

The *YOUTH* INSTRUCTOR

Vol. XLVI

November 5, 1918

No. 45



The Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

JESUS AT NAZARETH

From Here and There

On September 3, Blagovestchensk, capital of the Siberian province of Amur, was captured by Japanese cavalry.

A trooper has taught his two dogs to sit "at attention" when he plays "The Star-Spangled Banner." The dogs enjoy it greatly.

Iowa was the first State to subscribe to its quota of the Fourth Liberty Loan. The drive opened Saturday, and Iowa went "over the top" Monday night.

Food conditions in Russia are reported to be growing constantly worse. Butter is \$12 a pound; many foreigners are starving to death; and cholera is raging in Petrograd.

The United States Government has organized the greatest insurance company in the world. The amount of liabilities which it carries for soldiers and sailors in service is \$22,400,000,000.

The United States Government has already erected five great refrigerating plants in France for storing meats and manufactured ice on a mammoth scale. The largest has storage capacity for 10,000,000 pounds of meat.

The census of India is taken in a single night, when the 315,000,000 people are tabulated scientifically, though divided into 185 languages. It takes 300 tons of paper and a force of a million men to take such a census.

Nazareth has been captured from the Turks. The British commander, General Allenby, led his victorious troops across the plain of Sharon and the field of Armageddon, entering the city before 25,000 Turkish troops could escape.

Belgium — poor, stricken, outraged Belgium — is to be free once more. The military governor has announced that the German army is preparing for evacuation, and the work of moving the military records from Brussels to the German border has already begun.

From two to three American locomotives are assembled by American soldier mechanics in American shops in France every twenty-four hours. Over 22,000 American railroad cars are now being utilized in France for moving soldiers and freight to the several American fronts.

For forty years Pelorus Jack, pilot fish and protector of ships that came to the great antipodean island, was protected by the government of New Zealand. Recently his death was announced. Mariners would not enter French Pass unless Jack came to guide them. He was fourteen feet long. A fine was imposed upon any one who attempted to injure him. His name was recorded in government records, and all New Zealand grieves over his loss.

The first American-built tank, called "America," is the biggest ever constructed, and is greatly superior in power to all others. It is much larger than the largest British tank in existence. It weighs forty-five tons and is propelled by steam. Its front has a greater incline, which, it is claimed, will enable it to travel over anything in the nature of a trench or a shell hole. Every advantage possessed by the British and French tanks is included in its construction which, together with the new American ideas, gives it a finishing touch of superiority.

Set like seven emeralds in a purple field, each of the Hawaiian islands boasts an individuality of its own. Oahu is distinguished because it is the seat of government. Molokai is known as the "leper island," although but a corner of it, isolated from the rest by great cliffs, is set aside for lepers. Kauai, lying at the northwest of the chain, is the "Garden Isle," because it is so fair, pulsing with color and life. Maui is the "Valley Island," because its hills are broken by so many long valleys, through which run swift streams and here and there a splendid waterfall. Hawaii is called "the Big Island" because of its size, and is famous because of Mauna Loa, a massive volcano, and Halemaumau, "The House of Everlasting Fire," where forever boils a two-thousand-foot-wide caldron of lava. Each island has a story of its own to tell, full of romance and charm.

A United States Treasury employee recently resigned her position at the age of eighty-seven, that she might have "a little more leisure." She has been on the Government pay rolls for fifty-four years. Secretary McAdoo wrote her a personal letter of regret, in which he said: "The books of the treasury show that you have never been late once in arriving at the office during the fifty years, and for thirty-five years you were not absent a day on account of sickness."

On October 13, whole sections of northern Wisconsin and Minnesota timberland were destroyed by fire, which was supposed to be of incendiary origin. Hundreds of persons were burned to death, and many were injured. Thousands had to flee from their homes and millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The fire is said to have devastated a hundred square miles of territory, destroying all human beings, homes, live stock, crops, and trees within its path.

The total number of influenza cases reported at army camps since the disease first appeared several weeks ago, reached 211,000 on October 11. There have been 25,085 pneumonia cases, and 7,432 deaths.

An Interesting Book

HAVE you read the little book "Makers of South America," by Margarett Daniels? This fascinating volume is one of the Senior Reading Course books for this year. You will miss much of interest and profit if you fail to read it.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - Editor
LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - - Associate Editor

LXVI NOVEMBER 5, 1918 No. 45

Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription - - - - - \$1.75
Six months - - - - - 1.00

Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year - - - - - Each
Six months - - - - - \$1.25
Three months - - - - - .75
- - - - - .40

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.

My Father's Field

A MAIDEN stood where the fields were ripe,
And gathered the golden wheat;
Gayly she sang as she bound her sheaves,
And laid them at her feet.

One marked her there as she passed by
Alone with her hard-earned spoil;
And spoke of rest, for the sun was high,
And the reaper spent with toil.

And the Father's house lies over the field
Where the sun of life goes down;
There shall be rest, and the Father's smile
Forever your work shall crown.

But the maiden smiled as her glad voice said,
"Nay, lady, I may not yield;
The work is great, but the work is sweet,—
I toil in my father's field."

Gleaners of Christ, in your patient toil,
When weary and fain to yield,
Take comfort, though the work is great,
Ye toil in your Father's field.

— Selected.

Unexpected Answers to Prayer

I AM so discouraged!" confided a young man to a fellow worker in his office. "I have been praying and praying for means to meet an obligation incurred while I was ill in the hospital two months ago; yet day after day passes, and the money does not come."

"Of course," he added, "I just can't see where it is coming from. I am working as hard as I can; but my current expenses eat up every bit of salary I make, even while working overtime."

"It will come," his friend at the next desk assured him confidently. "Do not give up praying, and do not be discouraged. The prayer is a reasonable one, and you know the Father hears and will answer just when it is best for you. Perhaps he is only trying your faith; but keep on praying — and working. Do not grow discouraged; and do not try to look for the way it will come. Doubtless it will come from some unexpected source. It usually does. With God all things are possible, you know."

The young man looked doubtful; but the very next morning he appeared at his place of business with his face radiant.

"You were right," he said to his fellow worker; "the money to pay the debt did come, and from the most unexpected source. I never should have looked for it — never would have guessed it could come — in that way. An old friend of my father's, of whom I had never even heard, had been searching for me for years to pay a debt which he owed my father before he died. The money more than enables me to pay the obligation incurred by my illness. I even have some left over."

"Isn't that always the way the Father does?" said his friend. "All your life you will see that he gives even more than you ask for, or substitutes something better if you ask amiss. As Paul says, he gives us even more than we ask or think."

"I am so ashamed that I doubted even for a moment," confessed the young man. "I never will again."

How many times in our lives has the answer to our prayer come through an entirely unexpected source? Is not the reason perhaps that God wants us to trust him even more fully; that he wants us to leave all to him?

With our finite vision how many times do we limit him and his power? We ask him for help; yet we doubt and despond because we, with our narrow

earthly vision, cannot see any way in which the help may come. Our minds are so slow to grasp the truth that with him is all power, all might, that he has numberless doors on earth and in heaven through which help may come to us, that he sways angels and men to do his bidding, that he plans for us and sends to us just the help we need, at just the time we need, in just the way we need. Why do we not trust him more?

An old hymn says:

"It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in his own way
The Lord will provide."

There is always ground for hope, then, no matter how low we may have sunk in want or despondency. God has countless ways in which he can help us, of which we know nothing. He is our Father, who delights to give good gifts to his children; whose ears are always open to their cry; who said, "Before they call, I will answer;" who has filled his Word with promises for good to his children who pray to him and trust him.

Instead of being anxious, then, when the way looks dark, instead of yielding to doubt and discouragement, let us keep on praying; let us go about our daily work cheerfully and hopefully, knowing that God in his own good time — the time that will be best for us — and in his own way — probably some unexpected way — will give us the help that we need, and even more than we need, if we trust all to him.— *Anne Guilbert Mahon, in Christian Endeavor World.*

Our Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

The M. V. R. C.
So dear to you, so dear to me.
We have its treasure made our own,
And now to others pass it on.

IF this little jingle, not supposed to be noted for literary merit, catches your eye, and causes you to review with us the benefits of our splendid Reading Courses, it will have accomplished its purpose. Many of our young people are availing themselves of the treasures contained in these books, but the great majority have not as yet realized their value. If you are not already one of our number, adding a new Reading Course certificate to your collection each year, we

heartily invite you to join us, for at least one of the reasons that may appear in the following.

We have found by experience that the books provided by the Missionary Volunteer Department tend to broaden the scope of our reading. Often when choosing for ourselves, we search for material along the same line of thought. But here we have presented books on biography, missions, nature, denominational subjects, etc. The book that appeals especially to one may be laid aside by his companion if not used for systematic reading. A good example of this was found in the book, "The History of the Sabbath," that was placed in the course a year or two ago. But very few of our young people had the courage to complete the work because they found that it required deeper study than they expected, yet those who persevered, all witness to the good derived therefrom.

After completing "Getting Acquainted with the Trees," more than one longed for the springtime to come so that some of the wonders of nature might be searched out for themselves. Before this they had eyes, but they saw not. "Wild Life on the Rockies" also made each reader determine to have a closer communion with nature; while in the present course "Elo the Eagle" causes our Juniors fairly to revel in the wealth of the companionship of the friends that can be made with bird and beast.

As we become acquainted with books of real merit, our taste for the unreal and unprofitable in literature is weakened. Many have formed the habit of light reading before understanding its dangers. Now as they have given their lives into the Master's service, our books are proving of real value as they substitute for that which tends to drag down rather than to build up. Not long ago a young woman confessed with tears in her eyes the struggle she was having to leave novels alone. But at the same time she expressed her determination to gain the victory, and also her appreciation of the help the Reading Course books were to her. As we are presented with something splendid by one who has tested its worth, we are inspired to participate in the pleasure derived from its perusal.

By beholding we become changed. The advent message must go to all the world in this generation, and as we study the lives of others who have given all that the gospel might be carried to the different nations, kindreds, tongues, and peoples, new resolves creep into our own lives. The wonderful power of God that is continually revealed to those who are his workers gives us a new vision of what it means to be coworkers with him. The wonderful answers to prayer found in "A Retrospect" draw us near to the One who taught us to pray, and "Quiet Talks on Service" waken us to the great importance of our own individual work for him.

As companions, no better can be found. A pleasant half hour spent with Paton, Carey, Taylor, and other noble characters has a lasting influence upon our lives that will not be easily erased. Then, too, if we wish for travel, we can follow the journeys of Livingstone through Africa, or of the Judsons in India. We can witness the "Daybreak in Korea" or visit other interesting lands through the pictures in books.

Nothing that tends to defile is found in our Reading Courses, but everything is for our uplifting and ennobling. If we are seeking to study to show ourselves approved unto God, these courses certainly will help us to become workmen that need not be ashamed.

BESSIE ACTON.

Good from the Army

THOUSANDS of our young men will be inducted into military service as the new draft becomes effective. Some are looking forward to this change of environment with anticipation; others with anxiety. The writer has not been in service long, but he purposes to emphasize the brighter side of army life as it has appealed to him.

Life in the army is not so different from ordinary living, for the moral standard, be it high or low, is created by the individual. Each man has a standard of his own, and he will rise or fall as he allows the influence of the masses to hide it from his view. Your life in the army will be just what you yourself wish to make it.

There are many new things to be learned. Every day brings its lessons. But you must keep in mind the fact that you will not find the name Seventh-day Adventist so easy to lean on as before you entered the service. Neither will the experience you had at conversion, or at any other time, avail just now. You must live by the day. You cannot plan for the future, for you do not know what a day may bring, but it is your privilege to have your heart ready for anything at all times. Surrender your life to God, and keep surrendered. "Quit you like men." "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you," else you will find yourself drifting on a sea of uncertainty at a time when more than ever before you need the power of decision. If there is anything, even an "unknown something," standing between yourself and God, get rid of it. You can! Pray this consecration prayer: "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Things may move along smoothly for a time, but the trial will come sooner or later, when you will have to make a choice, and prove whether or not you are a genuine Christian. If you take one step down; if you weaken under the test, you will find it next to impossible to regain the ground you have lost, or the respect of your officers and comrades. These men have a right to expect a great deal of one who makes so high a profession. You will find that to be a loyal Seventh-day Adventist in the army you must live a life of faith and prayer.

You may have to endure ridicule for His name's sake. Christ suffered all the wrongs that humanity could inflict, but he lived without sin, and it is your privilege to do the same. To be ashamed of your religion is to deny God. Do not make yourself or your peculiar beliefs conspicuous. At all times show common sense, exercise reasonable judgment, be quiet and be meek, but stand as firm as the rock Gibraltar. When you have been granted privileges which show the convincing power of the principles you hold, do not be boastful, only humbly grateful.

In the army you have no one on whom to lean, and so you turn to God and to his Word. You learn to study as you never studied before, and as the days pass you feel yourself drawing nigh unto God. Remember that your companions are watching you closely, and when you weaken under pressure they are disappointed in you as well as is your heavenly Father. When difficulties arise, it is always a privilege to claim the promise: "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."

God has a plan for every life. Providence has placed you and me in the army. Our country needs us. Let us be thankful that we are here, and render faithfully to our Father the things which are his, as well as to Caesar the service which belongs to him.

B. R. SPEAR.

An Example Worth Following

A YOUNG business man, a consistent, courageous Endeavorer, reached a strange city to attend a conference of pastors and workers. As the time of his arrival was unknown, there was no one at the depot to meet him. Getting into the bus with a brisk, businesslike commercial traveler, he asked the name of the best hotel. "Come with me, and I will show you," said our knight of the grip.

After the Endeavorer had registered, he accepted the cordial invitation of the commercial traveler to sit at the same table in the dining-room with six others he had "rounded up," as he expressed it. Joining in the free conversation, he soon proved himself a man among men, and evidently won the frank friendliness of the crowd.

Presently one of the men said, "Say, fellows, I heard a good story the other day, and now, while the waitress is away, is a good time for me to tell it."

Quick as a flash our Endeavorer said: "Just a moment, friend. If it is a smutty yarn, I for one do not want to hear it. I have cut out all that sort of thing."

Dull thud, ominous pause, and then up spoke another of the men: "That's right, friend; so have I." And one after another expressed himself as preferring not to listen to the impure jest or story.

One clean, courageous man can clean up a whole company by a brave stand against the things that debase and weaken character.—*Selected.*

The Man Who Changed My Life

AS rapidly as possible I got my eyes on all my heroes, and because they were so near me the world was like an enchanted palace. One day I saw a great man whose fame had not reached me in the West—Phillips Brooks. No one who ever saw Phillips Brooks ever forgot him. Physically he was superb:

A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

His mind was even more wonderful than his body, and his heart was equal to his mind. And when the great preacher stood in the pulpit and flooded his congregation with his thought and feeling, the heart instinctively cried, "It is good to be here!" Indeed, it was so good to be in Trinity, that I found myself there almost every Sunday, and the oftener I went the less attractive to me was the law library in the statehouse on Beacon Hill. Before many months had passed I decided not to be a lawyer, but to be a preacher. The course of my whole life was changed by this one great man!

The poet Keats once said, "I have not the slightest feeling of humility toward the public, or to anything in existence but the Eternal Being, the principle of beauty, and the memory of great men." It is true, as Tennyson says in his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," "On God and godlike men we

build our trust." The Roman emperor Alexander Severus is said to have had in his oratory nothing except the statues of great men. Another Roman, the philosopher Seneca, believed that we ought to choose some good man and always have him before our eyes, that we may live as if he watched us, and do everything as if he saw.

Mark Rutherford, in one of his volumes, tells of a call he once made on Thomas Carlyle. This single interview with the great Scotchman he always regarded as one of the most important events in his entire life. His advice to all young people is never to lose a chance of making the acquaintance of great men and women. They communicate to us something that makes it easier to live. It is easier to walk with a noble tread after we have kept step even for a brief hour with one of God's true noblemen.

Robert Browning told this incident to Dean Farrar: "Once I was walking with my son, who was then a little boy, in the streets of Paris. We saw an old man approaching us in a long, loose, rather shabby coat, and with a stooping, shuffling attitude and gait. 'Touch that man as you pass him,' I whispered to my son. 'I will tell you why afterwards.' The child touched him as he passed, and I said to him, 'Now, my boy, you will always be able to remember in later years that you once saw and touched the great Béranger.'"

It is not many great men whom you can touch with your finger tip, but that is no great loss. You can touch them with your mind, your heart, your spirit. You can prostrate your soul before them and allow them to bless you.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Bible and You

DID you ever think of the Bible as God's letter to you?—not as a letter to the human family at large, but a letter to you. Did you ever think of the Word of God as being a direct message to you as truly as it was to David when Nathan said to him, "Thou art the man"? Do I mean, then, that if you had never lived, the Bible would have been worded differently? I do not mean that, but I do mean, however, that the Bible is specifically your book, God's confidential counselor to you. God has for you an understanding in the Word adapted to your individual needs. It is your privilege to make applications of the Word to your soul needs as no other individual in all the world can.

In the Word there is for you the hidden manna. If you love the Word, you will be surprised and delighted, as you search as for hidden treasure, to find that it so fully supplies all the longings and desires of your own individual hopes toward heaven.

A mighty all-seeing, all-knowing Providence saw the whole human family—not as one great mass of people, but as separate individuals. And when the Holy Spirit moved on men to write, "In the beginning God," he had you and me in mind. His thought was that when we should come on the stage of action for our moment of time between two eternities, that we each one through the Scriptures might get the blessings ordained for us before the world was.

BERT RHOADS.

EXPEDIENCY is the principle of man; principle is the expediency of God.—*W. Fearon Holliday.*



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



God's Care

LIKE a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer
Loss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,—
So when we are weak and weary,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

— Selected.

An Interesting Try-Out

A YOUNG man and his wife who had lived all their lives in a small city and who were perfectly familiar with the things outsiders say about the social side of church life, determined to try a series of experiments when business called the young man to a number of different towns for a month or six weeks, and they had to live in hotels or rented apartments doing light housekeeping. They were in moderate circumstances and dressed plainly, though nicely enough for young married people of modest means, and they took care to say nothing about their relatives or friends back home except in the most general way.

At the first place they stopped, they tried a church of their own denomination and attended services. Both were urged at once to join organized classes in the Sunday school and the society for young folks in connection with the church. They explained that they did not care to join because of their short stay, but would attend when they could. At the end of their stay they summed up their church privileges and found that they had been invited to three socials, two entertainments, a musical, and a picnic, all without joining any organization. Moreover they had received calls from a number of new acquaintances and had had several rides. The young wife had attended an all-day meeting of the Red Cross unit of the church, and the ladies had urged her to bring no lunch, as they would attend to that, and altogether they had been welcomed royally, though they were unknown to their new friends. Purposely they gave the very least contributions they could, or nothing at all, to see if they would be dropped, but apparently it made no difference whether they were generous or stingy.

At the next town they tried another denomination, explaining that they were there but a short time and were located near the sister denomination, so they attended there rather than in the church of their choice. Once more they were welcomed and included in all the church activities for young people, though they did not contribute anything but their presence and the very smallest coins to the services. Again the young folks living near them graciously opened their homes to them and called on them to make themselves at home, their only recommendation being that they were well-bred, modest-appearing young Christians. In this case they were not asked to join the organizations when the church people found out their

preference, but they were made welcome at all the meetings and all social gatherings.

And so it went during the whole round, and the young couple went home to say that thereafter when somebody rose up to call the church and church people stiff and formal they would know by experience that it was all the other way. Outside the church, people wanted to know their business connections, their relatives, where they came from, who they were, and how much education and refinement they possessed, and even then they held them at arm's length and scrutinized them carefully. But in the church nobody asked who they were or how much money or what social standing they possessed. They took it for granted that they were interested in the work of the kingdom or they would not attend church services, and on that ground and that alone they opened their hearts to them. And in the series of try-outs each and every denomination stood the test.— *Hilda Richmond.*

Peggy and Mrs. Kendall

YOU are a cruel, hard-hearted woman," Dr. Morrill declared, looking at Grandmother Gale with affection. "I wonder I keep on speaking terms with you."

"There are some fresh molasses cookies in the blue jar, John."

Dr. John disappeared into the pantry and returned with a cookie in each hand.

"Eighty-one years old and refusing to need a doctor!" he grumbled. "How should we poor fellows live if every one treated us the way you do, I'd like to know?"

"I haven't time to be sick," grandmother replied serenely. "There are too many interesting things to do in the world. I've been trying to persuade Peggy here to learn some of them — cooking and sewing and knitting. They are sure to come in handy sometime."

There was a wistful note in grandmother's voice which made the doctor glance sharply at Peggy. She met the glance with a saucy dimpling of her pretty face.

"I'm like grandma — I haven't time," she explained.

The doctor disposed of the last of his cookies and picked up his hat.

"Do you happen to have time for a drive with a country doctor, Peggy?" he asked. "Or have you outgrown that?"

"O Dr. John," cried Peggy, jumping to her feet, "I thought you never were going to ask me! May I drive?"

"What else was I asking you for?" the doctor retorted.

In two minutes they were off. Peggy chattered gayly. They had been comrades ever since that first memorable ride thirteen years ago when she was five and the doctor let her hold the wheel of his first automobile.

"Where?" Peggy asked.

"Mrs. Amos Kendall's first."

Peggy looked up. "Dr. John, is Mrs. Kendall really so very sick? You know it has been so many years—"

For a moment the doctor was silent; then he said, "It has been all her life. It began when she was a child of ten and refused to learn to sew carpet rags because she didn't like sewing. And all her life she kept on refusing to do things she didn't like to do. Well, she has had her way. And now, at sixty, she hasn't an interest in the world—nothing to do except think how miserable she is. She is the most unhappy person I know."

Peggy looked gravely at the landscape, but her dimple betrayed her.

"The moral of which is: Be a good girl and learn to cook, as your grandmother wants you to, else some day you may get bored to death doing nothing. Q. E. D. Well, since you put it that way—"

"Your intuition, Miss Gale, is really extraordinary," the doctor replied.—*Selected.*

Home Suggestions from Here and There

GROUND cinnamon burned on top of the stove will remove the odor of cabbage or onions, and will give a pleasant aroma to the room.

When one's oven has a tendency to burn food on the bottom, use a piece of an old wire screen cut to fit the oven, and there will be no more trouble.

Many busy housewives will plant cucumber seed for cucumber pickles. Be sure to plant one or two nasturtium seeds in each hill. This will keep the bugs away. It has been tried for years, and never fails.

When a person wants to use the white of an egg and not the yolk, break a small hole and let the white out. Then paste a small piece of paper over the hole, and the yolk will keep fresh for several days.

Nature and Science

Poison Gas of a Beetle

MOST people think that the use of poison gas in warfare is a purely human, or perhaps one should say inhuman, idea. Yet the plan has been adopted by nature. Certain kinds of beetles known as bombardiers, and called by scientists *Brachinus*, make free use of poisonous fumes to keep their enemies at bay. A typical species known as *Brachinus crepitans*, is largely attacked by certain ground beetles. These ground beetles are very active, and can easily overtake the bombardiers. Just as they get within reach, however, a very strange thing happens. The bombardier has the power of ejecting a peculiar liquid

which, when it comes into contact with the atmosphere, bursts into a sort of pale blue-green flame. This immediately is followed by a kind of smoke. Now this smoke has a remarkable effect upon the pursuer. No sooner do the fumes come into contact with the ground beetle than the creature is blinded and stupefied. A strange paralysis overtakes the insect, and it seems unable to move any farther. Quite a while elapses before the ground beetle recovers. In the meantime the bombardier makes good his escape.—*The American Boy.*

A New Disease

ONE of the dangers that the war has caused is a disease peculiar to aeroplane makers. The wings of an aeroplane consist of Irish linen, stretched over mahogany or spruce framework. The interstices of the cloth are made impervious to water and to air by repeated applications of a varnish that contains as its chief base either acetate or nitrate of cellulose mixed with a solvent that rapidly evaporates. This mixture, frequently called "dope varnish," contains dangerous substances, such as tetrachlormethane, acetone, wood alcohol, or benzine. The tetrachlormethane is most frequently responsible for the illness among aeroplane workers; it causes nausea, vomiting, abdominal pains, jaundice, delirium, and sometimes death.

To prevent it several precautions are necessary: a downward system of ventilation, the drying of wings and other parts in rooms separated from the "dope rooms," and giving the workers fifteen-minute-rest periods in the open air. Running water, soap, individual towels and overalls, and well-ventilated lockers also help. Eating in the "dope room" is forbidden, and every worker must have at least an hour for luncheon. Furthermore, in order to get early diagnosis of the poisoning and to prevent the serious after-effects, frequent medical supervision is imperative. All workers who complain of dizziness or sleepiness must be removed from employment for at least forty-eight hours.—*Selected.*

The Story of a Ball of Binder Twine

THE United States pays twenty millions of dollars every year for the privilege of using binder twine to bind our harvests. Time was when sheaves of grain were bound with wire. Now the fiber of the leaves of the sisal, or century plant, which is a native of Yucatan and the Philippines, is used. Natives strip the leaves into layers preparatory to securing the fiber. A primitive machine of native manufacture is used to do the stripping. This machine is made from bamboo poles, and the knife has small sawlike notches cut in its edge. A spring pole, operated by a foot lever, furnishes the necessary pressure on the knife. One man can strip about twenty-five pounds a day, and by working three or four days a week, he can support his family in luxury. Then the fiber is carefully dried and prepared for transportation.

Women and small boys act as carriers for the rough fiber, and bring it down the mountain sides to the nearest shipping point. Then it comes to America and enters the twine factory. A softening and combining process carefully works it into a so-called "sliver," intricate machinery carrying it through the various steps required. Then the ball becomes a

reality in a vast room where women operate machines at great speed. Each ball weighs about four pounds, measuring about five hundred to six hundred feet of binder twine.

In a storeroom, with thousands of other balls, it is inspected and weighed. Those balls that have knots and strands of uneven diameter are rejected. From there it goes to the farm. But the sisal strand has a rival. It is American hemp. Machines have been invented that will harvest hemp in sufficient quantities to introduce it as a rival of sisal. The new hemp gatherer harvests and ties the hemp in bundles.—*Illustrated World.*

Squirrels of Columbus

COLUMBUS has a squirrel population of hundreds. Eighteen years ago I saw the ancestors of the agile, rollicking, frolicking squirrels that now scamper over the capitol grounds. Here they spend the entire year, winter and summer, a joy to visitors, and always ready to accept hospitality when that means peanuts or other nuts. They do not care for the salty kind. If given an unshelled nut, they scamper away and bury it, showing their care for the future. To hold their attention one should give only shelled nuts in small pieces.

Standing one day on the corner of Third and Broad Streets, waiting for a car, I saw a squirrel climb a pole, run along the electric light cable for half a block,



and then turn and run down another cable in an alley, looking for a peanut stand presumably.

These agile creatures are not confined to the capitol grounds. At the Ohio State University grounds seven squirrels at once gathered around us, and all but one took peanuts from our hand. They climbed into our laps, ran up our arms, and sat on our shoulders, begging for food, which of course was neither bread nor carrots, but nuts. They are wise little creatures, apparently knowing that their muscles grow supple and strong upon a nut diet, and that to climb and jump from tree to tree they need the most nutritious diet obtainable.

They are free to sit on one's lap or shoulder, but they resent any attempt at familiarity in the form of petting. Attempt it, and they bound away and are up a tree in a twinkling. It is attempting the impossible to pick them up and hold them. Touch not, handle not. Whistle, and they scatter as if by magic, and make for the nearest tree, fearing their arch enemy the dog.

The squirrels of Columbus have scattered over the city. A friend who lives on Chittenden Avenue, five blocks away from the university grounds, has five large elm trees in his rear yard, and several squirrels spend much of the summer in these trees, and sometimes visit their kitchen. They afford his children much daily amusement.

An acquaintance used to place nuts on his bedroom window sill, and about six o'clock in the morning a pair of squirrels would come there for their breakfast. If they did not find the nuts, they would tap on the window and beg to be fed. Sometimes my friend purposely left no nuts, but left the window open; then Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel would enter, jump onto the foot of the bed, and chatter. Sometimes the occupants pretended to be asleep; then the squirrels would come up to the head of the bed and chatter in their ears. They wanted their breakfast. One of the squirrels acquired the habit of grabbing a sock and going toward the window with it. On the way he would stop to see if he was noticed or if his ruse was effective. Once he carried it outside, and found this course an effective method of awakening the pseudosleepers.

One October several new squirrels entered the garret of my friend's home through a ventilator shaft. One of them got down between the walls of a partition and was unable to find his way up again. For three days our acquaintance thought the noise made by the imprisoned squirrel was made by rats. Finally he climbed to the attic to investigate, and by means of a lighted candle saw the squirrel's predicament, and effected his rescue. All that day Master Squirrel, in gratitude for his rescue, followed his emancipator about from room to room a few feet behind him.

One day one of the squirrels that visited the bedroom for their breakfast was chased by a number of other squirrels, and on being cornered in the limb of a tree made a leap for the limb of another tree, but missed and fell thirty feet and broke off an incisor tooth, and so found difficulty in eating his meals. Then my acquaintance shelled the nuts and cut them up very fine, and the grateful squirrel got along until the tooth grew out again.

Why should not all cities possessing a park system populate them with these intelligent and interesting creatures?
A. W. HERR.

Seven Reasons for Saving

SAVE for your country's sake, because it is now spending millions a day and must find most of the money out of savings.

Save for your own sake, because work and wages are plentiful, and, as prices are high now, a dollar will buy more after the war.

Save, because when you spend you make other people work for you, and the work of every one is needed now to win the war.

Save, because by saving you make things cheaper for every one, especially for those who are poorer than you.

Save, because by going without you relieve the strain on ships, docks, and railways, and make transportation cheaper and quicker.

Save, because by saving you set an example that makes it easier for the next man to save. A saving nation is an earning nation.

Save, because every time you save you help twice, first when you don't spend and again when you lend to the nation.—*The Commonwealth.*

The Unanswered Call

E. F. COLLIER

ROY TERRELL moved uneasily in his seat as conviction settled upon his heart. He imagined every one in the room was looking at him, and every look was a question mark. He had heard many sermons, having grown up, as it were, in an atmosphere of church life. Since his earliest recollection he could think of no Sabbath when he with his mother had not been present at religious services, except when sickness or absence from the vicinity of a church made attendance impossible; but never in all his experience had he felt impressed by a call to missionary service as he did today.

On one side of Roy sat his mother, dearest and best of all his friends, and on the other side sat his chum and loyal friend, Fred McClure. Back of them, sitting with her mother, was Winifred Ridman, for whom Roy held a fascinated and reverent regard. They had been listening with rapt attention to the visiting minister as he related the experience and observation of his travels, and in the heart of each one there grew a holier respect for the gospel in far fields. Now as the finger of the speaker moved across the world map it seemed to carry Roy along, and when it stopped at a far western point on the African continent, abruptly left him there with a profound conviction that it was the very place where he ought to be.

The speaker continued:

"Volunteers are what the Lord wants,— young men and young women of vigor and bright hopes who will aspire to do great things for God in these missionary fields. They are needed now, and I pray God that some of these young people before me may be aroused to go from this meeting as his messengers to those who are far away and have no light."

Roy wondered if his mother saw the call directed at him the same as he saw it, and if Winifred was looking at him and sensing his uneasiness. He wished that some one would volunteer, thus making a start so that he might follow, or that the minister would stop talking about it and appealing, so that he would be relieved. But there was no open response, and presently the meeting closed.

As the party of friends walked homeward, discussing the need of the mission fields as presented in the discourse, Fred remarked:

"Roy, why don't you volunteer to go? You have a good schooling, and are just the boy, in my opinion, to engage in such work."

"Who— me?" answered Roy in seeming astonishment, although that was the very question he expected to hear and dreaded more than any other. "Why, I have another year coming in school, you know; and besides, what could I do in a big wild land like Africa or South America? I wouldn't even make decent bait for cannibals. That kind of work requires ruggedness of character and great endurance. Besides, it isn't merely to be qualified educationally and physically, you know. I—I think one ought to feel himself called to such a work, and not go merely at another's suggestion."

"Yes, I suppose what you said last is true, but I didn't know but you were being inclined that way," was the answer Fred gave as a sort of apology.

"Why don't you yourself go, Fred?"

Immediately the words had gone from his lips Roy regretted having spoken them. He knew why Fred

would not volunteer, and the reason was far better than the one he had just advanced for himself. He knew that Fred had none of the advantages that he had for securing the necessary education to fit him for such an enterprise.

"I only wish I could go," remarked Fred, sadly, "but the Lord knows that I am not fitted for such important work."

Roy did not realize how foolish his remarks about himself must have sounded until that night when he was alone. Then it came to him that he not only had a guileful tongue, but that he was also a moral slacker. An eight-grade course in the common school, two years in the academy, and three years more at college had given him an intellectual training above that of most of his young friends in the church and community. And as for his health,—well, he was a picture of health, and he felt just as well as he looked. Now he remembered how quickly and strangely Winifred had looked at him. She might not have guessed his subterfuge, but he was quite certain that his mother and Fred did, although the former gave no indication of it. But then she was his mother, and she was very wise, and besides she loved him a great deal; that may have accounted for it. But he slept and arose again, driving away both Spirit and conviction with new cares and lesser ambitions.

And then came the draft. Two weeks after he had registered he was examined for military duty, and found fit—"Sound as a dollar from head to heels," was the physician's expression as he completed the examination. Six months of hard training in a military camp, and then France welcomed him with the incoming thousands who came as saviors from the Western Republic. A few months later he advanced in line with the others of his regiment, side by side with the valiant men of France, into the thick of battle.

Through fields of half-ripened grain they drove the enemy, fearlessly following, far ahead of supply trains, forgetful of bodily wants. Through and past thickets that spouted fire and death, where innumerable machine guns were hidden; across open fields that burst with volcanic-like eruptions and opened ghastly shell craters as the voices of giant guns in the distance uttered their challenge.

Then they came to the town of —, with its terrible conflict that lasted all day and into the night. Here fresh reserves were rushed forward by the enemy, and the battle deadlocked. Through the streets of the village, across the ridges behind, and back through the fields and woods lay many of their comrades; but the goal was before them, and though the enemy countered fiercely, Yankee pluck and courage withstood every assault.

That night the town was divided, half of it in the hands of American troops and the other half held by the enemy. The fire of artillery and machine guns died down, but neither side slept. Each knew that the morning would bring a renewal of extreme conflict, and they waited and cleaned their guns and prayed.

In a shelter—such as it was—formed by fallen beams and the broken wall of a wrecked building, were gathered eleven men. All of them were Americans, except one poilu who had become detached from his regiment during the battle the day before, and

who now associated himself with these new comrades from over the seas. Roy Terrell and Fred McClure were both there, the latter nursing a wound in his shoulder made by a flying fragment of shell. Through good fortune these friends had been placed together both in training and service, and all through the period of camp life and all through the battle of the preceding day they had been within sight of each other. An intimacy greater than ever in the past now bound them together, and they rejoiced that providence had seen fit to place them side by side.

Under the tense conditions sleep was impossible. All assumed such attitudes of ease as were possible, and rested as best they could, but it was a sorry respite. With guns and gas masks ready at hand; and with grim faces, sweat-streaked and powder-blackened, they awaited the morning onslaught. Many tender words and confidences were passed between Roy and Fred that night. Once their hands met in a warm, passionate embrace, while somewhere in the darkness of that miserable shelter there was heard a repressed sob.

When the first morning light began to tinge the eastern skies, an inferno of shell fire was let loose from both sides of the opposing forces. A huge bomb from a trench mortar landed squarely before the place where the friends were grouped, and burst with terrific force, well-nigh demolishing their retreat and opening a great cavity in the earth. Those of the occupants who could do so extricated themselves from the shattered wreckage and scrambled down into the shell hole, where they took positions to repel an attack of infantry which was momentarily expected. Although they saw little of what was going on about them, they knew that on each side and behind were many other of their countrymen waiting for the order that would come to drive forward.

Suddenly there was a movement immediately in front. The enemy was creeping upon them. A half-dozen forms arose from a carefully chosen position and threw grenades, two of them falling back with hands pressed to their breasts as the guns crashed out from the American side. One grenade was hurled directly at the men in the shell hole. There was no chance to flee, to even breathe a prayer. But with a movement quick as thought, Roy, who was in direct line with the missile, reached up and clutched the hurtling terror, and with another movement as quick threw it to one side where it exploded, spraying them with dust and scattered debris as they again fixed their attention on the front. But before ever his arm was withdrawn, the bullet found its way to Roy's heart, and fell into Fred's arms with a look that Fred understood; for through him it transmitted a message of love and assurance clear back across the Atlantic to those who waited with prayers and anxiety for the boy who would not return.

Coincident with this tragic occurrence there rang out from behind a cry of command that sent hundreds of khaki-clad bounding forward, and presently the village was cleared. A few hours later Fred McClure and two others—all that remained of those eleven companions for a night—came back, and with bared heads paid silent tribute of respect to their dead hero comrade who had saved their lives by his quick thought and action.

And then one day Fred came back to the States to recuperate from wounds received at the front. Sitting in a wheel chair, the center of a circle of admiring and intimate friends, including Roy's mother and

Winifred, he related to them the incident as it is written in the battle annals and book of heroes of the army over the seas.

"Yes, though Roy cannot know, he has been cited for personal bravery and for post decoration of honor because of that deed. But there is more I have to relate," said Fred, "something that interests a few of us in a particular way because of our knowledge of certain matters before Roy went away.

"A long time ago he confided to me how he had been impressed to go into mission fields, but refused to heed the summons. This weighed heavily upon him. The bill of health and fitness which he received from the War Department that sent him into the training camp was a severe condemnation to him because of remarks he had made at a certain time. But he repented, and entreated me to bring these back to you in case he should be left to sleep under foreign soil. Here, Mrs. Terrell and Winifred, are his messages to you, given just the night before the battle that claimed his life. They will bring joy into your sorrow and put a ray of sunshine into your tears."

Then he handed them each a letter.

Winifred wept softly as she read the missive addressed to her, while a beam of gladness came into Mrs. Terrell's face that almost obliterated the lines that sorrow had written there.

Here is the text of the letter which she read. The contents account for the emotions that swept her soul and Winifred's that day:

"DEAREST MOTHER: It is the night before the great battle of which you will read and hear later. My heart has been heavy for many days as I have thought of the many opportunities I slighted before coming here. How strange that it should grow lighter now, and just before what is to take place tomorrow.

"But what has grieved me is that I have not always been true to God and honest with his Spirit and with those whom I love. You will recall that day at the church when the minister asked for volunteers to go to the African mission fields. At that time I was convinced that I ought to go, but refused to heed the call, and made some miserably false excuses. I now ask you to forgive me, mother dear, and I am sending the same request to Winifred, who was present on that occasion. You will both understand. Under the circumstances I shall gladly give my life, if need be, to the cause which my country has espoused, but I wish—oh, how I wish!—I had been as willing to give it to my Saviour for his work when he called.

"I want you to know, mother, that I have truly repented, and will, if my life is spared and God permits, go anywhere he may call me to go when I return from this great war.

"I pray for you, mother dear; God bless and keep you. Pray also for me that he may strengthen my faith and uphold me. Give my love and best wishes to all my friends back there. If I should not return, think of me in future days with gracious forbearance as of one who is now definitely committed to do God's will, and who believes that what God wills is always best.

Your loving and devoted son,

"ROY OLIVER TERRELL."

"My dear, dear boy!" said Mrs. Terrell, the glory of a smile hidden in her tears, "I knew that if he returned he would bring the Lord with him, and if he had to leave us he would take the Lord along."

Then Fred leaned forward and placed in her hands the Bible she had given her son when he left for France. On the flyleaf she had written, "To my beloved son, Roy, from Mother." Opposite, on the inside cover page, was pasted a small map of Africa. A penciled figure of a hand pointed to the Gold Coast, and below were written the following lines:

"Dark Africa, you called me once;
Unkind, I turned away:
An inner darkness, deep and cold,
Pursued me from that day.
But now, Dark Land, repentant, I
Hold out my hands to thee;
Thy need and God's unfailing love
Have sent the light to me."

LETTERS THAT NEED NO COMMENT

MRS. PAULINE HOLME, president emeritus of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Baltimore, Maryland, in writing of the Anti-Tobacco Annual, of which she has distributed a large number, says: "I gave a copy of the INSTRUCTOR — the Anti-Tobacco Annual — to a prominent gentleman who smoked. He read it and has not smoked since last September, a year ago. His son, a Cornell student, read it and quit, and an uncle past eighty years of age read it and has not smoked since. Each quit without consulting with the other, and all three have not smoked since. I am ordering an additional fifty copies. Later I hope to get other orders."

Another W. C. T. U. worker accompanied her order for the Anti-Tobacco Annual with the following note:

"I just had a call over the telephone from one of our county W. C. T. U. officers. She said, 'I think the Anti-Tobacco INSTRUCTOR the best I ever read. I am going to see how many boys will be in attendance at Hillsdale College this year, and shall see that each one has a copy.' Later she said, 'Send for one hundred copies, and I will be responsible for the four dollars.'"

What are you doing with the Anti-Tobacco Annual?

Conquering the Evil and Cultivating the Good

MATILDA ERICKSON

I AM sure the Master meant for young people to form habits that would be an unflinching blessing to them — habits that would be a bulwark between them and the tempter, and make them victorious soldiers of the cross. I hope that is the kind you are forming. For your habits will be among your best friends or your worst enemies. They will be a mighty power for good or a dreadful weight to drag you to evil.

Day by day you are choosing which kind your habits will be; and little by little they are making your life a power for good, or dragging you down with their awful chains to sin. But today it is yours to choose, and as great a man as William McKinley ventured to say that "it is just as easy to form a good habit as it is a bad one. And it is just as hard to break a good habit as a bad one."

Habits That Hinder

But some of us have already formed habits that hinder. Then what shall we do? That reminds me: I have read that the men who built some of our early railroads were paid by the mile. For this reason they put in many curves that might have been avoided. I do not know that the story is true; it hardly seems probable; but the fact remains that in recent years millions of dollars have been spent in straightening roads, in order to eliminate the enormous waste of traveling around unnecessary curves.

Perhaps we, too, have been traveling around curves in our lives, for every bad habit is a curve — and a dangerous curve — in the road of life. Are you careless about your work? Is the tardy habit gripping you? Are you habitually neglecting your personal devotions? Do you forget your promises to others? Do you spend your money carelessly? Are you yielding to the temptation to read books that your best judgment does not indorse? Or are you failing on any other point to be all that you long to be today? If so, begin at once to cut out these curves on the road of life, for every curve not only hinders but endangers your future. Do not keep one, — no, not even one unnecessary curve.

Every Habit Hard to Break

"I just can't do it. I can't get used to their ways. I suppose it's because I wasn't used to it at home,"

said a young man. He had been brought up in a Christian home. Early in life, however, he went out to work for people who were not Christians — people who cared nothing for the better things of life, and sought only money and pleasure. But the habits formed in childhood were a chain holding that young man to his father's religion. They were a bulwark between him and the temptations about him.

I suppose habits are so very hard to break because they are formed so unconsciously. The chain of habit is not felt until it is too strong to break. Trench says:

"Habit, like a rolling stone upon a mountain top,
A child may first set off, a giant cannot stop."

Every act not only makes repetition easier, but makes it harder to do something very different. Children imitate others. Young people do, too, sometimes. But the older we grow the more we imitate ourselves. What we have done once we do again, and do it more easily, until it becomes second nature and we do it unconsciously. Do not sigh because this is true. Thank God that there is such a blessed reward for him who tries faithfully to do right each day.

Aiming High and Living Low

"Yes, sir, I'll be there at five o'clock sharp to take you to the train," said a man who has a machine as well as a fairly good position. Five o'clock came; 5:15; 5:20; 5:45. But Mr. B — did not appear. The friends grew desperate; if he did not come soon, they surely would miss the train. Finally he came. "Oh, I had no idea it was so late!" was the inexcusable excuse of his apology. He promised to meet his friends at a given time. He aimed to do it, and yet he failed because he was careless and did not keep watch of the time. But since he *had promised* to be there at five o'clock, it was *his business* to know when five o'clock came.

Just so it is your business and my business to make sure that our daily lives conform to our great purpose of being soul-winners. Aiming high in a general way and living on a low plane from day to day, is the kind of soil in which most bad habits grow. All young people expect to turn out well; they only want to take the path of least resistance for today, and then follow the upward path again tomorrow. Do you remember

how Rip Van Winkle excused each relapse from reforming by "I won't count this"? You, too, may say, "Well, I won't count this; I'll begin all over when I've had this bit of dissipation." You may not count it, but your heart counts it, and your nerves count it and register it on the enemy's side. That means that you will be weaker and he stronger when the next temptation comes. Your relapses are re-enforcements for him. So beware of the giving-up habit! Do not root up your good habits like that. Give them a chance to grow. Beware of doing anything questionable "just this once," lest before you know it the cable of habit be too strong to break.

The Source of Habits

"How shall I begin to form right habits?" asks an earnest young Christian. And the wise man answers, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." My visit to the famous soda springs in Manitou, Colorado, helps me to appreciate more fully what Solomon says. There were many small pipes where waiting tourists could fill their cups, but the water from the soda springs all came from the same big trunk pipe. So the streams of life flow out through various channels in words and deeds and attitudes. But they all originate in the heart, and if the heart is pure and sweet and unselfish the streams of habit that flow from it are bound to be the same.

Then keep your "heart with all diligence." Do not merely try to keep evil out, but remember that the only safe way of keeping it out is to fill the heart with things that are true and beautiful,—with kindly thoughts for others. Just here was the secret of the power of Wilberforce, who has been called "the great apostle of liberty in Europe." When he was turning England upside down, some one asked, "What is the secret of his power? There are plenty of men that have more brains and more culture." His friends replied: "The secret of Wilberforce is that he has a heart full of sympathy."

Yes, the heart is the secret source of the habits of life. So ask the Master to fill your heart with sympathy, that it too may overflow in loving deeds; and try to live by the golden rule, and see if it does not make you more sympathetic. Put yourself in the place of others. Treat them as if they were yourself or the Master whom you serve. And remember that kind deeds are good antidotes for selfish hearts. One kind deed each day will do much more than any amount of daydreaming in helping you to form habits of truly unselfish living. But above all else that you do, ask the Saviour to take full charge of your heart, for "except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." With Jesus as the guardian of your heart, you will form habits that will make you a blessing to others in this world, and make sure of your admission into the next.

Sandpaper from the Packing House

THE whole story of packer usefulness in winning the war is not confined to supplying meats. For instance, the Armour Sandpaper Works received an order by wire for an enormous amount of its product—"at the earliest possible moment." The factory buckled down to the task, ran off eighteen miles of sandpaper a yard wide, dried it, cut it up, packed it, and shipped it before the following morning. Fourteen miles more followed the next day.—*Christian Herald*.

For the Finding-Out Club

The Winner of the Oregon Country

ON the third of March, in the cold, blustery spring of 1843, a stalwart man dressed in coarse fur garments and protected from the cutting wind by an immense buffalo overcoat, appeared on the streets of the national capital. He had journeyed from the far Northwest, across the trackless Rockies and the broad pathless prairies, on an errand of great importance. Straight down Pennsylvania Avenue he made his way to the White House, and there succeeded in securing an audience with President Tyler. It had taken him six months to make the journey, but it took him only a short hour to describe in outline the territory beyond the Rockies thirty-four times the size of the State of Massachusetts; to tell of its rich mines, dense forests, placid lakes, majestic rivers, and fertile delta lands; and to make his plea against the plan which Congress was even then considering, of granting this land to Great Britain for the purpose of colonization. Statesmen listened to the arguments of this rough frontier man, and were impressed with the wisdom of his advice. In response to his appeal the States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming found their way under the flag of the United States, and are ours today.

The brave pioneer missionary doctor led a band of immigrants to the new country, and when they were located, he took up once more his work among the Indians, which the journey East had interrupted. While laboring at Wai-i-lat-pu, his mission station on the banks of the Walla Walla River, he was killed at the instigation of jealous Canadian priests, by natives whom he had often helped and befriended. Name this winner of the Oregon country, the savior of the great Northwest.

L. E. C.

Solve the Problem

THE following mathematical review of the Sunday school lessons on the first sixteen chapters of the book of Acts, was suggested by Rev. E. P. Armstrong in the *Sunday School Times*:

Multiply the number of days Jesus was seen on earth after his resurrection,

By the angels who talked with the disciples after his ascension,

Add those present in the upper room when Peter made his first address,

Multiply by the number who dwelt in that upper room,

Divide by the number added to the apostles by lot,

Add those added to the church on the day of Pentecost,

Divide by the disciples who, entering the temple, healed a man,

Divide again by the healed man's age,

Subtract the persons who lied unto God and fell dead,

Multiply by the disciples released from prison by an angel,

Divide by the men chosen and ordained to attend to the business of the early church,

Subtract those stoned to death for witnessing for Jesus,

Subtract those who offered money for the power of the Holy Spirit,

Subtract the workers who preached in a chariot,

Divide by the days a persecutor was blinded,

Multiply by the years Æneas was in bed with the palsy,

Add the times Peter was bidden "rise, . . . kill, and eat,"

Subtract the men sent to Peter by Cornelius,

Add the brethren who went to Cornelius with Peter,

Subtract the chains with which Peter was bound,

Subtract the names of the most prominent disciple,

Add the disciples called gods,

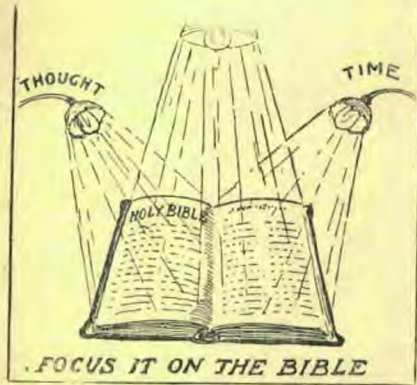
Subtract the men from Macedonia who appeared to Paul in

a vision,

Subtract the number of women selling purple, and state the result.

A Minute Sermon

WE see in the picture the light of three electric lamps focused upon the Bible. One of these is *time*; we cannot know our Bible



unless we spend much time in reading it. The *second* is *thought*; we must put our minds upon our Bible reading, thinking it over carefully, or it will escape from us as fast as we take it in. The *third* lamp is *love*; we must

love our Bible, or we shall not put much time or thought into the study of it. And the longer we read it, the more we shall love it.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Polite Japan

THE Japanese have an international reputation for politeness. One writer, in speaking of this almost universal trait of this happy, good-natured people, says:

"I have been fourteen months in a certain province, and I have not yet heard voices raised in anger, or witnessed a quarrel; never have I seen one man strike another, or a woman bullied, or a child slapped. Indeed, I have never seen any real roughness anywhere that I have been in Japan, except at the open ports where the poorer classes seem, through contact with Europeans, to lose their natural politeness,—their native morals,—even their capacity for simple happiness."

Burton Holmes, in speaking of this same characteristic of the Japanese, says:

"The exquisite courtesy of the Japanese teaches them that it is rude and selfish to show a sad face to the world. They are taught to bear grief with a smiling face. We are told of a foreigner who was shocked by what seemed to him the heartlessness of the family nurse, who announced to him the death of her husband with a low laugh and a smiling face. In reality that laugh betokened the most thoughtful consideration for the master. To have appeared before the master with an unpleasant, tear-stained face, to have addressed him with tones of woe, would have been impolite. The laugh that accompanies the announcement of sad news has been translated into words by Mr. Hearn. It signifies, 'This you might honorably think to be an unhappy event. Pray do not suffer Your Superiority to feel concerned about so inferior a matter, and pardon the necessity which causes us to outrage politeness by speaking about such an affair at all.'"

"The courtesy of even the humblest of the peasants gives us a feeling of absolute security amid these gentle, happy-humored people. In these valleys, tea houses, or roadside resting places, are as numerous as elsewhere in Japan. Never are we suffered to approach without a welcome. The hostess always bustles out and greets us with low bows, and as she bows, she makes a curious hissing sound by drawing in her breath through her closed teeth. At first it is a little

disconcerting to be greeted everywhere by this sound like that of escaping steam, but it is always so; whenever we approach an inn some one apparently turns on the human radiators, which continue to sizzle until long after we have been comfortably installed. And these oft-repeated sniffs are not a sign of influenza; they are an outward and audible sign of an inward and healthy politeness. They mean that we are very welcome. I always tried to return these greetings with interest, and soon became proficient in the back-breaking bow of Dai-Nippon, and could hold my own with any of them in a hissing contest."

On an Elevated Train

AN old lady entered with a little boy in a Scout suit. An old colored gentleman arose and offered her his seat, saluting the little boy, who returned the salute. Three younger men remained seated. At the next station a stylish young girl entered. The three young men arose at the same time, each proffering her his seat. A little later, however, the young men were subjected to giggles when the well-bred, stylish young girl arose and gave her seat to the old colored gentleman.

If you had been on that train to whom would you have given your seat?

Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN Secretary
 MATILDA ERICKSON { Assistant Secretaries
 ELLA IDEN
 MEADE MAC GUIRE Field Secretary

The Summary

WILL the war hinder the spread of the message? Will our offerings and our record of missionary endeavor decrease because war work is demanding our attention and pulling vigorously at our purse strings? This was what many were asking when, a year and a half ago, our country was drawn into the gigantic struggle which has gripped the world.

The reply to these questions is found in the splendid missionary reports which are coming in from the field, and they speak in no uncertain tones. A decrease in offerings and missionary work? No, emphatically no. Look at the summary of Missionary Volunteer work for the quarter ending March 31, 1918; then compare these figures with the corresponding quarter's record for 1917, which is printed just beneath. Does it not fill the heart with courage and a renewed determination to put our best efforts into the Master's service, when we see how God has blessed his work, in spite of hindrances?

Missionary Volunteers, the secret of a good report rests with each one of us individually. If you are giving your best to the Master, and reporting regularly what he has been able to accomplish through you, then you are doing your part. Even though it seems small, it will be blessed of God if it is your *best*. Remember the motto: "I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do *something*. What I can do I ought to do, and by the grace of God I *will* do."

M. E. KERN.

Summary of the Missionary Volunteer Work in North America for Quarter Ending March 31, 1918

Conferences	Number of Societies	Present Membership	No. Members Reporting	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings and Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent and Given	Books Sold	Books Lent and Given	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent and Given	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Articles Clothing Given	Value of Food Given	Treatments Given	Signers to Temperance Pledges	Bonquets Given	Scripture Cards Given	Offerings for Foreign Miss.	Offerings for Home Miss.	Conversions
ATLANTIC UNION																								
E. New York	9	97	59	93	33	170	37	26	320	1830	547	76	55	391	498	40	\$ 3.75	17	1	14	55	\$ 69.12	\$ 23.75	7
Gr. New York	12	466	240	532	278	1597	396	56	4217	4993	868	278	422	4010	1579	332	59.66	139	13	18	2125	265.53	116.65	23
Maine	15	229	120	229	67	173	43	13	2042	485	49	—	—	712	233	58	2.95	7	1	10	39	42.94	19.42	6
Mass.	20	447	800	549	228	1283	203	47	935	5552	496	238	504	2752	661½	149	20.35	117	50	47	56	172.46	161.55	21
N. New Eng.	4	151	82	60	23	131	40	11	404	541	110	54	2	102	62½	14	5.75	30	—	—	—	7.35	7.68	—
S. New Eng.	12	122	81	135	52	133	35	70	2570	2032	130	70	—	27	970	371	4.65	33	27	—	81	49.09	17.21	—
W. New York	13	234	127	81	40	167	7	24	1062	1317	104	88	41	481	1468½	60	6.25	17	21	10	163	44.23	71.88	—
Bermuda Miss.*	1	20	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	29	—	—	—	6	—	8	—	1	—	—	—	3.16	—	—
CENTRAL UNION																								
Colorado	35	763	481	743	459	1006	220	144	1101	6324	210	490	352	2392	2372	823	44.01	147	86	84	364	1111.63	233.75	25
Kansas	49	834	521	368	130	527	83	173	486	3396	327	314	33	1334	1376	523	20.05	76	18	41	153	271.87	92.69	23
Missouri	19	404	154	239	88	216	37	42	101	4627	109	150	3	805	602	132	12.90	78	—	64	7	77.51	49.05	5
Nebraska	30	740	471	409	179	675	221	103	337	4130	220	252	22	447	747	259	41.75	50	—	33	85	1741.33	96.89	33
Wyoming	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	327	51	23	—	75	76	29	27.50	6	12	4	—	596.47	2.00	—
COLUMBIA UNION																								
Chesapeake	9	113	8	80	49	194	46	21	1722	954	239	103	231	339	289	53	10.75	9	6	10	—	26.44	62.96	—
Dist. of Col.	5	305	197	766	67	311	45	4	—	5774	15	66	—	558	76	39	8.45	24	—	20	31	34.03	36.46	—
E. Pa.	14	206	109	388	144	155	79	24	220	1326	119	159	158	1036	1296	194	51.73	19	—	18	896	80.26	133.75	—
New Jersey	23	336	264	435	128	743	255	94	571	4258	229	212	497	2555	1092	49	49.05	34	18	8	116	114.87	76.86	4
Ohio	20	494	340	509	261	932	200	99	2062	7524	232	526	140	3187	1012	514	75.78	103	15	47	185	268.64	29.80	—
Virginia	10	184	84	110	32	152	237	4	593	131	663	19	5	95	338½	35	27.60	8	—	2	—	29.36	25.00	—
W. Pa.	11	200	113	210	66	527	233	15	1953	3324	278	33	97	1815	220	28	6.05	—	10	27	362	172.65	60.24	4
W. Virginia	5	64	43	114	115	112	27	61	610	1067	221	60	—	165	249	348	43.74	37	—	—	—	124.65	40.87	—
LAKE UNION																								
E. Michigan	37	616	297	401	118	658	186	149	929	4964	291	235	169	2170	1277½	288	33.71	67	2	53	240	108.84	297.17	2
N. Michigan	11	95	40	27	10	59	1	2	72	1499	25	16	13	57	131	41	13.10	6	—	3	20	65.23	6.11	—
N. Illinois	43	880	507	882	460	2326	779	55	7731	7867	247	351	1184	5129	2082	817	93.55	908	25	80	334	630.22	178.48	19
Indiana	43	522	357	355	135	947	249	19	525	8144	221	275	75	980	1506	245	19.29	70	130	98	596	158.70	63.95	5
N. Wisconsin	15	247	194	275	60	122	36	38	806	1608	14	91	20	618	610	149	37.20	7	11	10	217	33.84	82.53	—
S. Illinois	15	211	111	61	65	57	51	231	1817	361	53	14	638	318	52	—	14.40	—	—	—	—	19.17	—	10
S. Wisconsin	30	487	242	222	76	942	134	18	270	2972	65	148	91	1331	451½	402	3.40	65	57	11	621	133.62	48.63	3
W. Michigan	50	1157	502	401	153	864	227	43	161	5725	118	394	89	1879	1130	632	59.75	31	4	79	421	256.82	184.87	9
NORTHERN UNION																								
Iowa	23	475	225	317	142	966	209	46	1462	6476	211	192	27	912	1448	364	30.54	134	—	46	97	505.23	134.28	3
Minnesota	43	694	309	572	233	445	95	122	712	4515	135	257	411	2343	1249	245	22.57	106	8	24	530	171.55	156.11	—
N. Dakota	17	416	162	223	62	131	138	53	340	4063	257	161	100	2912	306	91	5.80	40	20	—	7	89.13	65.80	7
S. Dakota	8	127	73	239	122	120	34	11	106	2572	56	50	1	425	269	85	14.25	—	—	5	129	50.05	48.73	—
NORTH PACIFIC UNION																								
Montana	3	115	72	116	35	71	—	7	588	450	99	35	16	57	50	27	1.20	12	—	2	—	58.75	12.15	—
S. Idaho	—	334	—	88	40	108	19	1	41	1581	47	54	7	277	532	148	9.40	10	—	3	6	29.91	5.76	—
S. Oregon	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Upper Col.	18	474	306	661	93	616	222	67	311	13543	1734	275	55	2344	757	155	24.95	27	17	37	303	242.48	78.18	14
W. Oregon	—	278	—	194	61	274	11	—	106	14985	39	132	9	576	935	757	9.15	49	—	42	255	57.04	127.86	11
W. Wash.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
PACIFIC UNION																								
Arizona	4	65	61	88	26	130	18	11	13	782	8	65	—	109	85	29	2.00	6	—	—	6	5.65	—	1
California	22	462	274	132	80	404	65	401	1081	2770	142	160	18	2049	816	108	31.95	16	3	295	412	93.44	100.84	2
C. California	35	787	319	270	111	585	168	37	248	7735	216	378	21	953	657	448	37.45	47	54	164	178	275.15	80.27	—
Inter-Mountain	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Nevada Mission	5	58	33	28	16	44	6	8	41	214	25	18	3	95	59¾	15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
N. California	26	436	252	245	78	218	33	14	180	6797	720	218	23	779	463½	103	9.40	78	—	67	243	157.97	34.18	18
N. W. Cal.	22	613	—	349	95	892	91	86	454	5613	40	176	17	334	633	126	19.65	52	—	288	15	210.99	15.95	24
S. Cal.	20	500	151	299	132	1279	195	80	352	6420	45	369	34	3938	1010	—	29.59	181	1	96	15	163.13	97.25	24
S. E. Cal.	25	476	—	149	38	179	42	19	365	3000	338	149	12	1105	221	60	2.3	9	—	113	93	179.69	7.44	1
SOUTHEASTERN UNION																								
Cumberland	7	204	149	377	201	567	54	19	5336	1875	434	289	358	355	604	165	72.76	13	26	79	12	97.25	94.22	—
Florida	14	286	195	193	108	464	146	7	220	2396	63	186	8	521	468	66	19.55	36	—	101	53	86.59	60.01	13
Georgia	7	154	105	225	146	1103	209	52	301	925	945	195	178	994	702	192	1.19	32	5	108	22	120.31	39.24	—
N. Carolina	11	184	—	101	30	340	61	28	633	3630	111	144	19	491	426	160	24.00	51	—	—	—	35.18	27.60	20
S. Carolina	7	70	35	16	16	47	10	3	10	65	5	9	5	—	162									

Moody's Parable

"Without a parable spake he not unto them."

A NEWSPAPER reporter in Boston with infidel views said that he did not believe that these anecdotes preachers tell were true. And he asked his chief, when Moody came to Boston, that he should be permitted to show him up. He said he would track down his illustrations, and prove that he made them up for the occasion. He received permission, and was told to go ahead. He had his table, pencil, and paper placed directly in front of the speaker's platform; and he was ready to refute Mr. Moody's every story. Mr. Moody began:

"I read a story today which I want to tell you."

The reporter was on edge. He would take him word for word. Mr. Moody went on: "A man was going along the street in a certain city, I have forgotten the place."

"Suspicious," sniffed the reporter as he wrote that down.

"It was the Christmas season, and he saw three little girls looking into the shop windows at the Christmas toys. The two on the outside were trying to tell the one in the middle what they saw."

That was as far as the reporter got that night. He dropped his pencil, and never stooped to pick it up. He sat as one spellbound, looking at Mr. Moody throughout the entire service.

Mr. Moody went on: "One little girl said, 'O, look at that lovely doll in a blue dress!' The child in the middle seemed puzzled. 'O, see that red ribbon on this one's hat!'"

"The child in the middle seemed not to understand. She was blind. Red and blue were but words to her. Color was a mystery unsolvable to her, though it seemed to mean so much to her sisters, who were trying to make her see and know. The man realized the pathos of the scene, and hurried on.

"So it is with this gospel we preach," said Mr. Moody. "The world is color-blind to the things of the Spirit. O, if we could but make them see what we see, no man or woman would refuse the gospel call. If we could only tell it so that they could understand, that would be preaching, the kind the world is hungering for."

At the close of the service the reporter was the first on the stand. "Mr. Moody, where did you get that story?"

"I read it on the train this morning as I was coming in."

"Well, it's true. I wrote it. I am the man that saw those little girls. But I never saw the parable that was in it."

He did not know that the little blind girl was himself!—*Rev. E. A. Clarke.*

Where to Get Live Coals

IT is said that upon the table-land of Asia Minor, the women may be seen at dawn of day going outdoors and looking up at their neighbors' chimneys. They would see the one out of which the smoke is coming. Thither they go to borrow live coals with which to kindle a fire in their own homes. Do men watch thus our lives? If in our hearts the Holy Spirit has kindled a sacred fire, shall they not come to us for warmth and inspiration?—*Alliance Weekly.*

"MEN live, not by care for themselves, but by love."

The Sabbath School

VII — Korah, Dathan, and Abiram Rebel

(November 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Numbers 16, 17.

MEMORY VERSE: "Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer." 1 Cor. 10: 10.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 395-405; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 230, 231.

"Only the firmest and most constant hearts
God sets to act the stoutest, hardest parts."

Questions

1. After the children of Israel had turned back into the wilderness, what rebellion broke out? Num. 16: 1-3. Note 1.
2. What did Moses do? What did he say to Korah and his company? Verses 4, 5. Note 2.
3. What did Moses say they should do on the morrow? Verses 6, 7.
4. How did Moses reprove them for their wrong course? Verses 8-11.
5. For what two men that were in the rebellion did Moses send? What reply did these men make? How did they reproach Moses? Verses 12-14.
6. What did Moses ask of the Lord? What command to Korah and his men was repeated? What did these men then do? Verses 16-18.
7. To what place did Korah gather the people? What appeared before them all? What did the Lord say to Moses and Aaron? What did Moses and Aaron do? Verses 19-22.
8. What did the Lord tell Moses to have the congregation do? How did Moses carry out this command? Verses 23-27.
9. How did Moses say it would be known if the Lord was with him? Verses 28-30.
10. What immediately came to pass? What did all Israel do? What became of the two hundred fifty men who had offered incense? Verses 31-35. Note 3.
11. What did all Israel do the next day? What caused the murmurings to cease? What did the Lord tell Moses to do? Verses 41-45.
12. How did Aaron seek to atone for the sin of the people? What had already begun among them? How many died in the plague? Verses 46-50.
13. What did the Lord desire all the princes of Israel to do? How were the rods to be marked? Where were they to be placed? Num. 17: 1-4.
14. How was the Lord's choice to be revealed? What further evidence was given that the priesthood had been given to the family of Aaron? What use was to be made of Aaron's rod in the future? Verses 5-13.
15. What lesson should we learn from these experiences? Memory verse.

Notes

1. "The judgments visited upon the Israelites served for a time to restrain their murmuring and insubordination, but the spirit of rebellion was still in the heart, and eventually brought forth the bitterest fruits. The former rebellions had been mere popular tumults, arising from the sudden impulse of the excited multitude; but now a deep-laid conspiracy was formed, the result of a determined purpose to overthrow the authority of the leaders appointed by God himself."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 395.

2. "Korah, the leading spirit in this movement, was a Levite, of the family of Kohath, and a cousin of Moses; he was a man of ability and influence. Though appointed to the service of the tabernacle, he had become dissatisfied with his position, and aspired to the dignity of the priesthood."—*Ibid.*

3. "When Moses was entreating Israel to flee from the coming destruction, the divine judgment might even then have been stayed, if Korah and his company had repented and sought forgiveness. But their stubborn persistence sealed their doom. The entire congregation were sharers in their guilt, for all had, to a greater or less degree, sympathized with them. Yet God in his great mercy made a distinction between the leaders in rebellion and those whom they had led. The people who had permitted themselves to be deceived were still granted space for repentance. Overwhelming evidence had been given that they were wrong, and that Moses was right. The signal manifestation of God's power had removed all uncertainty."—*Id.*, p. 401.

O LOVE that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

—George Matheson.

Prayer for Our Boys

"O thou Father of the fatherless, we pray that thou mayest be Father, Counselor, Protector, and Friend to our boys who are far from home today. In camp and billet may they remember thee; in danger may they call upon thee; in suffering and weakness may they find comfort and help in thee. Steady them with thy divine strength, and keep them sweet in spite of temptation to bitterness and hate. Preserve thou in them and in us the heart of childhood and of the Master, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

The President's Appeal

ON Sept. 3, 1917, President Wilson said to the national army:

"You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom. Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men, everywhere, not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through.

"Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it, and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America. My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you!"

Every boy and young man in the land, whether in the army or in the home, should take President Wilson's words as a personal appeal to himself to be an upright, clean, honest youth.

Not One Only, but Many

A MINISTER recently referred to the fact that through the Morning Watch we are all asked to learn one text a day. While this is far better than learning none, it is better still, he claims, to memorize many verses, chapters, and whole books. Having himself been working on the last suggestion, he has succeeded in appropriating the book of Revelation, so that when in the dark or on the crowded car, he can close his eyes and think through the whole of the beloved disciple's letter.

He said, too, that since he had been taxing his memory in such efforts, that it has been greatly strengthened, in fact he finds that the work has had a wholesome effect upon both mind and heart.

Having thus generously tasted of the Word of God and seen that it is good, he urges others to follow his example. The book of James would make a good beginning. The first chapter is a string of pearls, each verse shining with heaven's own glory.

The Face of Jesus

THE noted Italian artist of the Renaissance, Leonardo da Vinci, expended years of toil upon "The Last Supper," one of his most famous paintings. When the picture was finally completed, a few of his most intimate friends were invited to view it. One of these, the most renowned critic of them all, stood enraptured before the canvas, and when at last he broke the silence it was with the words, "How wonderful is that golden cup in the Saviour's hand!" Da Vinci had painted with rare skill an exquisite chased chalice in which Christ was offering the wine of the sacrament to his disciples; but it was at the face of Jesus, expressive of a love divine, that he desired to have his auditors look. Disappointed, he seized his brush and blotted out the cup which had made of secondary interest the face of the Master

which he had intended to portray for the wooing of men's hearts. The life of every Christian is a portrait of this same Master, and nothing should find a place on the canvas which will mar the reflection of his perfect image, or divert attention from the face of Calvary's Substitute, who died on the cross that man might live.

L. E. C.

A Great Word

THERE is a little verse written long ago which I wish to use as my theme today:

"There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
Nothing so royal as truth."

This word "kindness" is one of the greatest words in the English language. Even its very mention breathes benignness, and it is given to no one to exhaust its deep meaning, either by explanation of word or example. It is of interest to note that this beautiful word comes from the same Anglo-Saxon root as the word "kindred." It is therefore the expression of true kinship, and when we read that God is kind both to the just and the unjust, we are learning that he holds himself as a father and friend to every living human soul.

"My brother," said Jacob Riis, "is the expression that has in it the healing of all our social ills." God knew that long ago, and he has been trying by his example to show us how to say that to our fellows, even our enemies, all through the centuries. "Kindness" was the word the Lord was trying to teach Jacob to say to his brother Esau, and had he been willing to say it and play the neighborly part with him, he would have saved himself all those anxious moments which later came in the clash with Esau.

We are told by the Lord's servant that "God proves us by the common occurrences of life." Have you ever thought about that? Perhaps you thought that the records only tell about the big things you did for somebody—that is, the ones *you thought* were big and great. But no, the instruction says "the denials of self for the good and happiness of those around us constitute the large share of the life record." Yes, it means something to say even such a little word as "my brother."

"Kindly deeds are never lost,
Though in secret they be done;
God knows and counts their cost,
He records them, every one."

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Our Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses	3
Good from the Army	4
The Bible and You	5
Squirrels of Columbus	8
The Unanswered Call	9
Conquering the Evil and Cultivating the Good	11
The Face of Jesus	16
A Great Word	16
SELECTIONS	
Unexpected Answers to Prayer	3
The Man Who Changed My Life	5
An Interesting Try-Out	6
Peggy and Mrs. Kendall	6
The Story of a Ball of Binder Twine	7
Polite Japan	13
Moody's Parable	15