

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

September 10, 1918

No. 37



LITTLE SHUSHAN REPRESENTS 400,000 ORPHANS IN BIBLE
LANDS, WHO ARE NOW HOMELESS, DESTITUTE,
AND STARVING

From Here and There

Eskimo boys and girls walk as many as six miles to school, often plowing through drifts all the way.

Greece is being modernized. There is now daily aërial mail service from Athens to Saloniki. Postage is six cents a letter.

The seal is said to be the Eskimo's department store, so varied are the services it renders them, food, shelter, and clothing being obtained therefrom.

Robert E. Peary spent twenty-three years of his life pushing his way through the frozen north. He "attempted six journeys with the pole as goal, before the seventh brought success."

Two royal air force officers, with two mechanics, have completed a flight from England to Egypt, a distance of 2,000 miles, in a type of airplane that has seen considerable service on the front. One or two halts were made for petrol.

In protest against the sending of Japanese troops to Siberia serious "rice riots" have recently occurred in Tokio and other cities of the island kingdom. This state of affairs has led the government to take drastic steps in assuming control of the rice output of the country.

Uncle Sam does not forget his crippled children. In six of the large cities of the United States special classes for crippled children have been opened in public and private day schools. These cities are: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, and Detroit.

The United States Employment Service announces the immediate transfer of one million laborers now engaged in nonessential industries to war work. The Government feels justified in taking these drastic steps since some of the plants producing war necessities are being compelled to close because of labor shortage.

Three giant German U-boats have been harassing American shipping off the Atlantic coast, and are said to have landed spies at secluded points along the coast, who have come to shore in collapsible boats. One of these undersea boats has been destroyed, and it is believed that the others have fled to safer waters.

One of the first accomplishments of the little Eskimo girl is the ability to chew her own boots, for "a sealskin boot is an Eskimo woman's fancy work. Not only must she make the sealskin soft and pliable by chewing it before she sews the bottoms of the shoes to the uppers, but even after the shoes are finished, she must chew them frequently to keep them soft."

The Oakwood Junior College, Huntsville, Alabama, is growing rapidly in numbers and efficiency. A promising class of nine young men and ten young women was graduated from the school last year. It is to be hoped that many of our colored young people will plan to attend the college in the fall. Calendars may be obtained by writing the president and manager, J. I. Beardsley.

Why bother with a balloon when it is necessary to take an excursion into the ether? An army camp in the United States has successfully tried the plan of sending up by kite power an observer to report upon enemy movements. He is securely strapped in a leather seat, and motive power for his flight is furnished by six large kites. A squad of about twenty men is needed to fly the kites.

Little Handles

BOBBIE had been to kindergarten. It was his first day there, and when he came home mamma was anxious to know what he had learned.

"What did you learn today, my dear?" she asked.

"'Bout little handles," Bobbie said quickly.

"Little handles?" mamma asked in surprise, wondering what he meant.

"Yes, ma'am; our teacher told us we must never forget our little handles."

But mamma did not understand. She had been careful to give Bobbie his pencils, his sponge, his book, and his lunch, when he started to school, but she had no idea that he needed anything like little handles.

"You didn't have any," she said.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," cried the little boy. "I used them every time."

Then Bobbie could not help feeling just a little bit proud to think that he knew something that mamma did not.

"You see, mamma," he went on, "it isn't something to carry; it's something to say, like 'please,' and 'thank you,' and 'ma'am,' and 'good morning,' and 'good afternoon,' and things like that. Our teacher calls them 'little handles,' and says we must always use them. I knew about them before, of course, but now I'll be more likely to remember them."

And, although Bobbie does forget the little handles sometimes, he is nearly always a polite boy, and people like to have him in their company.— *Unidentified.*

How to Help

SAID Peter Paul Augustus:

"When I am grown a man,

I'll help my dearest mother

The very best I can.

I'll wait upon her kindly;

She'll lean upon my arm;

I'll lead her very gently,

And keep her safe from harm.

"But, when I come to think of it,

The time will be so long,"

Said Peter Paul Augustus,

"Before I'm tall and strong,

I think it would be wiser

To be her pride and joy

By helping her my very best

While I'm a little boy."

— *The Brown Memorial Monthly.*

LET your reason, not your senses, be the rule of your conduct; for reason will teach you to think wisely, to speak prudently, and to behave yourself worthily on all occasions.— *Confucius.*

The Youth's Instructor

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POOL OF FRESH WATER NEAR JERICO, SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE CHRIST CHANGED FROM BRACKISH TO SWEET WATER

The Call for Help

FROM all lands made sacred by Bible writers and characters there comes to us a call for help, an insistent, a pathetic cry from suffering, starving millions, for bread and clothing.

Why are these people in the land that once flowed with milk and honey calling to us for help? Why are people from the land of King Ahasuerus, from Nebuchadnezzar's golden fields, from Damascus, from Jerusalem, King Solomon's capital city, from Ephesus, Antioch, and all other Bible places, in distress and calling to us?

It is because these countries have been ravaged by war and pestilence; by famine and brutal savagery. During the past two years more than a million men, women, and children have lost their lives through massacre, deportation, disease, and starvation. There are two and one-half millions more to perish unless America opens her full purse and pours the shining dollars into the lap of hungry, suffering Armenia, Syria, Palestine, and Persia.

From Persia comes the word that "there is a great epidemic of typhoid and typhus. Famine conditions are unexpectedly growing worse. Dogs, dead animals, grass, and even human beings are being eaten."

A missionary who has been handing out relief says of Persia:

"The bulk of the people we are helping get nothing in the way of food but dry bread,—no meats, no soups,

no vegetables, no sugars,—less than a pound of dry bread daily—that is all. There are more dead than are buried. Men and women once in good circumstances, now hungry, helpless, and friendless, crawl away out of sight, die unseen and lie unburied. This is not fiction, I have seen them."

Consul Leslie A. Davis said: "I believe there is no place in the world where there is greater and more urgent need of relief at the present time than among the surviving Christian population in the Turkish Empire."

Armenians are dying at the rate of one thousand a day, most of them children. There are four hundred thousand orphans dependent upon American philanthropy for the simplest necessities of life. Among these orphans are two little brothers who were found living alone in a dugout. "Everybody is dead but us," they sobbed when they were discovered. Their sister had told them, "Go, run for your lives, and God bless you," while she remained behind with her dying mother. And for two weeks they fled from the Turks, hiding by day and running by night. At last they reached the dugout, where a missionary found them. They had lived all this while on roots, berries, and grass, and were in a pitiable condition.

"An American passing through a village last summer saw only one house open. The people had either migrated or perished. In one doorway sat a little girl,

apparently alone in the world. She kept saying over and over, 'I'm hungry! I'm hungry!' The children in all the villages look like old men and women."

"An American doctor coming down the mountain side from the Lebanon noticed in the distance a throng of children, and wondered why so many were gathered in one place. Upon coming near he discovered a camel had died by the roadside, and these famished children were in desperation picking the last shreds of flesh from the skeleton of the fallen beast. Children eagerly picking grains from the dung of animals in the street has become a common sight."

"In Beirut they are dying by dozens in the streets. Each day the government sends wagons to collect the bodies, which are buried in a common potter's field."

The United States of America has been asked to raise \$1,000,000 for the relief of these people, but \$30,000,000 will be required for this winter's need. Five dollars will sustain a life for thirty days, and sixty dollars for an entire year.

What You Can Do

The Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee makes the following suggestions, which have been adapted to our work, as ways of raising money for the relief fund:

1. Order Giving-up Stamp Books, and collection boxes for the saving-and-earning plan, and distribute them on October 5.

2. Have stamp books, collection boxes, and war savings stamps brought in at a special meeting about Thanksgiving time.

3. Arrange a special program for Armenian and Syrian relief October 5.

4. Suggest that the Sabbath school or individual classes adopt one or more orphans.

5. Find some person who will promise to duplicate the amount raised by the Sabbath school during the special campaign between October 5 and Thanksgiving.

6. Make as large use as possible of posters, maps, and news items on Armenian and Syrian relief.

7. Tell the children how thrift and war savings stamps can feed the starving.

Who Are the Armenians?

THE Armenians are of Latin origin. About 1300 B. C. they left their original home in Thrace, south-eastern Europe, crossed the Bosphorus into Bythia, pushed easterly into Cappadocia, and in the eighth century before Christ reached Ararat, where they founded the state of Armenia.

Under Tigranes the Great, about the first century before Christ, Armenia attained the height of her

glory and power. Her territory extended from the Caspian to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, from the western Caucasus to the Mesopotamian plains, with an area exceeding 500,000 square miles and a population of 25,000,000.

In 1913 there were 4,500,000 Armenians the world over. Of these about 200,000 were communicants of the Church of Rome. Since 1847 about 100,000 have joined Protestant denominations, as a result of the work of American missionaries, and the remainder were adherents of the Apostolic Christian Church of Armenia. Today this church has 100 bishops and archbishops, about 10,000 ecclesiastics of lower rank, and 3,909 parishes.

Following her conversion to Christianity, Armenia was in a continual death grapple with Zoroastrian Persia and the ever-surging hordes of barbarians from the wilds of Asia. Armenia was the highway upon

which crossed and recrossed the alien enemies of civilization—the Moslem Arab, Mongol, Tartar, and Turk. The Armenians, isolated and separated from the rest of civilization, represented the West in the East and fought its first battles. Finally exhausted by the swelling tide of the pagan and Moslem forces, they retreated west-erly, and in 1080 set up the kingdom of Lesser Armenia, along the coast of the Mediterranean. Here they became the active allies of the Crusaders. But with the collapse of that unfortunate movement they fell a prey to the wrath

and vengeance of the Mameluke sultan of Egypt. King Leon VI, after eight months' defense of Sis, his capital, laid down his arms in May, 1375, and thus ended the independence of Armenia. Armenia was eventually divided between Turkey, Russia, and Persia. Of the estimated 4,500,000 Armenians (in 1913), 2,300,000 lived in Turkey, about 1,500,000 in Russian Armenia, and the remainder were scattered over the world.

In Turkey, despite the oppressive and obstructive rule, the Armenians have been one of the principal constructive forces, and have, together with the Greeks and the Syrians, enabled the Turk to satisfy his manifold wants. The Turkish printing press, the Turkish grammar, and the Turkish theater owe their origin to the initiative of the Armenian.

General Sherif Pasha, the former Turkish ambassador at Stockholm, made the following statement as recently as October, 1915:

"If there is a race which has been closely connected with the Turk by its fidelity, by its services to the country, by the statesmen and functionaries of talent

Adoption Agreement

Whereas, We, the undersigned, desire to adopt an orphan child in Bible lands, we promise to provide Five Dollars on the first of each month for one year.

In Witness Whereof, We affix our signature

..... (s.s.) (name)

..... (address)

this day of 1918.

Ordered, That said adoption be allowed and confirmed (agreement to be returned with first payment for signature.)

..... Secretary.

AMERICAN COMMITTEE for ARMENIAN and SYRIAN RELIEF
One Madison Avenue, New York City

It is desired that individuals, schools, and societies agree to support at least one orphan a year. This requires only five dollars a month. All money so devoted is to be sent through our regular channels, and not sent direct to the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. The General Conference Treasurer will forward all gifts to the committee. Don't fail to remember this point.

it has furnished, by the intelligence which it has manifested in all domains,—commerce, industry, science, and the arts,—it is certainly the Armenian."

But this service has been repaid by repeated massacres and persecution. Of the last assault made upon this industrious, law-abiding people, one writer says:

"Thousands of Christians have been driven from their homes in the mountains of Armenia by the Kurds. To prevent their return, if by chance any survive the deportation, the Kurds have destroyed all their homes, even burning up the doors and windows, with their frames. All the fruit and nut trees and the vineyards were destroyed; and to make sure that there would be no wood for rebuilding, the trees were cut into lengths too short for boards. Even the terraces that held the fields on the mountain sides were broken down. The work of centuries of patient labor by a long-suffering people has been completely overthrown. Great as is the tragedy of massacre, a greater tragedy was the forced deportations, 100,000 women and children from one district alone."

Another writes: "I stood beside a trench which was the grave of 2,000 victims. They, too, all surrendered their arms upon implicit promises that they would then be spared. The moment they became defenseless they were compelled, at the point of the bayonet, to dig the trench, into which they were forced and then hacked to pieces."

Many of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR know Dr. Vaughn Pampaian who was graduated from South Lancaster Academy and took his medical course in the American Medical College, and was later sent as a medical missionary to Egypt. His uncle, a prominent Armenian physician educated in America, was killed, with his wife, in one of these Armenian massacres.

Surely a time of retribution must come to those who have perpetrated such crimes against humanity; but in the meantime it is for mankind to rally to the aid of the suffering remnant by gifts of money, that food, clothing, and shelter may be provided, and it should be done before winter brings still greater suffering.

"THE glory of life is — to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served."

Beyond the Veil

If the curtain could be lifted
That excludes yon heavenly scene,
If the mists of sin were rifted
And no veil were set between,
O what wondrous views of glory
Could our eyes behold today!
How our lips would shout the story,
If the clouds were rolled away!

Angel forms that ever near us
For our service round us stand,
Ever waiting but to cheer us
And uphold each failing hand;
All about our dwelling thronging,
Angels that in strength excel,
Eager for our call, and longing
All our darkness to dispel.

But with faith's lamp ever burning,
Though sin-curtains may obscure,
We may safely walk, e'er learning
That the way is guarded, sure;
And we know the glad tomorrow
Shall make clouds and shadows flee;
Then our Lord shall banish sorrow
And his shining hosts we'll see.

MAX HILL.

Now is high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay.
—James Russell Lowell.

NAUGHT shall affright us on Thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.
—F. L. Hosmer.

San Francisco's Giant Windmill

A DUTCH windmill of giant proportions stands in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. It is said to be the largest in the world. Even in Holland, the land of windmills, there is not one that comes up to it in size. It is eighty-six feet high, its wings have a radius of fifty-seven feet. In a thirty-mile breeze it pumps 70,000 gallons an hour through a twelve-inch pipe which carries the water a distance of two miles and to a height of two hundred feet. It was a gift to San Francisco from her leading citizens, and cost \$25,000.—L. M. Edholm, in *St. Nicholas*.



Photo by Boston Photo News Co.

GROUP OF ARMENIAN COLLEGE STUDENTS BEFORE THE WAR

Springtime in Two Lands

IT was time to take the sheep and goats farther up into the mountains, for the spring feed was getting green. Kevork felt very important because his father called him in the evening to discuss plans for the move. Kevork was fourteen and felt very much a man that evening. He looked forward in happy anticipation to the long summer days with the sheep and goats on the mountain side.

In the morning he ran over to see Hovhanis, who was going with his flocks to the same place in the mountains. But hardly had they begun their planning when a "Whoo-oo" from his mother sent him scurrying home. A soldier had just been there and commanded mother and father to come to the government *serai* and meet the *Khaimakham*. "What for? What is the matter?" clamored Kevork in alarm. But no one could tell. Throwing a shawl over her head, his mother hurried off with only a word of warning about baby sister, and the caution to have all the children stay in off the street because of the great *kalabaluk* (hullabaloo) out there.

Hours passed. The children grew fretful. Kevork got them some *yoghort* (fermented milk) and bread. Night came, and no one appeared. Neighbors could give no information; their excitement only contributed to the lad's anxiety. The little ones cried themselves to sleep, and Kevork tucked them in. For several hours he watched and hoped for the return of his parents, but, overcome with weariness, he, too, dropped off. He was aroused in the early morning by loud knocking at the gate — his aunt to say he must come quickly if he wished to see his mother. With something clutching at his throat he hurried along with the crowd that was hastening toward the *serai*. From the scraps of talk along the street he gathered that the folks at the *serai* were to be taken off "somewhere."

There was just a moment. His mother held him close and whispered a word of farewell. The unhappy cavalcade — all the most influential and best-educated Armenians of the town — moved off, going to "somewhere in the desert."

Next morning Kevork and his five younger brothers and sisters were hustled off with another party. They

all had to walk, except baby sister; Kevork carried her all the way, the other tired little folk often tugging at his coat, begging to be taken up. The first four days passed with almost no stops for rest. The baby was sick; there was no milk for her, and she refused bread and cheese — the only provisions Kevork had been able to make for the journey.

The sun was hot, the road dusty. The stones soon cut through the thin soles of the *yemenes* the children wore. At noon of the fifth day they came to a spring of cool, clear water. But orders were passed along among the soldiers that no one of the *gaiours* (unbelievers) was to be allowed to drink. Kevork dropped back toward the end of the line and attempted to get a cup of water for the sick baby. A soldier saw him and beat him with his rawhide whip and cursed him with awful oaths.

At last, toward sundown, they were still two hours from C —, and it seemed to Kevork his arms would break. He just couldn't carry the baby any farther. Sick at heart, he looked about to be sure that no one saw, and put the baby down under a bush and hurried on, not daring to look back. But somebody *did* see. A woman whose heavy burdens did not lessen her sympathy, took the baby and carried her till Kevork was rested. He begged her to tell no one, and kept crooning to himself in his distress, "What would my mother say? What would my mother say?"

That night the authorities were unusually lenient, and let the party stay in the town of C —. And the people there were even allowed to bring food and water to the well-nigh exhausted *moohajeers* (refugees). The woman did tell the sad little incident of the sick baby she found under a bush. And one of the college professors of the town said he would take the baby and care for her as his own. But Kevork was firm and determined. "The last thing my mother told me," he said stoutly, "was, 'Whatever you do, keep the children together.'" The day was Sunday, and, marvel of marvels, the party was allowed to remain in the town and rest. Kevork stuck to his plan, and refused to part with the baby. But on Monday morning the friends persuaded him that if his mother had been

there she would have said it was best to leave the sick baby where she would have good care. So, with many misgivings, this little fourteen-year-old father-mother started on with only four in his little family. On, on the long, hot, weary road that led, no one knew where — off on the endless journey to parts unknown!

We do not know what became of Kevork, but some others like him and his charges escaped from their hard masters, the soldiers, and after weeks of wandering, with only roots and berries to eat, came to Russia — and American friends. And some of these children have been taken in and cared for. But the greatest tragedy of all is that some of them — children made of the stuff that Kevork was made of — have sunk down at the very gates



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ARMENIAN CHILDREN IN NATIONAL COSTUME

of the new-found American friends and died — died of starvation because in America people have not shared their plenty.

The Sunday school teacher had told the story of Kevork and his little charges at the morning class session. It was springtime in another land on the other side of the world. The little children had heard the story and gone out into the sunshine. The whole earth seemed to be throbbing with the joy of life. The new grass was soft and elastic under Bobbie's feet as he raced across the lawn. A bluebird, balancing on the maple bough, sang a sweet and tremulous strain, with a sad minor note in it. Bobbie stopped to examine the bulbs that were breaking through the soft earth mold in the bed beside the walk. Somehow he could not forget the story Miss Emery had told in the hour before. It was a silent little boy who took his place at the dinner table.

"What is the matter, Bobbie? You haven't asked for a second helping. Too much ice cream yesterday?" asked his father.

"No," Bobbie shook his head. "I just don't care for any more, father." But when Bobbie's favorite apple pie failed to arouse any enthusiasm, and he slipped away from the table into the garden again, his father and mother were really concerned. Half an hour later Uncle Ned discovered him in the yard prodding away at the bulbs in his garden with a stick.

"What are you doing — gardening today?" he asked as he came up. Bobbie looked up.

"I had to do something," he said.

"What's the matter? Your mother thinks perhaps you do not feel well today."

"I feel all right," Bobbie answered. "I am just thinking. Miss Emery, our Sunday school teacher, told us about a little boy who was driven out of his home and walked across the desert with his five little sisters and brothers, and maybe they all starved to death, Uncle Ned. There are lots of other little children starving. They sleep out in the cold; they haven't any houses. They would be happy if they didn't have anything the whole day but a plate of oatmeal like I have in the morning. It doesn't seem fair that other boys should not have enough to eat."

"That is sad," said Uncle Ned.

"They gave us stamp books in Sunday school this morning. I have mine in my pocket. You pull off a stamp every time you don't go to the 'movies' or don't have candy or ice cream, but give it to those little Armenian children. I have decided to give at least twenty-five cents a week."

"That is a pretty generous thing to do," Uncle Ned said, as he put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"It isn't anything. Those children have nothing, Uncle Ned; they sleep on the ground, they are cold



Photo by Boston Photo News Co.

EXTREME POVERTY IN ARMENIA

and hungry! Their fathers have been killed and their mothers are dead. I want to do something to help." Bobbie dug his toe into the earth, pushing a bulb out of place.

"Be careful there, son; you will upset your garden."

Bobbie reset the bulb carefully in the earth. "Uncle Ned," he said, as he stood up again, "do you think that mother will let me sell papers to help those hungry children?"

"I am sure she will," he answered. "I have a letter from Aunt Sara, from Seattle, and there are some pictures in it of the pageant that Seattle gave for Armenian and Syrian relief. Maybe you will be interested in them."

"Oh, yes! I wish that we could give a pageant in this town."

"Perhaps we can," Uncle Ned answered. "Our town doesn't usually drop behind when the time comes to do its share for the rest of the world."

"Let's go in and talk it over with father and mother."

The bluebird sang on the tiptop branch of the maple tree one morning two weeks later. His song had lost its plaintive minor note. It was a rich, full, joyous carol. It may have been only the advance of the season that brought the richness into the melody that Bobbie listened to. The boy's tune, too, as he whistled in reply to the bluebird's, was rich with a new joy. It was a joy that found its source in the knowledge that many hundreds of little children, like Kevork and his brothers and sisters, would be fed and clothed. He dropped into the post-office box a letter addressed in his uncle's big, sprawling hand, a letter that contained a crisp check, his church's offering to the little children across the seas, and went happily back to his rows of lettuce and radishes, for this garden was Bobbie's way of earning for the children of Bible lands. — *American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief.*

HUMAN life is a mission, of which the aim is service, the law is sacrifice, the strength fellowship with God. — *Bishop Westcott.*

Mooshek Vorperian's Escape

ON May 1, 1917, a young Armenian lad, seventeen years of age, stepped from a boat upon American soil, a land of freedom and plenty.

Mooshek is the son of an Armenian professor in a college where the boy was a student until the Turks drove his family with many others away from their home. The story of their deportation, and of his subsequent escape from Turkey, how he crossed the Russian Caucasus, traveled through Siberia, Korea, China, and Japan, finally reaching America, is a sad but thrilling one. He gives it to us himself in the following words:

"I lived with my father, mother, two sisters, and brother, and we were happy. We had colleges, schools, churches, and comfortable homes. But that was before 1915. In March, 1915, suddenly our town was surrounded by Turkish soldiers, and all of the prominent Armenian merchants, doctors, dentists, professors, and business men were imprisoned. Then the soldiers began to torture them.

Tortured and Sent to the Desert

"They tortured the professor of history in our American Missionary College. First they beat him with a stick; then they burned his hair; then they burned his fingers; and finally they crucified him.

"They did not arrest my father at first, but later they took him to the prison and kept him in a room where they tortured prominent Armenians. After he saw these torturings they told him, 'These things will happen to you if you do not bring your guns.' But my father was a peaceful man; he had no guns. He was a professor and he had no arms with which to defend himself. He was a kind man and he could not bear to see such torturings. He became sick and they took him to Dr. Atkinson's Hospital. After two months of these torturings the Turkish government ordered all Armenians to be deported to the Syrian and Arabian deserts, and in July, 1915, 3,000 Armenians, the most prominent men in our city,—doctors, lawyers, merchants, professors, with their wives and families,—began to move toward the deserts. Our family was in this group.

"We were traveling toward the deserts, surrounded by Turkish soldiers and officers, and these soldiers selected were most cruel ones. After a few days the Turkish officer saw my beautiful sister and asked for her, but my father would not give her to him. Never will I forget my father's words. We were standing on the bank of the river Euphrates. He said to the Turkish officer, 'You are a Turk, and I am Armenian; you are Moslem, and I am Christian; I cannot give you my daughter. If it were not written in our Bible that suicide is a sin, I would throw myself with my daughter into the river.' The Turkish officer said, 'You need not do that, for you will see the same condition in a few days.'

"After a few days we reached Malatia. This beautiful little city was my father's birthplace. As we saw the town my father said, 'My beautiful birthplace, will you also be my deathplace?' When we reached Malatia we were suddenly surrounded by another corps of Turkish soldiers, and the men were separated from the women. It is hard for me to describe what a heartbreaking scene this was for the men to be separated from the women. Even if I tried to tell it to you in Armenian I could not describe this heartbreak-

ing scene. Husbands could not say good-by to their wives for the last time, fathers were torn from the arms of their wives and children.

"Two Turkish soldiers pulled me away without giving me a chance to say good-by to my mother and sisters, and 550 men, Armenians, were thrown into a great dungeon. Men in the Orient do not weep very much. I have seen fathers bury their daughters and they did not weep, but in this dungeon every Armenian man was weeping. I wept, too, and I went into a dark corner, for if my father saw me weeping it would make him more sad. All the men began to pray. They did not pray for their own lives, because it was better for them to die than to go out into the desert to starve; but they prayed for the women and children, who had no one to protect them or help them. Finally a Turkish officer came and looked at me in the corner, and he said, 'Should you like to go to the prison of the women?' I said, 'Yes, I should.' But then again, I did not want to leave my father, but he said, 'Yes. Mooshek, go to the prison of the women.' And it was well for me that I did, for in a few hours that same night at midnight the Turkish officers and soldiers took those 549 Armenians out to the near-by mountains and killed them all, one by one, with axes and knives. A Turkish soldier laughed, and told me that they did not use guns because cartridges cost four cents each.

"In the prison of the women, I was the only boy of fifteen years of age among 2,500 women and children and girls. It was a sad sight. Mothers were asking me about their sons and about their husbands. Sisters wanted to know about their brothers, but I could only say, 'They will see you all again, though of course not in this world.'

"That same night the officer who had asked for my sister from my father, came and took her away. She was weeping, but there was no one to help, only a boy fifteen years of age who could do nothing. She wept and pleaded with the officer for her family, so we were allowed to go back to our city, my mother, my little sister and brother, and I. But what happened to those 2,500 women and children and girls? I know you will ask. First the Turks took their money, carts, and goods, and then they took their clothes. Our Armenian ladies could not bear to live without clothes, and they threw themselves into the rivers.

Returned to Home City

"We went back to our city, but we had no home. The Turkish government had confiscated our home, our garden, our goods, and all that we had. My little brother was not strong enough to stand such sufferings, so he died. He would wake up in the night and call, 'Brother, do you not see there in that corner they are killing my father, just there in that corner?'

"For months we lived under the protection of the American consul and the American missionaries. But it was the intention of the Turkish government to kill every Armenian student. Of the 500 boy students in the American college where I studied, only five escaped, and it became impossible for me to live there any longer. I planned to escape over the mountains to the Russian army. One night in September, 1916, with four other Armenian villagers, I bade good-by to my mother and little sister and began my journey. It is hard to make an almost hopeless flight over rough mountains, sometimes covered with snow. We slept on

the hard ground, sometimes with a rock for a pillow. Many times we did not have bread to eat. Five times we were captured by Turkish soldiers, and they would have taken our lives but we gave them money and bought our freedom.

"Finally we came to the Russian army. I saw a Russian soldier standing on the hilltop, and we ran to him, and I was glad; but I was not glad long, for when I reached the Russian army, there in that Christian land, I found Armenians starving. Armenians who had escaped the sword of the Turk were starving day by day. Students like me who had escaped over the mountains were starving. Armenian girls who had escaped from Turkish harems were starving there in Russia, and they could not find a blade of grass to eat.

Children Buried Alive

"They buried Armenian children alive in Turkey. I know a place where scores of Armenian children were buried alive, and those children who had escaped being buried alive were starving there in Russia. The Russians were kind to them, but they did not have food enough for themselves, and so Armenians were starving. In Armenia, in Russia, and in other places Christians are starving while millions of Christians all over the world have plenty. I plead with you for help for my people."

Sara's Smile

MOTHER, mother, Sara has smiled!" called Naro when the poor little lonely refugee, for whom the professor's wife at Aintab College had cared so sweetly and generously, simply smiled.

Why should a seven-year-old girl's smile cause such excitement? — Merely because little Sara had been so stunned and dazed by the sight of the horrible suffering she had witnessed and suffered that it had seemed she never would be aroused from her stupor. She had not spoken, smiled, or shown any sign of human intelligence since she was rescued.

Sara's home was in Cæsarea, that town made dear to us because it was the home of Philip the evangelist and of Cornelius. It was at Cæsarea, too, that Peter preached the gospel to the Gentiles, and the Holy Spirit witnessed so strongly to his teaching. It was here that the good apostle Paul spent two lonely years in prison.

But why was Sara so far from home? O, the cruel Turks had driven her and hundreds of mothers and children away from their homes, and killed the fathers and brothers, and were now probably intending to do by these women and children as they had by many others, as they did by nine thousand in the district of Bitlis after they had killed all the men. They drove them to the bank of the Tigris River, shot them all, and then threw the nine thousand bodies into the river.

Whole companies of women and children would be marched long distances, and in every town through which they passed they would be placed in front of government buildings and the Moslems allowed to take the choicest ones as slaves. Those who remained in the company after these several thinnings were thrown into the Euphrates.

Sometimes on these long marches the Turks allowed the sick and dying of each deported group of Armenians to rest until they were able to struggle on again. At Aintab the wife of the American professor went down to the courtyard every day to

give aid to these suffering Armenians. It was here that she found little Sara, the only one left from a group driven over the mountains from Cæsarea.

"The sight of the silent, lonely child was too much for a mother heart. Sara was promptly taken to the college home. There she was washed, and her hair shaved off, this being obviously necessary. Then she was dressed in American clothes, the clothes of the professor's own little girl. Her own, the rags that were left, were burned as soon as possible. She was given food, and she ate it wordless. She was spoken to, but had no answer. Children tried to draw her into play, but there was no response. They took her out of doors, but she stood quietly watching them with unseeing eyes. As this went on from day to day her guardians began to suspect her intelligence. Then one day she smiled.

"It was discovered that she spoke not only Armenian, but Turkish, and in a short time after her coming among the Americans at the college she began to speak English well. The last news of Sara is that she is becoming so Americanized one would scarcely distinguish her from her playmates."

There are many other little Armenian Saras with arms outstretched toward America mutely calling for help from you and me. "There is no milk for them to drink, for their cows have been driven away. There is no bread. There are no eggs. Sometimes for breakfast they eat orange peel which has been thrown into the street, and then go into the fields and try to find grass. They are cold, too, for they have no coats."

What answer will you make to these hungry, suffering children? Let it be a generous one.



SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST WORKERS IN ARMENIAN MISSION FIELD



Important distribution points in type like Beirut

The Wonderful Rescue

ALL of you know where the Suez Canal is; but perhaps you have forgotten that the coaling station for all boats plying up and down the canal is Port Said, at the northern entrance of the canal. But it is not because this city is the largest coaling station in the world, nor because the offices of the Suez Canal Company and British Barracks are located here, that I call your attention to it; but because since the European war began a camp of more than 4,000 Armenians has been established here. And this large company is being supported mainly by the American people.

The story of the incidents that led to the establishment of this camp is interesting. Back in the hills of Asia Minor, about the mountain of Jibal Mousa, not so far away from Mt. Ararat, where Noah's ark rested, were six Armenian villages, the inhabitants of which refused to be driven from their homes and slain or tortured to death by the cruel Turks, as had been thousands of other Armenians, without at least making an effort to defend themselves. So they retreated to the mountain of Jibal Mousa, with their families and what goods and ammunition they could carry, and there for fifty-three days defied the combined forces of the Turks.

The Armenians on the mountain numbered about 5,000, of whom only 1,000 persons were men of fighting age. The Moslem horde below numbered about 15,000 fighting men with superior firearms and ammunition. On three sides was the enemy, on the fourth was a seacoast unfrequented by ships. For fifty-three days the fate of the Armenians hung in the balance. At the outset a drenching rain harmed much of their

supplies. Scouts found no outlet to civilization, and the Turks were constantly being re-enforced. But the little band fought valiantly. Single-handed sharpshooters unmanned Turkish big guns till they withdrew the guns to points of less advantage. At one time the Armenians were separated from the enemy by but a narrow ravine. A risky, circular attack at midnight, that caused a rout among the surprised Turks, was all that saved them then. But the enemy was soon back upon them.

Hoping against hope, two immense signal flags had been set up as distress calls to attract any chance ships. The siege was growing intolerable when the improbable happened. Three battleships, one British and two French, saw the signals and came to the rescue. Within a few days 4,058 men, women, and children were landed at Port Said, and are now settled in a permanent camp which has been provided by the British authorities, and is being financed largely by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, 1 Madison Ave., New York City.

A Sunday school as well as a day school is an established institution within the relief camp. The following extracts are taken from a paper written in this Sunday school, without any one's assistance, by Surpouhi, a girl twelve years old. They are translated word for word into English by Miss Mary E. Kinney, who is superintendent of the school and teacher of Surpouhi's class:

"Reasons for Thanksgiving"

"I am thankful to God because he helped us flee to the mountains and helped us out of all our troubles.



THE DEAD SEA, PALESTINE

"I am thankful because when the Turks attacked us our Father saved us from their hands.

"I am thankful because God sent some ships and rescued us from danger.

"I am thankful because after God brought us here he moved the hearts of many races — Americans, English, Europeans, and other nations — to serve us in many ways. They opened schools, and gave us clothing and many other things.

"I am thankful because God always gives us food. We ought to thank him each time before eating.

"The blessings God gives us are countless and innumerable."

The Old Testament

THE Jewish scribes exercised the greatest care in making copies of Hebrew manuscripts which we hold so precious today. They counted not only the words, but every letter, counting how many times each particular letter occurred. When a mistake was detected, the sheet on which the mistake occurred was destroyed at once to avoid the introduction of the least error into the Sacred Scriptures.

A rabbi solemnly warned a scribe thus: "Take heed how thou doest thy work, for thy work is the work of heaven, lest thou drop or add a letter of the manuscript, and so become a destroyer of the world!"

Each copy was made from an approved manuscript, written with a special kind of ink, upon sheets made from the skin of a clean animal. The writer also had to pronounce aloud each word before writing it, and never was a single word to be written from memory. The scribes were to reverently wipe their pen before writing the name of God in any form. Before writing "Jehovah," lest that holy name should be tainted even in the writing, it is said that the scribes had to wash

their whole body; and if only one incorrect letter was discovered, the whole copy was destroyed.

GEORGE S. BELLEAU.

If We Would Be Healthy

IN one of my early pastorates," says Dr. Torrey, "I asked one of my people how she was getting along in the Christian life. She replied, 'Very poorly. My life is a disgrace to me, to the church, and to Jesus Christ.' 'Do you study your Bible every day?' I asked. 'Oh, no; I study it occasionally when I have a little time.' A little baby was lying in the perambulator near by, and I said, 'Suppose you should feed that baby once in two hours today, and once in six hours tomorrow, then let it go without eating at all for three or four days: do you think the child would

grow?' 'No,' she said. 'I think the child would die under the treatment.' 'And yet that is just the way you are treating your soul. Be constant in your efforts, and you will develop a noble Christian life.'"—*Selected.*

Heyden Chemical Works

SEIZURE of the Heyden Chemical Works at Garfield, New Jersey, second largest corporation of its kind in the United States, with exclusive right to use many valuable German patents, processes, and formulas for the making of salol, sodium salicylate, saccharine, and other by-products of carbolic acid, has been announced by Alien Property Custodian Palmer. The plant will be operated for the government, Mr. Palmer said, and the patents and formulas Americanized.

The Heyden works, which did a business of \$4,000,000 last year, were taken over, after investigation revealed that it was owned by the Chemische Fabrik von Heyden of Radebeul, Germany.

Did you do a kindness to some one today?



A GROUP OF ARMENIAN ADVENTISTS

Speaking Points for Armenian Relief

1. The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief is attempting to provide the necessities of life for two and a half million starving people in the eastern war zone; 400,000 of those in need are orphan children.

2. Relief for these sufferers is transmitted in the form of credit through the War Trade Board and in co-operation with the State Department, thus giving assurance that the enemy or the allies of the enemy do not derive benefit from the funds given for the relief of these destitute of western Asia.

3. No food is sent directly from the United States to either points within or outside the Turkish Empire. All supplies are purchased in the countries where the relief is distributed.

4. The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief makes no distinction in race or creed. Through them the American people have sent over ten million dollars for Armenian, Syrian, and Greek sufferers. These needy people are divided into the following groups: those who have succeeded in escaping from Turkey into the Russian Caucasus; those who have sought refuge in Persia; those who have escaped behind the British lines, in Mesopotamia and southern Palestine; and another group who still are compelled to remain within the Turkish Empire, for it is as difficult for a Turkish subject of pro-ally sympathy to leave the Turkish Empire as it is for a Belgian to escape into France.

5. The work of distribution is carried on by American missionaries, physicians, and teachers who have remained on the field, braving the dangers of war and pestilence to give aid to these suffering peoples.

6. The principal relief stations of the committee are situated at Erivan, Russian Caucasus; Teheran, Persia; Cairo, Egypt; Bagdad, Mesopotamia; Jerusalem, Palestine. Out from these larger centers radiate hundreds of smaller points.

7. The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief gives no direct money aid except to orphan children or in urgent cases of absolute destitution. The aim of the committee is to furnish work for the refugees who come under their care.

8. Five dollars supports a refugee for one month. Sixty dollars furnishes the necessities of life for one year. In different sections of the field prices of food and material for industrial work differ, but this amount is the average estimated at a conference of returned missionaries, teachers, and physicians, last autumn.

9. Armenia can receive no governmental grants such as those given to Belgium. Russia is no longer able to contribute to the support of these destitute peoples. Armenia cannot look to England and France. Each of these countries is busy with her own problem; America is her only aid.

10. One hundred cents of every dollar given to the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief go to the field. All expenses of the committee, even the cost of cabling the money, are met privately.

National Speakers' Bureau

1 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Are You Reading Good Books?

ELLA IDEN

ONE day while busily employed in his cell in St. Aborsgot Monastery, Gutenberg is said to have been warned by a voice that the printing press which he was inventing would become a great evil, sowing everywhere seeds of crime and wickedness. Acting upon the impulse of the moment he took the hammer and was actually breaking in pieces the type which he had made, when another voice spoke to him telling him to desist, and saying that while his invention might be put to evil use by some, God would make it a mighty factor in spreading truth and right in all the world.

Had Gutenberg followed the first suggestion which came to him, had the printing press never been invented, what an immeasurable loss we should have sustained! Of all pleasures there is none so generally enjoyed and so lasting as that of reading.

Through good reading we are introduced to the wisest and best of all the past and present; through its descriptions of far distant lands, their peoples and customs, we gain many of the advantages of travel; reading admits us to the secrets of nature, and gives us a more intelligent acquaintance with God's great out of doors; it affords companionship to the solitary, comfort for the sorrowing, strength for the tempted; it stimulates the discouraged, and rests the weary; it inspires us to nobler ideals and fills us with renewed energy. As Colton says, "Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books."

Are you reading good books? They are as necessary to the growth of the mind as good food is to the growth of the body. A person may as well expect to grow strong and vigorous without eating, as wiser and better without reading. And just as the wholesome or unhygienic quality of the food we eat determines to a great extent the state of our health, so mental growth and vigor is ours in proportion to the good books read, digested, and assimilated.

Test Them

"But," says one, "the world is flooded with books, some of them wholly unfit to read. How is one to know what to select?"

True it is that the comparative abundance and cheapness of books, while it enlarges our privileges, greatly increases our responsibility; for wise discrimination is necessary if one is to select the best from among so many. There are a few simple tests, however, which will help the conscientious reader to make a good choice. "Character in books is needed as much as in men. Let us insist that the books that we admit into our lives shall first of all be *pure* and *clean*." The same law applies to our choice of books as to our selection of friends. Ask yourself the question, "Is the author one whom in real life I should count it an advantage to know? Will the reading of this book leave me stronger, purer, wiser, happier?"

A good book never lessens one's interest in the ordinary duties of life. On the contrary, it enables him to take up his work with more earnestness, cheerfulness, and patience.

Again, "If a book is of such a character that one cannot get one's consent to lay it aside when health, other work, or the comfort of other people demand it, then it is usually of an unworthy character."

One must be extremely guarded in the reading of fiction; for it causes a disrelish—*always strong enough without encouragement*—for the deeper, worthier, more solid reading. It begets carelessness in reading, causing one to skim the surface, in a hit-or-miss fashion, and unfitting the mind for earnest, thorough, continuous thinking. The habitual reader of fiction will have no appetite for the Bible, and but little real interest in spiritual things. Christian growth demands a sincere love for the Word of God, and a regular study of it; this cannot be maintained by the inveterate reader of light literature. One may become a veritable slave to the fiction habit, as much a slave as the drunkard or the opium fiend. And the taste once acquired is broken only by the most determined effort, and even then one cannot always be sure that it is conquered; for it clings to one like the leprosy. Beware of allowing this pernicious and mind-destroying habit to fasten itself upon you.

The principle that should control in our reading is not simply that of gratification or momentary pleasure, but the development of character. Often the books toward which one feels least drawn, may perhaps be the very thing he needs to build up a strong character; and for this reason a selected course of reading is beneficial.

Do not read a certain class of books to the exclusion of others, simply because they happen to appeal to you. Cultivate the taste for a wide range of subjects, not slighting biographical, historical, and devotional books. Gradually you will learn to enjoy that which you once disliked, your mind will be broadened and strengthened as a result, and the old, easy-going, careless mental habits will give place to vigorous, clear-cut thinking.

Do not try to read too many books. A few really good books well read and digested, are more profitable than a vast number hastily and carelessly pursued. A man once proved by experiment that a ten-acre lot was enough, when carefully cultivated, to make a man rich; so a few excellent books, thoroughly read, may make you master of an intellectual fortune.

How to Read

The best rule for acquiring the reading habit, is to *read*. Get a good book and just read it, determinedly, persistently read it, staying at home at night, cutting short the newspaper, pinning yourself to the task until you have completed it. You will be surprised to see how much you will accomplish by this method, and how, little by little, you will learn to enjoy reading good books.

Books, like other good things, may be abused as well as used, and we must study how to make them of true service. One intelligent reader has given the following rules:

Read only as fast as you can think.

Read with a dictionary at hand.

Read for a purpose.

Mark passages that contain great ideas or beautiful expressions.

Read whole pieces of literature rather than extracts or quotations.

Avoid the reading of many newspapers, magazines, and books of fiction.

Bacon says that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested"—in other words, some books are to be read but not too much time devoted to them, while a few of the best are to be read wholly and with diligence.

"Read with a sharp pencil in your hand. The margins of the book belong to you. It is a poor reader who does not have something of his own to write as he reads the book. Stop! Look! Listen! Read it over; think! Write down your thinking on the blank margins."

"There are four kinds of readers," says Coleridge. "Hourglass readers, whose reading runs in and out, and leaves nothing. Sponge readers, who imbibe all, but only to give it out again as they got it, and perhaps not so clean. Jelly-bag readers, who keep the dregs and refuse, and let the pure run through. Diamond readers, who cast aside all that is worthless, and hold only the gems." To which class do you belong? Are you a "diamond reader"? If not, resolve today that you will become such by thoughtfully, perseveringly reading only the best.

The Way Out

[A set of new Junior Reading Course books and a Junior Reading Course Certificate will be needed to make this dialogue effective. Each should be introduced at the proper point in the exercise, and held on the same level by the children taking part.]

FIRST SPEAKER:

Look! there goes Rachel Ruth Sinclair,
Truly a wonderchild;
So studious and quiet she,
And never rough and wild.
She reads and reads and reads and reads,
Sometimes two books a day;
She doesn't seem to care at all
For rough and boisterous play.

SECOND SPEAKER:

Oh, yes, indeed! I often tell
My Jenny June Delight
The way she fools away her time
Is simply just a fright.
"Why don't you read like Rachel, dear?"
I ask 'most every day;
But Jenny June just shakes her curls,
And runs away to play.

THIRD SPEAKER:

Now I have listened to you both
About that supergirl,
Who reads from daylight till 'tis dark,
And never roughs a curl;
And just one question I would ask,
Before her course I heel,
I want to know, What kind of books
Does quiet Rachel read?

FOURTH SPEAKER:

About that matter I can tell,
And sad am I 'tis so;
Poor Rachel Ruth is reading trash—
Her mother does not know!
She thinks the books that Rachel reads
Are of a helpful kind;
Nor does she even know their names—
Some mothers are so blind!

FIFTH SPEAKER:

What can we do, do you suppose,
That will effect a cure?
'Twould be a shame to fold our hands
And only talk—that's sure!
I know! We'll read the Junior books,
And form a Reading Band!
And all the boys and all the girls
Will join! It will be grand!
And Rachel Ruth and Mary Hall,
And John and Harry Neely,
And Peggy Wilson, Lucy Locke,
And little Helen Greeley,
And Jenny June Delight, of course,
And Paul and Peter Dunn,
Will join our Junior Reading Course;
And oh, won't we have fun!

FIRST SPEAKER:

"Indoors and Out" we'll range at will
In search of wisdom's treasure;

SECOND SPEAKER:

The kind "White Queen of O-ko-yong"
Will give us hours of pleasure;

THIRD SPEAKER:

And here's a book for Sabbath hours
And noble Christian graces;

FOURTH SPEAKER:

This one will lead us to far lands
And to strange men and places.

ALL:

And when we've read these splendid books,
There's something more to come,—
A fine certificate like this
For — every — single — one!

MRS. I. H. EVANS.

Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN	Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON {	Assistant Secretaries
ELLA IDEN	
MRS. I. H. EVANS	Office Secretary
MEADE MAC GUIRE	Field Secretary

Suggestions to the Educational Secretary

WHO is the educational secretary? "some one asks. It is the young man or woman in the local society who has been chosen to give special attention to the promotion of the Reading Course, Standard of Attainment, and Bible Year; and very important is the work of this officer. Every society needs an educational secretary. If you have none in your society, choose for this position an active, wide-awake, enthusiastic young person who will give much time and thought to the work. As educational secretary, do not fail to have a set of the new Senior and Junior Reading Course books on hand before the day for this meeting. The program is based upon these books, and would be of little value without them. The society library should by all means contain these books.

Tell the young people how to take the courses. They may read alone, or reading circles may be formed. At the meeting pass out blanks to be signed by those who desire to take the course. Enrolment blanks, printed for this purpose, may be obtained from the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary.

While it is a fine thing for each one to own the Reading Course books, those who cannot buy them should have the privilege of using the library set.

Pass out to all present the Reading Course leaflets describing the books and giving prices. These leaflets may be obtained free from the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary.

How to Obtain Certificates

A certificate will be issued to each person for every Reading Course he completes, whether current or past. A certifying card must be filled out for *each book* read, and sent to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. The society educational secretary should keep a supply of these certifying cards on hand, encouraging those who take the Reading Course to make out a card immediately upon finishing a book. No reviews are required for the Seniors. The Juniors must pass an oral or written test on each book, prepared and given by some older person, after which the parent, teacher, or reading circle leader, as the case may be,

signs a certifying card, stating that satisfactory work has been done. Always encourage those taking a course to *finish all the books in that course*. Many are inclined to read the books that appeal to them and neglect the others; but often the books we are least inclined to read are the very ones we most need.

Persevere

The educational secretary's duty is not done when he induces a person to sign an enrolment blank. That is only the beginning. Constant encouragement until the course is completed is the only way to achieve success in the Reading Course work. *Perseverance and tact*, make these your watch words, and you will succeed in your efforts.

William Godwin says, "He that loves good reading has everything within his reach." Let us remember that it is *good* reading that we must love. "A good book, whatever its nature may be, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. This is a good test — that it shall be known by its fruits in our thinking and living — by what it does for us and in us."

The Sabbath School

XII — Water from the Rock; the Battle with the Amalekites; Jethro

(September 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 17, 18.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 297-302; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 177-181.

MEMORY VERSE: "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. 10: 4.

"If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands,
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands."

Questions

1. As the Israelites journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, at what place did they first camp? What did this place lack? Ex. 17: 1.
2. Not seeming to remember what God did for them at Marah, what did they now do? With whom were they really finding fault? Verses 2, 3.
3. What did Moses do? What did the Lord tell him to do? What would then come to pass? Verses 4-6. Note 1.
4. Why did Moses call this place "Meribah"? Verse 7, margin.
5. Who came to fight with Israel in Rephidim? Verse 8. Note 2.
6. Whom did Moses send out against the foe? Verse 9, first part.
7. Where did Moses, Aaron, and Hur go? What did Moses take in his hand? Verses 9, 10.
8. What came to pass when Moses held up his hand? When could the men of Amalek prevail? Verse 11. Note 3.
9. What was done when Moses became weary? How did Aaron and Hur help? Verse 12.
10. Which side gained the victory? What did God want the people of Israel to be sure to remember? Verses 13-16.
11. Who came to Moses in the desert? Ex. 18: 1-6. Note 4.
12. How did Moses greet his father-in-law? What did Moses tell him? What caused Jethro to rejoice? Verses 7-9.
13. What did Moses do the next day? What question did Jethro ask? What explanation did Moses make? Verses 13-16.
14. Why did Jethro object to this? What did he suggest as a better arrangement? Verses 17-23.
15. What did Moses then do? Where did Jethro go? Verses 24-27.

Note These Things

Instances where evil came when Moses held out his rod.
Instances where great good came from the same act.

A great lesson in helpfulness.

Read what Moses said about the Amalekites, a little while before his death. Deut. 25: 17-19.

What benefit did Jethro receive from his visit with Moses?
What help did Moses receive from Jethro?

Notes

1. "Moses smote the rock, but it was the Son of God who, veiled in the cloudy pillar, stood beside Moses, and caused the life-giving water to flow. Not only Moses and the elders, but all the congregation who stood at a distance, beheld the glory of the Lord; but had the cloud been removed, they would have been slain by the terrible brightness of him who abode therein." — "Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 292.

2. "The Amalekites were at that time the most powerful race in the peninsula, which from the earliest ages was peopled by fierce and warlike tribes with whom the Pharaohs were engaged in constant struggles. The approach of the Israelites would attract their notice. Several things would lead the Amalekites to attack the Israelites.

"They would be attracted by the booty, and the defenseless condition of Israel with their flocks and herds, and women and children, defended by untrained men, while Amalek could master a concentrated band of armed and trained fighting men. There was no more common cause of warfare than a dispute for the right of pasturage, and the Israelites were encamped on one of their natural feeding grounds." — *Peloubet*.

3. Moses' holding up the rod was an act of prayer to God, "an appeal that he should add another deliverance to those of the past."

4. "Not far distant from where the Israelites were now encamped was the home of Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses. Jethro had heard of the deliverance of the Hebrews, and he now set out to visit them, and restore to Moses his wife and two sons. The great leader was informed by messengers of their approach, and he went out with joy to meet them, and, the first greetings over, conducted them to his tent. He had sent back his family when on his way to the perils of leading Israel from Egypt, but now he could again enjoy the relief and comfort of their society. To Jethro he recounted the wonderful dealings of God with Israel, and the patriarch rejoiced and blessed the Lord, and with Moses and the elders he united in offering sacrifice, and holding a solemn feast in commemoration of God's mercy." — "Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 300.

Small Tanks

FLIVVER tanks — so small that only midget soldiers can qualify as operators and machine gunners for them — have made their appearance at Fort Myer.

For want of a tankdrome they are being stabled with the mounts of the 312th Cavalry. They created a stir among the war chargers when brought here for a series of demonstrations on the parade grounds.

The tanks are extremely speedy and can be sent over the ground faster than a horse can travel. When in full career they can be stopped in their tracks like a Texas broncho, whirled and sent off in another direction.

The demonstrations are being conducted by the ordnance department, and foreign officers and many visitors from Washington have been interested spectators at the tryouts of the newest types of war chariots. — *Washington Star*.

A Riddle

(A Book)

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold;
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose I'm bound.
I'm always in black, I'm always in white;
I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light —
In form, too, I differ — I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh and no bones, yet I'm covered with skin;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking confute.
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

— *Hannah More*.

Notes to Writers

SUCCESS is 999 per cent failure, and one per cent perseverance."

Authorship is the art of showing one's heart; but unless you have an overflowing heart, you will never be a true author.

"Straight writing is straight thinking, nothing more."

"Study words, words, words, and still more words. These are your tools. Just play on the reader's mind as you would on a piano, with words as keys—that is all there is to writing."—*Chauncey Thomas.*

The inexperienced writer seems to feel that the more he can write on a certain subject, the more apt editors will be to like his manuscript. But conciseness is the writer's most attractive quality, and editors are willing to pay for the "concentrated extract" of the writer's art, as is evidenced by a letter a young writer received from the editor of a prominent publication: "We will pay you \$100 for your story as it is. If you can reduce it a third, we will pay you \$150; if a half, \$200."

Foreign words and phrases form another sad stumblingblock in the way of a simple natural style. They have their uses, of course—and one is to betray the novice.—*Charles Raymond Barrett, Ph. B.*

A Girl's Ideal

IDEALS make character. He who cherishes high ideals is by that very fact lifted nearer to the ideal. It is well to take account frequently of our standards, our ideals. This is best done by comparing them with the heavenly standard.

Then the standards upheld by others may prove an inspiration to us, may unfold before us higher standards than our own. The following conception of true character as portrayed by a high-school girl is worthy of consideration for its comprehensiveness and ideally unselfish demands:

"To show mildness of manners, firmness of resolutions, contempt of vainglory. To forbear from all improper indulgences. To conduct oneself, always, as an equal among equals; to lay none of one's burdens upon others; to strive to please every one; to be ever thoughtful of others. To be resigned to every fortune, and to bear oneself calmly and serenely. To rise superior to applause, and despise vulgar criticism. To worship God in sincerity, and serve mankind without ambition. To be ever prudent and moderate; to look to one's duty only, and not to the opinions that may be formed of one. Nothing harsh, nothing excessive, nothing rude, nothing which shows discord or violence. To hold to these qualities; to do our work and to be useful and confident. Such is the true character of a successful life."

There are more than a score of things that this portrayal of ideals demands of me. Would it not be wise for each of us to examine himself to discover wherein he is wanting in these great character-making principles?

pieces on the rude pine table in part payment for the damage done. But the woman scorned the money, and though her little family faced actual want, threw it in the fire and shook her fist at the departing soldiers, while her six-year-old son, Henry, shouted in approval, "That's right, ma! We'll show 'em what, we will!" This boy was a born patriot. The next year was a hard one, for there were younger brothers and sisters to feed and clothe, but Henry worked early and late, till the neighbors named him "the Mill Boy of the Slashes," since their little cabin stood in a marsh.

Years later this same industrious, barefoot boy served five terms in Congress. He was a leader of men, and became one of the most eloquent lawyers of his day. With fearless integrity, he stood for principles of justice. When nominated for the highest honor that America offers her loyal sons, he learned that certain measures he advocated were not popular and would probably lead to his defeat, but he exclaimed, "I would rather be right than President!" He knew the value of compromise in statesmanship, and was the master diplomat of his day.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor"

August 13

[A correct and well-written list of answers to any set of questions in the Finding-Out Club entitles the reader to membership in the club. Each additional set is indicated by the small figure at the right of the name.]

THE following is the key to the cipher message; *a* of the regular alphabet is *n* of the cipher alphabet:

Reg: a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

Cipher: n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m

Message: "... Work ... while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

Who Is He?

Vincent Astor.

August 20

Who Is She?

Katherine Stinson.

New Testament Queries

1. He knew no sin. 2 Cor. 5: 21.
2. "If ye love one another." John 13: 35.
3. Eutychus. Acts 20: 9.
4. Jesus. John 1: 9.
5. To persecute the disciples. Acts 9: 1, 2.
6. Ananias. Acts 9: 10, 11.
7. After Christ's resurrection and just previous to his ascension, "as they sat at meat," the command was given by our Saviour to the apostles. Mark 16: 14, 15.
8. Nicodemus. John 3: 1, 2.
9. Simon the leper. Matt. 26: 6.
10. Jesus Christ. John 19: 23.
11. The New Jerusalem. Rev. 21: 14.
12. Three—Jairus's daughter, son of the widow of Nain, and Lazarus.
13. Matthias. Acts 1: 23.
14. Galatians. Chapter 6: 11.
15. Archelaus. Matt. 2: 22.
16. Claudius. Acts 18: 2.

Principal Contents

For the Finding-Out Club

Name This Statesman

IT was in Revolutionary days. British redcoats under Lord Cornwallis were raiding Hanover County, Virginia, destroying property and confiscating live stock belonging to the colonists. After they had taken everything of value from the farm of one poor widow, a sense of right overmastered might, and the general returned to the desolated cottage and left two gold

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