, his hands, and almost his whole body were blistered; and in removing the mittens from his hands, the skin was torn off with them." In 1758, a party of Indians took him prisoner, bound him to a stake, and made ready to torture him with fire. The flames were already scorching his limbs, and death seemed certain, when a French officer burst through the crowd and saved his life. The British offered him money and the rank of major general if he would desert the American cause; but he could neither be daunted by toil and danger, nor bribed by gold and honors.

One of General Putnam's descendants, Israel Putnam, fifth, eager to uphold the record of his illustrious ancestor, is now an active member of the United States Marines, awaiting orders for service in France. Young Putnam says: "I chose the marines because they see much active service. My family has become identified with American history by taking part in all wars since the Revolution. I hope to do my full share in the present war, and am willing to give my services as a private and earn promotion as I merit it."—*Selected.*

A BUSINESS girl should dress plainly and neatly. "Gladys was a stenographer. She had an adaptable disposition, an unruffled temper. But she persisted in wearing earrings, white-topped shoes, gowns of astounding combinations of color, and in powdering her nose like a doughnut. The consequence was that her chief never thought of giving her any more responsibility or of increasing her salary, for the simple and sufficient reason that he was not able to think of anything, when he looked at her, except what an amazing-looking young person she was."

READING the Bible enables me to express my ideas in the fewest words. The Bible teaches men the best and surest road to business success, and also the way to eternal life.—*Daniel Webster.*

STOCKINGS with very bad "runs" need not be thrown away. Use a crochet hook to catch up the dropped stitches.

Will You Observe the Morning Watch During 1918?

Our Lord's Prayer Life

If the hill back of Nazareth could give forth its secret, if the lake of Galilee could tell what it witnessed, if the desert places round about Jerusalem could tell their story, if the Mount of Olives could speak out and tell us what transpired there, they would all tell us, more than anything else, of the prayer life of our Lord. They would reveal its intensity, its unselfishness, its constancy, its godly fear that made it irresistible.—*John R. Mott.*

Will You?

I believe we ought to utilize the Morning Watch in our entire denominational work. First, I should like to see our ministry adopt it, and we discipline ourselves to its regular and systematic observance as a part of our Christian experience.—*I. H. Evans.*

Why I Keep It

The Morning Watch faithfully kept, and conscientiously applied to the individual circumstances of every one, will do much toward bringing success in this life, as well as preparing one for a place in the kingdom of God. The Lord says: "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Prov. 8:17. This promise is for the one who seeks the Lord early in the day as well as early in life. Let us keep the Morning Watch.—*Frank H. Mills.*

Why We Accomplish Little

The first hour is the best, and hence belongs to the Master, if we would keep the first commandment. We do much, but accomplish little, because we start out alone, with the devil's pet lie in our hearts, "I haven't time to spend in study, meditation, and prayer this morning; later today I'll have more time."—*S. A. Oberg.*

How I Observe It

When retiring for the night, I open my Bible to the Morning Watch verse for the next day, think of it until lost in sleep, and in the morning my eye catches the verse the first thing, as the Bible is open.—*Alta Carr.*

How the Calendar Helps

One of the greatest needs of our young people is prayer and the study of God's Word. We realize that there is a necessity for some aid to study, meditation, and prayer which will help our youth to adhere to this custom day by day. This need is filled by our Morning Watch Calendar. Thousands of young people are learning the value of the Morning Watch, and to the faithful observance of it hundreds have attributed their growth in Christian life.—*W. L. Hyatt.*

Give the Calendar to Others

"Every day I read the Morning Watch Calendar you sent me. The print in my Bible is small, and I do not often use more than the New Testament, but have to get the Bible out to find all the texts." This lady also writes that a friend who is a public school teacher said she would like one. These people live in Massachusetts, and make no profession of religion, but the Calendars have set them to reading their Bibles.—*Jennie R. Bates.*

In Several Languages

The Morning Watch Calendar is now printed in the English, Spanish, German, Finnish, Japanese, Korean, Chinese, Danish-Norwegian, and Portuguese languages. Its circulation in the English language alone has grown from 6,000 to 60,000.



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Every Junior Missionary Volunteer
Every pupil in your church school
Every pupil in your Sabbath school
Every member of your church
Every Seventh-day Adventist boy in army camps
Every isolated Sabbath keeper
Every member of every Seventh-day Adventist home
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Children's Page

Helen's Happy Christmas

ALMA HILL

IT was early in November when Helen began to look forward to Christmas with an intense expectancy. If she had been older I am sure she would have counted the days and weeks many times. As it was she contented herself with fascinating mind pictures.

Father came in one evening, and taking his little daughter on his knee, began telling her stories in a homely way. Finally he said, "Now, Helen, I want you to tell papa a story; tell me what you have been doing this livelong day."

"O papa!" she joyously exclaimed, "I have had the nicest time! I have been just p'tending Santie had come and brought me lots and lots of fings. You know, papa, a dolly, and clothes, and some playfings like Ruth's, and oh! all those other fings I'm going to get if I'm a good girl."

"That's right, daughter, I like to hear you add the last; you know there are many ways of being a good girl. I want you to tell papa how you acted when Ruth was over to see you yesterday."

Helen was astonished at this request, but although she was only three years old, she knew when papa and mamma spoke she must obey.

"Oh, papa, Ruth was a naughty girl! Why, she wanted all my playfings. Why—why—she wanted to play with my dollies and I was 'fraid she would break them. Papa, you don't like broke dollies, do you?"

"No, dear, I do not like broken babies, and I do like to see you careful of your things. I want to know, did you let Ruth play with the things she wanted?"

Helen's bright, baby-blue eyes looked straight into his as she proudly admitted, "'Course I didn't; she'd break them."

The manner of her entertaining was much as Mr. Jenks anticipated. He was a man of sterling character and a gracious host. He was also a very conscientious father, and this seemed an opportune time to instil into the mind of his only daughter the gracious qualities of hospitality that are as much to be admired in chil-

dren as in older persons. Having a plan already in mind, he asked her about Christmas.

Delighted, she clapped her hands and breathlessly exclaimed, "Nice big dolly, great big Christmas tree, with lots of shiny fings on it."

The father watched her bright face as he asked, "Do you know what Christmas is going to bring the little children on the next street?"

"Why, daddy, they don't want anything, do they?"

"O yes, dear, they want pretty things just as much as Helen does, but Christmas does not always come to poor children. I wonder how my little girl would like to ask those children in Christmas morning and give them some of her playthings."

"Papa! give them for all the time?"

"Yes, just think how lovely that would be! And they would be your very own company. Mamma and I might help if you needed us, but you would try to see how well you could make them enjoy their visit."

"Papa, but—"

"Would you like to do that, Helen?"

"Yes, I fink so."

Accordingly extra preparations for Christmas were soon under way. It was not long before Helen caught the spirit, and her little feet were busy running errands here and there.

Finally Christmas came. Such a beautiful, bright, cold, snowy day! The hearts of the children concerned in this festivity were as cheerful as the outside world.

At nine o'clock the little hostess met her guests at the door, and greeted them with as warm a welcome as any one could desire.

The visitors went into ecstasy over the gorgeous tree, the first they had ever seen. They were satisfied without gifts, and their cup of joy ran over when each received a beautiful box full of good things.

When all the gifts had been distributed, the rest of the morning was spent in delightful games. Papa and mamma enjoyed the childish games as much as any one.

Helen enjoyed every moment. The dear child had caught the true spirit of Christmas, "It is far better to give than to receive."



CHRISTMAS MORNING



A Vacation Lesson

GIRLS, have any of you seen my trunk strap?"

"Marian, where is your roommate?"

"Look at the handsome bag my brother sent me!"

"And I'll make the nine-eighteen from there—"

The halls of Miss Ammersley's school were filled with such scraps of conversation and exclamations as these. In every room there was a cheerful riot of packing and preparation for leaving. The girls were exuberantly happy as only girls can be who leave the next day for their Christmas vacation.

In one pretty room at the end of the corridor were two girls working as busily and chatting as gayly as the rest. But now and then a thought would intrude in a moment of silence; and a half-puzzled, half-anxious look would pass over Lorraine Hill's face.

"Mary," she said to her roommate, after one of these silences, "I almost think I'll change my mind about going home with you for vacation. Somehow I think I ought to go home to mother."

Mary's flushed little face came up from the depths of her trunk with a jerk.

"Not go! Well, Lorraine Hill, I guess you *will* go!" She was at Lorraine's side in an instant, her pretty pleading eyes looking into Lorraine's graver dark ones.

"Why, think how we have counted on it all this time! And you know that you won't have one bit of fun at home, all alone in your great big house!"

"But doesn't it seem selfish, my leaving mother there? You know I *want* to go with you, Mary dear; but—"

"Then go! Your mother said you could, and if she had wanted you very much, she would have told you. O Lora, do go!"

Lorraine swept her away with a laugh.

"All right, you little buzzing bee. I suppose you are right. You'd better rush to your packing, and let me do mine, or we won't either of us go."

Lorraine and Mary were among the cheeriest the next morning as they drove away for the station; and if there were any little twinges of conscience, Lorraine tried to stifle them, and evidently succeeded remarkably.

The two girls plunged into a whirl of shopping in the two days left before Christmas. As Lorraine mailed her mother's beautiful gift she thought again of the loneliness of her home and contrasted it with the gay rush of pleasure which she was enjoying with the assistance of Mary's two stalwart brothers and bevy of friends.

"I do hope," she thought, "that mother went to Aunt Rose's for Christmas. She told me to come here if I wanted to, and that it would be even quieter for me at home than ever this year if I came. Dear mother! She is good to me."

It was still, however, with the little guilty feeling that she dressed that night for the festivities in her special honor.

"You look like a dream, Lora, in that pretty, simple gown," Mary sang out as she stopped for one last look. "We must go down now; I heard somebody come."

The evening was delightful; the exhilaration of the holiday season was in the air, and nothing marred the pleasure of it until, over the ices, Lorraine was speaking casually to an old friend of her mother's.

"And how is your mother, Lorraine?" he asked.

"Quite well, Mr. Moran, I think, though mother never says much about herself in her letters," replied Lorraine brightly.

"She recovered from her operation all right, then?" He looked at her keenly.

Lorraine gasped and turned white. "What do you mean? What operation? What—?"

"Here, sit down and drink this orangeade. Do you mean to tell me that you didn't *know* that your mother is ill?"

"Of course not—she never told me a word. O—that's what she meant when she said it would be very quiet, but she'd love to see me. O *mother!*"

With effort she composed herself in a moment, and said, "Please find out about that midnight special. I must go at once."

She went to her room and began packing hastily. Three quarters of an hour! Could she ever make it?

Mary and her mother came up as soon as Mr. Moran had told them. Mary's blue eyes filled with big tears, and she spoke through her sobs.

"It's all my fault, Lora dearest. You would have gone if it hadn't been for me. I'm so sorry!"

"Never mind, dear. It's my own fault, for being so selfish as to leave my mother alone all this time."

Hasty good-bys, a silent rush in a taxicab over the gleaming streets, quick boarding of the train, and she was off, with ample time for reflection in the three hours ahead. She thought of her mother's never-failing kindness and patience; of her constant consultation of Lorraine's wishes; of her unselfish devotion; and of her quiet giving up of her daughter's company when ill and lonely.

"Oh! how could I! Just wait till I get home—if I won't make it up to her! If—" But she could not voice the terrible thought even to herself.

At last, her home city! And then only a few moments until the taxicab stopped in front of her own home. Yes, there was a light in her mother's room, and on the second floor.

She never stopped to hear the exclamations of the old housekeeper, but bounded on upstairs. She stopped with a quick contraction of the heart at the sight of the white-capped nurse in the hall.

"I'm Lorraine. Tell me—" She could go no farther.

"I'm surely glad you are here, Miss Hill. You are just what she needs. Why, child, don't cry now! She is out of all danger." Lorraine went on in, with a glad thankfulness.

"I knew my girl wouldn't forget me," whispered the pale lips. "I did want you so, daughter, but I didn't wish to be selfish."

"*You* selfish! Dearest mother, I am the selfish one. Can you forgive me? Mother, I have come to stay till you are well; and then you are going with me."

Lorraine must have learned her lesson, for one of her teachers just told me that she had never seen greater devotion to a mother than Lorraine showed.

GERALDINE YOUNG.

THERE is no evil which we cannot face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded.—*Alexander Maclaren.*

"THE Lord wants us to remember his goodness and mercy so intensely that we shall forget our own troubles."

Missionary Volunteer Department

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To Our Junior Boys and Girls

FOR fear you might wonder what has become of our Junior Bible Year assignments and articles, we are hastening to tell you that from now on the INSTRUCTOR will not be printing these, as the end of the 1917 assignments has been reached, and it seems best to discontinue giving them in the paper.

But listen! For boys and girls who expect to take the Bible Year in 1918, there is a neat little folder prepared to place in your Bible telling just what chapters you are to read on each of the 365 days of the new year. Secure this at once from your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, so that you can commence your Bible reading on January 1.

We trust there were hundreds of Juniors who completed the Bible Year in 1917.

Why Observe the Morning Watch

THE Morning Watch does much to develop a life of reality. It brings a person face to face with himself, and leads him to realize and appreciate more constantly the real meaning of Jesus Christ to him. It will do much to correct his habits, his attitude, his relationships, because it reminds him in a very personal way, day by day, that if the Master is Lord of all, he has the mastership of his life.

Now with reference to the *time* and *manner* of devotional Bible study. Let it be a regular time, a Median and Persian hour that changeth not. It should be a daily time, "when man in the bush with God may meet," because each day is big with opportunities, as well as temptation and pitfalls; therefore we should fortify our lives spiritually each day. Naturally the question arises, When? Let it be the choicest time of the day. At night we are usually tired or occupied with the daily occurrences. In the middle of the day it is impossible to avoid interruptions. But the first hour or half hour of the day seems to be the best.

In the morning the mind is less occupied; and as a rule, is clearer and the memory more retentive. But forget these reasons if you choose. The whole argument for the Morning Watch may be summed up thus: It equips a person for the day's fight with self and sin and Satan; the young person who observes it does not wait until noon before buckling on the armor; he does not wait until he has given way to temper, to unkind words, or unworthy thoughts, or to easily besetting sin, and then have his Bible study and prayer. He enters the day *forewarned* and *forearmed*.

John Quincy Adams noted in his journal, in connection with his custom of studying the Bible each morning, "It seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day." Lord Cairns, one of the busiest men in Great Britain, devoted the first hour and a half of every day to Bible study and secret prayer. Wesley, for the last forty years of his life, rose every morning at four o'clock and devoted from one to two hours to devotional Bible study and prayer. Greater than all, we have it on the best of evidence that Christ rose a

great while before it was day to commune with God.

What he found necessary or even desirable, can we do without? Spirituality costs. Shall we pay the price?

C. L. BENSON.

The Sabbath School

I — The Story of Creation

(January 5, 1918)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 1:1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Gen. 1:1.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 44-51; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 17-25.

"His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises."

Questions

1. Whence came all things? Gen. 1:1. Note 1.
2. How were all things created? Ps. 33:6-9.
3. How can we understand the work of creation? Heb. 11:3. What misunderstanding have those who do not have this faith? Note 2.
4. Why were all things created? Rev. 4:11.
5. What do the works of God declare to all people? Ps. 19:1-3.
6. How much time was used in the work of creation? Ex. 20:11.

First Day

7. How did the earth appear in the beginning? Gen. 1:2.
8. How was light made? What names were given to the light and to the darkness? Verses 3-5.

Second Day

9. Describe the work of the second day. Verses 6-8. Note 3.

Third Day

10. How was the dry land made to appear? What names were given to the dry land and to the waters? Verses 9, 10.
11. What did God place as a barrier over which the sea could not pass? Jer. 5:22.
12. What was the earth made to bring forth? Gen. 1:11, 12. Note 4.

Fourth Day

13. Why were lights placed in the firmament? What was the greater and lesser lights each to rule? Upon what day were these lights made? Verses 14-19.
14. For what creative power in our lives should we daily pray? Ps. 51:10.

Can You Tell

Why we have day and night?
Why we have four seasons in the year?
What measures off the year?

Draw an ellipse representing the path in which the earth travels around the sun. Then show what makes day and night, the seasons, and the year.

Notes

1. The first question of this lesson has at one time or another been upon the lips of every intelligent person. "What? How? Why?" are the three questions which man is always asking of nature. We have the true answers in simplest form in the book of Genesis. The title "Genesis" means origin, birth, beginning.

2. Many believe that millions of years were required in creation, each "day" of Genesis 1 meaning a long period of time. But the Bible declares that the six days of creation week, like every other day since time began, consisted of evening and morning. God's "works were finished from the foundation of the world" (Heb. 4:3), so it did not take ages of evolution to finish what God made in the beginning.

3. "When light shone upon the deep, the waters on the surface became heated, and turned to vapor. These clouds of vapor hung close down over the earth. Air was created. It is heavier than vapor, and it pushed the vapor up above the earth to a place where the air and vapor are of equal weight,—where they balance. One of Job's friends asked him, 'Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?' " Job 37:16.—"Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, p. 20.

4. "The God of heaven is constantly at work. It is by his power that vegetation is caused to flourish, that every leaf appears, and every flower blooms. Every drop of rain or flake of snow, every spire of grass, every leaf and flower and shrub, testifies of God. These little things so common around us, teach the lesson that nothing is beneath the notice of the infinite God, nothing is too small for his attention."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VIII, p. 260.

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Morning Watch Studies

THROUGHOUT the past year Miss Erickson has furnished a most helpful and readable series of studies on the texts found in the Morning Watch Calendar, as an aid in helping one get the most possible good out of the early morning period of worship. These articles have offered spiritual help of an unusual character. The Missionary Volunteer Department, however, feels that, since the Morning Watch has become so widely established, and there is such a press of work in the general office, the studies must be discontinued.

Many will miss these helps, but it is hoped that their discontinuance may lead the young people to rely more upon their own personal study of the Word.

Plagiarism

I WANT you to see the dear little poem of mine in our school paper; I have called it "—," said a young girl to a friend.

And that evening the friend was horrified to find that "the dear little poem" was one that had appeared in a popular magazine some weeks previous, the young woman having merely added a few lines to the author's work, signed her own name, and passed the poem to the editor as her own production.

Some months ago a teacher sent the editor of the INSTRUCTOR a composition that had been passed in to her by a young woman as an original exercise in her school work. This teacher thought the contribution was worthy of a place in the paper, and it was, for it had appeared in the INSTRUCTOR only a short time previous, having been selected from the *Youth's Companion*. The student who had given it to her teacher as an original exercise in English had copied it almost verbatim.

Another person recently sent in as his own missionary experience an incident related by the veteran missionary of the New Hebrides as having taken place many years ago in his work among the cannibals of the Pacific Islands.

Some one sent to the INSTRUCTOR a poem purporting to be her own, that had been written by another and printed in the *Review* over the real author's name.

Thus it goes. On every hand there are similar evidences of dishonesty. It is just as wrong to appropriate to oneself credit for productions written by another as to steal a horse. One who boldly signs his name to another's article, and allows it to appear in print as his own, is a thief of the darkest hue.

Taking another's knowledge and parading it as one's own, is a despicable thing to do. The student who copies at examination time is dishonest; but plagiarism is a meaner kind of thievery, if there are degrees of dishonesty.

Why do people do it? It is a crime punishable by law. It is as much of a disgrace, to say nothing of the sin, as to break into a neighbor's house and steal his goods.

All who profess common decency, much less Christianity, should eschew all forms of dishonesty. Let us be true and pure in all we do, that the Lord may claim us as his own, and that we may not grieve him again by playing a Judas part in life.

"Midnight, Christians!"

WHEN Henri Regnault, the brilliant young painter, left his easel to fight and die for his country in the Franco-Prussian War, France lost one of her most promising artists and one of her most lovable sons. The beautiful nature of the young patriot, and the grim surroundings in which he met his death, are revealed in a little incident of the war told in *Lectures pour Tous*.

One cold, snowy night—it was Christmas eve—Regnault was stationed with the outposts on the banks of the Seine. The men lay, two or three yards apart, in ditches, exchanging shots with the Prussians on the opposite shore.

The night advanced, cold and gloomy. The falling snow hushed all sounds save the occasional rattle of the German muskets, and the replies from the French guns. Suddenly a church bell in the near-by village of Suresnes began to toll the hour; then in the distance another began to ring, and another.

The hollow, cheerless voice of some soldier spoke from one of the ditches: "Midnight! It's Christmas! Ah, what a Christmas!"

But in the thought of the day that was being rung in, Regnault forgot all the horrors of the war, his surroundings, and the guns of the Germans. He remembered only that it was Christmas. Leaping from his shelter to the breastworks before him, he faced the enemy. Indifferent to the bullets that sped past him, he began to sing the Christmas song of Adolphe Adam:

"Midnight, Christians,
It is the solemn hour."

With his full clear voice, he sang, and defied the guns of the enemy. His song told that, in spite of hatred, in spite of violence, in spite of death, there was still love and beauty on this earth, and that as long as that one man's heart beat, it would beat for all that was lovable and beautiful, for art, for family, for country, and for mankind.

When he ended his song, Regnault was surprised to find that the firing had ceased. A great silence reigned over both shores of the river. His comrades had stopped fighting to listen to him, and so had the enemy.

Then from across the river a voice broke the stillness. A German soldier was singing a Christmas hymn of his land. The French listened as silently and as attentively as their enemies had listened to Regnault. When the song finally died away, there was complete silence for a few minutes. Then the popping of guns began again. The Franco-Prussian War, that Regnault and the spirit of Christmas had interrupted for a moment, was resumed.—*Youth's Companion*.