

The *INSTRUCTOR*

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No. 28



TRANSLATION OF ELIJAH

"Behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, . . . and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

From Here and There

During the month of May more than 200,000 American soldiers crossed the Atlantic for France; so that now there are 900,000 men in the United States army in that country.

On June 22, the initial aerial flight, establishing an aerial mail service between Chicago and St. Louis, was made, with Miss Katherine Stimson, aviatrix, as mail clerk.

Forty-five "conscientious objectors," Mennonites, at Camp Travis, Texas, have been sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment for refusing to wear army uniforms or to take any part in war work.

A pigeon was carrying a message when a German bullet broke its leg and drove the metal message carrier into its body. But the heroic bird flew on, and brought the message safely to headquarters, then fell dead.

The National German-American Alliance, accused of pro-Germanism, dissolved in April by act of a congress of State representatives at Philadelphia. The funds of the alliance were donated to the American Red Cross.

The United States Congress has just passed the bill, so long pending, for the prohibition of the liquor traffic in the Territory of Hawaii. The law is a so-called bone-dry measure, and as a Congressional enactment will be the more effectively enforced by the Federal authorities.

Building materials are scarce where the Serb forces are campaigning in the Balkans, so the soldiers had to use considerable ingenuity when they set about constructing a church. Nothing else being available, they gathered all the empty boxes about, and erected a church entirely of boxes.

In the Columbia Union the Review and Herald book sales for the first five months of 1918 were 98 per cent more than in the corresponding months of 1917. Considering all territory belonging to this publishing house, there was an increase of 53 per cent in sales over the corresponding period of last year.

The American casualty list up to June 10 is given as 7,315; that of England is 800,000 men. This is a heavy war toll; but there have been bloodier battles in the past. The Carthaginian victor at the battle of Cannæ sent three bushels of gold rings as a present to the Carthaginian ladies. The rings had been stripped from the fingers of the Roman knights slain in that fearful battle.

In 210,000 meals served to soldiers voyaging to France on a single army transport recently, 3,750 tons and 180 varieties of foodstuffs were consumed, a statement authorized by the War Department said. About 75,000 loaves of bread and 159,000 pounds of fresh vegetables were included. A force of 138 mess attendants served the food, with a time limit of approximately eighty minutes to each meal.

Eleven United States ships have been sunk by U-boats since May 25. One of these was the steamer "Texall," sunk by shells sixty miles from New York. This vessel carried 42,000 bags of sugar. The largest vessel known to have fallen prey to the raiders was the "Carolina," which carried 220 passengers and a crew of 130. A large number of these were saved. Elder William Steele, who has charge of our work in Porto Rico, and who is now in this country, had his return passage booked on the "Carolina" for June 8.

In a northwestern blizzard Michael Dowling had all his extremities frozen. In consequence, both legs, one arm, and four fingers of the remaining hand were amputated, and the resultant wreck of a man was carried to the poor farm. There Michael Dowling, after two years, came into his own. "Give me one year in college," he said to the county authorities, "and I will cease to be a public charge." The sporting offer was accepted. Today he is president of the State bank of Olivia, Minnesota, has been speaker of the Minnesota House of Representatives, and is active in affairs. Of his three daughters, one is in college, and the other two are preparing to follow her. And the one thing that Michael Dowling has no use for is pitying sympathy.

German airplanes during recent raids on Paris have made use of an illuminating device which is a combination of a rocket and a clock movement. The bomb is dropped; and when it explodes, it releases a linen parachute provided with a cartridge containing a substance with a magnesium base. This substance is lighted automatically 300 to 400 meters above the ground, and for two minutes projects an extremely bright light over objects below it. German aviators have carried out their bombing operations with the assistance of this light.

The navy wanted men, and 106,392 young men, all under thirty, ruddy-looking and strong-limbed, applied; and 70 out of every 100 were rejected as physically unfit! Then 3,400 of our "best" boys applied at Annapolis; and 72 out of every 100 were rejected! Then the army wanted men, and 1,300,000 men applied; and 66 out of every 100 were rejected as physically unfit for military service. Then the truth was suddenly driven in upon us that we have in this country about five million young men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, who are physically unfit for military and naval service.

Col. E. H. R. Green, son of the late Mrs. Hetty Green, paid \$1,000 for Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's favorite thimble, according to an announcement by the chairman of the aviation committee of the National Special Aid Society, which is raising a Treasure and Trinket Fund to supply aviators with equipment not included in the Government issue. The President's wife sent the thimble on the first aerial mail trip from Washington, to be sold by the committee.

A Christian church has been organized in Korea for every day since 1886. A convert has been made for every minute since that time.

The Youth's Instructor

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TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 9, 1918

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Do It Now

CAN you speak a cheering word?
Do it now.
Or correct some falsehood heard?
Do it now.
Don't put off until "some day"
All the good things you might say,
But begin now, right away—
Do it now!

Can you help some one in need?
Do it now.
Though it be a trifling deed,
Do it now.

Though it seems so small to you,
It may help somebody through
Sore distress, and hope renew—
Do it now!

Can you rectify a wrong?
Do it now.
For the right stand firm and strong?
Do it now.
As you journey through the years,
Grasp each chance as it appears—
Quick, before it disappears—
Do it now!

— Selected.

Battleford Academy, Saskatchewan, Canada

C. B. HUGHES

THIS is our youngest academy. It is near the town of Battleford, about two hundred seventy-five miles north of the central part of Montana's north line. Battleford was the first town west of Winnipeg to be surveyed. At the time of Riel's rebellion in 1885, this town was besieged by the Indians, and many of the

Battleford was chosen as the capital. Government buildings were erected, and the Hon. David Laird came from Prince Edward Island as the first governor. The buildings, twelve in number, are about one fourth mile south of the Battle River, at the top of the slope, and are surrounded by groves of poplar trees



BATTLEFORD ACADEMY AS IT WAS BEFORE IMPROVEMENTS WERE MADE

houses were looted and burned. Here Poundmaker surrendered, and the rebellion was brought to a close.

History of the Academy

The vicinity of the academy is intimately associated with the history of the Northwest. The Hudson Bay Company once operated a flourishing trading post at the foot of the hill on which the academy now stands. Here on the flat, now a part of the school farm, Red Pheasant and his band camped every winter, and it was here that the half-breeds settled when so many of their tribe moved westward after the Red River Rebellion. It was to this class that the Rev. Thomas Clarke came in 1874, starting a school and establishing mission work.

When the country from Manitoba to the Rockies was organized as the Northwest Territories, in 1876,

When the Canadian Pacific Railroad was built, in 1886, the capital was removed to Regina. The government buildings at Battleford, vacated by the removal of the capital, were converted into an industrial school for the Indians, with the Rev. Thomas Clarke in charge. Several new buildings were added, and for many years the school prospered under the auspices of the Church of England.

In 1915 the Saskatchewan Conference Association of Seventh-day Adventists leased the property from the Dominion Government, and on Nov. 1, 1916, the school opened for its first year as Battleford Academy. Much reconstruction was necessary to fit the property for our use as a school. One story was added to the main building, and the entire building was remodeled. The second and third stories are now used as dormitories, there being thirty living-rooms on each floor,

besides parlor and bathroom. The first floor is used for school purposes, and the basement is being prepared for dining-room and kitchen. The storm windows had not been removed when the accompanying photograph was taken, which accounts for the different sized panes. A three-story wing in the rear does not show in the picture. Steam heat and electricity are provided.

A substantial building twenty-four by sixty feet is used for the church school. Other buildings on the place are: the governor's mansion of ten rooms, two cottages, two-story carpenter shop, two-story blacksmith and paint shop, barn, laundry, storehouse, root cellar, granary, and poultry house. There are five hundred sixty-five acres of land. The land and buildings were leased from the Dominion Government of Canada for ten years, at a rental of one cent per acre, making only \$5.65 a year. Later the lease was extended to twenty-one years, with the privilege of re-

same terms as the first. I replied that this would be satisfactory. He asked, "What are you paying?" "One cent an acre each year," I replied. "Well," he answered, "you can't get this lease at that rate." I hesitated, not knowing how much might be involved. "No," he continued, "if you get this you will have to pay two cents an acre." My hesitancy vanished, and I told him to go ahead and we would pay the price. In a few weeks the government notified us that the lease had been granted the academy for ten years at an annual rental of two cents an acre.

This land will be used for hay and for grazing. Of the eight hundred fifty-one acres, three or four hundred are suitable for grain and vegetables. Growing grain and raising cattle are the chief occupations of the people of this vicinity. The country is all prairie land except along the banks of the rivers. The Canadian Northern is the last railway to the north, so the academy is near the northern border of settlement.



BATTLEFORD ACADEMY AFTER IMPROVEMENTS WERE MADE

newal and an agreement that the government is to pay for all improvements we make if it ever takes over the property.

The board of directors also applied for a lease on two hundred eighty-six acres of land fronting the Saskatchewan River just at the mouth of the Battle River, about three miles from the school farm. After much delay we learned that on account of political influence we were likely not to get the lease. I immediately interviewed several officials of Battleford and its board of trade. Then I invited the board of trade to visit the academy. Elder A. C. Gilbert, the president of the conference and of the academy board, was with us. It was under his leadership that the place was leased and the excellent work done in preparing the buildings for school purposes. The board of trade was much impressed by the neatness and thoroughness of the work done in remodeling the buildings. Elder Gilbert told them that instead of investing \$4,000 in reconstruction as we had contracted with the government to do, an investment of \$34,000 had been made, with no indebtedness. Before leaving, the board assured us they would use their influence to secure the lease for the academy.

A few weeks later an official asked me by telephone how it would suit us to have the second lease on the

Long Twilight and Northern Lights

The climate is severe in the winter, fifty degrees below zero being not uncommon. However, the timber belt near the academy provides considerable shelter from the winds. The careful construction of the buildings makes them easy to heat. Water pipes are buried ten feet below the surface. In midsummer the temperature of the well water is only ten degrees above freezing. When summer comes, the many hours of sunlight develop grain and vegetables rapidly. The long twilight after sunset and that before sunrise help to lengthen the days of midwinter. The aurora borealis, or northern lights, are frequently seen here.

Students of the Academy

One hundred fourteen students were enrolled in the academy the first year, and one hundred fifty-two the second. Elder T. T. Babienco and his wife taught the Russians the second year. Several other languages are represented in the school. At a farewell meeting for myself and my family, the students repeated Genesis 31:49 in fourteen languages.

On account of its past history, our main building is an object of interest to every well-informed Canadian, and this brings us a number of visitors each year. November 15, 1917, the Duke of Devonshire,

governor-general of Canada, visited the academy. He inspected the building and addressed the students. The Dominion inspector visits the school annually to report the academy to the government.

Our experience at the Battleford Academy has been one of the most pleasant of our lives. We shall not soon forget the warm-hearted, liberal people of that northern clime. When we started on our journey for the island of Jamaica, we suggested to the students that instead of giving something to us, they give us money for the Jamaica school. They gave us for this purpose \$126.85.

Steps have been taken to equip the academy for twelfth-grade work by the beginning of the next school year. There will be several graduates next year. We believe many of Saskatchewan's young people will be prepared at the academy for a life of faithful and efficient service to God. Thomas D. Rowe, who has had a long connection with our school work, has been elected principal for the coming year.

Greatest Bible Library

IN the General Theological Seminary, of New York City, is to be seen the largest and most complete collection of Bibles in this country, probably in the world. In the Bible room on the second floor, arranged on the shelves or displayed in show cases, there is scarcely a lack of any of the famous editions of the world.

The valuable collection originated with John Pintard, who started it by purchasing the volumes from his own funds and from funds he collected for the purpose. He secured several important copies, including one of the famous Jay polyglot edition, but the collection remained inadequate in both numbers and importance of the Bibles until 1893, when the Copinger collection was announced for sale. The late Dean Hoffman then interested the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the two men purchased the collection and presented it to the seminary.

The collection was now the largest in the world in its number of editions, but still many important Bibles were not represented. Dean Hoffman undertook to make it complete, and personally visited old bookshops in London and on the Continent, poring over old folios and following up suggestions from bibliophiles. He purchased several valuable editions, among them a copy of the famous Gutenberg Bible of 1450, the first book printed from movable metal types, for which he paid \$15,000.

All the Bibles purchased for the collection since 1893 have been the gift of Dean Hoffman, and since his death his son, S. V. Hoffman, has continued contributions to add to it. The collection is not confined to Latin Bibles, but includes a representative collection of English Bibles, a valuable collection of Greek Testaments, copies of the Bible in Hebrew, Syriac, and polyglot, and in most of the modern languages.

At the last formal enumeration of the collection, though many valuable additions have since been made, there were 1,206 different editions of Bibles in 2,373 volumes. Of these there were 555 Latin editions in 1,055 volumes; 93 polyglot editions in 527 volumes; 302 editions of the New Testament, chiefly in Greek; 96 editions of the Hexapla, Codices, etc.

The most interesting and valuable book, of course, is the Gutenberg copy, printed at Mainz, 1450-55, by Johannes Gutenberg.—*Washington Post*.

A Remarkable Deliverance

THERE is no record, it is claimed, of a missionary in foreign fields having died from the bite of a poisonous reptile. Whether this is altogether true or not, it is true that since the apostle Paul shook the viper from his hand and suffered no harm from the reptile, missionaries have had wonderful deliverances from venomous snakes. Mr. F. B. Armitage, one of our missionaries to the Zulus of Africa, relates the following experience with the deadly memba:

"A few years ago I was superintendent of one of our Rhodesian mission stations. At that time the country was very wild, and one did not have to go far from the station to find wild game in abundance. One day, in company with a native boy, I was passing through a patch of reeds which were nearly as high as my shoulders, when I spied a little distance ahead some big game in an open space. I had my rifle ready to fire, when I felt something tugging at the bottom of my trousers. Looking down, I was horrified to see a black memba about ten feet long, with its fangs fastened in the cloth.

"This snake is probably one of the deadliest in Africa, and one cannot survive long after receiving the poison. I had not noticed it lying near the path, and as I passed by, it struck at me, but luckily missed the mark, fastening its fangs in my trousers. Shaking it off, I soon dispatched it, but the place where it struck was wet with poison. Had it hit me squarely, I probably would never have reached the mission alive. Many times have I thanked God for his wonderful deliverance from a horrible death."

Wound Shock

EVERY year, it is claimed, some 20,000 young British and French soldiers die, although their wounds are not necessarily of a fatal kind. Such have been said to die of "shell shock." But what is shell shock? has been asked many times. No cure for the patient was known because the cause was unknown.

The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research began work upon the problem. Dr. W. T. Porter gives the result of the research work in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He says:

"First, it was observed that death from shock was most liable to follow fractures of the femur, or upper leg bone, by which the fatty marrow of the bone is brought into the blood. In the scientific process the next step after observation is experimentation. It was found that a teaspoonful of harmless olive oil injected into the veins of a cat brought on the symptoms of traumatic shock. The third step, hypothecation, led to the theory that the cause of shock was the clogging of the capillaries by minute drops of oil. The fourth and final step, the application, had to be carried on at the front under fire, where victims of femoral wounds could be operated upon without delay.

"The best remedy so far discovered, is what to the layman would seem most absurd—impure air. By sticking the patient's head in a bag and so making him breathe the air over and over again, or better, running in carbon dioxide gas until the air he inhaled contained a hundred times as much as normal air, the patient had to breathe deep and strong. The enhanced respiration raises the circulation. The heavier heart pressure forces the blood through the veins, and the oily plugs are swept out. Within a few minutes after the carbon dioxide is inhaled the pulse reappears and the victim revives."

Beauty

WHAT is beauty, wherein does it lie?
In clear-cut feature or lustrous eye?
Or cheek so painted with roses rare?
Or ruby lips enticingly fair?

In shapely forehead so round and high?
Or those wondrous tresses hanging nigh?
Perhaps 'tis found in arms so round,
Or in chest so broad and strong and sound;

In symmetry of form, perhaps,
Which often the heart of men entraps;
In general mien or stately grace;
In pleasing air or pleasant face.

Oh, no, 'tis not in any of these
The inmost heart of man to please;
For an ugly face oft has revealed
That truest beauty lies concealed.

A heart of sympathy that's full,
Will have the strongest kind of pull.
For truest beauty is in being —
In inward worth, not outward seeming.

Sweet roses as we're them beholding,
Show greatest beauty in unfolding;
And goodness is the tiny seed,
That bursts in beauty of kindly deed.

A. W. HERR.

The Art of Having Time

DID you go around by the hospital to ask how Molly is feeling today?" inquired grandfather.
"No," hesitated Ruth, "I meant to, but I didn't have time."

Grandfather smiled. "What's the matter with you young folks, nowadays, I wonder? You work so hard, none of you are lazy, but I've been noticing how you never seem to have time to do the things you want to do. Tom can't find time to read that new book on engineering, or fix the screen door; and Suzanne hasn't time to mend her gloves or play her fiddle, and Ruth —"

"I'm worse than any of the others," cried Ruth. "There are a dozen letters I ought to write, and I'd love to go to see people oftener, and I want to study Spanish, but I work so hard in the office that I'm tired to death by night — you know I haven't any time."

Grandfather nodded. "I was thinking about the sermon this morning —"

"About gathering up the fragments. What do you mean, grandfather?"

Our fragments of time, Ruth. I know yours are tiny fragments, but if you could use every one of them, for work or play, I believe you'd be amazed at the number of baskets you could fill in a week."

"Oh," grinned Suzanne, "I think you're right. I could mend one glove before breakfast and the other at lunch time. Tom can read a chapter in his book, and Ruth can write one letter while I wash the dishes."

"We'll all try it," agreed Ruth. "I'll start to work five minutes early in the morning, and go around to see Molly. We'll become experts in the art of having time."

"Why, sissy," asked grandfather an hour later, as Suzanne took her violin out of its case and began to tune it, "aren't you going out tonight?"

Suzanne shook her head. "No, grandfather," she said, leaning over to kiss him lightly, "I happen to have plenty of time to play every one of the tunes you love, tonight. What shall we have first?" — *Selected.*

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count. — *Emerson.*

For the Finding-Out Club

What Am I?

I AM a voice.
A coloratura of superb quality,
My tremolos no voice may imitate.
No mercenary motive enters into my art.
I sing alone or in concert.
My reputation is world-wide,
Yet I am despised by many.
All nature rejoices at my appearance,
Yet I care not for the applause of my auditors.
Out of the stillness of death, the darkness of night,
Out of the undesirable, I come,
A harbinger of hope, good cheer, and life.
I choose my theater and stage for my performances.
I hide my face behind the exquisite draperies,
Fearful lest my appearance mar the beauties of my climaxes.
I am of lowly birth, endowed by nature with no great beauty;
Yet, destroy me, and dire results will follow,
So say the sages.
Some of my kinsmen suffer a fearful fate at the hands of cannibals,
Yet I am the friend of all,
But a bitter enemy to those that would destroy.
I ask no great portions for myself,
Satisfied am I with inconsequential things.
Once were my ancestors a curse,
But now I am a blessing;
Yet, fondle me, and dire results will follow,
Again so say the sages.
I am neither bird nor human, beast nor insect.
I am —

HENRY DE FLEUTER.

HIDDEN PROVERB

BY WALTER WELLMAN



Answers to Questions Printed in "Instructor" of June 18

- | | |
|--------------|------------|
| 1. Tu-lips | 7. Ash |
| 2. Paw-paw | 8. Birch |
| 3. Fir | 9. Peach |
| 4. Bay | 10. Spruce |
| 5. Pine | 11. Beech |
| 6. Palm | 12. Pear |
| 13. Hem-lock | |

Members of the 1918 Finding-Out Club

Stanley R. Altman	Modette Hunt
Richard Anthony	Anna Nightingale
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Eva Cardin ¹	Jennie Normansell
Carol Crandall	Edith D. Ohlson
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Mrs. Grace Hoover^s
Orie A. Johnson

Stanley Sargeant¹
Rose M. Smith
Elsa P. Thompson
Susan A. Walde⁴
W. C. Van Gorder

George F. Webb

Martha Downs and Dallas Newlan sent in answers to the questions printed April 16 and May 28, containing only one error, but this barred their names from the perfect list.

Nature and Science

The Song Sparrow

WHEN a sparrow is mentioned, we are likely to think of some common little brown bird that does not amount to much; in other words, we think of it as being "just a sparrow" and nothing more. But we must remember that there are many different kinds of sparrows. There are the field sparrow, the chipping sparrow, the fox sparrow, the seaside sparrow, the sharp-tailed sparrow, the vesper sparrow, the tree sparrow, the white-throated sparrow, the English sparrow, the song sparrow, and very likely many more. Now, while the song sparrow is one of the commonest, it is also one of the most interesting. He is a trifle larger than the English sparrow; has a brown head, with three very distinct darker stripes on each side of the neck, brown markings on the throat, under parts a creamy white, and tail a plain grayish brown.

He is not much for looks, you may think, but wait until you hear him sing! His home is all over North America, from the fur countries to the Gulf of Mexico. So anywhere you may happen to live you can count on having him for a neighbor. He does not seem to care to live too far away from human settlements; so he is oftenest seen about farmhouses or the outskirts of towns. His favorite place for nesting is by the side of winding country roads. He wants to be where he can see what is going on, even if it is nothing more than an occasional squeaky wagon.

But the real charm of this friendly little fellow is his bubbling song that can be heard at all hours of the day and sometimes at night. Like our friend the mocking bird, he sometimes wakes up and can't go to sleep again; so he puts in the time singing. Just before dawn is another favorite hour of his for running over his music lesson of the day. He knows he has a good voice, and does not care who sees him as he reaches for the high notes; so he perches on the top of some bush and yells out as loud as he can, "Teakettle! te-a-k-ettle! t-e-a-k-e-t-t-l-e!" and does not even stop when a wagon rattles by. He has another song that he never gives except while on the wing. His call note is a metallic "chip" that is far from being unmusical.

The nest is often placed flat on the ground, back under a bush, and is made of strips of bark and strands of dried grass and lined with horsehair. That may be one reason why he is so partial to country

roadsides, where horsehair is likely to be found. The eggs of this sparrow are a grayish white, with spots of lavender or brown. The song sparrows are busy little folks, and have been known to raise three families of babies in a season. But, no matter how many hungry mouths may be waiting at home, the song sparrow always finds time to cheer us with his happy song.

— C. A. David, in the Visitor.

Lessons Taught by the Flowers

FROM everything that God has made, precious lessons can be drawn to help us in the daily life. Every tree and flower tells of God's loving care. Christ said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Still to many persons a flower is only a flower. As the poet says:

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose 'twas to him,
And it was nothing more."

God has clothed the grass of the field, and has painted the flowers with living colors, and bids us consider how they grow. They leave all with him, sweetly trusting and obeying. Thus may we grow in grace and the knowledge of the Lord, through trustingly submitting to God's will.

The water lily raises its head through the slime and water to the bright sunlight above, and unfolds cup-like petals unsullied by the slime through which they have passed; so God would keep us pure and unspotted from the evil influences that surround us. He would keep us unspotted from the world, as he kept the small white flower whose waxy petals lost not their pearly whiteness although they grew amid the blackness of a coal mine.

In some parts of America, after a fire has swept over the country, the land is soon covered with a beautiful growth of the fireweed. The brilliant blossoms cover the charred logs and burnt clumps of grass, making the very blackness beautiful.

In places where the English violet grows wild it is often found hidden under logs and sticks; but wherever it grows, it gives forth the same sweet perfume that characterizes it in carefully cultivated gardens. So besides teaching us the lesson of modesty, it teaches that however humble our surroundings, we should live a sweet, unselfish life, and by so doing yield the fragrance of our lives to cheer others.

One hot day a traveler paused on a bridge that spanned a small mountain stream. The cool, silvery water was a welcome sight. After quenching his thirst at the water's edge, he sat down on a rock in the shade of the bridge. While resting there, his eye fell upon a violet growing sweetly in that lonely spot. He thought: Though we are away from friends and relatives, we should not cease to live our best, for by so doing we may bring cheer and happiness to wayside travelers.

All flowers lift their faces upward for the sunbeam's kiss, and the longer the grass that surrounds them, the higher they grow, that they may push out into the sunlight. If unsuccessful in reaching the light, they become pale and weak. Just so with human beings.



We are the flowers of God's garden, and Christ himself is the "Sun of Righteousness." When we lift our faces to our "Sun," even though we have to lift them very high to reach above the weeds of sin, we shall blossom with sweetness and beauty.

The thistles and thorns also bear a message to us. Even the thorns on the rosebush tell us that life's sweetest things may not come unaccompanied by trials. Thorns are twigs that have been stunted in their growth. There was insufficient life to perfect another twig or limb. Nature has lost some of the power of God that it once possessed, and it cannot come to full perfection. This is a mark of sin that has rested upon it since the fall of man. So thorns and thistles warn us of sin, neglect, and failure, that we may guard against these evils, and in all respects grow in harmony with God, who is the source of life.

NELLIE H. PHILPS.

Filipino and Eskimo Workers for the Red Cross

WHEN the United States entered the conflict a wave of enthusiasm swept over the islands. Among the children it took the form of a demand to do war work. The whole industrial department of the public schools, where industrial training is a leading feature, was offered to the Red Cross. To the small Red Cross chapter in Manila this earnestness was at first an embarrassment, for in Manila alone there are ten thousand manual training pupils, and the Red Cross had no money to buy such quantities of materials as they would use.

The last reports to reach the United States tell of nearly five thousand Manila boys and girls, all but three hundred of them natives, who have joined the Red Cross. These native children, poor as they are in many cases, contributed eighty dollars to feed Belgian children, and are also supporting a French orphan for two years. They have made handkerchiefs for soldiers, splint pads, quilts, bed socks, and many other war supplies.

And while under the tropical sun of the Philippines the school children are working so busily, far to the north, snuggled up under the arctic circle, where the sun shows his face for only an hour or so each cold winter day, the Eskimo children in the government schools of Alaska have caught the war spirit, and are working just as busily—doing their bit for Uncle Sam, their great guardian.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Lesson in Courtesy

I READ a story recently of how a young man got his start in life through being courteous. This young man was an assistant doorkeeper in the Capitol at Washington. His work was to direct people where they wanted to go in that great building.

One day he overheard a stranger ask one of the other doorkeepers for help in finding one of the Senators from California. The doorkeeper answered in a very discourteous way that it was none of his business where the Senators were.

"But can't you help me?" the stranger said. "I was sent over here because he was seen to come this way."

"No, I can't," the doorkeeper answered. "I have trouble enough looking after the Representatives."

The stranger was about to turn away when an assistant, who had overheard the conversation, said: "If you are from California, you have come a long way.

I will try to help you." Then he asked him to take a seat, and hurried off in search of the Senator.

He soon brought him to the stranger, who then gave his card to the doorkeeper and asked him to call at his hotel that evening.

That stranger was Collis P. Huntington, who was a great railroad official in those days.

When the doorkeeper called upon him that night, Mr. Huntington offered him a position at nearly twice the salary he was then receiving. He accepted the new position, and was rapidly promoted from that time on.

The lesson I would have you learn from this is that you never know when a good deed is going to return to you. I don't mean that you should be courteous, expecting that you are going to be paid for it each time, for the greatest pay for kindness is just the feeling that you have helped some one. As the old saying goes, "Civility costs nothing," and on the other hand, you never gain anything by getting the ill will of anybody or anything, even of a dog. Be courteous. It is the mark of a gentleman, of a lady, and it is often the passport to success.—*Howard J. Chidley, in "Fifty-Two Story Talks."*

When the Opportunity Comes

A YOUNG man was called to fill a position of responsibility upon the completion of his college course. It was a position which called for sound judgment, tact, concentration, hard work. His friends felt that a splendid opportunity had come to him, and congratulations were offered on every hand.

"You will have an exceptional opportunity to 'grow,'" they told him; "it is a position which has wonderful possibilities in it for your development, both spiritually and intellectually."

So the young man began his new duties, swelling with pride that he should have been chosen for such an important place, yet inwardly fearful lest he should be unable to make a success of it. The work in his new field of labor needed building up; there were problems to be met and solved; work long neglected was calling for attention. It was no easy task, yet it was all within the range of his capabilities.

And did he measure up to the size of his position?—No. Instead of launching out into the work with enthusiasm and a determination to bring it up to where it should be, he began to worry. "This position is beyond me," he told himself. "There are things that must be done which are not within my ability to accomplish. The work calls for originality; I haven't that quality. It calls for a certain amount of literary talent; in that, too, I am lacking. I wish that I could find a position where I wouldn't have to do so much thinking and planning, but where I could just feel that when five o'clock came, my duties were over for the day."

It was not many months before he gained his desire, choosing rather to take a position where he must plod along from day to day in a mechanical routine, than to exert himself to measure up to big things.

Oh, why will an intelligent young person be content with filling a niche which is too small for him, when he could just as well attempt and achieve far greater things? Why is it that with youth, and opportunities manifold, with talents—for all have them—so few really attain to more than the commonplace in life? Is it due to one's surroundings? Is it misfortune? Is it fate? None of these need thwart one, for we have

worthy examples in all ages whose lives prove the contrary.

"One of the most gladsome things in the world is that few of us fall very low; the saddest that with such capabilities we seldom rise high." And how true it is! To one who makes the most of himself there are thousands who are content with the commonplace experiences of life.

Do not allow this to be true in your life. Determine that you will be content with nothing but the best of which you are capable. Be courageous, stout-hearted, determined, putting each capability to the stretch, expecting much of yourself, aiming high. Then when Opportunity knocks at your door, seize it and hold on! If the contract proves to be just a little harder than you anticipated, if there are discouragements to meet, that is no reason why you should drop everything and run. On the contrary, these very conditions are reasons why you should *not* give up the fight. So hold on!

And how are we to be prepared when this opportunity for larger service comes? By filling to the full each day's cup of service; by loving and obeying God; by doing our best—and a little more as each duty presents itself. Our part is to be ready for an advance step. God will take care of the rest. ELLA IDEN.

A Temperamental Garden

ON a quiet, elm-bordered street of a certain Southern city stood the ivy-covered brick house of Mr. Horton Lane, superintendent of the city schools. On this particular afternoon in early spring his eighteen-year-old daughter, Isabel, sat at the old-fashioned grand piano very languidly practicing her music. Her thoughts were really a block away, where a number of cars were drawn up before a large and imposing colonial residence. From the window she could see girls in soft, gay wraps step from limousines and electric cars and hurry up the terraced walk to the house. She turned away and dropped into a deep, sagging easy-chair, closing her eyes with a sigh of complete unhappiness. She wondered if she would ever grow used to this miserable ache of discontent.

Isabel had been graduated from the high school the previous June, after four happy years, during which she had been very popular among her classmates. It had not occurred to her that after graduation, changes might come in these associations. She knew that her father had only the most moderate income, with no margin to be spent by her in elaborate entertaining such as many of her classmates, daughters of wealthy men, were able to afford; but she was slow to believe that this fact would separate her from her friends. However, on this spring afternoon the climax seemed to be reached, as she watched the line of cars before the Lee mansion, and knew that Barbara was entertaining and had not invited her.

At breakfast the next morning Mr. Lane looked up from his mail. "Anna," he said to his wife, with a deprecatory sigh, "I have a letter from that garden expert who is being sent here to lecture in the schools and start experimental gardens. Er—" he hesitated and looked so guilty that Mrs. Lane laughed.

"You are trying to muster courage to confess that you have already invited him to be our guest while he is in the city," she accused him.

Her husband grinned sheepishly. "Yes, that is what I have done," he admitted, "and I had forgotten to tell you. This letter says he will be down the first of next week."

Monday evening found the Lanes listening with absorption while Mr. Edward Allison, garden expert, dilated upon the homely charms of cabbages and carrots and such things. . . . "My sister," he turned to Mrs. Lane, "has a splendid vegetable garden, and she does all the work in it herself. One year when she was feeling rather down, she started it just as a kind of diversion. She tells us now that she used to take her 'blues' and go out and plant them along with her radishes, and whenever she got into a temper she'd work it off pulling weeds out of the asparagus bed. She says the finest thing that garden has produced is a contented woman. Not a bad idea, do you think?"

"Does your sister live in the country?" asked Isabel abruptly.

"No, in Washington," Mr. Allison answered. "She has turned her back yard into a garden. It is not much larger than my pocket handkerchief," he laughed, "but it produces about all the vegetables her small family needs."

The next morning Isabel was returning from a lecture by the expert, delivered at the high school, when a large touring car filled with girls passed her. One of the occupants turned and nodded a careless greeting. Isabel flushed and bit her lip to keep back her tears. It was Barbara Lee who had bowed—Barbara, who had been one of her very best friends in school, but who had paid her little or no attention since, so absorbed was she in her present gay life, which had swept her away from all associations that did not partake of it.

Isabel went home with the old ache of loneliness. In her own room she took off her hat and stood staring moodily out across the neat back yard, wondering vaguely whether anybody was ever so miserable and discontented as she. Suddenly something Mr. Allison had said came into her mind. His sister had planted her "blues" along with her radishes. Isabel smiled faintly at the idea, and then, all at once, her eyes focused upon a small back yard, and the expression in them became bright and intent.

Late that afternoon Mr. Lane was astonished to find his guest out in the rear yard deep in conversation with Isabel. "What in the world are they doing?" he demanded of his wife as they watched Mr. Allison stepping off certain measurements, which Isabel faithfully noted down on a piece of paper.

"Isabel has decided to plant a garden," Mrs. Lane explained, "and Mr. Allison is helping her lay it off."

A week later the back yard was a carefully plotted area, and Isabel was impatiently watching for those first tiny green tokens which would be the rewards of her labor. The first of May showed sturdy rows of English peas, firm little scarlet button radishes, tomato plants securely protected from heat and sudden spring chills, and many other plants promising a good harvest. Already the garden was receiving attention in the neighborhood, and Isabel's word about blights and bugs was accepted as authoritative. Mrs. Lane, watching the pretty gardener grow brown from outdoor work and absorbed in her venture, came to understand that the neat rectangular space was in reality a sort of battle ground where Isabel was conquering unhappiness, and in the complete consolation of an occupation escaping from small envies and discontent.

The summer which came, with its great training camps and the paraphernalia of war and the consequent strain of hard times, was a terrible one to a

(Concluded on page eleven)



TO OUR BOYS



MRS. IDA CARMICHAEL

BY "our boys," I mean any mother's son to whom this may ever appeal. As for "our boys," it is an understood thing that they are wont, while standing upon the shadowy borderland of young manhood, to dream of love. And as it is natural, we expect it.

While I could say much upon the theme of the sickly, sentimental feeling which often makes itself conspicuous about this time, and is dignified with the name of "love," I wish to turn to a broader, grander theme,—to the noblest of all love affairs—the love affair between a big boy and his mother; the mother who *loves him*, who bore him, who has given the best years of her life to him; the mother who guided his tiny feet in their first efforts to seek and find out the mysteries of the life he was suddenly becoming conscious of; the mother who bent above his couch when he tossed restlessly with fever and delirium; who pressed loving kisses upon his parched lips, and laved his aching brow with tender, loving hands. O boys! that mother loved you when no dainty maiden would have deigned to look at you.

In many cases the luster of her gentle eye is dimmed, the spring is gone from her graceful step, and her dainty white hands have been calloused with much labor at the cookstove and washtub, that you might have the pleasures of life, be kept in school, and always look neat, and be served with fresh shirts and nicely ironed linen suits in season. And in all probability, as you have grown older; you have, while attired in that same apparel, called upon some maiden fair, to tell her of your love, forgetting the love affair that you should carry on *at home*.

And let me tell you a sure indication by which to judge of your future conduct: the treatment that your mother receives, your wife will receive. The boy who is all attention to his mother; who springs to his feet as she enters a room, and sees that she has an easy chair; who gracefully bows to her when meeting her upon the street; who sees that she is served first at the table, and is first to partake of the freshly drawn water, or has the first rose of summer, or the choicest piece of fruit; who springs to assist her down the steps, or has her lean upon his strong arm as they both ascend the stairs; who goes even further than to offer these graceful little attentions, and looks after the kitchen wood box and the water pail; sees that mother does not milk, cook, wash, iron, or in any way slave her life away when it is in his power to prevent it,—the boy who does this, and even more, who lays the first fruits of his first earnings (after an honest tithe has been paid to the Giver of all good) at his mother's feet,—that boy will do "to tie to." He may not be wise, nor rich, nor great; but he will do "to tie to."

In my forty years' varied experience, I have seen many things that I wish I could tell you about. O that I could save every one of you from the delusive snare which is set for you by Satan,—the thought that you must pander to the desires of the carnal mind (and "to be carnally minded is death") in order to have "a good time." Do you think Satan could provide for a better time than could the Creator of the universe? No, indeed.

Allow me to say that when you begin doing the things you wish to hide from your mother, such things as your first cigar, slangy songs, oaths, irreverence

for the house of God, criticism of ministers and of those who are trying to walk circumspectly,—anything which you would blush to have your mother know,—you are in a sad way, and had better call a halt. If you do not, you will one day wish you had.

I wish I could tell you what I know about reform-school boys and young prisoners. How your hearts would ache! You would be surprised to learn what seemingly simple things lead to results so sad. And then to see the dear, faithful mothers of these lads; to have them come and cry out, "Oh, can't you see my poor boy?" "Won't you please get Mr. Carmichael to take this package to my boy? Tell him I have sold my home and everything I had. I have been to Austin before the governor and the Board of Pardons. I am doing everything to get him reprieved." Another will say, "I will be true to my boy; others led him astray. I will do anything to get him out." How sad it is to hear poor, repentant boys talk of "mother;" or to hear hundreds of prisoners sing, amid the clank of ball and chain and surrounded by guards with guns and pistols, the sweet old words:

"Take this letter to my mother,
Far across the dark-blue sea;
Take this letter to my mother,
She'll be glad to hear from me."

Yes, mother is glad to hear from her erring boy, even if he is behind prison bars. And in the majority of cases, he would not be there if he had heeded that fond mother's advice.

Boys, to be able to say "No" when tempted by some of your boon companions to enter forbidden paths, is the truest kind of bravery; to be faithful in little things is to be sure to win in great things, while to fail in little things is to fail in great things; and to be kind and gentle to animals is to show respect for mother and regard for her gentle admonition and example.

I know of a lesson learned by a talented young man, and learned to his sorrow. He was engaged to a noble girl. He lived just beyond the city limits, and rode in on horseback daily. The young lady's window overlooked a portion of the road he usually took. One morning as he was nearing town he became very angry at his beautiful horse, and fell to beating him over the head in a brutal manner, not knowing that his act was witnessed by the surprised and pained girl, whom he loved so fondly. The next time he called on her, she quietly drew off the golden circlet, the engagement ring, which he had placed upon her finger, and returned it, remarking that she could trust her future to no man who would so abuse an inoffensive dumb brute. And, boys, any rightly informed girl would fear to link her life with such a man, especially if, added to that characteristic, was a habitual disregard of his mother's counsel.

Remember, "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." The truly brave boy can afford to be tender, even to be laughed at; for "the loving are the daring," yes, daring to do right for right's own sake, most of all for Jesus' sake, and not the least for mother's sake.

And then, boys, should any of you happen to have a frail mother, how tenderly you should care for her! Seek to rejoice her heart each day with some little love token,—a fresh flower, a choice piece of fruit, some

act of self-forgetfulness, something to show that you are proud to do her honor! You cannot realize how much this will please her, and lighten her burden, and help her to thank God that she is the mother of so manly a child — of a gentleman. If you are not a gentle *boy*, you will never be a gentleman.

If you are not acquainted with your own mother, hasten to become acquainted with her. Learn to know her so well that you will venture to throw your strong young arm around her waist, and place a gentle kiss upon her lips, and say, "Mother, I love you." The inspiration of my life is to have my sturdy boy of eleven throw his strong young arms around me, and say, "Mamma, I love you!" Nothing in life is so sweet to a mother as love from her big boy, especially her first-born.

And then, boys, suppose some of you come to the sad day in which you stand by a flower-decked casket, and with tear-dimmed eyes take a last long look at your dear mother's patient, peaceful face. "*At rest at last!*" My word for it, your heart will ache with a wild regret that you did not love her more, and tell her so. Too late, too late then, to bring flowers, and shed unavailing tears, for "the dead know not anything." One sweet red rose placed gallantly in her hair or on her breast while her true mother heart beats live and warm, will do her more honor than banks of choice exotics placed over her lifeless clay.

Another thing, boys, never speak disrespectfully of any woman. If any are impure, draw the mantle of charity over their wrong-doings. Remember that such sin is a double sin, that the commandment applies alike to betrayer and betrayed. Remember that you cannot sneer at, cast reflections upon, or indulge in obscene language about, any woman, without dishonoring your mother to a certain extent; and not only *your* mother; but the mother of Jesus Christ himself; for she was a woman like your own mother. Then for Jesus' sake, and for the sake of your own mother and sisters, hold all women sacred. Take not their name in vain. Let no one induce you to indulge in the vile jokes of the day. Show your true bravery by saying: "No, boys; we have mothers and sisters; she is some mother's daughter, some boy's sister." O for an age of pure young manhood! Then we should see pure young womanhood. My observation has been from cause to effect on this subject.

Here is a little poem that has been floating across my pathway for years; it is all true:

"Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows the steps it takes,
Nobody knows — but mother.

"Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody — only mother.

"Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody — only mother.

"Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody — only mother.

"Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after-years,
Nobody knows — but mother.

"Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift, a mother's love;
Nobody *can* — but mother."

Boys, you cannot know; but I know, and other mothers know.

Now, one parting thought: Be good to mother. You may have sisters, brothers, aunts, cousins, and other relatives; you may marry, and have a good wife; some man might fill acceptably to you the position of step-father; but you will never have but *one mother*. Love her while you can, honor her while you may; be proud of your mother, make her proud of her son.

A blessing upon you, every one, I pray.

A Temperamental Garden

(Concluded from page nine)

people long accustomed to the precious monotony of peace and plenty. Everywhere organizations sprang up, formed to serve the country in some capacity. The middle of July, announcement was made that Mrs. B——, a woman known throughout the nation for her efficient service in the war zone, had returned to America to assist her countrywomen in directing their energies to the best ends for the public welfare. Isabel read that the Junior Service League of the city had invited Mrs. B—— to address them, and for the first time in a long while she felt a pang of her old unhappiness, for she knew that she would not have an opportunity of hearing the celebrity. The Junior Service League was made up entirely of the season's *débutantes* and their own intimate circle from which Isabel had long since disappeared.

But on a certain July afternoon, when all thought of the Junior Service League and Mrs. B—— had passed from Isabel's mind, and clad in khaki skirt and sport shirt, she was busily clearing out dried pea vines and bean stalks to make way for her fall garden, the maid came out with two cards. Isabel surveyed them at first indifferently and then with complete astonishment. The one read, "Miss Barbara Lee;" the other, "Mrs. Archibald B——."

When Isabel entered the sitting-room, Barbara greeted her gushingly. "Isabel dear, this is Mrs. B——. I am sure I don't have to tell you who she is. She came down to lecture before the Junior Service League, and found us in a very bad way, I am afraid."

Hardly heeding Barbara's chatter, Isabel was looking into the fine dark eyes of the tall, prematurely gray-haired woman, who was returning her look with one of keen interest. "They tell me, Miss Lane," she observed abruptly, "that you have a garden which you have engineered entirely yourself."

"Yes," Isabel admitted, turning an inquiring glance upon Barbara, who laughed a little pettishly.

"Mrs. B——," she said, "found that the Junior Service League didn't know how to do much of anything except drive a motor, and she didn't seem to think that a very vital thing to know. Finally, in desperation, we told her about your garden to divert her attention from our inefficiency. She wanted to come and see you and the garden right away."

"Has it been a practical success?" Mrs. B—— asked after Barbara's explanation of their visit.

"My garden? O yes, distinctly so," Isabel replied. "I have kept books, you see. I know exactly what it has cost me and what my profits have been."

"Good!" Mrs. B—— exclaimed. "That is really businesslike. The maid said you were in your garden when we came."

"Yes," Isabel answered. "I am laying out my fall garden. With times as they are, I am planning to plant everything I can."

"Good!" Mrs. B— exclaimed again, and turned to Barbara. "You see, Miss Lee, this young lady is doing something that is actually productive, that helps to solve one of our most difficult problems—that of the food supply. How did you happen to go in for gardening, Miss Lane?"

Isabel looked embarrassed for a moment and then laughed. "I started my garden as a sort of graveyard for moods and "blues" and that kind of thing, and then when it began to pay so well I became interested in it for its own sake."

Mrs. B— nodded and smiled understandingly. The three of them spent awhile in looking at the garden, and Mrs. B— took her departure with the remark to Isabel: "The country needs girls like you, my dear."

The next Tuesday morning a letter came for Isabel, stating that the city had decided to open a garden department in the public schools, and offering her the position of demonstrator and lecturer, at a generous salary. The mayor stated that she had been most highly recommended for this position by the distinguished Mrs. B—.

"O father, you are going to let me do it, aren't you?" pleaded Isabel with shining eyes.

"Of course, my dear," he said, and added with a laugh: "I'll turn over all my irritable teachers and incorrigible pupils to you, and you may make them plant themselves and see if they can come up as contented and happy as you are."—*Faith Harris Leech.*

Mother's Influence

MOTHER'S DAY" has passed; but we are glad the day of loving, capable, self-sacrificing, intelligent mothers has not passed. Never has there been a time when a thrilling story of mother-love was not being enacted somewhere by some mother. A recent magazine contained the following tribute to one of these mothers by her daughter:

"Six Thousand Miles to an Education"

"My mother was of German parentage. Circumstances and a lack of parental sympathy prevented her satisfying her craving for books. She gathered what she could of learning, and it has always been a wonder to me that she acquired so much.

"At nineteen she married a man thirteen years her senior. From the time I came to her, she planned to procure for me the advantages she had missed. She knew nothing of Froebel, but she played with me and taught me as we played. At four and a half years I walked a mile to school. She put a little bright-red coat on me, so she could stand at the old picket gate and watch her baby as far as possible down the road to learning.

"I remember telling my teacher on the first day that sometime I, too, meant to be a teacher. And I remember yet how she slipped her arm about me and put her cheek on my hair and said: 'You tiny tot! You don't know what you will be sometime!' But she was not counting on mother.

"Ours was a district school, overcrowded, open only during the very cold months, when I was too frail to fight snow banks. At ten I was sent to a real graded school seven miles away.

"I wonder yet how mother overcame my father's objections to educating girls. He contended that they might much better learn to milk cows and tend chick-

ens and make gardens. But every Sunday, after dinner, my basket was packed with food to last five days, and, rain or shine, good roads or bad, my mother and old Tip made the fourteen-mile trip to take me to B—. And every Friday it was repeated to give me a week-end at home. This lasted through five and a half school years—fifty-five months, four hundred forty trips, or six thousand one hundred sixty miles!

"Does any one remember what winters were twenty years ago? Or what 'good roads' meant in southern Michigan? To this day I never face a blinding snow without seeing mother, wrapped like a bundle and almost snowed under in the old top buggy! And I never see the mud roll up on a wheel rim without remembering the debates as to which might be the best road—and at times the best road proved to have lost a culvert and we plodded and splashed an extra mile or two.

"Thanks be, she never had cause to be ashamed of me in school. That much, at least, I did for her satisfaction. At sixteen I had completed two courses in a university listed high school. In two more years I had my 'life certificate.' Since then I have been a successful teacher, a fair housekeeper, a good wife, and a very humble, well-meaning mother.

"I have two girls. Unless times grow better for near-poor folks, educating them will not be easy. But can I ever find anything *too* difficult? My mother worked against opposition. I shall have the help and encouragement of a loving husband and father. And so my mother's patience and energy enriched my life. I shall pass on what I can to my girls."

After All

We take our share of fretting,
Of grieving and forgetting;
The paths are often rough and steep, and heedless feet may
fall;
But yet the days are cheery,
And night brings rest when weary,
And somehow this old planet is a good world after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,
The joys are more than double,
The brave surpass the cowards and the leal are like a wall
To guard their dearest ever,
To fail the feeblest never;
And somehow this old earth remains a bright world after all.

There's always love that's caring,
And shielding and forbearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close and keep our hearts in
thrall.
There's home to share together
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the hearth flame burns it is a good world after all.

The lisp of children's voices,
The chance of happy choices,
The bugle sounds of hope and faith through fogs and mists
that call;
The heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth a good world after all.

—Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

"I ASK not
When shall the day be done and rest come on;
I pray not
That soon from me the 'curse of toil' be gone;
I seek not
A sluggard's couch with drowsy curtains drawn.
But give me
Time to fight the battle out as best I may;
And give me
Strength and place to labor still at evening's gray;
Then let me
Rest as one who toiled afield through *all* the day."

Missionary Volunteer Department

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Money for Missions

ONE of our soldier boys in camp makes a novel suggestion about securing money for missions. He writes:

"Let the society treasurer deposit the society offerings in a bank that circulates small banks for the accumulation of money. These banks could be securely fastened to the bodies of automobiles owned by members of the young people's Missionary Volunteer Society or by interested friends; and in them the occasional passenger should be invited to deposit some coins. The banks might be labeled: 'Property of the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society. The proceeds go to missionary endeavor. The key is held by the banker.'"

Probably very few of our Missionary Volunteers have automobiles, but for some this would be a feasible plan. We shall be glad to hear from any who may try it.

M. E. K.

A Correspondence Band

THE following statement concerning the correspondence band of the Mountain View, California, Missionary Volunteer Society will be of interest to all our Missionary Volunteers, and may contain helpful suggestions for those who wish to carry forward this kind of work:

"There are about twenty who attend the band, which meets in the Pacific Press boarding hall. Here the tables are arranged with blotters, pen and ink, and a sample letter that may be copied by those who wish to use it.

"The letters state that 'a friend' is being sent to them by that mail, which carries a message of cheer to them; the friend being the *Signs of the Times*. The letters are written by the members, and the *Signs* are wrapped and then addressed to those who are to receive the letters. From three to five letters are handled by each member. They are placed in the box that is on the table, and the leader of the band stamps them later.

"We have systematized the names of those to whom we write, and the members of the band, with a card index, which helps us to keep track of the replies. Many answers are received by the members. These letters are filed, and other literature (aside from the *Signs*, which goes regularly unless ordered to be stopped) is sent to the interested ones. Some very definite results have already been seen through the work of the band, and some inspiring letters have been received from different parts of the United States.

"The letters received are read at various times at the regular meetings of the society. This does much to stimulate the interest in this work. We feel well repaid for the work and expense which we sustain in the correspondence band."

M. E. K.

Did you do a kindness to some one today?

Our Counsel Corner

[This corner is for our Missionary Volunteers. We shall be glad to receive questions, reports, and letters from you, and promise they shall be given careful attention. Address all communications to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C.]

HOW can we secure tracts and papers for missionary work? Our weekly offerings are entirely inadequate to meet the need.

B. A.

Since the young people are a part of the church, and all the missionary work which they do is included in the church missionary report, it is only right that a part of the home missionary offerings of the church should be used to help supply literature needed by the young people to carry on the work. If you will talk with the church officers about this, presenting the matter tactfully and clearly, they will no doubt be glad to assist you. Since the young people have more strength to do the active work, and usually the older church members have more money, co-operation in missionary endeavor will bring more and better results.

Another plan for securing material with which to work is to enlist the interest of individuals by personal visits, soliciting gifts of money, or subscriptions to the *Signs, Present Truth*, and other papers which the young people will be able to use in their missionary work.

M. V. D.

Do you not think that we should endeavor to lead others to give up the use of flesh food by taking a firm stand against its use?

H. R.

The power of example is the best argument one can use in leading others to adopt health-reform principles. "When sitting at a table where meat is provided, we should not make a raid on those who use it, but should let it alone ourselves; and when asked the reason for doing this, we should kindly explain why we do not use it."—*Healthful Living*, par. 437.

What is your opinion about the wearing of wedding rings, a custom which is becoming more and more common among Adventists?

M. H.

"Not one penny should be spent for a circlet of gold to testify that we are married. In countries where the custom is imperative, we have no burden to condemn those who have their marriage ring; let them wear it if they can do so conscientiously; but let not our missionaries feel that the wearing of the ring will increase their influence one jot or tittle."—*Special Testimony to Ministers and Workers*, No. 3, p. 6.

We have a large number of little folks in our church who are almost too young to appreciate and understand the Junior programs. While the "Gazette" is excellent in planning the Junior meetings, I should be glad to know of something that would be helpful in working with these tiny tots.

A PRIMARY M. V. WORKER.

You will find excellent material in "The Primary Teacher's Helper" Series, by Mrs. Charles Cutting and Miss Frances S. Walkley, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 597-599 Fifth Avenue, New York. The lessons are outlined so nicely that the most inexperienced leader will be able to plan cheery, helpful meetings that will teach valuable lessons and at the same time be very interesting to the children. There are a few selections that would not be suitable for our children as presented; these may be adapted by the leader.

M. V. D.

Just for the Juniors

Real Service

WHY, Martin Bently has done hardly a bit of missionary work this quarter!" exclaimed Naomi as she bent over her Memoranda of Attendance and Work, the little book in which she kept a record of the reports handed in by each member of the Junior society. "That seems strange, for he is always ready to help everybody, and I thought he would have about the biggest report of any one."

"Perhaps if you had been with me today when I called on Mrs. Bently, you would have found out that Martin's report wasn't so bad, after all," replied her mother. "I don't know that he gave out as many tracts and papers as usual, but I do know that he has been doing the finest kind of missionary work for a long time. You know Mr. Bently has been laid up with rheumatism for weeks now, and Martin has been his mother's right-hand man. She says she doesn't know how she could ever have managed to keep up without his help."

There are some kinds of real missionary work that one can't write down on report blanks. Scattering sunshine in our own homes and among our friends and neighbors, by speaking kind words and willingly performing helpful deeds, is as important in God's sight as other kinds of missionary work that can be reported in actual figures.

Sometimes we think that it isn't working for the Lord to wash dishes, mow the lawn, cut wood, make beds, and cheerfully run errands, but it really is, and the boy or girl who realizes this and acts accordingly is just as truly serving the Master as when giving out tracts, selling papers, or making scrapbooks for the hospitals.

Thinking of others is a beautiful way to serve Jesus. The thing we all need is to be so full of love for others, so kind and thoughtful, that we shall be able to see how we can help them and bring gladness and sunshine into their lives.

E. I.

A Cup of Loving Service

ONE day, long, long ago, and in a far-away country, a boy stood shading his eyes with his hands and gazing up a rough mountain path. Not far from where he stood was a small brown house with a little garden in the back. It was his home, a poor little place, yet very clean and neat.

In a moment the child gave a little nod, as though he was satisfied, and turned and ran into the house, and took from a nail in the shed a bright tin pail, a shining tin cup, and a clean cloth. Then he ran to a little spring of sparkling water that bubbled out from under a rock near the path, filled his pail, wound the cloth about it, for the sun was very hot, and hanging the cup to his belt, began to climb the steep mountain road. You could tell by the look on his face that he had something to do that he felt was very important. It was a hard climb up the steep path, but he came at last to the place he was looking for. There, on the ground, lay a man who seemed to be overcome by the heat and by his ride over the mountain. His horse stood beside him.

The boy stood still for a moment as though he hardly knew what to do first. Then he quickly uncovered his pail, and putting his hand gently under the stranger's head, lifted it and said, "Please wake

up, sir; I know you must be thirsty, it is so warm today; please wake up." The man moved a little, and slowly opening his eyes, saw the boy bending over him, holding a cup of cold water for which he had longed for hours. He drank it to the very last drop. Then, feeling a little better, he sat up against a tree.

"Where did you come from, child?" he said. "I have been wandering over this mountain all day, trying to find my way, and have not seen a house or a person before. How did you know I was dying of thirst? Give me one more drink of your cool water. Nothing was ever so sweet, and no face was ever more welcome than yours."

The boy filled the cup again and said, "Let me hold it for you, sir; you seem so very tired," and he held it while the man drank as though he would never have enough. Then the traveler drew a bright coin from his pocket and held it out to the boy, saying, "How can I ever pay you for what you have done?"

The boy drew back, and putting his hands behind him, said, "Oh, no, sir! I could not take money for water. We are very poor, but God has given us a beautiful spring, which is always running under the rock near our house, and we are so thankful for it that mother says we must not forget a verse in the Bible that says, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' Oh, no, sir! I could not take the money, for this is the cup of 'loving service,' and we must share it with all who pass by who are tired and thirsty like you. If you look, you will see what mother wrote on my cup with a pin, long ago. It is, 'For ready and loving service in the name of Christ.'"

Then the child stood up on a rock and gave the horse a drink from the pail. Then, taking the cloth, he began to brush the dust from the stranger's clothes. "Mother says that every one can do something for other people," said the boy, "and that each one can give his 'cup of service.' Most of them are more beautiful than mine. Some are bright, of gold and silver, but each has those same words; but I like my little tin cup best, for I can take it in my hand, and fill it with water, and though I cannot do much for others, I am glad that I can do something, if it is only giving water to thirsty people. Every day I watch the path far up the mountain, and many times travelers lose their way, and I can take my little pail of water to them. Now, you are all right, sir; just keep on this path and always keep to your right, and you will soon reach the valley; or, if you will stop with us, mother will give you a cup of broth. See! That is the smoke from our little cottage down among the trees."

"No, child, I must not stop," said the traveler. "But before I go promise me that when you say your prayers you will ask God to help me learn to fill many 'cups of loving service.' If God brings me back from the war, perhaps I will come along this path again, and have another drink from your little cup, and I shall try to do for others as you have done for me."

Then he told him to hurry home, and the boy, taking his pail and cup and giving the man a happy smile, bounded down the mountain path, while the traveler rode away. He lived many years after that, but he never forgot the boy with his tin cup, that had on it, scratched with a pin, "For ready and loving service in the name of Christ," and he, too, tried to follow that verse, "Freely ye have received, freely give."—*Adapted.*

"IDLENESS is the sticky flypaper of life."

The Sabbath School

III — Oppression in Egypt; Birth of Moses

(July 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ex. 1: 6-14, 22; 2: 1-10.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 241-244; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 144-147.

MEMORY VERSE: "Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses." Ps. 107: 13.

"This little child left on the stream to float
Will speak with God on Sinai's solemn height."

Questions

1. How did the children of Israel prosper in Egypt even after the death of Joseph and his brethren? Ex. 1: 6, 7.
2. Who finally became ruler over Egypt? Verse 8. Note 1.
3. What did this new king say to his people? What did he fear the Israelites might do? Verses 9, 10.
4. What was done as the result of the king's counsel? What work were the Israelites obliged to do? How were they treated by the Egyptians? Verses 11-14. Note 2.
5. When Pharaoh saw that hard labor and harsh treatment did not crush the Israelites, what cruel command did he send out to all his people? Verse 22.
6. In spite of this command what did one mother succeed in doing? Ex. 2: 1, 2. Note 3.
7. When the child could no longer be hidden in the house, what did the mother do with him? Verse 3. Note 4.
8. Who watched to see what would become of the baby? Verse 4.
9. In what way was the baby found? Verse 5.
10. How did the princess feel toward it? What did she say? Verse 6.
11. How did the king's daughter get a nurse for the baby? Verses 7, 8.
12. What did the princess say to the nurse? Verse 9. Note 5.
13. How long was Moses' mother permitted to keep him? What influence did her teaching have upon him in after-years? Verse 10. Note 6.

Notes

1. Joseph lived fifty-four years after the death of his father. During that time he remained governor of Egypt, and had kind care over his people in the land of Goshen. Pharaoh and the men of his court who knew what great blessings had come to their country because of Joseph's wisdom, were willing to have kindness and favor shown to Joseph's family. It is not surprising to learn as the years passed by that the Israelites grew "exceeding mighty" and filled the land. As a new king and new men came on to take the place of those who had known Joseph, it is not strange that they should see the danger of being overrun by this foreign people.

2. Before this the Israelites had worked along with the king's own people, on the palaces and temples that he was having built, and no doubt had received wages, but now they were driven as slaves by a taskmaster.

3. Amram was the name of the father of Moses; Jochebed was his mother. There were two older children, Miriam, probably eight or nine years old, and Aaron, three years old. The parents were "devout Israelites of the tribe of Levi," the tribe to whom the priesthood was given later. The story is well told in Hebrews 11: 23: "By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child; and they were not afraid of the king's commandment."

4. It would not be easy to keep a baby three months old in a home without anybody but the family knowing he was in the house. Jochebed's prayers must have been constant and fervent while she wove the bulrushes in and out, as the little basket grew into shape under her fingers. Great crocodiles in the River Nile added to the danger involved in her plan. The little ark was placed among the flags to keep it from floating downstream.

5. "An Egyptian princess was an important personage, with an establishment of her own, and often possessed of much political influence."—*Expositor's Bible*.

6. "She kept the boy as long as she could, but was obliged to give him up when he was about twelve years old. From his humble cabin home he was taken to the royal palace, to the daughter of Pharaoh, 'and he became her son.' Yet even here he did not lose the impressions received in childhood. The lessons learned at his mother's side could not be forgotten. They were a shield from the pride, the infidelity, and the vice that flourished amid the splendor of the court."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 244.

A Written Exercise

Without referring to the Bible, fill in the exact words omitted in the following:

Pharaoh said, "Every son that is . . . ye shall . . . into the

. . . ." A Hebrew woman "bare a . . . ; and when she saw him that he was a . . . child, she . . . him And when she could not longer . . . him, she took for him an . . . of . . . , and daubed it with . . . and with . . . , and put the . . . therein; and she laid it in the . . . by the river's And his . . . stood . . . off, to wit what would be . . . to And the . . . of Pharaoh came down to . . . herself at the river; and her . . . walked along by the river's . . . ; and when she saw the . . . along the . . . , she sent her . . . to . . . it. And when she had . . . it, she saw the . . . : and, behold, the And she had . . . on . . . , and said, . . . is one of the"

Compare your written copy with Exodus 1: 22; 2: 2-6, and note the errors.

Three Guesses

WHILE in uniform no jewelry may be worn, and the use of paint, powder, lip rouge, and perfume is strictly forbidden."

"The uniform must be easy over the chest, fair in the waist, and full in the skirts."

"Any sport shirt may be worn, provided it is not cut too low in the neck. A high, turn-down collar, or a 'polo shirt' collar, with a tie, is the only neckwear permitted."

"Under no circumstances must a wrist bag be carried while in uniform."

"High or low, black or brown, plain shoes are permissible. No white or fancy shoes of any sort may be worn while in uniform. Tan gaiters or spats, or puttees may be worn if desired, but no other color is allowed."

I will give you three guesses as to which of our denominational training schools for nurses has issued the above regulations.

First guess is wrong. So are your second and third. These regulations are printed in the American Red Cross Bulletin No. 410, for women in foreign service other than nurses and doctors. The regulations for nurses' uniforms are even more strict, and are designed, not only for the good of the service, but for the protection of the nurses.

CLYDE LOWRY.

The Knock

I HEARD a knock at my cabin door
As I sat by my hearth one day;
It was winter then, and I watched the flames —
Watched in a listless way.
Then I heard a sigh, and the wind swept by
And I heard the tempest groan,
And I heard faint footsteps steal away,
But I, listless, sat alone!

I sat alone by my writing desk,
And my study door was tight,
And I wrote my thoughts in a stilted way
Through the whole of a summer night;
And I heard a tap at my study door —
But I held my pen in my hand —
And I heard sad footsteps falter past,
But I did not understand!

I walked through the woods at autumn-tide,
When the earth was red and gold;
And I gathered leaves from the lowest branch,
All that my hands could hold.
And I heard a knock at my very side,
But I did not turn to see,
For I thought that I heard a woodland bird,
That pecked at some forest tree.

Ah, now I wait for the gentle knock,
And my door is open wide;
And I watch in vain for a guest to come —
A guest I may bid inside!
But the days are long and my every song
Holds sorrow and fear and pain,
For I know the knock that I did not heed
May never come back again.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in the *Christian Herald*.

A Correction

THIS quotation from "Christ's Object Lessons," entitled "God's Rule," should have formed part of Mrs. Moser's program for the Golden Rule Rally Day which appeared in last week's INSTRUCTOR. It is given below:

God's Rule

"He who becomes a partaker of the divine nature will be in harmony with God's great standard of righteousness, his holy law. This is the rule by which God measures the actions of men. This will be the test of character in the judgment."—*Christ's Object Lessons,* p. 314.

How Much Do We Love Jesus?

THE proof of love is that we do something for the person we profess to love. A boy said, "I love my mother with all my strength." "How is that?" he was asked. "I'll tell you," he replied; "we live in a tenement where there is no elevator, and I carry up coal in the coal scuttle for mother. It takes all my strength."

If we love Jesus, we shall try to do something for him. It may be simply running errands for our parents, or doing chores, or being polite, or helping our companions in school. We can tell how much a person loves Jesus by how much he or she is willing to give or to suffer or to do for him.—*Selected.*

That Christmas Gift

A FATHER with a wife and three children at home, all of whom had to work very hard in order to make ends meet, and even then with a gap of debt ordinarily between the ends, sold a piece of land, receiving two or three hundred dollars for it. At Christmas time, out of the generosity of their hearts, they sent a check for one sixth of the entire sum to a distant son to help him out of debt. The young man was earning good wages; and though taking school work at night, he could more easily afford to help his people than they could afford to help him; but when the money came he did not even write the home folks that he had received it. They waited and waited for some word of recognition and appreciation; but having waited in vain, they wrote asking if Uncle Sam had delivered the check. In due time they received word that the check had reached its destination, and of course with it some expression of appreciation for the money.

The parents, however, could not feel that their sacrifice had been properly appreciated. If it had been, the next mail after the receiving of the check would have borne a letter to them from the son. When some expression of appreciation does not follow hard upon the feet of the bearer of gifts or favors, a fine sense of gratitude is wanting.

Tardiness in expressing appreciation is an unpardonable breach of good form. The rule that applies to wrath, good form makes equally applicable to the speedy acknowledgment of gifts and favors. "Let not the sun go down" before making proper acknowledgment of any special kindness or courtesy.

If children from babyhood are trained to acknowledge favors by a "Thank you," such an uncalled for lapse of courtesy as the instance cited, will rarely occur. Even boys selling papers can well afford to spend time and strength enough to give a cheery "Thank you" to each purchaser. More than one boy has had

good evidence that his courtesy brought him special success.

Gratitude is a mark of refinement. As one writer says, "Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people." Pope says that the grateful man, if poor, is a generous man. A gracious covering for poverty are these two, gratitude and generosity! South says, "Look over the whole creation, and you shall see that the band, or cement, that holds together all parts of this great and glorious fabric, is gratitude."

The Christian's love, faith, and service are but an offering of gratitude to heaven for love freely bestowed. Let us be quick and constant in the expression of appreciation in material things, then shall we give deeper gratitude, fuller service, to the Creator of the universe for his unnumbered blessings.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul"

A BEAUTIFUL story is frequently told of the song, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," in connection with the Civil War. "In a company of old soldiers, from the Union and Confederate armies, a former Confederate was telling how he had been detailed one night to shoot a certain exposed sentry of the opposing army. He had crept near and was about to fire with deadly aim when the sentry began to sing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' He came to the words,

'Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing,'

and the hidden Confederate lowered his gun and stole away. 'I can't kill that man,' he said, 'though he were ten times my enemy.'"

In the audience was an old Union soldier who asked, "Was that in the Atlanta campaign of '64?"

"Yes."

"Then I was the Union sentry!" And he went on to tell how on that night, knowing the danger of his post, he had been greatly depressed, and, to keep up his courage, he hummed that hymn. By the time he had finished, he was entirely calm and fearless. Through the song God had spoken to two souls, and had saved one life.

GEO. S. BELLEAU.

"'Pass it on' is an expression that is quietly resting in many hearts, inspiring them to pass to others blessings temporal and spiritual. If we receive a happy thought, pass it on to another. If we receive truth that others do not have, we are to pass it on that their hearts may be cheered and strengthened thereby. The sharing of blessings doubles the pleasure received from them."

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