

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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BEAR PIT, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

From Here and There

Betsy Ross made one flag, and got fame; Mrs. Fowler restored 173 flags at the Naval Academy, and got \$30,000.

In order to hasten the Government's aircraft program, authority has been given to commandeer spruce in the Northwest wherever it may be found.

A bone-dry bill was passed by the Kentucky house of representatives on February 27. The bill will become a law as soon as it reaches the governor.

In the North American Division, more persons have embraced the gospel message for this time during the past year than during the twenty-three years previous.

The queen of dairy cows, Duchess Skylark Ormsby of Minnesota, is dead. The Duchess produced in a year 27,761 pounds of milk and 1,205 pounds of butter.

Rehabilitation of the Spanish railroad system is planned by the United States, to make possible the shipment of large quantities of supplies from Spain to General Pershing's forces in France.

The fire department of Verdun, France, is said to be the busiest fire department in the world, Verdun having been swept with fire and iron for three years is continually catching fire and continually being put out by this indefatigable corps of men.

Spiritualism is said to be taking a fast hold upon death-stricken England. "People are flocking to Spiritualistic séances as they did to the churches at the beginning of the war; and Sir Oliver Lodge's book, 'Raymond,' is more popular in England than the Bible."

A loan of approximately 2,000,000 yen gold has been closed with the Japanese Mitsui Company by the Chinese government, the proceeds from which will be used in the construction of wireless stations in Shanghai, Chifu, and elsewhere, according to the best information.

Three million new pennies every day—that's Uncle Sam's response to the war-made demand for the humble cent. To meet the emergency, Director of the Mint Raymond Baker ordered the Denver branch of our coin factory to turn out nothing but pennies. The San Francisco and Philadelphia mints are busy on pennies and other small coins. Altogether, the daily output of one-cent pieces is close to 3,000,000.

A new nation has been born. **Ukrainia**, or the People's Republic of the Ukraine, which came into existence by a treaty with the Central Powers at Brest Litvosk, comprises some 30,000,000 inhabitants and an area larger than France or Germany. The western boundary, as defined by the treaty, gives the new nation a considerable slice of Polish territory, but the other boundaries are as yet not definitely determined.

The most famous rat catcher in Paris was Dick the Rat, who had the contract for rat-cleaning the Paris sewers. Harry Jennings, an American, learned the trade from him; and a gentleman named Heitler learned it from Mr. Jennings. When Mr. Heitler died, his daughter Gertrude decided to go on with the business. The boats that dock at New York are now rat-cleaned by a corps of men under Miss Heitler's direction, and Miss Heitler sells the rats to hospital clinics. She's the only woman rat catcher.

The long-distance record for knitting trench caps is claimed by Mrs. Atwood Topliff of Pasadena. Beginning the day after the great war started in 1914, Mrs. Topliff has knitted an average of one woolen cap a day; and long since passed the 1,000 mark. The woolen yarn alone used by her has cost more than \$500.

Brig.-Gen. Peyton C. Marsh has been appointed Chief of Staff of the United States Army, to succeed Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, who will probably remain abroad as representative of the United States on the Inter-Allied War Council. General Marsh has been chief of artillery under General Pershing in France.

It is proposed to erect a monument on the island of Islay to the memory of the men who lost their lives, through the sinking, by a submarine, of the "Tuscania," a transport carrying American troops to Europe. The monument will consist of a huge granite column inscribed with the names of the victims.

To the Colporteur

I ALWAYS feel like lifting my hat to the solicitor of good books, as they are doing more good than I ever hope to do.—*Dr. T. De Witt Talmage.*

THERE is no calling nor occupation more honorable.—*Spurgeon.*

THE greatest public benefactor is the man who sells good books. The bookseller's vocation is as high as any in the business world.—*Gladstone.*

SHOW me the man who reads good books, and I will show you the man who moves the world.—*Napoleon.*

WHEN I was a boy my mother was very poor, but she was never too poor to buy her boy a good book, and to this more than anything else I owe my success in life.—*Henry Clay.*

A DOLLAR in the head is worth five in the pocket, and you might say fifty on the back, because that in the pocket will get out, that on the back will wear out, but that in the head will grow sharper by constant use.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Fellowship

I ASK not to be understood;
I only ask to understand;—
In any clime, in any land,
To grasp each friend or fellow by the hand,
And look into his eyes and say,
"I understand."

I understand because I know
The heartaches, and the joys of living too;
I may have stood myself just where you stand.
Can I transform you with diviner wand than sympathy,
And tell you of some peace I may have found,
Not asking to be understood,
Only to understand?

—*Jessamine G. Childs, in Christian Herald.*

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A Typical Roman Catholic Feast in Quito, Ecuador

THE church of San Blas, one of the leading urban parishes, is decked out with candles, bouquets, and palms, arranged in fantastic forms on ceiling, walls, and altars.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon two young men wearing red *rochets* appear at the church door, calling the people to the ceremony. When the bell sounds for six, two deacons and three priests come out from the sacristy, richly dressed and wearing miters such as used to be worn by the Jewish high priest. They perform the usual genuflections and offer incense according to the Roman ritual, and then sit down in some large chairs and begin to drone the Gregorian chants which are sung at Christmas time in Catholic churches the world over.

Hundreds of wax tapers glitter in the church, while from the great steeple sputter and flash fifty giant light fuses. The great crowd of praying, singing, and shouting Indians and the blanketed musicians rend the air with their noises. During the lulls one can barely hear the voice of the priests who are chanting sentences in Latin, or the response of the choir, these last being accompanied by the orchestra after the manner of the ancient Chaldeans, Greeks, and Romans in their tragedies. By oft-repeated kneeling and bowings the worshipers seek to show their affection for an oil-painted image which occupies a rectangular frame at the side of the room. This is the Virgin of the Nativity.

The worshipers recite prayers to Mary with sobs and devout sighs. While the chanting continues in the church a wild, drunken multitude forms at the doors with flutes, drums, and other native instruments. To the accompaniment of this music they sing all sorts of native picnic and Indian songs. The "brotherhood stewards" set off rockets, bombs, fire wheels, Roman candles, whizzers, and fire mountains, which throw fire about in confusion, burning the clothing of the spectators. At the door of the church lies the body of an Indian saturated with alcohol. He was killed by falling from a high altar that he was dressing up for the feast. There he lies abandoned, and no one seems to pay any attention to him.

The arrival of bonfire wood is indicated by the arrival of twelve young llamas, richly caparisoned with red "bandana" handkerchiefs and flying pennants. They are led by as many Indian girls, who also carry large jars of *chicha* (a native beer) and demijohns of rum. Ahead of these llamas go three groups of dancing *yumbos* (masked Indians), rustic backwoodsmen dressed in their Sunday best. They dance to the music of the fife and the discordant tom-tom, in imitation of the Incas, Caribs, and Aztecs. They make a specialty of dancing and pirouetting at the church door before the praying priest, who thus receives their homage.

The drunkenness now reaches its height, and the five bonfires are lighted. These are distributed about the square, which is filled with people. Four policemen guard each fire. The *yumbos* keep up a ceaseless dancing and yelling to the monotony of the tom-tom. The general racket and public drinking continue till far into the night, when some retire to the near-by drink shops, others go home, and the more drunken ones lie stretched out in the open streets.

Early the following morning begins an endless flow of brotherhoods and Indian worshipers. Everybody admires the arrangement of the church and the ornamentation of the Virgin of the Nativity.

A number of wooden statues clad in dressing gowns and having tin wings arrive about nine o'clock. They are "angels" who have come to the procession. They are carried on litters by specially selected Indians. They are placed in two rows under arches of evergreens and lanterns, among these latter being one with the inscription, "Lunch, Coffee, and Beefsteak at all hours." The "angels" are followed by a crowding multitude of brotherhoods with long, thick wax candles for the procession. Some enter to hear the mass, while others remain in the court, firing rockets and firecrackers and sending up paper balloons. The wind music and the drinking go merrily on. It is the hour of the mass. The three priests, the deacons,



IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN MARY AS CARRIED IN PUBLIC PROCESSIONS ON FEAST DAYS

the acolytes, and the sacristans appear near the altar, dressed according to regulations. When the mass begins, the uproar increases. The mass continues with all the pomp and ceremony of the Roman ritual. Here and there through the press are to be seen white persons who, with prayer book and rosary in hand, join in the general confusion. The whole thing reminds one of so many talking machines turned loose at once.

The hour for the "preaching" of the "gospel" arrives. The priest mounts the pulpit called "the chair of the Holy Spirit," and with great oratorical freedom pronounces the panegyric. He extols the imaginary virtues of the Nativity of Mary. He presents her as the coredeemer, savior, mediator, and advocate of her devotees, especially of the brotherhoods and their families, who are spending the savings of a year in this feast.

Is it possible that these priests of the Roman Catholic apostolic religion are ignorant of the teachings of St. Peter, of whom they affirm that the popes are the legitimate and infallible successors? When Peter in the name of Jesus healed the man who was born lame, Annas, the chief priest, and all those of the lineage of the high priest, laid hands on him and cast him into prison. The following day, when they insinuated to him that he should neither teach nor speak in the name of Jesus, he replied: "This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head

of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts 4: 11, 12. O Romanists, why do you teach the people doctrines that are contrary to the Sacred Scriptures? Why do you seek to hide the sublime truth that we can be justified and saved only by faith in Jesus Christ? that Christ alone is our Redeemer and Saviour, his being the only name whereby we must be saved? Why do you set up other saviors, mediators, and advocates, assuring the people that they are able to save us?

All during the mass the stewards are distributing little cards and bouquets of artificial flowers, crowding in among the young women especially, and interrupting all in the most ridiculous manner. Once the mass is ended, the "Indian king" starts out. He wears a mask, and as he goes out he shouts: "Everybody to the procession!" The parade begins at the church door and passes through several of the principal streets. The vanguard is composed of *yumbos* dancing, leaping, and pirouetting. Indians of both sexes, carrying lighted candles, form long lines, with a space between through which pass the "angels" in litters borne by the singers, who quarrel and nearly fight for the privilege. In the center, mounted on a luxurious litter and borne by the stewards, comes the Virgin of the Nativity. This is an image in the form of a handsome young woman, about four feet high, adorned with charms, bracelets, earrings, necklaces, etc., and clothed in a beautiful silk dress covered with gold braid and brilliants. The musicians go ahead of the image, also the Indian king and the singers. These are mounted on prancing steeds led by lackeys. Behind the image, prayer book in hand and with solemn tread, marches the gowned and mitred priest under a giant parasol and surrounded by fanatical women who chant the rosary. Flowers are showered down on the image from the windows as the procession passes. The noise of the rockets, firecrackers, and bombs reminds one of a battle. During all the course of the procession the wives of the stewards pass along serving wine and rum to the faithful.

On reaching the church the procession halts and silence is ordered, that the praises of the Indian king and the singers may be heard. The first farsical stanza is recited in a thin, weak voice by a young singer about fourteen years old; the second by another about twelve years of age, but with a stronger voice; and the last, a clownish mixture of prose and verse, is recited by the Indian king. All are silly adulations of the image of the Virgin,—who is called "Mother of God," "Queen of the Universe,"—and of the priest, the stewards, and the people who are co-operating in the feast. At the end of each part, the *yumbos* throw sweets and oranges, at times with such force as to smash them against the image or the worshipers. As the priest seems to be the special object of one of these "attacks," he hastily retreats to the church, where he peeps from a window approvingly, to the general delight of all.

Slowly the crowd disperses, and this part of the feast is over. The *yumbos* and candle bearers dance through the streets to the house of one of the stewards, where a "wedding feast" is prepared and where drink flows freely. The carousal keeps up four days. Many drunken men and women may be seen at any hour of the day or night, dancing or reeling along the streets, or lying in the gutters unconscious. For convenience there are six saloons within a hundred yards of the church.

If scores of these feasts are celebrated every year in the capital city in plain sight of Archbishop Dr. Gonzalez Suarez, who is called the glory and mentor of the Ecuadorian clergy, what must be the custom in the rural villages and parishes?

We are almost at the close of our planet's history. The prophecies and the unmistakable signs of the times clearly show that we of this generation are treading on the very threshold of the divine judgment. Instead of wasting time in feasting, we ought, with a loud voice, to give the warning of the threefold message of Revelation 14:6-12: "Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."

My beloved reader, with all respect for your belief, permit me to ask you a question: Whom should we believe, God or man? Conscience and duty point to one road, and selfish worldliness points to another. Search the Scriptures, and if you find that you are in sin, seek real heart repentance, and accept the gospel of salvation by faith in Jesus alone, who tells you, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father, but by me." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

BENJAMIN DE LA TORRE.

Translated by E. L. Maxwell.

The Invitation

"FOLLOW thou Me," a voice is heard
Amid the bustling throng;
"To ease the care of life's lone years
For thee, I've suffered long."

And then again, beside the grave
When hearts are sadly torn,
The fragrance of that incense sweet
Upon our souls is borne.

And could we see that gentle One
Who speaks unto our soul,
Our faith and hope and life would reach
Within his shepherd fold;

To live for Him would be our aim
Throughout the years of life's short race;
And when the sun of life is set
We'd meet our Saviour face to face.

DOROTHY BROCKMAN.

My Dream

I WAS a care-free, happy country girl, though I had my regular household duties to perform. Reared by Christian parents, I early learned to pray. When I was twelve we attended a camp-meeting, where I was baptized and received into the church. The experience made a never-to-be-forgotten impression upon me. I came up out of the water with a heart full of joy because Jesus loved me; he had given his life on the cross to buy me from the natural tendencies of this life; I had accepted the sacrifice and been buried with him by baptism to prove that I was *dead* to this world. I was raised to a life to be used in the service of the dear Master who had bought me at so great a price. My baptism was a symbol to me of death and the resurrection.

I learned my Sabbath school lessons and read my Bible while I rocked my baby sister to sleep. I committed to memory Bible verses while I ironed. The verses I learned then have been a great comfort to me throughout my life. I sang the hymns in church, not to show what I could do, but because I loved my Saviour and wanted to praise him. I attended the weekly

prayer meetings, unless I stayed at home to relieve mother. I believe I really led a Christian life.

When I was about sixteen I had a dream that made an unusual impression upon me. I dreamed I was in the church, which was full of people singing and praising God. Soon it seemed to me that the throng moved out on a great plain, still singing. Gradually many people dropped out, but I did not think it amiss, for they were at their work in their own separate places.

Finally only a small company remained with me, and we were ascending an incline that became more and more steep as we went upward. After a time I looked about me, and only one friend was coming my way. For a little while we walked onward and upward together. The way became more steep and rocky. We ceased to sing. I looked, and my friend was not there. Our paths had separated. My friend was true and traveling the right path, but not *my* path. I climbed alone, yet I was not lonely, for this was my path, the way that I could see to go. I climbed on and on, up, ever up. The rocks were slippery and jagged; sometimes I could not see the top, but I kept on climbing.

Before I realized it, I was standing on the top, gazing out over the space below me. The way was partly hidden by the mist of distance. I could see what I had passed as through a veil, but I had no desire to go back. My way was forward. I had faltered from the general direction, and my path was crooked; it wound around the rocks, bowlders, and shrubbery, but ever up, up. The mist thickened around me; I could see but a few feet before me. Still I kept reaching for the shrub or rock that would help me up the rugged path. The way became so rough and steep that the rocks would roll from under my feet and the dust and gravel would rattle down in the space below me, but I was not afraid. The way grew more rough and steep, the rocks more hard to climb, but if I slipped and slid in a treacherous place, I reached for another handhold, found it, and went upward again.

Then, without surprise to me, several persons were with me. We sang and climbed together; the way became less steep, and others were added to the little company as we went up, till we came out on a beautiful plateau high on the mountain top. We rejoiced, and walked forward to the edge of the cliff, about two hundred feet high. Below us lay a beautiful valley skirting the cliff; a clear river ran at the base of it; cottages nestled here and there among the trees and shrubbery. Then the little company were in the valley, walking and singing and rejoicing, all quietly happy and glad. Dear old friends were around me. Suddenly a bright light shone above us; we looked up. O rapture of raptures! in the center of the light Jesus sat on a snow-white cloud. Words cannot express our joy. Then we all exclaimed as with one voice: "This is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us."

I awoke with the rapturous cry ringing in my ears. Lying there in my bed, thinking over my dream, the conviction came to me that this dream was an outline of my life as a Christian. As I have come to hard places in my Christian path I have thought of the dream, and as I have reached upward for a new handhold and foothold, strength has come to me. Help was always there when I reached for it.

I am old now. My life travels are almost ended. I have kept the faith. I rejoice that Jesus died that the sinner might live. He will not only save us from sin, but from sinning, if we draw close to him in time of trial, and do not allow ourselves to wander from him.

The church that received me when I was baptized so long ago, has been dispersed many times. We would begin to feel that the members were strong in the Lord, then in a few months the company would be scattered, the old members would move into new districts, many into places where there were no church privileges, and other new members would take their places, only to stay a few years, then go to some other place, while others joined our company. I, too, went out away from my own people, away from the church, into a place where I could not even see a person of my faith. I was compelled to stand alone, alone in the faith. The way grew hard, and though I was very lonely at times, I was not afraid. When in trial I would reach out for new strength, and help to climb the rugged path was always given me. Sometimes circumstances made it seem as if I could not live through the trials; but as I looked to Jesus for guidance and strength, he never failed me. My way was out alone. Scoffers were many, but they only made me more cautious. During these hours of testing I learned many hard lessons, but through God I *learned* them.

I had married the son of one of our faithful sisters. I thought I should never be alone in my faith, but my husband left the truth. Sabbath became a day alone for me. For twenty years I rarely saw a Seventh-day Adventist. The friends about me were kind, but they were Catholics, infidels, and atheists. The way was steep and rugged. My path was crooked, in and out among the bowlders of unbelief, but not once was I tempted to give up my faith in God and his truth. The promises of God sustained me. I was "tried as by fire," but his hand was always where I could reach it. I did not have to go alone, for Jesus was always there to help me over the bowlders and up the rugged way.

At last a small church of my own faith was raised up near me. I joined. Oh, how precious are the hours that I spent with those of my own faith! The way was less steep. Soon we shall be on the plateau on the mountain top. My dream has cheered me all the way.

Shall the rest of the dream come true? Shall I be among the faithful ones who will see Jesus come? Shall I see him on the snow-white cloud and join the rapturous shout, "This is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us"? May God grant it.

I realize that if I am not saved it will be my own fault. If I am faithful to my Saviour, I shall surely see him and join the blessed throng of the redeemed. Forgetting the things that are behind, I must press forward toward the mark of the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus. I must be steadfast to the end. God has given his word that we shall reap if we faint not. So if I hold to the hand of Jesus and continue in prayer and thanksgiving, I can and will go through. He will be my strength and my shield. He will bear me up and I shall not fall. The crown is sure to the faithful.

MRS. M. E. FRAME.

"A CERTAIN rich man did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church, when the offering was being taken up, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the plate. The rich man shook his head. 'I never give to missions,' he whispered. 'Then take something out, sir,' whispered the collector. 'The money is for the heathen.'"

GIVE what you have to some one. It may be better than you dare to think.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

GOOD MANNERS

The Trespassers

MODESTY is a young girl's most attractive virtue. Let this characteristic be wanting and brilliance, vivacity, and physical beauty lose their luster. Imagine, if you can, the embarrassment that came to the young girls who, walking down the street, encircled with outstretched arms two supposed-to-be strangers in khaki coming toward them, but one of whom was their pastor. Boldness brings little but chagrin to its perpetrator. The reserved, modest girl, the girl who does not subject herself to such needless embarrassment, is a princess among women, and is admired and loved by mankind.

Custom still refuses to accord women in general the courtship privileges of royalty, so until this is done girls should not offend the well-bred of both sexes by making advances to young men. A man does not respect a girl or woman too ready to cast herself at his feet and beg for a place in his affections. Notwithstanding this, in every age there are always some who take these unconventional liberties. Even in Puritan days, notwithstanding the usual statement to the contrary, they were found. Boston's most noted divine of those days, Cotton Mather, graphically detailed in his diary of 1703 his experience with a young woman of this character. He says:

"There is a young Gentlewoman of incomparable Accomplishments. No Gentlewoman in the English America has had a more polite Education. She is one of rare Witt and Sense; and of a comely Aspect; and extremely winning in her Conversation, and she has a Mother of extraordinary Character for her Piety.

"This young Gentlewoman first Addresses me with diverse Letters, and then makes me a Visit at my House, wherein she gives me to understand that since my present Condition [Mrs. Mather had died two months before] had given her Liberty to think of me, she must confess herself charmed with my Person, to such a Degree that she could not but break in upon me, with her most importunate Requests that I would make her mine; and that the highest consideration she had in it, was her eternal salvation, for if she were mine she could not but hope the Effect of it would be, that she should be Christ's."

A Way of Escape Found

Mr. Mather later wrote that "much Prayer and Fasting and Patience" must be his way to encounter the snares that were laid for him. At one time he almost yielded to her pleadings, and confessed to "a mighty Tenderness for a Person so very amiable;" but later he so far rescued himself from the snare to entrap him that he wrote: "As for my special, soul-harrowing Point; I did some Days ago, under my Hand, vehemently beg, as for my Life, that it might be desisted from, and that I might not be killed by hearing any more of it." But the lady's importunity even exceeded that of the Biblical widow, and the great preacher wrote pathetically of the distress it gave him. He said: "My Spirit is excessively broken. There is danger of my dying suddenly, with smothered Grief and Fears."

Fortunately the reverend gentleman fell in love with a charming lady, and was finally able under love's in-

spiration to extricate himself from the annoying attentions of his self-confessed admirer, though dire threats of evil were made upon him if he took unto himself another for a wife. Despite these protestations, Mr. Mather pursued his enchantress until she became his own.

While there may be few in this time who would plead their cause so distressingly persistently, yet there are many who trespass upon ground forbidden to the well-bred, modest woman. They make bold to ask young men to escort them here or there, to buy confectionery for them, to write to them, to give to them their pictures, and make other equally unconventional requests.

Sympathy Extended to Young Men

We have always had sympathy for the young men who were thus besieged by unsolicited feminine admirers, for many thereby have been seriously inconvenienced and harassed; but we never dreamed that these attentions could come so near making a martyr of one as the Puritan preacher has disclosed.

As a patriotic duty, greater effort should be made to inculcate in young women a modest, reserved course of action in their association with young men, especially so now that our young men in uniform are being urged by the leaders of the nation to prove true, for the sake of humanity, to the highest principles of a noble manhood. Every young woman who has any true love for her country, will in this hour seek to be only an inspiration for good to every young man in her company.

A Good Foundation

A KIND, good person is sure to have good manners. For he has the foundation for consideration and courtesy, though he may know nothing of the rules of etiquette, never have been outside of his own home town, and never have seen the inside of a college. Good breeding is innate, and no amount of culture, polish, mingling in society, or acquired poise will give one good manners if the heart is not right, for out of it are the issues of life. One can secure a fine veneer and still be self-centered and thoughtless of others, yet, under strain, the veneer will crack, and one day or another the individual will stand forth as he truly is, robbed of his graciousness, courtesy, and supposed good breeding. A man may be untutored, ungainly, and poorly clad, but if his heart is good and kind he will have good manners that no amount of strain will imperil, no hardship nor reverses wear away, for he is a gentleman through and through, and his good breeding is only an outward sign of inward consciousness "at leisure from itself," whereas the cultured egotist tries to carry the insignia of an order to which he does not belong.

With one possessing thoroughly good manners — the

manners that proceed from a kind and loving heart—we are always at ease, for we know that what we say will be listened to with interest and sympathy; that our good qualities will be thoroughly appreciated and our faults not dwelt upon; that what is best within us will be sought and encouraged, and it is only human nature to strive to please noble souls such as these.

The person with truly good manners rejoices with us in our joy, and sympathizes with us in our sorrow, for his kind and loving heart gives him a wide outlook, a broad humanity, a helpful spirit that puts him in touch with all sorts and conditions of men and makes him sensitive to their joys and sorrows. He is alive to our good qualities, regrets our faults and foibles, and makes us feel that he has a real interest in us.

Such individuals are met with pleasure and parted from with regret. They make us realize the charm of true, good manners, and create within us a strong desire to be like them. The world cannot have too many of these loving, happy, considerate souls.—*Selected.*

Things Not to Do

Talk While Music is Rendered

UNNECESSARY talking during the rendition of music, either vocal or instrumental, is an insult to the performer, especially if the artist has been asked to sing or play. In public places music is often rendered as an accompaniment to some entertainment; but at a recital, concert, or parlor entertainment, a person who talks, whispers, or does anything to attract attention from the music, or distract the attention of others who may want to listen, shows disrespect to the performer and does an injustice to those who appreciate the music, besides publicly labeling himself as ill-bred."

Make Little Noises

When in a public place, avoid anything that might disturb others, as by hitting the seat in front of you, no matter how light the taps; or by drumming on the seat with fingers, as the impulse is carried by the wood and is disagreeable to some persons.

The Sunflower

A THOUSAND lamps of flaming gold,
A thousand torches burning bright,
In one strong phalanx true and bold,
A dauntless legion for the light:
Like soldiers round a camp fire, there,
Like camp fires guarding challenged ground,
They circle, in the sunflower fair,
Its honeyed center round and round.

The honest sunflower has no art
To hide its character by stealth;
It shows you plainly all its heart,
And carries on its face its wealth.
How simple its integrity!
'Twere well if we were as sincere,
As free from all hypocrisy,
With breath as sweet, with heart as clear

See how it turns its faithful head
To get the kisses of the sun.
And should not we when upward led,
With joy the happy journey run?
Then let us, too, be ever true,
And walk the paths where all is bright.
Beneath the skies of cloudless blue,
Our faces always toward the light.

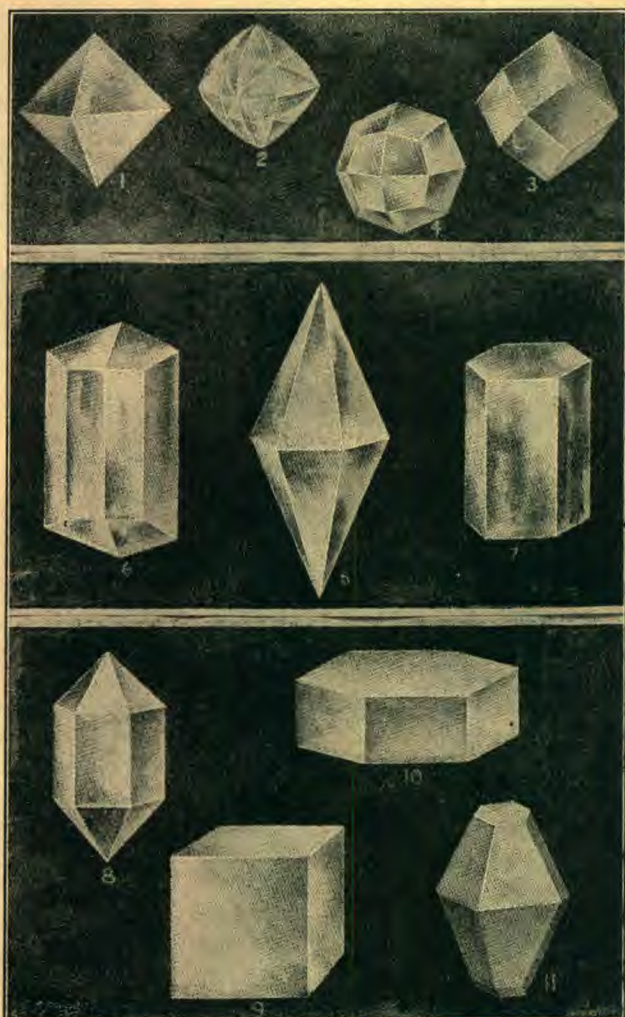
B. F. M. SOURS.

THE happy man is he who is cheerful with moderate means; the unhappy he who is discontented in the midst of plenty.—*Democritus.*

Nature and Science

Gems in Their Natural Shapes

THE eye has become so accustomed to the gem as it is seen mounted in jewelry, with its many little facets given it by the lapidary, that the fact is quite forgotten that practically every gem once possessed its



1, 2, Diamond Crystals; 3, 4, Garnet Crystals; 5, Ruby or Sapphire; 6, Topaz; 7, Emerald; 8, Rock Crystal; 9, Rock Salt; 10, Mica; 11, Sulphur

own beautifully symmetrical shape when it left the hands of nature.

These shapes are known as crystals, and are of the greatest importance, because by them the gem may be recognized; for the same gem will always appear in the same shapes, which are peculiar to itself alone, and quite different from the shapes of all other gems. For example, the diamond occurs in a crystal like that shown in Figure 1, which is like two four-sided pyramids with their bases set together; or, again, in a shape like that of Figure 2, where the faces of the crystal are slightly curved. The most characteristic shapes of the garnet crystals are seen in Figures 3 and 4, in twelve- and twenty-four-sided figures. This gem, particularly, occurs in well-defined and beautiful little crystals. Again, we have crystals of ruby or sapphire occurring in a form like that shown in Figure 5, a six-sided double pyramid; but these crystals are apt to be rougher in outline, and without natural polish. The natural polish that many of the gem stones possess on their faces is finer than any that the skilled jeweler can produce.

Figure 6 shows a simple crystal of topaz. This stone is often very rich in crystal faces; frequently no fewer

than thirty or forty may be counted on the top alone. A typical crystal of emerald is shown in Figure 7, a simple six-sided prism; and Figure 8 shows that of a rock crystal. Rock crystal was the first among all crystals to be written about, and as long ago as 2,200 years an ancient historian described its shape. Both this stone and the emerald in their natural crystal shapes were made into necklaces by the Egyptians. Because rock crystal is so clear and colorless, the ancients, for many hundreds of years, believed that it was only a form of ice so hardened that it could never melt.

From what has been already said about gems and their natural shapes, it might be inferred that every gem, as it comes from the mine or river bed or from wherever it may have been discovered, is found in its exact crystal form. However, this is not always the case: sometimes it may lose its beautiful shape from being rolled and tumbled in river beds and streams, or again it may be found in a very imperfect condition, perhaps only one half, or less, of the faces being present. But even when many of these are absent, or perhaps only traces of them left, the crystallographer will be able to recognize the gem.

Color Not Reliable Test

Now the shapes of the crystals of semiprecious or precious stones are particularly important, because some of their other properties are of little use to us in the recognition of the gem. Take, for example, color; it might be supposed that this would be of great help, but this has not always been found to be true, and, in fact, it is very often most misleading. Topaz (Fig. 6) will illustrate this point. This stone is commonly yellow or brown, or a yellowish-brown color; but it is often found perfectly colorless, also pale blue and deep wine color.

Again, the garnet may be of every shade of red, of several very beautiful shades of green, also orange color, brown, and even black.

These differently colored varieties sometimes have different names, such as "evening emerald," for one of the green kinds, and "cinnamon stone," for the orange-colored stone; but they are all garnets, having their characteristic chemical composition and crystalline form. The giving of these different names to stones of the same family is most confusing, especially so in the case of the ruby and sapphire, for these two stones are only two varieties of the same mineral, corundum, the only difference being that of color. They are alike in all their important properties. The coloring matter in most gem stones is present in so small a quantity that it is often difficult to discover to what it may be due.

Known by Its Hardness

There is, however, another simple property that is of great service in determining a gem, that is its hardness. Thus, diamond can always be recognized, as it is the hardest of all minerals, and will, therefore, scratch any of them. Next in order come the ruby and the sapphire, which may be scratched by the diamond, and in turn will scratch any of the other gems, such as the topaz, emerald, or garnet.

Each gem has its own particular degree of hardness, which is always the same.

A good deal has already been said about crystals of gem stones, and perhaps it should be added here that these are not the only kinds of crystals. Nearly all minerals (which include precious and semiprecious stones) occur in crystals, each one having a form peculiar to itself. Thus we have crystals of rock salt in

the form of simple cubes (see Fig. 9); crystals of mica (Fig. 10)—that shiny black or brownish mineral, occurring in little hexagonal-shaped plates, which split into the finest, thinnest leaves imaginable, and which is used for making lamp chimneys, as well as for other commercial purposes; and crystals of sulphur (Fig. 11). There are also sugar crystals, like those of rock candy; and, perhaps most beautiful of all, snow crystals, which occur in an infinite number of lovely forms.

The growth of a crystal resembles, in a way, that of a living being, for it grows out of a solution as if it were alive; and if injured, it repairs itself, replacing any missing parts; or, if it is delayed in the course of its growth by some impediment, when this is removed, it will continue to grow as if there had been no interruption.

Finally, does it not seem a pity that these exquisite little objects, often brilliant with faces of nature's making, are never made use of in their natural forms?—*Mary Winearls Porter, in St. Nicholas.*

Trans-Australian Railroad

THE United States, Canada, Russia, and Argentina are crossed by rail from east to west, and Australia is to be added to the number, now that the Augusta-Kalgoorlie road is being finished. The distance covered by this new road will be equal to that from Boston to San Francisco. In the United States the extent of transportation from Boston to San Francisco is 3,467 miles. In Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific is 3,656 miles. In Russia, from Vladivostok to Petrograd by the Trans-Siberian road, and between Moscow and the capital is 5,785 miles. In South America, from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso is 908 miles. This new road in Australia from Brisbane to Perth will be 3,467 miles in length. Only a comparatively little time ago railroads were never dreamed of. The vehicle hitched to a horse had no improvement made in transportation for six thousand years till comparatively recently. Now the earth is literally girdled with steel rails, and the people are racing in cars back and forth over the continents. The railroads are built in the interest of commerce, but the kingdom of Christ is using them to carry light and evangelism to the ends of the earth.—*Christian Herald.*

The Service Flag

THE service flag consists of a white field with a red border, and one or more blue stars in the field to indicate the number of boys that have gone to the front from a home, church, or organization.

The service-flag idea originated with Capt. R. L. Queisser, of Cleveland, who had two sons in the service and who wanted to get up a flag that would give some visible indication of this fact. He made the design in question, and secured a design patent on it from the patent office last November. The patent covers strictly only the flag with two stars in it, as Mr. Queisser made it for his own use. Some of the flags hung in front of big offices, factories, etc., contain scores or even hundreds of stars.

In some cities and States the flag has been adopted by the authorities, and provision has been made for supplying them free to all families that send boys to the war. Mr. Queisser allows the flag makers to make flags according to his design, and they pay him a small royalty on each flag. He gives half of his profits to the Red Cross.—*The Pathfinder.*

How We April Fooled Aunt Patty

MRS. O. M. HATCH

O MOTHER! Tomorrow is April Fools' Day, and Ned Turner has planned for us boys to give Uncle Rasmus the biggest April fool!" exclaimed Ted Cummings as he burst into his mother's room, and tossed his schoolbooks onto the table.

"Tell me all about it, Ted," and Mrs. Cummings settled back in her chair to listen, for she and Ted had been chums ever since he could remember.

"I don't believe, mother, you will approve of his plans. And I don't exactly myself. But you know how Ned is."

Yes, Mrs. Cummings well knew Ned's set and domineering disposition, and sighed.

"Perhaps, Ted, he is not so much to blame as others. You know his mother died when he was very young, and his father and aunt reared him in the most strict and exacting manner. Very little love and sympathy have come into his life. But I believe if the right chord could be touched Ned would respond. We will do all we can for the motherless boy. But tell me all about Ned's plans for April fooling old Uncle Rasmus."

After Ted had finished, Mrs. Cummings made no comment, but quietly remarked: "I have a story, Ted, to tell you—a true story, taken from my own life. I wish Ned were here; I think it would do him good."

"Why, here he is now, mother," as Ned came sauntering up the walk.

"I was just speaking about you," said Mrs. Cummings as she gave Ned a cordial greeting. "I was intending to relate to Ted an incident in my own life, and I wished you were here."

"I am glad to be here," said Ned honestly, "and hear anything you have to say, Mrs. Cummings," for secretly Ned thought there was no one quite equal to Ted's mother.

"When I was sixteen," began Mrs. Cummings, "why, that is just your age, isn't it, Ned?"

"Yes, I was sixteen last month."

"We thought it would be great fun to April fool Aunt Patty. Now to know Aunt Patty was to love her. If there was any one sick, it was Aunt Patty who was sent for. If a death occurred, it was Aunt Patty who comforted the mourners. If one was discouraged or downhearted, it was she who gave good counsel and cheer, and substantial aid whenever she had money to do with. Never a poor hungry soul ever came to her door and departed unfed. In fact, no one ever came in contact with Aunt Patty without being the better for it.

"Well do I remember when my life hung in the balance with diphtheria. Mother was exhausted, and it was Aunt Patty who came and nursed me back to health and strength. And to think, Ted and Ned, that I should so far forget even common courtesy as to consent to be the leader in fooling Aunt Patty!

"Never shall I forget that night! The moon rode high in the heavens, and the clouds were dark and swift. At the appointed time we started. There were about twenty boys and girls in the party, and they were armed with old tin cans, horns, bells, fifes, and several drums. You can imagine the frightful din when all of those nerve-racking instruments were put in operation. And to think we thought *that* would be *such fun!* Little did we dream how near a tragedy that night's work might have caused.

"I was to creep up stealthily to the house and knock,

and Aunt Patty's opening the door would be the signal for pandemonium to be let loose. How little people who play such pranks realize that *they* are the *biggest fools of all!*

"Slowly and silently I approached the door. Hearing voices, as I thought, I peeped through the window, and there on the floor, before a fireless stove, knelt Aunt Patty. The tears were streaming down her wan cheeks—strange I had never before noticed how thin they were—as she pleaded with God not to forsake her, and reminded him that her coal bin was empty and her cupboard bare. As she prayed, a shiver ran through her frame, and she drew her thin shawl closer around her. She prayed for a blessing to rest on all her friends and neighbors, and especially 'dear Muriel.' I could stand no more, but fled conscience-smitten to my companions. Great was their consternation and remorse, for they all dearly loved Aunt Patty.

"'Now, boys and girls,' I exclaimed tearfully, '*something* must be done, and done right away.'

"'Suppose we run as fast as we can to your home, Muriel, and tell Mr. and Mrs. Hilton,' spoke up Alice Williams.

"'Agreed!' we all exclaimed, and away we ran to my home. It was a very sober but excited company that burst into the sitting-room where father and mother were quietly reading.

"'What, back so soon!' exclaimed mother, as she looked up with a smile. Then as she caught sight of our sober faces, she asked, 'Is there anything the matter with Aunt Patty?'

"'No, and yes, mother,' and I hastily explained the situation.

"'Do I understand, Muriel, that you intended to April fool Aunt Patty by hooting, screaming, ringing of bells, and beating of drums?' asked father. 'If so, you may well be thankful a kind providence prevented you from carrying out your intentions, as the joke might have proved fatal.'

"'What do you mean, father?' I gasped, horrified.

"'Just what I have said, Muriel. Aunt Patty has a very weak heart, and any sudden shock or fear might cause her death. I trust my daughter, or any of these dear girls and boys, will never again be guilty of such an undertaking.'

"'Never, father!' I exclaimed, tearfully.

"'Now,' continued my father, cheerfully, 'we will indeed April fool Aunt Patty, but in a far different manner from that you had planned; a joyous surprise will not harm her. We will send word to her friends and neighbors to meet here inside of an hour and a half, and all march together to her home, carrying with us, not only the necessities of life, but some luxuries as well.' Then turning to mother, he requested her to kindly write out such articles as she thought each family could bring on such short notice.

"'Within fifteen minutes the boys and girls had been commissioned, and were hurrying home with their slips of paper closely treasured. Quickly the gifts were prepared, and all assembled at our home.

"'Friends,' said my father, 'in token of the love and esteem in which the citizens of Ridgefield have ever held Aunt Patty, and to show our appreciation of her loving ministrations among us, I vote we make up a purse, and will start the donation with fifty dollars.'

"At the pleased murmur that responded, father looked toward me, and said brokenly: 'I firmly believe that Muriel would not be here tonight had Aunt Patty not nursed her so devotedly during her battle with diphtheria; and I think there is not one present who has not at some time been the recipient of Aunt Patty's generosity.'

"Then Deacon Wilson arose and said: 'I remember when we were burned out, it was Aunt Patty who gave us a home and helped us to start anew. I will give fifty dollars now, and more later.'

"A thunder of applause greeted this remark, for Deacon Wilson was not noted for overgenerosity.

"Then little Miss Paterson arose and with trembling voice said: 'I should have lost my home thirteen years ago, had it not been for Aunt Patty; and although I have little money, I will gladly give her a home with me the remainder of her life.'

"Then everybody began to talk, and what do you think, boys? In just a few minutes, they not only raised more than four hundred dollars in money, but voted to make Aunt Patty matron of Leabright Orphanage. The orphanage had formerly belonged to her father, Dr. Leabright. It was her old home. The family had been very wealthy, but after her father's death reverses came, and, I am sorry to say, through the rascality of her only brother she was obliged to sell her beautiful home to pay the debts. It left her penniless. For a long time she struggled bravely on, teaching music, tutoring, and sewing, until her health broke down, and the doctors ordered a long rest. It was during this time that her funds were exhausted, and she was reduced to the condition in which I found her that April night.

"It was just half past eight o'clock when we started for Aunt Patty's, Deacon Wilson leading the way with his double team, the wagon loaded with apples, potatoes, all kinds of vegetables, besides coal and wood. What a merry party we were, as we went up the moonlit road to the little brown house on the hill!

"In answer to my knock Aunt Patty opened the door, and to say she was astonished when she saw nearly all of Ridgefield assembled in front of her house, is putting it far too mildly. She seemed incapable of moving, until my father called out in his hearty voice, 'We thought we would give you a little surprise, Aunt Patty, if you will let us in!'

"Amid laughter and tears, greetings were exchanged and gifts presented. It looked more like a county fair than anything else. The tables were piled high with bread, biscuit, butter, pies, cake, jelly, preserves, and a lot of other good things too numerous to mention. Right royally had Ridgefield responded to father's call.

"'How shall I ever be able to eat all of these good things?' said Aunt Patty, as she lovingly touched the huge collection.

"'Well,' said kind Uncle Rasmus in his slow way, 'we calculated on how you love to give, so we thought we would bring enough for you to share with others less fortunate.'

"Do you mean *our* Uncle Rasmus?" asked Ned.

"The very same, Ned, only now he is a poor, decrepit old man, his loved ones are dead, and he is all alone in the world.

"In the hush that followed the remarks of Uncle Rasmus, my father arose, and in a few well-chosen words, presented the purse, and tendered her the matronship of Leabright Orphanage.

"Poor, dear Aunt Patty! First she looked at father, then at her smiling neighbors, too overcome to say a word. Finally, she exclaimed, with tears of gratitude: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: . . . who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things.'

"Then with one accord the company burst into singing 'Blest be the tie that binds.' It was an evening never to be forgotten.

"On the way home, little Tillie Winchell slipped her hand into mine, and whispered in awed tones: 'Didn't Aunt Patty's face look like an angel's, it was so bright and shining?'

"Did Aunt Patty accept the position?" asked Ted.

"Yes, dear, and she proved to be just the one for the place."

"Is she still living?" asked Ned unconsciously leaning forward in his eagerness.

"Yes, very much so."

"Oh, I am so glad, for I know her, or rather I remember her. When I was a little fellow, my father had occasion to visit Leabright Orphanage, and took me with him. A kind, motherly woman with white hair and shining eyes gave me several cookies and a rosy-cheeked apple."

"It was she without doubt, as—"

Here a peal of the bell called Mrs. Cummings from the room. As the door closed behind her, Ned said huskily: "I have decided, Ted, to call off that April-fool affair; but if your mother will let you come down this evening we will talk over the matter of giving Uncle Rasmus something like the April fool that was given Aunt Patty."

At last the right chord had been touched, and nobly did Ned respond.

An Interesting Boy

THE editor of one of our weeklies asked Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, to name the most interesting man he knew. Dr. Bell replied that his most interesting acquaintance is not a man, but a blind, deaf-and-dumb boy, Charlie Crane, who is at present attending a school for the deaf at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The principal of the school gives the following interesting sketch of the life of the unfortunate lad:

"Charles Allen Crane was born in Vancouver, British Columbia, on April 10, 1906. When he was nine months old he lost both sight and hearing through spinal meningitis. He was admitted to the School for the Deaf at Halifax on May 10, 1916, when he was a little over ten years of age. He is one of a family of eight, four boys and four girls, and his parents are healthy, intelligent, and well-educated people.

"Charlie has a keen sense of humor, is most inquisitive, and as happy as the day is long. If he suspects you are fooling him, up like a flash goes his hand to your throat to find out whether or not you are laughing. He has been about eighteen months in Halifax, and under regular instruction less than twelve months. In that short time he has been taught to speak; and his speech, unlike that of so many deaf children, is pleasant and even the most difficult sounds distinct and easily intelligible. Some months ago he addressed the Rotary Club here, and each word was easily understood by every one in the large room. He has a most

retentive memory. He had been about five weeks here when the school closed for the summer, and one day in the holidays his teacher was surprised to see him spelling the names of pupils. She watched him carefully, and found that he omitted only seven out of the ninety-seven pupils in attendance.

"Geography, if I may so call it, has a fascination for him, and he seems to be endeavoring to make a world for himself by finding out from all who come in touch with him the names of countries and what the people are doing who inhabit them. He has wormed out the names of numbers of streets in London, Paris, New York, Washington, Vancouver, and other cities."

"Let's Go Back"

WE had not learned much about the beaches of Porto Rico, and desiring to spend a pleasant holiday at one of them, we made inquiry of an old resident. In giving directions as to how to reach the beautiful beach of Louisa Aldea, he did not say there was a smooth road all the way, neither did he intimate we would find any roughness as we traveled. The gentleman who had invited us to take the trip was master of his machine, and so we had no fear of an accident or of any trouble.

We had not gone far when we came to an uneven road, but our owner-chauffeur seemed to have no disposition to abandon the trip, although one of the party repeatedly said, "Let's go back." All the way was not like that. There were many smooth stretches of road over which the automobile spun swiftly enough.

Much might be said in regard to the incidents of the day, but they have little to do with the lesson to be pointed by the journey. We had a pleasant day, and returned home much benefited by the trip.

We have not learned all about the country to which Jesus, a resident of it, has invited us. To reach that place means more than a pleasant ride over flowery beds of ease. There will be rough and uneven ways of which warning has not been specifically given. Trials of various kinds will come all unexpectedly, causing us to say, "Let's go back." Such a feeling being only transitory we soon realize that he who invited us is Master, not only of the road and vehicle, but of us if we will permit him to be such in deed and in truth. The joltings and jarrings by the way will only serve to strengthen faith and hope and greatly increase the pleasure of possession when the inheritance is finally reached. Too much cannot be said of the country to which we are going, of its occupancy and everlasting duration. The reliable guide book tells us that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. 2:9. So let none of us be influenced to turn back by the hardness of the way. A life of eternal bliss awaits all who endure unto the end.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

On the Water Wagon

NEWPORT and Annapolis have gone on the water wagon. The Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, drew a circle with a 5-mile radius about certain naval training stations, training camps, and marine barracks, and by this simple act banished John Barleycorn from these two ancient capitals. He did this under the provisions of the selective draft law,

which empowers the authorities to prevent the sale of liquor within five miles of any military camp or reservation.

Newport, the summer capital of wealth and fashion, the most exclusive watering place on the Atlantic coast, will no doubt feel most the effects of this stringent order. Civilians living in the dry zones are permitted to have liquor in their homes and to serve it to their guests, but traffic in the stuff is prohibited for the period of the war. Annapolis saloons are put out of business by a stroke of the official pen, even while the legislature of Maryland is considering the subject of State prohibition.

Previous to this recent order the sale of liquor had been prohibited within but half a mile of the training stations and barracks. But commanding officers complained to the department that this regulation did not meet conditions, and they recommended that the full 5-mile limit be put into effect. In following this recommendation Secretary Daniels says that "by various means liquor found its way into the possession of enlisted men of the navy and marine corps stationed at these places, and the moral and physical welfare of these men was seriously endangered."

He directs attention to the fact that at the Newport training station there are 6,900 enlisted men and that at the training station and the torpedo station are large quantities of high explosives, all of which makes it advisable that the men shall not have access to alcoholic stimulants. Consequently, for the safety and welfare of the men and the Government's property, the Secretary decided it was necessary to impose prohibition upon the whole town for the war's period. Newport will be a dry spot this coming summer.—*Washington Post*.

For the Finding-Out Club

This Is for You

THE Finding-Out Club was very popular last year. Persons from all parts of the country sent in answers to the questions. Some made scrapbooks of the material found in this department.

Miss Clement is now writing interesting sketches for the Finding-Out Club. The editor was disappointed that no one sent in answers to the list of inventors given in the INSTRUCTOR of Feb. 26, 1918. To the person who submits the greatest number of correct lists during 1918, including a correct set of answers to the questions of February 26, the editor will present a book. The rules governing the club are the same as those of last year. See 1917 file.

Who Are These Three?

SIXTY-TWO years ago soft Virginia skies first smiled down upon a child who is known today as "the greatest living American." His father was a Presbyterian clergyman, and the son inherited rare literary and executive ability. He was graduated from Princeton University, and later chosen the first non-clerical president of his Alma Mater.

Of his own personal appearance he once said:

"For beauty I'm no star;
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face, I don't mind it,
You see I'm behind it;
It's the people in front that I jar."

His more public career began in 1910, with his election to the governorship of New Jersey, and in

erving the people of that commonwealth he brought about extensive political and social reforms. He is an author of note.

Wider activities have become his portion with the passing years. His name has become a household word, a synonym for steadfastness of purpose, for courageous determination in the face of greatest difficulty, for democracy itself. Shoulder to shoulder with Washington and Lincoln, he stands as the molder of national destiny.

At the recent war council, which met in Paris to lay plans for closer co-operation between the Allies, the chief representative of the United States was a slightly gray, keen-eyed, soft-spoken man, who has been called "the Assistant President of the United States." This was his third mission abroad. During the months of our neutrality he was "the common denominator of the warring nations," for he went to Germany, France, and England, working in the interests of peace and the common good. He is a quiet man. During his five years of close association with diplomatic affairs, he has spoken perhaps as many as twelve sentences for publication, and in despair newspaper men speak of him as "the sphinx in the soft felt hat." Intimately associated with President Wilson, he is doing in his unobtrusive way perhaps more than any other one man, aside from the President himself, to "make the world safe for democracy."

He was a member of the tribe of Israel bearing the name of the beloved child of Jacob's old age. Although the son of a wealthy and influential chief, yet in accord with the simple customs of the time he grew to manhood in his father's house, engaged in the humble duties of a husbandman.

Absent from home at one time on an errand for his father, he decided to visit Ramah on the return journey, and there had an experience which changed the whole course of his life. He was called from quiet, humble surroundings to a position of great honor and responsibility.

This man was physically strong and "good to look upon;" he was skilled in the arts of ancient diplomacy and warfare. But he was jealous in the extreme, and possessed of a violent temper which he made no effort to control. His career is one of the most brilliant and pathetic in the early history of Israel, for while he attempted to rule others, he himself had never learned the lesson of obedience. Repeatedly he disregarded the commands of God, until the Spirit was weary of striving and left him to the mercy of the tempter and his own evil passions.

His later years were spent in seeking the lives of those whom he imagined were anxious for his throne and kingdom. He died a coward on the battle field of Mt. Gilboa, when his army was overcome by the Philistine hosts, and the man who had slain his thousands gave place to him who had put ten thousand to flight.

LORA E. CLEMENT.

KIND words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make other people good-natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. — *Blaise Pascal.*

The "Butch" Boy

RALPH PALMER was "butch" boy, or news agent, on an excursion train that ran from a large Southern city to the Atlantic beach. The end of the summer was drawing near, and he was not anxious for the season to close, for he had enjoyed it and made many friends. In his association with the train crew he had become known as a good, moral boy. He was never seen using tobacco or drinking anything stronger than water.

All of Ralph's life his mother had been a devoted Christian. She had taught him about the boys of the Bible and the lives they led. When he was very small he decided that he would live a clean life. Even though Ralph received a Christian education he never seemed to take a deep interest in the religious side of life, although very respectful toward things that pertained to religion.

The last week for the excursion train to run came. The conductor had taken an unusual liking to the entire crew, so he told the "boys" that he would give them a big "feed" on the last night. All were very anxious to get back to the city, and as soon as they could get away after arriving, the seven made their way to the restaurant where the conductor had ordered the supper to be served.

On entering they were shown to the special table prepared for them. The center of the table was decorated with a massive dish of egg salad. Instead of a plate, there was a large cabbage leaf at each place.

The meal was progressing well, and every one eating as if he had been "saving up" all week for the feast. The conductor made them feel that he considered this privilege an honor, and wanted them to have every good thing obtainable.

Presently, the waiter came in with a large bucket containing ice and several bottles. Ralph at once realized that he was about to have an unpleasant experience — one that nearly every boy has to pass through in one form or another. The waiter opened and placed a bottle before each one.

"No, thank you," said Ralph, as a bottle was placed in front of him.

"Come, come, my boy," said the conductor, taking the bottle and pouring the beer into Ralph's glass, "it won't hurt you."

"No, I have never tasted it and I'd rather not begin," replied Ralph.

"Drink it, Ralph, one time doesn't matter," cried one.

"Don't be a piker and spoil the party; do anything one time to be a sport," sarcastically said another.

He was the fun for the whole company, and the devil seemed to possess them. Hitherto they had been friendly and courteous to him, always taking his part.

After several minutes of urging, Ralph actually feared he would not be strong enough to be true to his convictions. He could feel that Satan was gaining ground gradually. He clasped his hands together under the table to keep from having the glass pushed into them. As he felt himself slowly yielding, he tried to think of something else to do. Suddenly, it seemed as if his mother put her hand on his shoulder and whispered to him, "Pray, my boy." He silently asked God for strength, and scarcely before he finished the engineer said, "Ah, fellows, leave the boy alone; I wish I had never begun."

"So do I," confessed the conductor, "I'd be a few hundred dollars ahead now."

Peace and joy came over Ralph, and he thoroughly

enjoyed the rest of the meal. It seemed that the men could not be pleasant enough to him.

Today, Ralph realizes that it was his mother's prayers and the Christian education that she worked so hard to give him that conquered the enemy that evening, and has since won many other victories for him.

Ralph took a firm stand for Christ, and a few years later sold the same conductor a copy of "Daniel and the Revelation," taking pride in telling him that he was selling books to get money so he could attend school and prepare to be a minister. The conductor was only too glad to help him by purchasing a book.

GEORGE S. BELLEAU.

What a Resourceful Texas Boy Did

THE old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," has recently been well illustrated by an enterprising Texas boy, according to press reports. Quoting the *American Magazine*, the *New York Times* relates the following interesting and successful experiment:

"Cows at College

"There are ways and ways of making one's own expenses through college. It remained, however, for a resourceful Texas boy to hit upon a method of expense making entirely new in records of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, where he is enrolled as a student.

"P. S. Goen, of Harvey, a rural community near College Station, the home of the college, 'showed up' at that school last fall with the typical baggage and equipment of a young collegian and, in addition, two good-grade Jersey cows.

"'We had an extra supply of cows and a shortage of currency at home,' Goen explained to President Bizzell. 'I want a college education, and I am not going to let the lack of money defeat me. I have decided that I can sell enough milk to the residents of the campus to enable me to meet at least my incidental expenses. All I ask is the use of a barn and a small pasture.'

"Through the influence of the president, Goen was given the use of a barn and small pasture, and thus entered upon the dairy business. From the beginning he experienced no trouble in disposing of the product of the two cows at the satisfactory figure of nine cents a quart for whole milk. The two cows brought him an average return of \$54 a month. Feed cost approximately \$7 per head a month, leaving the enterprising young Texan a profit of \$40 a month. Expenses at the college were very low, and with this income Goen finished the year with a little change in his pockets."

This interesting personal story teaches the lesson that where there is a determined will to get an education there will, in the Lord's providence, be a way open to secure it somewhere, somehow. With this thought in mind, study John 7: 17 and 2 Cor. 8: 12, with Phil. 4: 19.

No doubt more of our young people could today be in school if they were as determined to get an education as the Texas boy. Do it, my young friends, do it! God will help you.

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

AND this for comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill won't still be so;
Clouds will not ever pour down rain;
A sullen day will clear again.

—Herrick.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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Attention, Missionary Volunteers!

ARE you saving your copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR and the *Review*? Keeping them on file, I mean, where you can refer to them when needed? Or are you like the little boy who went to school to "Jane Jones," and always lacked the one particular thing that spelled success? If you haven't a file, make one; and if you can't get any kind of "back" for your file, just use a shoe string. That will hold the papers together,—and their neatness depends on who ties the strings. I have in mind a pile of files that are models of neatness, and all the equipment for the lot was a foot rule, a punch (an awl would do very well), and some shoe laces. *Plus.* And plus in this case meant an orderly eye and a faithful hand.

The reason for saving them? Almost every copy of these papers has in it something that will be useful in a Missionary Volunteer program by and by. For instance, our program for the week ending April 13 is called "Mission Pictures from China." And here in the INSTRUCTOR of February 5 is a very "picture-y" article from Mrs. Davenport, of Honan. It is just exactly what is needed to give a personal touch to your meeting. But it is not mentioned in your prepared program, because — so often the leader and other officers have not kept the INSTRUCTOR on file, and so do not have it to refer to.

Watch the program announcements in the *Gazette* (they are given for three months in advance, four times a year), and then be on the lookout for helpful material to weave into the programs.

And *conserve*—by saving the splendid articles on our own mission work that are all the time appearing in our papers.

A. B. E.

Have you a set of Missionary Volunteer Outline Mission Maps? 75 cents for a set of seven. Order of Review and Herald Pub. Assn., Takoma Park, D. C. You will need them constantly during 1918, for a mission study has been arranged for every month.

Our Counsel Corner

[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute questions to Our Counsel Corner. The Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department will be glad to answer, through these columns, questions on subjects of interest to young people.]

WHO is supposed to countersign the Missionary Volunteer membership pledge,—the society secretary or the church missionary secretary?

E. N. P.

The pledge card should be countersigned by the Missionary Volunteer Society secretary, after which it should be returned to its owner.

E. I.

How should a prayer band be conducted?

R. D.

Prayer bands should be thoroughly spontaneous and free from formality. No unwilling leader should be appointed to take charge. Invite all the young people to join a prayer band, but do not overurge any one. Meet regularly, and as often as once a week. The program may consist of, (1) a short study, (2) some expression from each member, (3) discussion of objects of prayer, (4) prayer. The study should not be more than five minutes in length, when the meeting lasts from but fifteen to twenty minutes. A few thoughts on some Bible text, an illustration bearing directly on the subject, helpful paragraphs from some suitable book, or a personal experience may be given; but this part of the meeting should never consume much time. Long readings, talks, or Bible studies are absolutely excluded in a prayer band. The band is for prayer for certain definite objects, therefore prayer and the objects of prayer must be kept uppermost. Nothing is more disheartening than wandering, aimless, pointless praying; therefore, let the objects be mentioned before the prayer season begins. As far as possible, the leader of the band should plan to have each member take his turn in leading out in the meetings. The prayer band, rightly conducted, is the secret of true success in the Missionary Volunteer Society.

M. M.

We are told that we must train successors if we are really successful. This is sometimes hard to do; one of the boys who I feel sure would develop into a good leader is so shy that it is hard to get him to take any part in the meeting. How can I help him?

LEADER.

Keep on trying to get him to take part, and be prepared to fill in any break that may occur. Francis E. Clark tells about a young and inexperienced boy who was once appointed to lead a meeting on "Christian Heroism."

"He began bravely, 'If you are a Christian —' His words and prepared thoughts failed him.

"'If you are a Christian —' (long pause)

"'If you are a Christian —' He could get no farther, but blurted out, 'What you scared of anyway?' and sat down covered with shame and confusion of face."

This boy had really succeeded. He had tried, and he had done his best. Dr. Clark says: "Others, provoked to good works by his manly effort, rallied to their apparently vanquished leader, and we had one of the best meetings of the year."

A. B. E.

Just for the Juniors

What He Was

THERE is a boy of seven — Dick his name is — who has belonged to the Junior society for four years. He and his ten-year-old brother Warren are just beginning their fourth year of perfect attendance at the meetings — that is, without an unexcused absence. These two boys are always together, and to speak of one is to speak of the other in the same breath. Last year they were both on the same committee, but this year Warren was elected assistant leader. When their father heard of it, he jokingly asked, "If Warren is assistant leader, what are you, Dick?" Drawing himself up proudly, small Dick answered promptly, "Why, I'm one of the boys who make that society go." That is what every Junior should try to be, a member that helps to make a Junior meeting a real success. Are you that kind of member?

Myself

I HAVE to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand by the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I don't want to keep on the closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of boy I really am,—
I don't want to dress up myself in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect;
I want to deserve every one's respect.
And here in the struggle for fame and pelf,
I want to be able to like myself.
I never can hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know,—
I never can fool myself,— and so
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.

— Selected.

Which Way Was the Better?

HORACE listened in Sabbath school to a lesson on the terrible needs of the heathen. He said, "If I had a thousand dollars, I would give it all." But he had not a thousand dollars, and it would be years before he would have, if ever. But he did have at that very minute ten pennies in his pocket, and he did not give one penny of them.

He thought: "Well, next Sabbath I shall have a lot to give." He liked to feel the coins in his pocket, and kept jingling them from time to time until the teacher said he had better put them into the offering basket; then for fear he would have to do that, he kept his hands out of his pocket.

On Monday he started for school, with all the ten pennies in his pocket. Sometimes his mother wished him to ride in the trolley car. But this morning he need not; he was well, and it was a beautiful day. But though mother warned him of the time, Horace dawdled until it was so late that mother said: "You cannot get to school in time unless you ride; you will have to go on the car." So into the conductor's hand went the first five pennies. Horace thought: "Oh, dear, I did mean to take those to Sabbath school next week. Well, I can't help it."

Then he remembered he needed a new lead pencil. He paid only one cent for the pencil; but pulling out his handkerchief in haste, one penny rolled out, and slipped down a crack in the sidewalk. He could not get his finger into the crack, and he poked his new lead pencil in, and broke it off so short that he went back to the little store and bought another.

Now, how many pennies had Horace left? — Only two. "I shall certainly have two for Sabbath school, anyway," thought Horace, for he had not yet forgotten. But when lunch time came, he felt hungry. His mother would have given him some good sandwiches, but he said he did not want just plain sandwiches. Then she said he must pay for what he got.

He bought a ginger cake and a stick of candy. His head would have felt clearer for the arithmetic examination he dreaded so, if he had eaten the sandwiches instead. He paid one cent for the cake and one for the candy. How many pennies were left now? — Not one! And this was only Monday, and he would have needs all the rest of the week.

In Sabbath school the next week Horace felt like an injured boy because his father said, "I cannot give you more on last week's account. You must learn how to manage better." So Horace had no money for

the offering that day. What do you boys and girls think of Horace?

Now, see if you like Elizabeth's way better. She had fifty cents. That is a great deal, but it was to last her for a month. She asked her mother to give her some strips of cretonne left from a shoe bag her mother had made. She took a long narrow strip, and on this she laid another strip, and sewed them together at the sides and bottom. Then she sewed straight lines down the goods, making several little pockets.

She thought of the many things she ought to do with that money. First of all she put five pennies in a pocket labeled *tithe*. Then she wanted to put some in the offering at church, so she counted out five more, and dropped them into one little pocket on which she basted a slip of paper labeled *church money*. The next pocket was labeled *missionary*; into this she put fifteen cents; for she said to herself, "The poor heathen do not have the Bible and teachers as I have."

Five more went into a pocket for *birthday gifts*. Now, how much had she left?—Twenty cents! Half of this went into the pocket labeled *school*. "My, but I shall have to be careful not to waste paper, nor to lose my pencil," she thought, for she had only ten cents left for other needs.

Now, how do you like Elizabeth's way? Shall we make this rule for ourselves? To lay by regularly money for the Lord's work?—*Adapted.*

The Sabbath School

II—Jacob and Esau

(April 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 25: 27-34; 27: 1-40.

MEMORY VERSE: "The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment." Luke 12: 23.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 177-182; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 94-97.

"Too often, dear Saviour, have I
Preferred some poor trifle to thee;
How is it thou dost not deny
The blessing and birthright to me?
No better than Esau I am,
Though pardon and heaven be mine;
To me belongs nothing but shame;
The praise and the glory be thine."

—John Newton.

Questions

1. What were the names of Isaac's sons? What is said of each son? By whom was each most beloved? Gen. 25: 27, 28. Note 1.
2. Being the elder, to what blessings was Esau heir? Note 2.
3. How did each son regard the birthright? Note 3.
4. Under what circumstances did Esau sell his birthright? Verses 29-34. Note 4.
5. When Isaac was old, what plans did he make to give Esau the birthright blessing? Gen. 27: 1-4. Note 5.
6. Who heard what Isaac said? What plan was devised that Jacob might have the blessing? Verses 5-10.
7. What difficulty did Jacob see in the plan? How did his mother persuade him to obey her? Verses 11-13.
8. How did they receive Isaac? Verses 14-17.
9. What occurred when Jacob took the savory meat and bread to his father? Verses 18-25.
10. What blessings did Isaac pronounce upon him? Verses 26-29.
11. As soon as Jacob had received his blessing, who came in? What did Esau say? Verses 30, 31.
12. What did Isaac ask? What effect did the reply have upon him? Verses 32, 33.
13. When Esau heard the words of his father, what did he do? What did he ask? Verse 34. Note 6.
14. What did Isaac say Jacob had done? How did Esau then speak against Jacob? Verses 35, 36.
15. How did Isaac confirm the blessing he had given Jacob? Verses 37-40.

Can You Tell

What was Rebekah's sin in this transaction?

What was Jacob's sin?
What was Esau's sin?
What blame, if any, is attached to Isaac?
In how many ways was a lie told in this lesson?

Notes

1. Twins are usually strikingly alike in thought and disposition, as they are commonly alike in physical characteristics and appearance. But Jacob and Esau were opposites in character and appearance. "Esau grew up loving self-gratification, and centering all his interest in the present. Impatient of restraint, he delighted in the wild freedom of the chase, and early chose the life of a hunter. . . . Jacob, thoughtful, diligent, and care-taking, ever thinking more of the future than the present, was content to dwell at home, occupied in the care of the flocks and the tillage of the soil."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 177.

2. "The promises made to Abraham, and confirmed to his son, were held by Isaac and Rebekah as the great object of their desires and hopes. With these promises Esau and Jacob were familiar. They were taught to regard the birthright as a matter of great importance, for it included not only an inheritance of worldly wealth, but spiritual pre-eminence. He who received it was to be the priest of his family; and in the line of his posterity the Redeemer of the world would come. On the other hand, there were obligations resting upon the possessor of the birthright. He who should inherit its blessings must devote his life to the service of God. Like Abraham, he must be obedient to the divine requirements. In marriage, in his family relations, in public life, he must consult the will of God."—*Id.*, pp. 177, 178.

3. "The birthright belonged to Esau, but he did not prize the spiritual blessings that were given with it. He loved power and riches, but he did not care for a religious life. Jacob earnestly longed for the spiritual blessings of the birthright. He wished to commune with God as did Abraham, to offer sacrifice for his family, and to be the one in whose family Christ should come. He thought about it day and night, and tried to think of some way by which he could get the birthright away from Esau."—"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, p. 95.

4. "Thus Esau despised his birthright.' In disposing of it he felt a sense of relief. Now his way was unobstructed; he could do as he liked. For this wild pleasure, mis-called freedom, how many are still selling their birthright to an inheritance pure and undefiled, eternal in the heavens!"—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 179.

5. "Esau had violated one of the conditions of the covenant, which forbade intermarriage between the chosen people and the heathen; yet Isaac was still unshaken in his determination to bestow upon him the birthright. The reasoning of Rebekah, Jacob's strong desire for the blessing, and Esau's indifference to its obligations, had no effect to change the father's purpose. Years passed on, until Isaac, old and blind, and expecting soon to die, determined no longer to delay the bestowal of the blessing upon his elder son. But knowing the opposition of Rebekah and Jacob, he decided to perform the solemn ceremony in secret. In accordance with the custom of making a feast upon such occasions, the patriarch bade Esau, 'Go out to the field, and take me some venison; and make me savory meat . . . that my soul may bless thee before I die.'"—*Ibid.*

6. "Esau had lightly valued the blessing while it seemed within his reach, but he desired to possess it now that it was gone from him forever. All the strength of his impulsive, passionate nature was aroused, and his grief and rage were terrible. . . . Esau was not shut out from the privilege of seeking God's favor by repentance; but he could find no means of recovering the birthright. His grief did not spring from conviction of sin; he did not desire to be reconciled to God. He sorrowed because of the results of his sin, but not for the sin itself."—*Id.*, p. 181.

Five Little Brothers

Five little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day;
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about;
The five little brothers grew very gloomy
And the wee one began to pout,
Till the biggest one whispered, "What do you say?
Let's leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped—
When somebody found the carriage of leather,
Oh, my, how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one knows,
And the five little brothers were five little toes.

—Unidentified.

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The Older Man's Prayer

LIKE one whose limbs are bound in trance
I hear the day sounds swell and grow,
And see across the twilight glance,
Troop after troop, in swift advance,
The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,
I know what mighty work is theirs;
I can but lift up hands unmeet
The threshing floors of God to beat,
And speed them with unworthy prayers.

O power to do! O baffled will!
O prayer and action! ye are one.
Who may not strive may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still,
And good but wished with God is done!

— John G. Whittier.

A Call for the Temperance Instructor

A SECRETARY of one of our largest tract societies writes:

"We have been holding up our work in the temperance line until we could get a little ammunition to work with. We have been straining our eyes for the last three weeks, watching for sample copies of the new TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTOR, and have even been dreaming how we were going to work to give this a good circulation and help to make a dry State of New York. But still we fail to get the sample copy. For weeks the people have been asking for the paper."

We are glad the INSTRUCTOR is being anxiously awaited. We hope every State is stretching out its arms for this paper, as is New York, eager to send it forth on its mission of education and vote making.

The servant of the Lord has told us that there should be "no compromise, and no cessation of our efforts till victory is gained." While victory apparently hovers over the nation, we shall not be sure that it has come to abide with us until the American Congress speaks the word of welcome.

The 1918 Temperance Annual Is Ready

With this efficient weapon at our command, we can all have a part in the nation-wide ratification campaign. Let us bestir ourselves as never before, and scatter the TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTOR throughout the land. Now is our opportunity. Let us prove true to our trust.

Lawlessness and Anarchy

THE apostle Paul in writing to Timothy, said that the world would wax worse and worse as it neared the end of time.

There is little doubt but this condition exists today; for almost every paper gives startling statements con-

cerning existing lawlessness and anarchy. Russia is bound hand and foot by anarchy's strong cords; Finland is writhing under the bloody lash of the Red Guards. An Associated Press dispatch from London says:

"Lawlessness is spreading alarmingly in the west and south of Ireland. In parts of Clare cattle drivers, in fear of cattle thieves, have called for small bodies of troops. The telegraph wires have been cut and trees are thrown across the roads daily to hinder the movements of troops and police. Farms are being seized in the name of the Irish republic."

Special Cable from the London "Times"

"Raids for arms have not ceased and the atmosphere and life throughout the south and west of Ireland is one of insecurity and alarm. Many well-to-do families have taken refuge in Dublin, but the small farmers and shopkeepers cannot follow this example. A sinister feature of the situation is the apparent powerlessness of the Roman Catholic clergy to control their flocks. Last week Sinn Feiners in the county Mayo, demanded a public apology from a priest who denounced lawlessness. Many Roman Catholic bishops are known to be profoundly concerned at the state of affairs, but the church as a whole has not spoken. The impression that its counsels are divided is producing unfortunate consequences."

One manifestation of lawlessness was made in an attack upon "a group of American sailors in County Cork, Ireland. They were attacked and stoned by Sinn Feiners. The sailors paid no attention to the jeers with which the Sinn Feiners greeted them, but when stones began to fly, the Yankees charged their assailants. Advices from Dublin and other Irish cities indicate that the Sinn Feiners are getting bolder and that the cases of lawlessness are increasing."

The treatment recently accorded Mr. Bryan when he attempted to fulfil an engagement to speak in Toronto, Canada, is another illustration of the general mob spirit taking possession of the world. Mr. Bryan was greeted by hoots and jeers, a chorus of catcalls, songs, and impertinent questions, when he was introduced to the audience. Returned soldiers are held to be chiefly responsible for this embarrassing conduct.

Juvenile Crime Increasing

Wolf von Schierbrand says that in Vienna "the number of crimes committed by boys and girls under eighteen in the year 1915-16 was 340 per cent greater than in the year 1913-14. And apparently the record is continually growing worse."

In every warring country there has been marked increase in juvenile crime. Here in our own country word comes from Detroit that "State troops were recently accepted by the police commissioner to crush the wave of banditry that has been sweeping over the city for several weeks past. The constabulary forces which guarded elevators, docks, railroad yards and other places also patrolled various sections of the city at night."

Our INSTRUCTOR boys and girls must be on guard lest they be caught in the maelstrom of lawlessness, crime, and anarchy that is about to swallow up the world. The enemy is thus seeking to destroy souls; but God is seeking to seal his people unto himself. Let us allow him to bind us to him by the strong cords of love that nothing can break but our own carelessness and indifference. Let us be obedient, courteous, and reverent; for only in this way can we hope to escape the evils of the last days.