

# *The* INSTRUCTOR

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Photo by J. B. Frank

AN INSTRUCTOR OF ADELPHIAN ACADEMY, HOLLY, MICHIGAN  
Not too proud to busy himself profitably outside of the schoolroom.



# From Here and There

The ruins of the tower of Babel are now serving as a wireless station.

Rockefeller's income is said to be \$60,000,000 a year, on which he pays an income tax of \$38,000,000.

Oregon, Colorado, Utah, Montana, and the United States each has a woman member of its legislative body.

The "America," the first tank built in the United States each has a woman member of its legislative forty-five tons.

The most expensive chicken yard in the world is the one on top of the Waldorf-Astoria, a property valued at \$11,650,000.

Princess Marie Antoinette, mother of Empress Zita, of Austria, has been exiled from Austria, presumably for her part in getting the emperor to seek a separate peace with France.

Bernard Shaw, the English writer, makes the patriotic boast that from the day the war broke out, he has abstained rigidly from consuming flesh, fish, fowl, alcohol, and tobacco. Mr. Shaw wisely counsels the rest of the world to follow his example.

Eleven States have now ratified the Federal Prohibition Amendment. They are: Mississippi, Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, North Dakota, Maryland, Montana, Texas, Delaware, South Dakota, Massachusetts.

When a man loses his temper, he generally loses more than that, as Private Schneider found when he vilified President Wilson, and was sent to prison for ten years to think it over. He lost his liberty as well as his temper.

San Diego, California, has an aerial truck, or hydroaëroplane, for fighting its fires. When the alarm rings for a water-front fire, the aërial truck takes wings at once, and when it gets within striking distance of the flames settles down in the midst of the water supply.

Extensive observation and tabulation of the accidents that occur in the streets of New York City show that there are more accidents between five and six in the afternoon than at any other time of day or night. They also reveal the fact that men are three times as likely to be injured on the street as women.

Three years ago, in 1915, Birmingham, Alabama, built a new jail, and when it was finished 109 prisoners moved in and took up their abode. Two years later, in August, 1917, there were only 23 prisoners in the new building, and a month later only eleven. What caused this startling decrease in the patronage of this long-established institution of society? — The State of Alabama went dry.

Eleven-year-old Lela Randolph, of Edmond, Oklahoma, a typical farm girl, who raised her one-tenth-acre garden, doing all the work herself, and canned everything cannable on the farm last autumn, is the youngest canning-club girl in the county. She received first prizes for her work at the township and county fairs, and was awarded the county scholarship for the short course for girls and boys at the Oklahoma State fair. In addition she did the baking for a family of eleven last summer, just because she loves to cook.

Ralph C. Benedict has just finished a four-year study of the clothes-hungry little pest, the moth, and he has discovered that camphor and naphthalene in closed places kill them surely. It is almost impossible to poison them to death. Cedar chests and tobacco do not repel them. Any tight-closed box, if none are already in, will keep them out. They may be in your clothes, even though you can't see them, because they take on the color of the garments they eat. He turned one red, white, and blue on the proper diet.

There are as many as sixty varieties of the maple tree, which is found in the north temperate zone, notably in North America, the British Isles, and India. Perhaps a half-dozen varieties yield sugar. The one supplying it the most abundantly is called the sugar maple (*Acer saccharinum*). The wood of the maple tree has a satiny appearance and is used extensively in making furniture. It is sometimes finely marked, with undulations of fiber, and is then known as bird's-eye maple, used in veneering.

The Thimble Fund of the English women gave Mrs. W. A. Bartlett, of New York, her idea for the Treasure and Trinket Fund, which is to provide blankets and other comforts for our soldiers. Thousands of women from all over the United States have given to this fund of their treasures and trinkets, — coins, thimbles, silver cornets, spectacle rims, watch chains, silver compote dishes, silver trays, baby cups, candlesticks, bracelets, etc. The address of the one who receives these gifts is 259 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the popular writer, is working in France as a representative of the American Red Star Animal Relief organization. This society, formed two years ago, is giving material aid to the government in caring for horses used in the war. Mrs. Wilcox proposes to give to the American Expeditionary Force two large veterinary ambulances, costing \$9,000 apiece, to aid in caring for wounded horses.

Two young women just out of their teens have for the past four years operated a paying mine at Pearl Harbor, Alaska. They built the four-room cottage in which they live, getting the timber from the forest themselves. There is nothing in the mining line that they are not capable of doing, from sharpening a steel to shoeing a mule.

According to latest reports Germany is standardizing the dress of her women. Thousands of blouses "made of a material which is neither wool nor cotton" have been put on sale at \$1.50 each, and women in every class of society are expected to wear them.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

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No. 24

## How He Helped Himself

"HELP yourself, help yourself, little boy, do!  
Don't wait for others to wait upon you,"  
Grandma was holding her afternoon chat,  
Knitting and rocking away as she sat.

"Look at the birds, how they build their own nests;  
Watch the brown bees always toiling their best,  
Put your own hands to the plow, if you'd thrive;  
Don't waste your moments in wishing, but strive."

Up in her face looked a mischievous elf,  
"Don't forget, darling," said she, "help yourself."  
Afternoon shadows grow drowsy and deep,  
Grandma was quietly folded in sleep.

Nothing was heard but the old farmhouse clock  
Plodding along with its warning tick tock.  
Out from the pantry there came a loud crash;  
Pussy jumped up from the hearth in a flash.

Back to her chair came this practical boy  
Steepled to the ears in jam, custard, and joy;  
Frightened, he cried, "Please, I've upset the shelf;  
Grandma, I minded; I did help myself."

— *Selected.*

## Nature's Charity

E. F. COLLIER

**T**IRELESSLY throughout all the seasons, nature labors to heal earth's wounds and cover her scars, like the Master she serves, giving "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Every autumn when the frost comes and drives away the flowers, you can see the leaves of the forest burst forth in magic colors as if to defy the grim destroyer of beauty. Every winter when the world seems dead and the work of summer all undone, comes the white mantle of heaven's charity to hide it away. And nature still works on. She hangs clumps of snow on the orchid branches in tender, gracious mimicry of the flowers that clung there in seasons past. The woods are dismantled, but they stretch away into cold, quiet purple that still is beautiful. Prismatic colors flash from every rise of ground, and all the paths of beasts and men are strewn with glittering jewels.

Then comes springtime, nature's great opportunity. All the world concedes it her gala day. In her rapture of life and color she leaves nothing untouched that can in any way be made more beautiful. The gray hills are clothed, the meadows gleam, the hills break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands.

Steal away into the solitudes, into the desolate places, and her charity is all the more marked. The north side of the tree trunk, and the earth at its roots, where the sun cannot shine nor the grass grow, are nevertheless beautiful in rich carpetings of green and brown moss. The pool in the wilderness whose waters cover treacherous quicksands and beds of slime and mud, is not content until it has beckoned to the sky above and borrowed of its cerulean hue. By night it is kissed by all the moonbeams because it reflects so perfectly their mother up in the sky. And the stars shine in its depths, a little more timid perhaps than the ones above, but the same stars, signaling to each other — family on earth and in heaven.

Here is an old stump of a tree that has found her pity. Hollowed by age, destitute, decayed, falling away in fragments, it has been overgrown with vines until its unsightliness has been completely covered. True to that supreme, loving trait within her she has woven a vesture of living green with which to hide

away its naked, helpless form from the gaze of an uncharitable world.

Even on the blighted fields of France that stretch north and northeast from Verdun, where it is said that a pick cannot be struck into the ground in any spot that does not contain a dead body, there grow millions and millions of poppies as if seeking to hide the curse of iron and blood from the sight of men. A writer who has visited these fields, in telling of this miracle of bloom adds that nature, though she cannot supply roses for all who have been slain, has bountifully supplied these little red flowers as symbols of the dead beneath.

So through all of nature's handiwork, woven into the fabric of all visible things, is the lesson of her charity. "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" This thought is usually applied to the clothing of the natural body, but how much more may it be applied to the clothing of life in the garments of righteousness? There are whispers from the unseen world of fallen spirits to say you are not worthy of God's love and care; there are clamors from plenty of men and women about you that your sins are greater than God's grace and more enduring than his mercy; but from every side — above, below, about you — are the signals of nature, the creature of God, telling you that he is love and that his mercy endureth forever. Are you sad, lonely, disappointed, discouraged? Take heart again. God's charity never fails.

### Sliver Bridges

**S**OME years ago while John Muir, the daring, persevering traveler, was exploring Taylor Bay Glacier, he determined to cross the broad river of ice at a point where it is about seven miles wide. By careful planning he was able to safely bridge the dangerous crevasses, and finally gain the opposite shore. There he spent several hours examining a branch glacier, and when the afternoon was nearly gone awoke to the fact that he was fifteen miles from camp.

He set out in a low, dragging mist for his return trip across the crystal prairie, fully aware of his danger. Some crevasses twenty or thirty feet wide



he crossed on narrow ice bridges; others he was obliged to jump, and frequently he had to cut steps up or down a solid wall of ice. The climax of his difficulties came just at dusk when he reached a crevasse seventy-five feet in width, spanned by a narrow ice bridge that looked like a mere sliver in the fading light. The bridge was badly weathered, and in the center was a low-drooping curve with a knifelike edge. Mr. Muir finally decided to venture a crossing, as there seemed to be no other way to get back to camp, and after a cautious journey arrived safely at the other side.

How often life brings us all to sliver bridges! Chasms appear in unexpected places along the pathway, and faith and hope seem such slender bridges upon which to cross a crevasse of trouble which seems overwhelming. But "our extremity is God's opportunity," and with his steadying hand to guide, we may cross to safety.

MARY M. CRAWFORD.

### A Fable: Don't Give Up

**T**WO frogs fell into a cream crock. One immediately gave up in despair and said: "There's no use in struggling. We might as well realize at once that we must die, and pass in our checks gracefully."

"You may do as you please," replied the other, "but for my part I shall continue to jump as long as there is life enough left in me, and perhaps something will turn up."

The faint-hearted frog was greatly impressed with the wisdom of this latter speech, and accordingly both frogs began vigorously to hop up and down, keeping up a constant commotion in the cream crock, the result being that the cream was soon churned into butter, whereupon both frogs got on top and hopped out.

Moral: When you feel blue and discouraged, keep on jumping, and remember that it is always darkest just before dawn; that sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

C. J. TOLF.

### Correct Standards

**T**O do a little thing like that cannot be breaking the Sabbath," was the reply when one was chided for having done some of her own work on the time God claims as his. Her difference of opinion lies in the fact that her standard of Sabbath keeping is a low one.

In the use of china there are different degrees of impairment. If broken beyond all usefulness by one who cares nothing for its value, there is no compunction of conscience, no sorrow or restitution. This is the case with the one who cares nothing for the Sabbath, but wilfully appropriates to his own use any or all of that which God has reserved to himself. His conscience does not trouble him in the least, and he asks no forgiveness.

One who has an interest in a piece of valuable china may by thoughtlessness injure it, but sorrow will be the sure result. So one who knows the sacredness of the Sabbath may inadvertently mar its holy hours, and thus lose much of its beneficence, but sincere confession and repentance will follow.

A crack in a dish never diminishes in length or width, but finally becomes a veritable break. So if we allow seemingly trifling misdemeanors to invade the Sabbath, the way is soon opened for flagrant nonobservance of the day. The rule for us should be to avoid all appearance of evil and let our example

in Sabbath keeping be that which God requires. Then when our friends and neighbors accept the truth through our influence, their lives will conform to the Bible standard.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

### Work in Australia<sup>1</sup>

**W**HILE sitting at the rear of the room I was reading his motto, "Every young person in this conference for Christ." Is it not a grand thing to be marching under such a motto? And is it not wonderful to be connected with such a movement? It goes beyond conferences, away out into the mission fields where young people have never heard of God; and it is claiming for Christ young people who never before had known his name.

We are endeavoring by every means that has been suggested by the department, to forward our work among the young people in Australia and New Zealand, but it was not until recent years that we thought of beginning the work in mission fields,—that is, among the black people, the aborigines.

The young people of these places are less firmly bound by custom and caste than the older people. They are less firmly held by the chiefs who rule them, and so the work more readily begins among them. We have found that the Missionary Volunteer work is a God-given means of taking raw converts out of heathenism and cannibalism and making them soul-winners for Jesus Christ. This department is doing among the peoples of the islands a work that no other part of our organization can attempt. Although the work in the Solomon Islands has been established only three years, there are some young people on the way to be trained workers in the field and for other tribes in the group.

In Australia the department is continually strengthening. During the last year the young people have been enthusiastically endeavoring to purchase a sailing ship for the work in the Melanesian group. There are a thousand islands whose inhabitants have not heard the name of Jesus Christ, and our young people are awaking to the fact that this is the time to preach the gospel to the people in the South Seas, and so when invited to help purchase this ship, they entered upon the work enthusiastically. Brother F. Knight, our young people's secretary, had a model of the ship prepared, and took it around to the camp-meetings. I have never seen a more hearty response to any work than the young people offered to that. They have more than reached their aim. They set out to raise 2,000 pounds, and they are not going to cease their efforts until they have secured 2,800 pounds.

Now, it is not so much the purchase of the ship that has inspired these young people as it is the thought of reaching by that means the inhabitants of thousands of islands. The work that our young people are endeavoring to support in this way is a noble work. It is reaching out after the very lowest. The Australian aborigines have never had sufficient intelligence to build themselves a house. They put up only shacks for shelter. Yet, dear friends, we have today young people, Australian aborigines, taking with a good degree of success the Standard of Attainment examinations.

(Concluded on page fourteen)

<sup>1</sup> Stenographic report of a talk given at the General Conference by Elder C. H. Watson, president of the Australasian Union Conference, in one of the Missionary Volunteer departmental meetings. Other talks given in these meetings will be published in this paper from time to time.





### The Spirit in the Bottle

I'm a thief — I steal what I desire;  
A heartless thief — whatever I acquire  
I take without a twinge of conscience,  
Without a blush of shame.  
No hungry child enlists my pity,  
No shivering waif, a single thoughtful care;  
No broken heart, a healing bit of comfort,  
No broken home, a mercy or a prayer —  
For I'm a thief that pity can't inspire;  
A sodden thief without a just desire.  
To lust, my loathsome, foul ambition —  
To get and hold, my aim.

I'm a fiend — I laugh while others, trying  
To build, but fail; and taunt the dying  
Who, struggling, yet too weak in spirit,  
Make shipwreck of their lives.  
I gloat o'er man's procrastinations,  
And weave my fastenings on him like a spell;  
I pour remorse in all his empty longings,  
And drag him ruined, cursing, down to hell!  
For I'm a fiend — I mock at mercy's crying;  
A hateful fiend, remorseless, e'er denying  
The soul of manhood, upward groping,  
To loose him from his gyves.

E. F. COLLIER.

### Mr. O'Leary's Early Morning Treatment

MR. O'LEARY had spent the day with comrades, fishing and drinking, and it was not until one o'clock in the morning that he reached home. Being unable to control his goings, he fell into an old well near the rear door, which had long been out of use, though it still contained several feet of water. The sudden descent and cold plunge sufficiently sobered the bibulous gentleman to make him call frantically for help. His appeal awakened his wife, who, after locating the cry of distress, attempted by means of a pail, a strong rope, and a windlass to effect a rescue.

No sooner had Mrs. O'Leary lowered the bucket within her husband's reach, than he pulled it to him, placed one foot in it, and grasped the rope above with both hands. The lady then began to turn at the windlass, and after lifting him up just clear of the water, she purposely let him drop back into the water, which action caused him to think he was too heavy for his wife to pull out of the well. But after several repetitions of this treatment Mr. O'Leary grew suspicious of his rescuer, and angrily exclaimed, "If you let me down again, you'll kill me!"

"Ah, well, Patrick," she replied, "haven't ye been a preachin' to me all along that ye must 'get used to it [meaning total abstinence] gradually,' or else it might kill ye, ye know?"

At this new version of his philosophy, Mr. O'Leary made voluminous promises on condition that he be quickly freed from his predicament. But Mrs. O'Leary, knowing so well the ways of her husband, feared for his future, should he again meet his "old pals," so determined to make the most of present opportunities to show her husband the foolishness of his talk about "getting used to it." After satisfying herself that he had sobered up and was "getting used to" better conditions, she drew him up at one steady pull, the gentleman making many resolutions as he left his "wet" abode.

Politicians tell us we must get used to this nation-wide prohibition by local option and State-wide laws, else it might kill, commercially. But it has been proved by experience that prohibition does not kill; it rejuvenates instead.

Let us arise in our might, and by Heaven's aid stamp out from among us forever the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, and thus make it a living reality that this is "the land of the free" and "the home of the brave." D. E. H. LINDSEY.

### Work for War Prohibition

A BILL for war prohibition has been introduced in the House by Representative A. W. Barkley of Kentucky, known as H. R. 11710. This we must work for diligently. The measure is now in the hands of the House Judiciary Committee, which has the following membership:

Edwin Y. Webb, North Carolina; Charles C. Carlin, Virginia; Robert Y. Thomas, Jr., Kentucky; William L. Igoe, Missouri; Warren Gard, Ohio; Richard S. Whaley, South Carolina; Thaddeus H. Caraway, Arkansas; M. M. Neely, West Virginia; Henry J. Steele, Pennsylvania; J. Randall Walker, Georgia; Hatton W. Sumners, Texas; Joseph V. Flynn, New York; Andrew J. Volstead, Minnesota; John M. Nelson, Wisconsin; Dick T. Morgan, Oklahoma; George S. Graham, Pennsylvania; Walter M. Chandler, New York; Leonidas C. Dyer, Missouri; Joseph Walsh, Massachusetts; C. F. Reavis, Nebraska; Walter W. Magee, New York.

Letters from their home States to these gentlemen, addressed to them at Washington, D. C., will be especially helpful. *Get voting constituents to write or telegraph. We must have war prohibition.* Congress must be made to realize that, while the people deeply appreciate what has already been done along temperance lines, still the exigencies of the hour demand the passage of the above-mentioned bill, which follows:

"That the manufacture, sale, furnishing, advertising, or soliciting orders for, or the transportation of, distilled, malt, vinous, or intoxicating liquors of any kind, for beverage purposes, within the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, including Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, shall be unlawful during the period of the present war and thereafter until the termination of demobilization, the date of which shall be determined and proclaimed by the President of the United States."

The bill has been carefully drawn, entering into every detail and covering the ground in every particular. *Urge people to write their Congressmen to send them a copy of the Barkley War Prohibition Bill, H. R. 11710.* It will bring the matter to their attention and give them the full text of the measure; then solicit them after reading the bill, to urge its passage by their legislators.— *Union Signal.*

### Whisky at the South Pole?

A REPRESENTATIVE of the British Workers' League having recently declared that it was Irish whisky that enabled Captain Scott and his party to reach the south pole, the attention of Lady Scott was drawn to the statement. Lady Scott says that such a statement is entirely erroneous. She further adds: "My husband regarded the use of spirits in the antarctic as very dangerous on account of the reaction and deadly cold that sets in after the stimulant sub-



sides. I think I am right in saying that whisky was absolutely prohibited on sledge journeys in the antarctic. It is entirely untrue and most mischievous to say that I quoted my husband as praising the sustaining merits of whisky. On the contrary, he very often told me he regarded it as a most dangerous and undesirable thing for sledging."—*Christian Endeavor World*.

## In the Christian's Pathway

### My Heavenly Father

My heavenly Father, more art thou  
Than all earth's beauties, all earth's charms,  
For thou hast kept us until now,  
Safe in thine everlasting arms.

B. F. M. SOURS.

### Porto Alegre

SOME time ago we held a tent effort in a small city of about 10,000 inhabitants. There were no Seventh-day Adventists in this city, and to many of the people ours was a new message. An old colored woman became interested in the meetings and attended regularly. She had been a slave, and could neither read nor write, but she felt impressed that we were teaching the truth. I arranged to hold Bible readings with her, and she enjoyed them very much. She asked me to come when her daughter was at home and give the same readings to her. This I did. The daughter bought a Bible and also became interested.

One evening as the mother reached the entrance of the tent, she met a priest who got hold of her and said, "What do you want in there? that is no place for you." She said, "They preach the truth here." But not wishing to make him angry, she turned and made as if she were going home, but went only a block or so, when she hid and waited for him to leave so she could return to the tent. As she was looking out from her hiding place to see if he had gone away, he espied her. We were holding also a State camp-meeting in the city at this time, and soon a large number of Adventists came along, and the colored woman hid herself among them and returned unobserved to the tent.

Soon the tent effort closed, and all the workers returned to their respective places. I stayed to continue giving Bible readings to the interested ones, some of whom lived outside the city in mud houses with grass roofs. The old colored woman accompanied me in the evenings, and the people offered their houses for me to hold the studies in. I gave readings on the second coming of Christ and other subjects, finally speaking of the necessity of keeping God's law. I asked how many were willing to do this, when seven raised their hands. Afterward I spoke on the first and second commandments, and asked how many were willing to throw away their idols. Six of them obeyed, the old colored woman throwing hers into the trash heap or giving them away. Finally she was taken sick and could not accompany me in the evenings, so she sent her granddaughter with me, a girl of ten years.

Whenever I needed the little girl, she was ready to go with me. She also began keeping the Sabbath, and put away her idols. The conditions became very unsettled on account of the war, and the people warned me not to go out in the evenings, so I decided to return to headquarters. The last evening, I pre-

sented the little girl with a New Testament, because she had been so faithful in attending the meetings. She looked at it and said, "This book is almost like my mother's Bible." I said, "Yes, it is a part of the Bible." Then she said, "Oh! I am so glad for this book; I will read in it every day until I have read it all through, then I will learn it by heart, and every six months I will review it, so that I shall never forget the good things in it; and if I should become very sick and die, I would ask my mother to put this book in my coffin, for I never want to part with it."

The grandmother, daughter, and the granddaughter accepted the truth, and several others with whom I studied. Three months later I visited them and spoke of baptism, and they decided to be baptized. They had been faithful during those three months, and I hope at the next baptism that they can be present.

I am also preparing four others here in this city for baptism. The work is progressing, and I am so grateful that the Master chose me to have a part in it.

L. CORINNE HOY.

## Gleanings from the General Conference

### The Nazareth School

THIS school is an important factor in the work of God in southern India. The teacher is Brother E. D. Thomas. Two native young men who are now assisting him were placed in the school by their father, who was interested in the meetings being held by one of our evangelists. Shortly after their entrance, the father was stricken with cholera and died. Relatives of the boys sought to remove them from the school. But they refused to go, saying, "If our father were alive, he would want us to remain in this school, and here we will remain." They were only about twelve years old at the time. Later their mother was taken very ill. When the boys were called home, the Hindu priest thought he had a good opportunity to obtain control of them. He said, "Your mother will die if I do not pray for her. Unless you promise me that you will leave that Christian school and come back under our instruction, I will refuse to pray for your mother." The boys said, "No, we will not come to you. And if you will not pray for our mother, we will;" and the two brothers knelt there beside their dying mother, and offered their prayers to God. Those boys have grown up to be young men, twenty and twenty-one years of age. While now serving as teachers, it is expected they will soon enter the evangelistic work.

### A Hindu Father's Testimony

The Nazareth school has been instrumental in winning many Hindu boys. One young lad's father brought him with the specific statement that no interference with his religion would be tolerated. He said, "I will leave my son here, but you must not teach him anything of your religion." The schoolmaster replied, "I cannot take him on such an agreement as that."

The boy was left, however, and he finally accepted Christ, and that vacation he went home. When the father returned with him, he said, "My boy is entirely changed. I did not want him to become a Christian; but when I see what this religion has made of him, I am willing for him to be a Christian." That was a Hindu father.

### Experiences at Our Mission Stations

Elder W. H. Anderson, who has been a missionary in Africa since 1895, gave a glimpse of some of the inconveniences common to the missionary. He said:



"When we first opened our Pemba Mission, our native boy used to take the mail bag under his arm, and start off on Monday morning to the post office, and come back with the mail a week from the next Thursday night, walking a hundred miles in and a hundred miles back. And we got our mail only once a month. Usually, when we sent a letter to our union conference headquarters, it took us three months to get a reply. We were at that time two hundred miles from the end of the railroad, and all our supplies had to come in by ox wagon that distance. It was five hundred miles to the nearest store from which we could obtain supplies. We sent in an order for provisions but twice a year; and if we forgot something when we sent in the order, we had to wait six months before we had an opportunity to remedy the mistake. It is a wonderful stimulant to the memory to be situated like that.

"In visiting our mission station at Solusi, the old Matabeleland mission station, I saw native boys who had come down from away up on the border of Portuguese West Africa. They had heard of our school work, and five of those native boys had started out to find the school. They had walked more than six hundred miles, and had not passed a single school on the way. When they arrived at the Solusi Mission it was my task to go out and tell them that that school was more than full, that there was no room for them. Brethren and sisters, heartless as it may seem, we had to tell them to go home because there was no place for them. Think what it means to send those young men who had come that long distance, back to their heathenism, back to their superstition, back home to die without God and without hope in this world."

#### The Old Chief's Appeal for the Book

Elder Anderson also related the following touching incident: "I was up north visiting with an old native chief, one of the old Batonga tribe. This tribe is about as wild as any I have ever seen, and I have seen some pretty wild ones, too. The people who, in 1893, pounced upon Captain Selous, the famous African hunter, and robbed him of everything, were from this tribe and from this immediate vicinity. Among that people today we have one of our best outschools, and the strongest work we have in Northern Rhodesia is there. This gospel will tame the wildest of men.

"Temba Temba is the head man of all that district. Poor old man, he is blind now. I asked him if he remembered Dr. Livingstone, because Dr. Livingstone had gone right through that very territory. He said, 'Yes.' Then he told me how, when he was a boy, Dr. Livingstone came into his father's village with a book—the Book of God. Livingstone told them about God's letter which he had sent down to this world, in which he tells us what he wants us all to do, and he then said: 'Teacher, when Dr. Livingstone left my father's village, he promised that when he went home he would send some one to teach us about the Book of God; and all these years I have been watching the path, I have been looking for that man to come that Dr. Livingstone promised us.'

"Temba Temba grew up to manhood, his children grew up around him—and his grandchildren, and his great-grandchildren; and as I sat there talking with the old blind man, he reached out and took hold of the Bible I had in my hand. He opened it and held it up before his eyes, saying: 'Teacher, I watched the path all these years for some one to come and help us, and you have waited, and Temba Temba has

grown old, and today when you have come to me with the Book of God I am blind and cannot see it. You can teach my children and my grandchildren, but as far as I am concerned, you have come too late.' " And then Elder Anderson says the old man put to him that unanswerable question, "*Why have you waited so long?*" "

#### Outcast<sup>1</sup>

I SAW a lone wanderer, wretched and old,  
As on through the shadows he pressed,  
The bleak winds of winter blew cheerless and cold,  
As the day-king surrendered his chariot of gold,  
And sank in the shadowy west.

I saw him again in the darkness of night,  
As he wearily tottered on,  
He had seen the gleam of a friendly light  
Which shone like a star on his failing sight,  
When his courage was almost gone.

I saw him again, as with trembling form  
He stood at the rich man's door.  
Within, there was nourishing food so warm;  
Without, there was darkness and pitiless storm,—  
Oh how could he wander more?

Within was life, and without was death,  
For the wintry blast was cold;  
Without was the storm-king's angry breath,—  
"O, give me shelter!" the old man saith,  
"I am weary and poor and old."

But the rich man turned with a cruel stare,  
And a cold and pitiless tone,  
Not a crust from his bountiful board could spare,  
Not a crumb for the perishing soul to share,  
For his heart was hard as stone.

I saw him again, as with tottering feet,  
And with wild eye fierce and bright,  
He sank to rest in the frozen street,  
And the spotless snow was his winding sheet,  
On that terrible winter night.

When earth in her springtime robes was dressed,  
And the wintry storms were o'er,  
They found him where he had sunk to rest,  
With his Bible clasped to his frozen breast.  
He slept to wake no more.

O ye whose hearts are as hard and cold  
As the pitiless, flinty stone,  
Ye have locked your coffers and hid your gold,  
And ye heed not the cry of the poor and old,  
But have left them to die alone.

But I hear a Voice from the heavens afar,—  
From the great white throne on high:  
"Ye have heaped your treasures in bags with holes,  
And they shall be flung to the bats and moles,—  
For my poor shall not always cry."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

Two years ago our little church in Newport News, Virginia, was a sorry sight. The steps had rotted away, the fence had fallen down, and only five or six faithfully attended services. After a tent effort, there is now a Sabbath school of more than seventy-five members. Forty-seven persons are keeping the Sabbath. Four young persons from this company are working to earn scholarships, that they may attend one of our schools. The church building has been enlarged, remodeled, reseated, and money is now being raised for a church school building to be ready for occupancy in the fall.

If you want a thing, earn it; a position, qualify for it; character, trust, or affection, be worthy of it; satisfaction of love, give service and money.—*Association Men.*

<sup>1</sup> The circumstances described in these lines took place many years ago in the State of New York.



## Nature and Science

### How Linoleum is Made

**H**AVE you ever examined a piece of oilcloth or linoleum to discover its structure? Do you know of what it is made? Have you noted the difference in the coloring of the common floor oilcloth and the inlaid linoleum, and what forms the back of the heavy linoleums? If not, do so before reading this article. A few moments of objective study will reward your effort. Mr. Ralph H. Butz, in a recent *Christian Endeavor World*, tells the interesting story of the manufacture of linoleum, and answers many of the queries that will come to mind as one examines this much-used floor covering.

#### Materials Required to Make Linoleum

Mr. Butz says that "the greater part of the earth's surface is covered to obtain the proper materials for this floor covering. One of the most important articles in this connection is flax, the seed of which is crushed to make linseed oil. Flax is imported from Russia, Argentina, and Canada. Linseed oil forms the base of all linoleum products. Cork is next in importance, and this is imported from Spain, Portugal, and Morocco. Burlap is required to start the process, and this burlap is woven in Scotland from jute that is raised in India. A certain grade of gums is required to mix with the rest of the materials, and these gums are gathered in Australia and Africa. The paints or pigments that are necessary to color the linoleum are manufactured in this country, but before the war began it was necessary to import them from France, Belgium, and Germany."

#### How Oilcloth and Linoleum are Made

Oilcloth is a coarse canvas which has received a number of coats of thick oil paint, each coat being rubbed smooth with pumice stone before the application of the next. Its surface is ornamented with patterns painted in oil colors by means of wooden blocks. Since the colors are simply printed on the surface, they in time wear off. In the best linoleums the colors extend throughout the material.

In the proportion that linoleum is superior to the common oilcloth as a covering, is the process of its manufacture more complicated and more interesting.

"In making linoleum linseed oil must be oxidized. The oil is exposed to the air, and absorbs oxygen, which gradually changes it from a liquid to a tough, rubbery substance. The oil is boiled before the process is started.

"The best-known process of exposing the oil to the air is to hang long sheets of cotton cloth to the top of a high building or shed, which may be from sixty to eighty feet from floor to ceiling. Day after day these sheets are then flooded automatically and regularly with the boiled linseed oil, which, as it trickles down, leaves a thin deposit, and imprisons minute quantities of air.

This process is continued until the sheets grow into 'skins' about three fourths of an inch thick, which requires several weeks of continual flooding. After they have reached the required thickness, they are taken down and cut into pieces. Then these pieces are put through chopping machines and mixing machines where they are ground into very fine particles. Then cork is pulverized and placed in the mixing-machine with the oxidized linseed oil. The pigment to make the desired color is also added.

"After these materials have been thoroughly mixed, they are taken out of the machine in a stiff, tenacious mass, which is then applied to the long sheets of burlap forming the back of linoleum. In the making of plain linoleum this compound is applied by a heavy rolling machine, which presses it on the burlap very evenly. After it is properly pressed, it must be 'cured.' This curing is done by placing it in a large oven specially designed for the purpose, and in which the temperature is constantly maintained at 140° F. After it has been in the oven or heater for several weeks it is ready for marketing.

"The best grade of linoleum is inlaid, the manufacture requiring a more elaborate and intricate process. The colors in inlaid linoleum run through to the burlap on which it is pressed, and last through the life of the goods. In the making of inlaid linoleum the varicolored compositions are fed into the inlaying machine in the form of sheets which have already been rolled out. Each color has its own dies, and these punch out the pieces and press them on to the burlap.

"After the inlaying machine has pressed these small blocks on to the burlap, the burlap is taken to the hydraulic press, where it is twice put under a pressure of 400,000 pounds to the square foot. This great pressure squeezes the stamped-out tiles and burlap into a single material that does not show a seam or a joint.

#### Where Used

"Linoleum is used not only in houses, but heavy linoleums are used on the decks of huge battleships. In our modern skyscrapers linoleum is cemented directly to the concrete floor. It is used for the tops of desks and tables and other metal furniture, and for a great many other purposes."

Linerusta-Walton is a "material similar to linoleum, which is stamped out in embossed patterns and used as a covering for walls."

#### When Discovered

The Encyclopedia Britannica says that Michael Nairn, of Scotland, was the first person to conceive the notion of utilizing the fiber of cork and oil paint in such a way as to produce a floor covering more lasting than carpet and yet capable of taking a pattern. This was in 1847. Mr. Nairn is also responsible for the linoleum business, though a Mr. Walton took out a patent in 1860 for linoleum.

### Solar and Lunar Eclipses

(Concluded from last week)

#### Frequency of Eclipses

THE times when eclipses may occur are called eclipse seasons, and as the moon in passing around the earth comes to its nodes about nineteen days earlier each year, these seasons are a little less than six months apart. We may have one such season coming the first part of January, a second in the middle of the year, and another the following December, making three in one year.

There can be but one eclipse of the moon at each season, so the largest yearly number of moon eclipses possible is three. And on the other hand, it is possible for the moon to miss the earth's shadow altogether for a whole year. The year 1900 barely escaped being one of this class. With the sun, occasionally there are two eclipses in one season.



The usual number of eclipses in one year from January to December 31 is two of the moon and two of the sun. But at times there are three of each. Sometimes four of the sun occur within the year, and very rarely five. Since 1300 A. D. there have been sixty-two different years in which four eclipses of the sun have occurred, and only one year when there were five. This was in 1805. In that year, one came January 1; another, January 30; a third, June 26; the next, July 26; and the last, December 21.

The last year in which there were four eclipses of the sun was 1917, and the last year before that in which there were four eclipses was 1880. In 1935 there will be five, occurring as follows: January 5, February 3, June 30, July 30, and December 25.

In 1917, besides the four eclipses of the sun, there were three of the moon, making seven eclipses in all within the year, which is the largest number of the sun and moon together that can possibly occur. The dates help to show their distribution throughout the year: January 8, moon; January 23, sun; June 19, sun; July 4, moon; July 19, sun; December 14, sun; December 28, moon.

The exact time, place, and duration of eclipses can be calculated ahead for hundreds of years by astronomers. They can also figure back and tell just when eclipses did occur. Important dates in history have been established by this means. For example, historians have at different times written that some important event occurred so many months or years before or after a total eclipse of the sun seen at a certain place. Calculating the exact time of the eclipse mentioned in that locality gives the date of the historical event.

Occasionally there is a partial eclipse of the moon, but most of its eclipses are total. The width of the earth's shadow being so much greater than the diameter of the moon, the latter passes nearly always in the shade when it comes near enough into line for an eclipse. The moon's eclipse can usually be seen quite generally over that portion of the earth's surface which is away from the sun. But the case is different with eclipses of the sun. The moon being smaller than the sun or the earth, its direct shadow covers only a very limited portion of the surface of the latter.

#### The Saros

Those who have studied carefully into the subject tell us that eclipses are grouped into families, and that any eclipse seen at a certain place upon the earth at a particular date will repeat itself very nearly in the same latitude and direction at the end of eighteen years and ten or eleven days. The ancient Egyptian astronomers, who discovered the fact many years ago, called this eighteen-year period the saros, and made use of it in predicting future eclipses of the sun and of the moon.

#### Digits

The magnitude of an eclipse, or that part of the sun covered by the moon, is reckoned as so many digits of the whole. A scale of twelve is used, the diameter being divided into that many parts. When the moon entirely covers the surface of the sun, and is in a total eclipse, there are said to be twelve digits eclipsed. When it passes so that a small band of sunlight the thickness of one twelfth of its diameter shows above or below the moon, the eclipse is of about eleven digits' magnitude. If the band, or crescent, is twice as thick, there is a ten-digit eclipse; and so on down the scale until one digit shows just the edge of

the moon grazing the outer rim of the sun, thus indenting it one twelfth of its diameter.

The magnitude of the same eclipse changes with difference in place of observation. By an observer in the center of the shadow considerably more of the sun's surface is seen covered than by a person viewing at either edge.

CLAUDE CONARD.

#### Apple Blossoms

God might have clothed the apple trees  
In scentless brown or gray—  
Such frail and fleeting blossoming,  
So soon to pass away—

Instead of this fair springtime garb  
Of fragrant pink and pearl  
That flutters down like rosy snow  
On every breeze awirl.

His goodness gives the pleasant fruit  
On laden boughs down bent;  
His loving-kindness adds the bloom,  
Its beauty, and its scent.

He loads us with his benefits  
Until no want we know,  
And then he sends the little more  
That makes our cup o'erflow.

He opens wide his hand of love;  
He gives no stingy dole;  
His tender mercies crown our days;—  
O bless the Lord, my soul!

—Annie Johnson Flint, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

#### A Dog with a Bad Habit

**J**UST before we came to Alberta, papa bought a little collie pup and paid five dollars for him. We called him Shep.

The next spring, before he was a year old, he used to go out on the prairie, half a mile from home, and stay with our little calves all day, returning with them at night.

He seemed to be very fond of small things. Mamma bought some turkey eggs from a neighbor and set them under a hen. When they were hatched, we brought them home and made a little yard for them beside the house. On going to feed them we found Shep lying in the yard trying to take care of them. He stayed with them every night and part of each day until they were nearly grown.

Papa keeps sheep. Once one of them broke into the stack yard. For several days Shep ran around the stacks and barked. We thought he was barking at a neighbor's pigs, but one evening when my brother came home from school Shep made such a fuss that Bennie patted him and said, "All right, old fellow, go and take them out." But instead of running after the pigs, he ran to the top of a stack and looked down, barking. The men investigated, and soon found one of papa's best sheep which had fallen between the stacks five days before. Shep had done his best to get the sheep out, and nearly killed it in the ordeal.

But Shep had one bad habit. He did not want a strange dog to come on the place, especially near the sheep, and when a team drove by with a dog following, he would drive the dog away. One day when a neighbor was passing, Shep ran out to the road, barking, and the man shot him.

You may be sure we mourned for our friend and playmate, but mamma told us we could learn a lesson from this experience, and showed us how one bad habit may prove the downfall of even a good and great person.

BERTHA MABLEY.

(Aged 12 years)



### Mt. Tamalpais

**A**BOUT twenty miles from San Francisco is Mt. Tamalpais, the Mountain of Magic, the guardian of the Golden Gate. While this mountain is but 2,600 feet above the sea level, it is of as peculiar interest to the San Franciscans as is Fujiyama to the Japanese. There are more sunlit days recorded on Tamalpais by the United States Government than at any other station in the country. Its command of the beautiful by land and sea, its impressive sunrises and sunsets, the great Muir Woods, a national reserve of gigantic redwoods at its base, all give to Tamalpais a charm of its own. The summit is reached by what is said to be "the queerest and crookedest railroad ever built."

"It is a standard broad-gauge railroad, with steam, oil-burning traction locomotives of a special type, whose cylinders turn a shaft geared to the driving wheels, on their axles. The shaft is furnished with universal joints so that the many curves that characterize the road may be made. No long-tailed dragon of Chinese legend and quaint, fantastic tricks could equal the antics of this powerful steel-and-iron dragon that squirms its tortuous way to the summit. And it climbs tail first, insuring freedom from smoke and soot, and an unobstructed view. Halfway up, the road spreads ribbon-wise into a series of grades forming an ingenious double bow knot distinctly outlined against the mountain side."

## For the Finding-Out Club

### Part I

#### General Information Test

**D**EFINE, locate, or identify the following:

Tank; Blighty; barrage; No Man's Lands; the fine arts; the Marne; Liberty Bonds; Amiens; Sing Sing; Mare Island; War Savings Stamp; Thrift Stamp; Ypres; Liberty Loan; embargo; Shanghai; cantonment; Marine Corps; Hoover; Pershing; Foch; Petain, Jeannette Rankin; Champ Clark; "Over There;" the Mayo Brothers; Raemaekers; "Keep the Home Fires Burning;" John Gutenberg; Ruth Law.

### Part II

#### Who is He?

He was a rich man's son. His father was a great Italian landowner, his mother an Irishwoman. His father and his mother, as well as his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, called him a dreamer. But his father, who was an indulgent parent, said: "Let him dream on — I have plenty of money," and built him a laboratory to dream in.

The boy believed that electricity could be controlled without wire. When he was a young man of twenty-seven he decided that he was ready to test his dream before the world.

On the morning of Dec. 12, 1901, he stood on the summit of a hill outside the city of St. Johns, Newfoundland, sending kites up into the air. He had chosen this spot especially, "Because," he said, "since the earth is round and the surface of the ocean between England and Newfoundland is curved, I must be as high up as possible if I am to receive the waves of electricity sent to me from across the water."

While he was busy thus in Newfoundland, an operator who had been stationed in Cornwall, England,

was making ready to send the message the young man hoped he was going to receive. No one, except the young man who stood on the hill outside St. Johns, was sure that anything was going to work. Never for a moment did he doubt his dream. The time arranged for came, and a bolt of lightning as thick as a man's wrist leaped away from Cornwall. But the lightning was not free to travel as it would. It leaped across the Atlantic to the kites awaiting it. And it came with a *click, click, click*, marking the three dots that stand for the letter S in telegraphy. That day history was made. The Atlantic had been bridged.

Who is the young dreamer? — *Every Week*.

### Answer to Question Printed April 16

#### Part I

##### Old Testament

Genesis — Jesus, the seed of the woman. 3: 15.  
Exodus — Jesus, the passover lamb. 12: 3.  
Leviticus — Jesus, the atoning sacrifice. 16: 33.  
Numbers — Jesus, the smitten rock. 20: 11; 1 Cor. 10: 4.  
Deuteronomy — Jesus, the prophet yet to come. 18: 15.  
Joshua — Jesus, captain of the Lord's host. 5: 14.  
Judges — Jesus, great deliverer. 5: 20.  
Ruth — Jesus, celestial kinsman. 4: 14.  
Samuel, Kings, Chronicles — Jesus, king! 2 Sam. 5: 3; Rev. 1: 5, 6.  
Ezra — Jesus, restorer of the temple. 7: 27.  
Nehemiah — Jesus, restorer of the nation. 2: 5.  
Esther — Jesus, advocate and propitiator. 4: 16.  
Job — Jesus, "my Redeemer." 19: 25.  
Psalms — Jesus, our all in all. 3: 3.  
Proverbs — Jesus, beginning of all. 1: 7.  
Ecclesiastes — Jesus, end of all. 12: 13; 1 John 3: 23.  
Song of Solomon — Jesus, center and heart of all. 2: 16.  
Isaiah — Jesus, prince of peace. 2: 4.  
Jeremiah — Jesus, "righteous branch." 23: 5.  
Lamentations — Jesus, "man of sorrows." 3: 1.  
Ezekiel — Jesus, the "tender twig." 17: 22.  
Daniel — Jesus, "the stone that smote the image." 2: 35.  
Hosea — Jesus, the "dew unto Israel." 14: 5.  
Joel — Jesus, the "hope of his people." 3: 16.  
Amos — Jesus, the heavenly husbandman. 9: 9-15.  
Obadiah — Jesus, our Saviour. 1: 17-21.  
Jonah — Jesus, the resurrection and the life. 1: 17.  
Micah — Jesus, witness against the nations. 1: 2, 3.  
Nahum — Jesus, "a stronghold in the day of trouble." 1: 7.  
Habakkuk — Jesus, "the salvation of thy people." 3: 13.  
Zephaniah — Jesus, "mighty to save." 3: 17.  
Haggai — Jesus, "the desire of all nations." 2: 7.  
Zechariah — Jesus, "the headstone" of the corner. 4: 7.  
Malachi — Jesus, "sun of righteousness." 4: 2.

##### New Testament

Matthew — Jesus, the promised Messiah. 1: 21.  
Mark — Jesus, the "righteous servant." 1: 10; Isa. 53: 11.  
Luke — Jesus, Son of man. 4: 18.  
John — Jesus, Son of God. 1: 34; 20: 31.  
Acts — Jesus, our risen Lord. 1: 2.  
Romans — Jesus, our righteousness. 1: 17.  
1 Corinthians — Jesus, God's grace to us. 1: 4.  
2 Corinthians — Jesus, God's comfort for us. 1: 3.  
Galatians — Jesus, our liberty in the gospel. 1: 4; 5: 1.  
Ephesians — Jesus, fulness of life. 1: 3.  
Philippians — Jesus, fulness of joy. 4: 4.  
Colossians — Jesus, fulness of power. 2: 9, 10.  
1 Thessalonians — Jesus, the coming one. 2: 19.  
2 Thessalonians — Jesus, the glorified. 1: 10-12.  
1 Timothy — Jesus, our teacher. 1: 3.  
2 Timothy — Jesus, our keeper. 1: 12.  
Titus — Jesus, our portion forever. 2: 10-14.  
Philemon — Jesus, our master and owner. 1: 1.  
Hebrews — Jesus, our high priest and intercessor. 3: 1.  
James — Jesus, our pattern of faith and works. 2: 1.  
1 Peter — Jesus, the precious corner-stone of our faith. 2: 6.  
2 Peter — Jesus, the glorious pinnacle of our hope. 3: 13.  
1 John — Jesus, "the life." 1: 2.  
2 John — Jesus, "the truth." 1: 2, 3.  
3 John — Jesus, "the way." 1: 3, 4.  
Jude — Jesus, preserver. 1: 1.  
Revelation — Jesus, conqueror! 1: 18.

— *John Weaver Weddell, D. D., in the Sunday School Times.*

### Answers to Questions Printed April 23

Captain Robert Falcon Scott; David Livingstone.





## The Golden Moment

**H**E was a very old, very appealing little man, and he stood hesitatingly upon the corner of two streets, both congested with traffic, and looked wistfully across to the corner opposite. Once he started forward toward the curb, but shaking his head decidedly, he drew back and glanced up and down the street.

Elizabeth was standing perhaps twenty feet above him waiting for her car, and it was not until she saw it coming and stepped forth to signal it, that she noticed the undecided figure wavering upon the edge of the walk. She signaled the car to go on, and impulsively ran back to the little old man's side.

"Let me help you across," she said, offering her arm.

His face lighted up, his cheeks glowed rosy, and his eyes shone as he clung to her strong young arm, and was ferried through the stream of traffic safely to the other side.

"There!" Elizabeth said, and smiled her brightest smile.

"Bless you, child! But," self-reproachfully, "I made you miss your car."

"It doesn't matter in the least."

"I'm very glad of that," he said, simply. "You've given me my golden moment, child — with your help and your smile."

"Your golden moment?" Elizabeth was frankly puzzled.

He nodded. "Yes, my golden moment," he answered. "You know that there is one golden moment in every hour for every one — if we only look for it."

"Is there?" Elizabeth stammered. "I didn't know it."

"No!" It was the old man's turn to look surprised. "Why, of course there is, my dear. Look out for your golden moments, and you will see."

He smiled, lifting his hat, disclosing his thin white curly hair, and was gone down the street. Elizabeth stood a moment at the corner, letting another home-bound car go past.

"A golden moment in every hour!" she mused. "That dear old man — perhaps there is, for him. But some one doesn't do something nice for me every hour; I'm sure of that. No, nor for any of us. I know mother doesn't have a golden moment in every hour."

As she spoke, her eyes rested on the window of a florist's shop beside her. One window was filled with bunches of purple violets and maidenhair ferns. Elizabeth's eyes lighted up as she looked at the flowers. Violets were her own as well as her mother's favorite flowers.

"If I only had a bunch of them to take to mother," she said wistfully, peering into her purse, and closing it with a sigh. She had nothing but car fare — one bright silver dime. And her car was coming.

She stepped to the edge of the curb, then halted. Her mind skipped nimbly over the blocks between herself and home. There were a great many of them.

"But I often walked farther before we came to the city," Elizabeth said. "I believe I'll do it!"

Turning her back on the approaching car, she hurried into the perfumed interior of the shop, and came out with the violets with their fringe of maidenhair wrapped in green oiled paper. Holding them carefully, she turned toward home.

"How pleased mother will be! No one has brought her flowers in — I don't know how long. I know she'll be pleased."

And Mrs. Horton was pleased. Her face flushed with surprise and delight when she carefully opened the package, and the violets were revealed.

"And you walked home that I might have them!" she cried, brokenly. "O Elizabeth!"

"That's all right, mother," Elizabeth said briskly. "I enjoyed the walk. I don't believe I get exercise enough, anyway. Why, mother — mother — you are crying!"

Mrs. Horton hid her face in the flowers for a moment. "Don't mind me, dear," she said, a little quaveringly. "It's just because I've been such a dreadful and ungrateful mother. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I was nearly ready to give up this evening. The children have been so restless today, and everything has gone wrong. I thought I was a failure as a mother, and I couldn't stand it. Then you came with your violets, — and O, I can't tell you any more!" She buried her head upon Elizabeth's shoulder and sobbed a little, then went with shining face to put the violets in water.

"She has her golden moment — when she needs it so much," Elizabeth whispered to herself as she removed her coat and hat. "Yes, who is it?" she called, in response to a timid rap on the door.

"It's Teddy," said a disconsolate little voice as the door opened. "I've got a story here, but there wasn't any one to read it to me. I don't suppose you have the time?"

Elizabeth hesitated a moment. She did so want to work a little on her new frock. But what of Teddy's golden moments — had he had many during the day? She looked at his wistful and anxious little face, and gathered him into her arms.

"Where is the story?" she demanded. "Let's not let it go unread another instant. And after I've read



it, we'll see if you cannot learn to read just a tiny bit."

She read the story, and patiently taught him the sounds of several letters to remember until the following evening, when she would read him another story and teach him a few more letters. Then they went down to supper.

Mr. Horton sat under the light, looking old and careworn. Elizabeth threw her arms around his neck, holding his cheek against her own. "Dear old daddy," she said, "he works so hard for us all. I wish you didn't have to work so hard, father."

His eyes lighted up, and the tired lines seemed magically erased. "You work pretty steady yourself, little daughter," he said. "It isn't the work that a person minds so much—it's just the feeling a man gets sometimes that maybe no one cares. It lifts his burdens to have a couple of arms around his neck like—" he choked, and broke off. Elizabeth kissed him, and went slowly to her chair.

After supper when she had praised Harvey until his boyish cheeks glowed redly, for some point wherein he deserved praise, and made Betty, the real helper of her mother, the sweeping cap of pink-and-white lawn which she had wanted for so long, she told them about the old man and his golden moment.

"You've given each of us at least one of pure eighteen-carat gold," her father said; "but I don't see where you come in. You have not had a single one."

Elizabeth stared breathlessly for a moment. "Why—yes—I have," she cried. "Why it seems as if they all had been golden! I believe you can't give a golden moment without getting one in return. I've had more than my share—more than the rest of you."

Her father looked at her shining face. "It sounds like a good investment," he remarked. "Suppose we all try to see if it works with us, too. I believe we shall be a happier family if we do."

"I know we shall," Elizabeth cried.—*Selected.*

#### "Beth Said It"

WEDNESDAY noon!" Evelyn exclaimed. "Why, I thought they were going to come Thursday!"

"I did too, but I heard they were to be here Wednesday instead. We must be ready to meet them."

"But I'm sure it was Thursday they said," Evelyn protested.

"I understood them to say Thursday, too," Lucille admitted, "but I heard some one say they said Wednesday."

"Who said it?"

Lucille puckered up lips and brow. "Why—oh, yes—it was Ruth that I was talking to," she returned, "she said some one told her they were coming Wednesday. It would be dreadful if they should come Wednesday and no one should meet them."

"Yes, indeed, especially after the royal way they treated us when we went over there. And they would have a poor opinion of the Camp Fire Girls here if we failed to extend them every courtesy. Yet we must know for sure before we prepare for Wednesday, for if the luncheon is ready to serve Wednesday it will be spoiled by Thursday. Let's find Ruth and ask her how she learned about it."

Ruth thought a moment when questioned. "Why, Myrtle spoke to me about it," she said.

Evelyn looked doubtful. "But Myrtle often makes mistakes," she protested.

"I know. But she was quite positive about this. She said one of the other girls told her that the Brexton Camp Fires would be over Wednesday."

"I wonder who told her?"

"I don't know. But here she comes now—why not ask her?"

"O, Myrtle," Lucille cried out, "did you say the Camp Fire Girls from Brexton were coming Wednesday?"

"I heard they were," Myrtle nodded. "We shall have to hurry ourselves a little."

"Yes—but are you sure they are coming? You remember the time—"

Myrtle flushed resentfully. "You always are reminding me of the time I said the train left at two-thirty instead of one-thirty-two," she complained plaintively. "It seems like you never will forget it. But you can investigate for yourself. Rosamond told me about the Camp Fire Girls. Go and ask her all about it."

"But I don't know anything about it," Rosamond answered when questioned. "Some one told me that they were coming Wednesday—that's all I know."

"Who told you?"

"I think it was Marie Delland."

"Marie is out of town—she went to her uncle's a week ago."

"That's so; oh, it must have been Edna Thornton—she reminds me so much of Marie that I sometimes get the two mixed. I tell you what let's do—let's hunt up Edna and see what she knows about it. There's quite a gang of us—she'll think it is a surprise party."

"Who told me about its being Wednesday?" Edna asked as she swung on the big gate, a glowing bit of pink in her white middie suit, her thick braid of brown hair swinging out behind her. "Why, it was Beth. I just saw her a minute last night and she said the Camp Fire Girls were coming Wednesday and for me to pass the word along."

"Oh—if Beth said it, then they are coming Wednesday, and we'd better get to work," Evelyn cried. "Hadn't we better all go over and see if the grove needs any attention? Somebody bring brooms to sweep away the leaves."

On their way to the grove the girls met sweet-faced Beth. She waved at them vigorously. "Oh—did you get word that the girls are coming Wednesday instead of Thursday?" she cried out. "They telephoned last night to make the change and hoped it wouldn't inconvenience us any. If you will run back with me to my house, Evelyn, we'll get those baskets of ferns to hang up in the trees."

After they had gone, the little group of girls looked after them thoughtfully before hurrying on to the grove.

"Did you see how quickly Evelyn believed when she found Beth said it?" Myrtle asked quickly. "She didn't doubt then. If Beth said it, it must be true—Beth never makes mistakes—Beth never jumps at conclusions or spreads a report which has a doubtful foundation. Beth's word is accepted at face value. Girls, I'm going to try to make my word like Beth's."

"And so am I," the others echoed in concert.—*The Girls' Circle.*

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

—Rebecca B. Foresman.



## A Lesson in Garden Economics

SHE stood at the window and gazed discontentedly at old Mr. Barrows, who was putting the lawn and garden next door into apple-pie order.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "how I wish I could start in fresh every season the way out of doors does in the spring! I'm so sick of my old things."

"Clothes?" inquired Aunt May sympathetically.

"Everything! My clothes and my room and even the way I do my hair!"

Aunt May laughed. "That last sounds simple, anyway," she said. "And as to the rest — why don't you?"

"Why, Aunt May!" She whirled completely around to stare. "Why don't I? What do you mean? You know quite as well as I do that father would never think of such a thing. If I get enough out of him for a new dress and hat, and maybe some curtains, I'll be doing very well."

Aunt May smiled her quiet little smile.

"So you think the main thing about good gardening is buying new seeds and shrubs and planting them, do you? I suspect you haven't been watching Mr. Barrows as long as I have. The thing that has impressed me, on the contrary, was his wonderful care for the old."

"The little lady on the other side rushed right out and began to plant; but not Mr. Barrows. First of all he rakes the lawn and cleans up all the trash that accumulates during the winter; the sticks and leaves that you can account for, and the tin cans, and glass, and bones, and pieces of wood that you can't. He puts everything into the tidiest sort of condition first."

"And then he takes the soil — the same old soil, Sue — and gets that ready for the seeds, soft and rich enough, and free from stones. And he takes care of the shrubbery and the vines by cleaning out the papers and leaves that have blown in and lodged among their branches. He prunes them too, and puts them into good shape generally, as he does the rest of his perennials. Some of them he moves from place to place. A peony, he told me yesterday, should be moved at least once in five years."

"I remember so well the year that I waked up to all this for myself, and tried to work it out in my room! It was in the early autumn, not spring, and oh, the dusty souvenirs and programs that I took down and burned up! Oh, the fresh cushion covers and curtains I made! And the way I repaired and repainted and rearranged the furniture! By the time I had finished I felt as if I were living in a new world; a little sparse, to be sure, for I had discarded a good many things, but fairly radiant with cleanliness and order. Mother was so pleased that she bought a new desk for me at once, and I began right away to save my pennies to get some really good pictures."

"This gardening of mine took place in the fall, as I said, so the next thing to look out for was my winter wardrobe. I felt then as you do, as if I never wanted to see any of my old things again, but my success with my room gave me courage. So I went to work in the same way."

"First, I remember, I put my boots into perfect order, with the aid of the shoemaker to straighten the heels and make minor repairs. Then I darned my stockings and repaired the rest of my underwear as daintily as I could. Then I ironed it myself, so that it looked as if it had come straight from the shop, and ran in fresh ribbons. It looked quite like a trousseau when I laid it away in my white-lined bureau drawers."

Of course, with the outer things the matter of style was more important, but it was surprising what cleaning and pressing, and perhaps fresh buttons or a new-style collar or belt, did for these. Many a time a thing that has seemed very *passée* turned out to be perfectly wearable after all. It really got to be quite a game. And I found, too, that I had quite a talent for furbishing up old hats and giving them a new lease of life — a talent that I have used and been proud of ever since.

"By the time I had finished, I knew, of course, just what I had and just what I needed. And because I had done my part to the very best of my ability, father was glad to do the most he could afford for me in the line of new things."

"Of course I was delighted with my success. We always enjoy using our ingenuity and our brains, if we have any, so I decided to set them to work on my Christmas giving. I made most of my gifts then, and I had done it, I confess, in a rather hit-or-miss fashion, just buying up a stock of new materials each year, and starting out to make some things that I thought were pretty. Of course, I had a good many odds and ends left over, so I put my wits to work on ways to utilize those. As a result my gifts cost very little, and were really unusually pretty. And it was such a comfort to empty the drawers of my work cabinet of the accumulated stores!"

She stopped abruptly with a laugh. "Well, I have wandered quite far afield, haven't I? — from spring gardening to Christmas. You must forgive me, Sue. Hobbies have such a way of running away with people. And this idea of making the most of what one has before reaching for anything new has really grown to be a hobby of mine, I am afraid."

"It was a very interesting trip we took on it, anyway," said Sue. "And it hovered over that garden all the time, so it could not have been very far. You have got me so interested that I am going right off into my room this minute — to rake!" — *Winifred Arnold, in Young People.*

## The Lingering Sweetness

**O** GOD, I want to thank you for the good time we had yesterday; I can taste it yet," prayed a boy in a mission Christian Endeavor Society.

He had discovered a fine recipe for gratitude. Holding fast to the taste of past blessings would make this a far happier and better world for all of us. When the clouds lower, when our plans go wrong, and the day is hard with toil or pain, we forget all about our happy yesterday, and fill our mouths with the bitterness of the present and our complaints concerning it. Whatever of hardship and loss confronts us now, the past has held countless happy hours and many a blessed gift. They are past, indeed, but they are sealed as our own forever, and nothing can take them from us. Let us keep the taste of them on our lips and the memory warm in our hearts, and we shall not lack causes of thanksgiving whatever the day may be. — *Selected.*

## Caleb Cobweb's Black List

**S**OME writers and speakers talk about "this specie" of animal, quite ignorant of the fact that "species" is both the singular and the plural form of that Latin word: "this species," "these species." — *Christian Endeavor World.*



### "Our Day"

THE most popular book among our colporteurs at the present time is "Our Day in the Light of Prophecy," by W. A. Spicer. It came from the press the latter part of 1917, but nearly 40,000 copies have already been sold. The book speaks to our day. It gives a panorama of the fulfilled prophecies of God's Word, and calls special attention to those now being fulfilled, and to those to be fulfilled in the near future.

It is a book that strongly appeals to both youth and age. It is of interest to Bible students as well as to those who are unfamiliar with the prophecies of the Bible.

Some of the chapter headings are: "The Witness of the Centuries;" "Prophetic Outline of the World's History;" "The Lisbon Earthquake of 1755;" "The Dark Day of 1780;" "The Falling Stars of 1833;" "The Historic Prophecy of Daniel 7;" "The Bible Sabbath;" "The Law of God;" "Justification by Faith;" "A Great Prophetic Period;" "The Judgment-hour Message;" and "The Origin of Evil."

It has sixty full-page illustrations, besides many smaller ones. It is printed in large type, and is attractively bound. Price, \$2, cloth. Order of your tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

### Our Creed

SOME months ago a prize of \$1,000 was offered by the city of Baltimore for the winner in a "national citizens' creed contest." This contest had the approval of President Wilson and other influential men. The prize was won by William Tyler Page, of Friendship Heights, Maryland, and his creed follows:

"The American's Creed: I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

William Tyler Page is a descendant of a President of the United States, John Tyler, and of a signer of the American Declaration of Independence, Carter Braxton. He was born in Frederick, Maryland, the birthplace of Francis Scott Key, and he attended the public schools of Baltimore.

THEY must upward still and onward  
Who would keep abreast of truth.

—Lowell.

### Work in Australia

(Concluded from page four)

It does seem to me there is no class of young people on earth that cannot be reached by the Missionary Volunteer Department; and probably there are some that can be reached by no other. So my sincere prayers and efforts are in behalf of the young people's work. Surely no man, no worker in the cause of God, can enter into the work of this department too enthusiastically. It should receive the earnest support of every minister and worker for the Lord.

I myself was led to Christ by a young person, a boy sixteen years of age, who never walked. He was a great sufferer, but he loved the Lord, and that young soul led me to Christ. The last words he said to me were, "I will meet you where the lame man shall leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

## Missionary Volunteer Department

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### Our Counsel Corner

THE young people's work is a very hard problem here. I never saw a place in which it was so hard to get the young people interested and to get their co-operation. The leader will sometimes make out a program, and the young people will promise to take their parts, but when the time comes, they will not even be at the meeting. What can we do?

R. W. S.

My first impulse is to say that your society is not a Missionary Volunteer Society, except in name. Perhaps that is putting it too strongly; but if your young people are sincere Missionary Volunteers they are sadly in need of instruction as to their duties. For some reason they do not sense the solemn obligations which they took upon themselves when they signed the pledge. Indeed it would seem that they do not sense the ordinary moral responsibility of living up to their word.

What shall you do? — Pray. If there is one other member who really has a burden for soul-winning, get that one to unite with you in prayer. Pray for yourselves, that you may know how to work "for those who profess to be Sabbath keepers." Pray for individual members who you feel would be valuable workers if they only had the vision. As the Spirit works upon individuals in answer to your prayers, ask them to join your prayer band. A little leaven will leaven the whole lump.

Do not scold, but pray and do personal work. If you cannot get the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, some other Missionary Volunteer worker, or some minister to join you in a revival effort, have a revival anyway. Ask the members of your prayer band to join you in preparing the best possible program. Endeavor in an earnest, hopeful way to present the real purpose of the Missionary Volunteer Society. Emphasize the devotional side. Present the soul-winning ideal. Endeavor to expose your Missionary Volunteers to a consuming zeal for lost souls. Ask all to learn the Missionary Volunteer pledge, not with the mind only, but "by heart." Explain its different clauses. Pray in the meeting that you may all understand the pledge and keep it.

Use Missionary Volunteer Leaflet No. 14 as a basis of a special exercise in one of your meetings; and give a copy to each member. Also secure and present to each member Leaflets Nos. 19, 37, 42, and 47. Some special program topics could be based on No. 47. Encourage the members to study this leaflet. It will help them get the vision.

The leaflets recommended, and their cost, are as follows:

No. 14, "Read, Think, and Pray" .....	\$.00 1/4
No. 19, "Messages to Young People" (From the Testimonies) .....	.02
No. 37, "Under the Yoke of Service" .....	.03
No. 42, "What We Promised Each Other" .....	.00 1/2
No. 47, "Personal Work" .....	.02

Order from your tract society or the Review and Herald Publishing Association.

M. E. K.



*If the "Church Officers' Gazette" is suitable for one society, why not for all? Why do our larger societies scorn to follow it, on the ground that it is not "big" enough for educated young people?*

L. G. S.

The *Church Officers' Gazette* has become an indispensable help to our Missionary Volunteer Societies everywhere. It furnishes fresh material for the Missionary Volunteer programs, and helpful suggestions to officers concerning their work.

We recognize the fact that the students in our training schools have access to large libraries from which they can draw for program material, and also the help of a number of teachers, which societies generally do not have. Therefore, they are not so dependent upon the *Gazette* as they would be otherwise. Again, the college society has some bands which the other societies do not have,—the Ministerial Band, Bible Workers' Band, Foreign Mission Band, etc,—and these bands must have time to present their work.

On the other hand, there is a great need that our college societies should have a systematic plan and not work in a hit-and-miss fashion (mostly miss), as some have done. And it is more important, if possible, that the college society should work to a definite Missionary Volunteer purpose than other societies, because the members of these societies soon go out into all parts of the field, and should be the strong Missionary Volunteer workers.

For these reasons, it was decided at the Educational and Missionary Volunteer Council at St. Helena, California, in 1915, that we should publish in the *Gazette* during the school year, a series of Advanced School Missionary Volunteer Programs. These programs have been given on the last page of the *Gazette* since September, 1915. Their reception by the schools has been very cordial, and there has developed a kind of intercollegiate Missionary Volunteer movement, which is helpful to the colleges and to the Missionary Volunteer work in general. One or two of the schools have preferred to use the regular programs, and that is all right.

We are anxious to make our program material the very best. Further questions or suggestions are welcome.

M. E. K.

*To whom should students who are members of a school society report during the summer?*

J. J. R.

The students who return to their home churches during the summer should join the home society, and report to it. Those who go into the canvassing work and do not have opportunity to join any particular society, may report to the Missionary Volunteer secretary of their home conference.

E. I.

## The Sabbath School

### XII — Joseph Forgives His Brethren

(June 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 45.

MEMORY VERSE: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." Matt. 6: 14.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 230-232; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 122-125.

"Forgive! for Time's swift pinions  
Are bearing us along,  
And few may be our moments  
To do or suffer wrong;  
Then let us while the power is given,  
Forgive, as we would be forgiven."

### Questions

1. How was Joseph affected when Judah offered to take Benjamin's place as his bondservant? Gen. 45: 1, 2.
2. In what words did Joseph make himself known to his brothers? How did they receive his statement? Verse 3. Note 1.
3. How did Joseph quiet their fears? Verse 4. Note 2.
4. How did he seek to relieve their shame? Verses 5, 6.
5. How did he emphasize the fact that the Lord had used him to benefit his brothers? What did he say of his own position in Egypt? Verses 7, 8.
6. What message did he urge the brothers to take in haste to his father? What loving care and protection did he offer? Verses 9-11. Note 3.
7. In what way did he continue to assure them that his words were true? Verses 12, 13.
8. How was the reconciliation completed? Verses 14, 15. Note 4.
9. How did Pharaoh help Joseph in his plans for his family? Verses 16-20. Note 5.
10. What presents did Joseph give to his brothers? What did he send to his father? Verses 21-24.
11. How did Jacob receive the good news brought to him by his sons? Verses 25, 26. Note 6.
12. What persuaded Jacob of the truth of their message? What did he finally say? Verses 27, 28.

### Questions for Diligent Students

What does the Bible teach concerning forgiveness of wrong by another?

Was it necessary for Joseph to be sold into Egypt in order that God might save Jacob and his family in the time of famine?

How was Joseph as well as his brothers tested by this experience?

What temptations must have come to him in connection with his exalted position?

### Notes

1. With the simple words, "I am Joseph," the great ruler of Egypt made himself known to the men from Canaan. It was a terrifying announcement. "Not only did his present greatness overawe them, but the recollection of their former crimes against him filled them with alarm."

2. The brothers had no doubt shrunk back from Joseph in terror at his first announcement. He then kindly invited them to come near. There must have been comfort to them in the fact that he still regarded himself as their brother.

3. "Goshen evidently included the fertile, low-lying lands extending eastward from the Delta of the Nile to the Isthmus of Suez and the desert. In the days of Joseph these level plains were evidently still given up to flocks and herds. The land of Goshen, therefore, furnished an ideal home for these men from the wilderness. There they could still retain their tribal organization, their nomadic habits, and, to a great extent, their independence. Through this territory ran the great caravan route from Egypt, back through the wilderness to Palestine, so that the Hebrews were able to keep in close touch with their kinsmen in Canaan and the South Country."—*Kent*.

4. "A moment more saw him and Benjamin locked in each other's arms, their tears freely flowing. And he kissed all his brethren. Simeon?—Yes. Reuben?—Yes. Those who had tied his hands and mocked his cries?—Yes. He kissed them all. And after that they talked with him."—*F. B. Meyer*.

"Inward forgiveness should follow the injury immediately. It probably did in Joseph's case. At least, we have no evidence that he cherished resentment for a single day. But the outward expression of forgiveness will seek a fit occasion. It will do no good, usually, except as it gladly meets the repentance of the one who has wronged us, or finds an opportunity to win him to repentance by some display of kindness. Joseph found this opportunity, after twenty years, and used it as soon as he found it."—*Peloubet*.

5. The Egyptians were pleased that Joseph's brothers had come, notwithstanding their dislike for shepherds. "It was of great importance, as regards the future position of the Israelites in Egypt, that they should go thither, not as men who had forced themselves on the country, but as invited guests."—*Ellicott*.

6. "Another act of humiliation remained for the ten brothers. They now confessed to their father the deceit and cruelty that for so many years had embittered his life and theirs. Jacob had not suspected them of so base a sin, but he saw that all had been overruled for good, and he forgave and blessed his erring children."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 232.

"On their own showing, they had deceived him before; what ground had he for assurance that they were not deceiving him again? And were not their tidings too good to be true?"—*Taylor*.

PATRIOTISM consists not in waving a flag, but in striving that our country shall be righteous as well as strong.—*James Bryce*.



# The Youth's Instructor

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### A Question for You to Answer

WHAT one thing had the greatest influence in leading you to surrender your life to God?

This is a question we should like hundreds of our readers to answer. It will not require a great deal of time or effort to do this; but the relation may prove an inspiration or help to some one else. Let us hear from you.

### What Willing Hands Are Doing

WE are glad to have the following report from Master Vernon Steen, of Loma Linda, California. We hope his fellow workers will tell us what they did with their dimes, that is, if they did not wrap them in napkins and hide them, as did the unfaithful steward of olden times. Master Steen says:

#### "What Can be Done with Ten Cents"

"About three months ago my school-teacher gave us each ten cents from our missionary box to see how much we could raise for missions, and I should like to tell the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers how I was able to increase my dime.

"I bought ten cents' worth of corn, and with mamma's help made some hominy and sold it. Then I bought more corn, which I again made into hominy and sold. This I did many times, until the ten cents grew to \$16.07.

"I am glad to be able to help in the Lord's work this much, and hope I can do more for him."

Will not every boy and girl who is doing anything to advance the work of God in the earth, write the editor of the INSTRUCTOR a letter telling about the work?

### The Work of One Sabbath School Division

#### Food Sales

The intermediate division of the Takoma Park Sabbath school raised \$25 to supply soldiers with Bibles; \$18 for "Steps to Christ;" \$10 for ANTI-TOBACCO INSTRUCTORS for soldiers at Camp Meade, Maryland; and \$5 for Red Cross work. All this was done by the members of the division conducting a food sale on the Review and Herald lawn on two afternoons.

#### Small Quilts for Soldiers

Besides this the girls are making quilts to be used for the sick soldiers to throw around their shoulders as they sit up in their beds or in the wheel chairs.

These quilts are pieced out of squares of woollen goods or outing flannel. The squares measure three inches each way. In the center of some of the quilts is a large white square with a Red Cross stitched in the center of the square.

The upper and lower sides of the quilt may be alike, or the lower side may be made of one plain piece of outing flannel. There is no filling, the two cover

pieces are tied together in the usual way without the extra layer. The regulation size of the quilt is 1½ yards by 1¾ yards.

Girls everywhere could make these quilts. It is best, however, to counsel first with the leader of the Red Cross chapter in your community. Perhaps there will be other work more needed just then. If, however, there is any one who wishes to piece such a quilt, and is not near a Red Cross society, the quilt may be sent to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR, who will pass it on to the Red Cross chapter at Takoma Park, D. C.

### Red Cross Benefit Luncheon

After the foregoing was in type this same intermediate division referred to above served a Red Cross Benefit Luncheon to the employees of the Review and Herald and the General Conference. Friends and neighbors also patronized the luncheon. A profit of sixty-eight dollars was made. While this happy result did not come without strenuous effort on the part of a large proportion of the division, no one regretted the labor required to secure so large a sum.

It is time for every one to lend a helping hand to the Red Cross work. Let us hear what you are doing.

### When Taken into the Church

A FEW months ago in one of our rural churches a man was admitted into the church; but no official welcome or expression of fellowship, by word or action, was given to him by those in charge of the service. After dismissal a quiet young boy of fourteen sought out the brother, and said to him: "The church did not seem to welcome you today, but I do," and gave him a hearty shake of the hand.

It seems that this young boy had himself been previously admitted into the church, and had felt the lack of loving interest with which one should be received into the church of Christ. He therefore meant that no one else should be left without some expression of welcome on the part of some member.

And why should one be so left? The angels of heaven rejoice when a sinner is won to the fold of Christ. Should not the church of Christ receive reclaimed ones with even greater joy? A newly wedded couple is always given expressions of congratulation and good wishes. When one is joined to the church of Christ should there be on the part of friends less joy or solicitude for their future well-being?—Surely not. Then why should there not be some public expression of this solicitude and fellowship?

### A Royal Tangle

THE kaiser is grandson of Queen Victoria and cousin of King George of England. The ex-czar is nephew of Queen Dowager Alexandra and cousin of King George. The queen of Spain is granddaughter of Queen Victoria and cousin of King George. The queen of Norway is granddaughter of Queen Victoria and sister of King George. The king of Norway is nephew of Dowager Queen Alexandra and cousin of King George. The king of Denmark is brother to the king of Norway and therefore also cousin to King George. King George of England is son of the late King Edward and Alexandra, daughter of King Christian IX of Denmark. The ex-czar is son of the late Czar Alexander III and Dagmar, daughter of Christian IX. The kaiser is son of Frederick III of Germany and Victoria, daughter of the late Queen Victoria of England.—*The Christian Herald.*