

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

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No. 46



IN A SAND TRENCH AT CHESAPEAKE BAY SHORE

From Here and There

Two sons of Dr. John Paton are missionaries in the New Hebrides.

Of the 1,600,000,000 people in the world, less than one tenth are at peace.

The college girl who takes the trouble to use her favorite stationery when writing to her small brother at home, is helping to develop a thoughtful comrade and a man of good taste.

The idea of electrifying the railroads of the United States is being favorably considered by the Government. And what a boon to the traveler would be a cinderless, smokeless train!

A statue of Edith Cavell, the British Red Cross nurse who was put to death by the Germans in Belgium, has been recently set up in London, in the vicinity of Trafalgar Square.

Fort Sheridan, Illinois, is to be converted into a base hospital of 4,000 beds. The estimated cost of the conversion is \$3,423,000, and when completed the hospital will be one of the largest in the country.

The Carlisle Indian Industrial School has been discontinued, and the buildings are now being used for hospital purposes and for "the rehabilitation and re-education of sick and wounded soldiers." The college for Indians was founded in 1879.

Though the air mail service between Washington and New York City has been severely hampered by recent storms, the time for the trip has been reduced to two hours and twelve minutes each way, including a stop of eight minutes in Philadelphia.

Before the war two railroads made from \$30,000 to \$50,000 a year staging train wrecks for the movies. One film company has since its organization purchased and demolished in this spectacular way enough rolling stock to outfit a prosperous branch line.

Bulgaria has made an unconditional surrender to the Allies. The army is to demobilize at once, and all questions of territorial arrangement are to be settled later. This is only one evidence of a breaking of the morale of the armies representing the Central Powers.

Barbed wire was invented for a strictly peaceful purpose, but it has assumed a prominent place in the greatest war of history. A gun has been invented which fires five rolls of this wire at one time, bullets which are very effective in impeding the advance of hostile troops.

In Turkey, where railroads are scarce and automobiles scarcer, wounded soldiers are transported on the backs of mules or donkeys. A rude sidesaddle is placed on the back of the animal, with side seats to carry two men. This is not the most comfortable way to travel over rough mountain trails, but then it is better than nothing at all.

William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads, took part in a house-to-house canvass in the interests of the Fourth Liberty Loan on Sunday, October 7. He solicited in the residential district, his activities extending from the White House to the modest cottage of a Negro laborer. He sold \$1,800,000 worth of that commodity known in financial circles as Liberty Bonds.

The great shell-loading plant of the T. A. Gillespie Company at Morgan, New Jersey, was wrecked by explosions on October 5. Ninety-four persons were killed, and 150 injured. Surrounding towns were destroyed by the explosions, and 10,000 persons are homeless. The Red Cross has established a number of relief stations, and the community is under martial law.

Save sugar and help feed our allies! Sugar is valuable as fuel for the body. From it can be obtained not only nourishment but quick reactions in heat and energy. It has somewhat the stimulative effect of alcohol, without, however, the injurious consequences. For these reasons our own soldiers, and those of our allies as well, must be kept well supplied with this food product.

The total collections of internal revenue from all sources for 1918 amount to \$3,694,703,334.05, an excess over the collections for 1917 of \$2,885,309,693.61. \$163,676,012.89 comes from the war taxes on freight and passenger transportation, perfumes, chewing gum, automobiles, pleasure boats, club dues, cameras, etc.

Illuminating gas has made its debut in American motoring circles. In England it has been used in place of gasoline for a year or more, but New York did not see its first gas-driven auto until a few weeks ago. Conservation of gasoline has been declared necessary as a war measure.

English business men are conserving envelopes by striking off the addresses and using them over again. The government has aided the campaign by using gummed flaps which are pasted on the back of the envelope, leaving the flap of the envelope to be used the second time.

Butter is sold by the yard in Cambridge, England. From time immemorial the dairymen of this locality have prepared their butter for market by rolling it into lengths of one yard, weighing one pound each. Therefore Cambridge merchants have no need for weights or scales in dispensing butter.

Next time you wish to clean a large bottle with a small neck, fill it with soapy water and then slip in some pieces of paper before shaking. The paper will remove substances which plain water would fail to dislodge. A Boy Scout made this discovery.

The Youth's Instructor

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Autumnal Triumph

E. F. COLLIER

The signs of Summer's ending
Are scattered everywhere;
The fields are growing grayer,
The tree boughs are more bare;
But now a wondrous beauty
Renews the earth and sky,
To cheer the soul of Autumn
When gayer seasons die.

The sumac's glow now brightens
The hillside's homely face;
The goldenrod enriches
The side-waste's dreary place;
Fringed gentians dot the meadow,
Stray foxgloves add their cheer,
That honor, chaste and guileless,
May crown the passing year.

Earth's robe of green, enchanting,
Is doffed, and lo, we see
New-sinewed strength and greatness
Evolved from mystery.
New praise and beauty rises
From every field and glade
When Earth, unrobed, discovers
What God and Summer made.

Ah, thus shall I, when seasons
Of youth pass swift away,
Extol the lasting virtues
That crown the later day.
When lesser joys, departing,
Disclose the goal I've sought,
I, too, shall hail with triumph
The work that God hath wrought.

Are You in It?

JOSEF W. HALL

THE world evangelization movement is the biggest movement in the world today. We are not questioning the greatness of the movement to crush militarism. That is a movement to make the world safe for democracy. The world evangelization movement is a movement to prepare the world for the kingdom of righteousness, and is the greater even as righteousness is greater than, and fundamental to, democracy.

North China Union Mission consists of ten provinces, with a population of over two hundred million, and an area equal to the United States east of the Mississippi River. This area contains about a thousand church members, and as many more Sabbath keepers of our denomination. Each province is supposed to be manned by two missionary families; at present three provinces have only one each, while one has none at all. Our future program calls for five families to locate in each province, to fill the offices of director and treasurer, and to supervise the colporteur, home missionary, and medical work, as well as carry on regular missionary evangelism. In addition to this we want at least two single lady missionaries in each province to educate a proportion of women into the church.

I have heard of one statement made at the General Conference at San Francisco which is most inspiring. The young people, it was said, gave more to missions last year than the entire denomination gave not many years ago. This was speaking only of donations in specie. The young people of our denomination had no representatives in foreign fields a few years ago. It was thought that only old, tried ministers should be sent to foreign fields. Now the missionaries sent out are almost exclusively young people, and members of the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society. The sixth meeting of the China Continuation Committee, which represents nearly all Christian missions in China, among other resolutions on the subject, recommended that missionaries to China be trained

in special courses, with their mission land in view, for as long a time previous to their sailing as possible, and that they come out as soon as possible after completing a college or seminary course, *in no case after the age of twenty-six.*

Today is the day of the young man and the young woman. They are needed in the movement to make the world safe for democracy; and the movement to make the world safe for righteousness in this generation must also depend on them.

Does north China need evangelization? Let the following incidents from my recent journey answer. We passed a man who we found was carrying three or four girl babies in baskets swung from either end of the pole over his shoulder. I inquired of my mule-litter man as to the destination of this strange load. He replied that this man was the buying agent of some of the wealthy houses in the city who make a business of raising girls for the white-slave trade, and that he had just been out gathering stock from the farmers who had a surplus of the same, or who were forced by the failure of their crops to sell their daughters.

The second incident: As we passed out of a small village, I walking, my belongings on a barrow, donkey pulling, coolie pushing, we passed a dog eating the carcass of a child of six or eight years, judging by its queue, which was about all there was left of it. I drove the dog away. The coolie, who, when no travelers come by to be escorted, is a small farmer of the vicinity, remarked that I was foolish to trouble myself, the custom through the section being to give all dead children under their teens to the dogs to eat. "Then when the dogs die, we eat them," he said. Near by a boy, surrounded by a few playmates, vainly trying to comfort him, was crying as if his heart would break. He was likely the brother or companion of the little fellow being eaten by the dog. The steel of heathenism is early cutting into this lad's heart!

Does evangelism bring results? The neat, well-bred families transformed by Christianity shine out from among their unwashed, quarreling neighbors like jewels from a dunghheap.

Yes, China needs evangelization, and the evangelization movement needs you.

Burning Paper Houses for the Dead

CONCERNING man's condition after death the belief is fairly clear to the average Chinese that the state of man in the hereafter will be similar to the life on earth, only on a higher and happier scale. It



Waiting for the old witch, seen in the right-hand corner of the picture, to finish chanting her mummy before lighting the fire.

is believed that houses, servants, money, horses, etc., will be needed then as now, but that these things must be sent from the earth to the departed spirit of the dead. They are not prepared or provided otherwise. So it is customary to burn paper houses, servants, money, etc., shortly after the death of a person. It is thought that the smoke from the burning paper is transformed into these things at the place where the spirit of the dead man resides.

The relatives of a dead person who lived and died in poverty and who slaved all his life for others, will sacrifice and deny themselves of necessities in order to burn paper servants and money so that he may enjoy a life of ease in his future state.

When we tell the people that in our Father's house there are many mansions, and that the Saviour has gone to prepare a place for his children; that the redeemed shall build houses, and inhabit them, and shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them; that they shall not build and another inhabit; that they shall not plant and another eat; that they shall long enjoy the work of their hands; that they shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble, there is a response in the hearts of the hearers. O. B. KUHN.

A Letter from a Beginner in English

WHEN we see some of the efforts of beginners in the study of English, to write that language, we can better imagine how our first efforts in Spanish sounded to the native ear. The following is part of a letter I recently received from a young *guatemalteco*:

"DEAR BROTHER IN THE FAITH OF CHRIST:

"Am so glad to send you and Mrs. Thurber my best regards. I acknowledge you receipt of your precious letter of the tenth and of the books. Was so glad to hear from you and of receiving the books for which I am very obliged to you. The two littlest books, 'The Speakers' Manual' and the 'Geology,'

are very good, and the 'Bell's Grammar' too, only being very simple; but yea, am very contented with it, because will serve as a present to my brother who wishes to learn English, too. I find that 'The Speakers' Manual' would be in the hand of every one who wants to make himself understood just in this very time when knowledge is multiplied and the utility of the English language is known in all the world. . . . Almost all the books teaching noble pedagogic or psychologic precepts come from the States; that is the reason, I trust, I will make many progresses if I buy my books there. . . .

"I am with a pain in giving you so many troubles, but am sure you will pardon me since you are so kind. If you get the money soon from my brother, you will be good in noticing me soon.

"Thank you specially for your good Bible references for me. Pray for me in my examinations which will be held very soon, that God may bless me in passing my classes. Remember me Mrs. Thurber, and you receive the love in Christ from your lovingly brother in him, with hope of the crown of life in the kingdom of his grace.

"PARMENIO BONILLA."

Those examinations evidently troubled him, for in another letter he writes:

"As soon as I have time I will write you of any things of important Bible references. Today I can't, because am very troubled in my classes and the time of my examinations is at hand."

I wonder if any students in our schools ever get "very troubled" in their classes when examination day is at hand. E. W. THURBER.

Work for the Colored Missionary Volunteers at the Southeastern Union Camp-Meetings

OUR first meeting was held at Augusta, Georgia. This was well attended by the young people of the State, and there were visitors from other conferences. Two special meetings were held daily for the young people. We organized prayer bands and Christian Help bands, which carried on active work. Several young people were converted and united with the church as a result of the personal work of the prayer bands. This year the Missionary Volunteers of Geor-



Pouring oil around the paper house to form a circle of flames in order to keep away evil spirits who might steal away the house intended for the dead person.

gia will more than reach their goal along most lines of work, and we hope that our Standard of Attainment membership and subscriptions to the INSTRUCTOR will also come up to the mark.

The North and South Carolina meetings were held together at Charlotte, North Carolina. We were sorry not to be able to secure a tent for the young people, but the ministers were kind enough to allow us two hours each day for our meetings. The adult campers also usually attended these services, and there was always an enthusiastic audience. One afternoon it was announced that eight or ten young persons were to be asked to give extemporaneously either a short

Bible story or a missionary incident. To give them an idea of just what was wanted the writer told two stories, and then asked for the hands of those who would volunteer to tell one. About twenty hands went up. We called on the Juniors first, and a very small girl told in a few words the story of Noah's ark and the flood. As soon as she had taken her seat, a little boy of seven, who was disappointed because her story was so short, asked if he might tell a *long* story. To the surprise and delight of all he told the whole story of Joseph, not leaving out a single incident, from the coat of many colors to Jacob's death. One of the larger boys told the story of the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, which he had learned at Sabbath school, and stated that this lesson had led him to decide to be a Christian. He closed with an appeal to the members of the society, which made a deep impression on those present. A number of other stories were related, and the hour was altogether too short for all who desired to do so to have a part.

The Largest and Best Came Last

Last, largest, and best of all came the Florida meeting, held at Orlando. Our Missionary Volunteers had a large tent just opposite the big pavilion, well equipped for work. On account of having this comfortable arrangement, we were able to add extra features to the regular morning and evening meetings, but for the home missionary hour and the rally days we all met in the big pavilion. The Senior young people were also requested to attend the conference sessions, that they might become better acquainted with their Father's business. All the teachers were present, except one or two who were detailed to look after the busy work of the primary classes.

The afternoon hour on the last Sunday was devoted to a temperance program, held in the large pavilion. The program was rendered by Senior and Junior young people from the different churches, and was highly appreciated by all, especially visitors from the neighborhood. Nine young persons gave their hearts to God for the first time in the special consecration service held in the Missionary Volunteer tent on the last Sabbath morning.

Our plans this year were uniform, as far as possible, throughout the Union. The Missionary Volunteer Society leaders and secretaries from the local churches were urged to remain throughout the meeting. Some of these young people were assigned regular duties in connection with the camp workers.

The year 1918 has been a record year thus far in the work among our colored young people in this Union. Our courage is renewed, our hope brighter, and our faith stronger, as we return to our homes to do our bit for the Master. We desire the prayers of all, that we fail not. ANNA KNIGHT.

Interesting World Figures

THE following world summary for 1917 is furnished by H. E. Rogers, statistical secretary of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists:

The entire number of Seventh-day Adventist churches Dec. 31, 1917, stood at 2,216, composed of 153,857 members, who paid during the year \$2,946,907.49 tithes; \$1,353,685.07 as foreign mission offerings, and \$818,940.72 for all other purposes; making a total of \$5,119,533.28, a per capita of \$33.27, or an annual increase in the per-capita amount of \$5.35. The actual increase in total funds over those received

during 1916 was \$1,169,042.50, a gain of 29.60 per cent. The increase in members of churches was 12,369, a gain of 8.74 per cent.

A statement regarding literature indicates that the denomination is now issuing literature in 94 languages and dialects, from 40 denominational publishing houses, in the form of 134 periodicals, 562 books, 364 pamphlets, 1,648 tracts, a total of 2,708 publications, one set of each having a total retail value of \$704.50. The sale of denominational literature during 1917 was \$2,881,388.70.

The latest tabulation respecting the valuation of church and institutional investment is the following:

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| Conferences | \$2,553,360.25 |
| Conference associations | 1,810,132.44 |
| Tract societies | 394,467.67 |
| Educational institutions | 2,436,323.16 |
| Publishing houses | 2,167,177.94 |
| Sanitariums | 3,109,547.43 |
| Food companies | 142,587.09 |
| Church buildings | 2,461,779.95 |
| Church school buildings | 208,839.34 |
| Grand total | \$15,284,215.27 |

What a Small Colored Maid is Doing

A LITTLE American colored girl has ministered to no less than 40,000 people of her own race in recent months. Just as in the case of the little captive Jewish maid who did so much for Naaman the leper, her name has not been recorded.

Her pastor says that she mingles with the Negroes of the Big Exodus coming from the South, and talks to them of Christ and the church. They listen to her, and follow her to the church, but there is no building large enough that is available in which to accommodate her followers.

There is one town that she visited in which there are 3,000 colored children. She decided that they ought to be in Sunday school, and gathered 2,500 of them together, only to find there was no place for them in which to meet.

Out of this little girl's work, 25 Sunday schools have sprung up on the doorsteps of as many dwelling-houses.—*Missionary News*.

Those French Names

A LARGE number of the following names with their pronunciations has appeared in the INSTRUCTOR; but we plan to present this list from time to time, adding new names as the need arises:

| | |
|------------|--------------|
| Lille | lĕl |
| Soissons | swă-sôn' |
| Amiens | ă-mĕ-ăn' |
| Epernay | ă-per-nă' |
| Vesle | vâl |
| Chauny | shō-nĕ' |
| Aisne | ăn |
| Oise | wăz |
| Péronne | pă-ron' |
| Bapaume | bă-pôm' |
| Ypres | ĕ'pr |
| St. Mihiel | sañ-mĕ-yel' |
| Picardy | pik'ăr-di |
| Lens | loñs |
| kilometer | kil'o-mĕ-ter |

HAVE you done a kindness to some one today?

The Bird of Leisure

HAVE you made friends with the cedar waxwing? If not, take your bird glasses and bird book and start out on a hunting expedition. The waxwing is incomparable. His beauty, politeness, and other striking characteristics make him a favorite with bird lovers.

When you have become acquainted with this charming bird, you will find Harriette Wilbur's description in the *Christian Endeavor World*, of her personal observations both interesting and informing. Miss Wilbur says:

Characteristics

"The cedar waxwing from birth onward takes life more leisurely than any other bird. Perhaps that is why his plumage is never ruffled or his topknot awry, no matter how the winds blow. As a baby he is very quiet and confident, and will endure handling without alarm or resentment. In manners he is a model of politeness, and, though a great wanderer, takes time to keep every delicate feather on his shapely body smoothed into place with exquisite care. And no bird enjoys an after-dinner siesta better than he does.

"What's the Hurry?"

"I remember sitting one July afternoon for more than an hour, on a park bench, watching two waxwings perched on the extreme tiptop of closely adjacent balsam firs. In all that time they barely moved; they merely sat there, basking in the warm sunshine, stretching a wing or a leg, or turning a head, now and then, and, when peering down at passers-by, raising their crests cockatoo-like. Other birds were flying busily and noisily about, but there they sat with nothing to do and nothing to say. Of course, they may have been planning their nest, and they may have been whispering sweet secrets to each other; but, if so, it was not evident.

"It was an endurance test for me, but I was determined to outstay them. They were aware of my presence; for through the glasses I could see them turn their wise-looking, black-rimmed spectacles down upon me inquiringly. They were indifferent as to who I was and what I was doing there, unless they were flattered by my attention and were willing to be admired as long as I cared to remain. At any rate, trusting to their high perch and their deft wings, they sat there for more than an hour. To be exact, it was seventy-five minutes from the time I drew my watch on them until they flew away, and I did not think to look at my watch until I had been observing them some moments.

"At last, though I heard no debate on the subject, they agreed to shift perches; and, spreading their

wings as one bird, they flew silently and softly over to alight on two neighboring firs, a short distance away. As I did not have another hour to spend on them, I promptly arose and went on my way.

An Ideal Soldier

"Who can blame them for being such manikins, when they are at their best posed in the sunlight? There is something so trim and soldierly about their manner—shoulders back, heads up, with topknots like martial helmets. And what bird anywhere wears a more military-appearing uniform than their soft, fawn-toned khaki, lit up with touches of colors? Each seems an officer, clad in plumage of matchless delicacy and silky softness, its browns and purples glistening in the sunshine, ornamented with bars of black and yellow and medals of coral red.

"He is an ideal soldier, too, for no one takes better care of his uniform than cedar bird. He makes his toilet with the most scrupulous care, and every feather of his well-fitting coat and fine crest is smoothed until it is immaculate. I have watched a bird spend a good half-hour on his toilet; and, when he left his pine-top dressing-room, he seemed to have stepped from the proverbial bandbox.

The Quaker of Birddom

"Though so gayly clad, and classed with the chattering family, the waxwing is really the Quaker of birddom. A company of them sitting solemnly in the trees is much like the old-fashioned Quaker meeting, with the congregation silently waiting for the 'spirit to move.' And they never have any song service, either, as though they be-

lieved it a sin to sing or to indulge in any musical entertainment. They combine sociability and silence, companionship and self-contemplation, in a marked degree. A soft, sibilant whisper, as though drawing their breath, and a faint, plaintive call of 'pee-eet,' is all one ever hears from their velvety black chins.

A Dignified Diner

"Even when engaged in the serious business of foraging for food, they act with regulated decision. One morning, while in this same park, I sat for some time on the bank of a stream, where the water rippled over the stones with a pretty murmur before plunging down a short fall. It was one of those muggy mornings when midges are plentiful, and I had to keep fanning them away to be comfortable. In the trees each side of the brook were waxwings, a dozen or more of them, each occupying a particular branch.

"They were proving that their classification in the same family as the flysnappers and the fly-catching thrushes was not an ornithological error, for they were catching their food on the wing. It was no pro-



The Cedar Waxwing

saic performance, either, but had the appearance of an old-time Virginia reel. For each bird would wing its way sedately and as if at command out over the middle of the stream, sweep up or down for a midge, and with a quick about-face return to his chosen perch. Meanwhile another bird, perhaps from the opposite side of the creek, would take his turn to the center and back; and at times several would be flying out and returning at the same time, making it a series of loops and turns most fascinating to watch. I saw the same bird make one flight after another out over the water and back, and he did it with an unvarying routine which would have been monotonous had there not been the curves the other birds traced in the air to lend diversion to his festoons. And, as this was going on some distance up the creek, the dainty bodies being clearly outlined against the blue sky, it was an exercise in rhythm savoring little of eating.

"It was all done so quietly that, had I not seen the birds, I should not have suspected their presence. No confusion, no shrieks of battle or shouts of victory, just a poem of curves and dashes.

A Globe-trotter

"The cedar waxwing is common in northern Minnesota, for, though being a great wanderer,—a globe-trotter, not a tramp,—and satisfied with nothing less than all of temperate North America for ranging, these handsome rovers love best to live among the pines, firs, and cedar thickets. So our parks and country waysides are favored spots, as these birds are not only sociable among themselves, but like the society of mankind as well. Occasionally they are birds of the open roadside. I remember taking a three-mile walk along the lake-shore road north of Duluth, and at intervals all the way into town cedar birds decorated the scenery, perched on the fence-posts as fearlessly as so many brown leaves, or crossing the road ahead of me with their characteristic easy, undulating flight, ended by a few turns just above the perch before sitting down.

"For all they are such quiet birds they usually choose a conspicuous perch in the upper branches of trees, where they may see and be seen. They dislike being alone, and always appear in companies; even one sitting alone on a post or a telephone pole will have a mate within whispering distance.

"But the bird is not always staid and quiet. Friends of mine tell me of being out to 'The Aviary,' their summer cottage, one December day during a snowstorm, when the big, white flakes were floating lightly and gently down. For some time they watched from the window a small flock of waxwings entertaining themselves by flying out from their evergreen perches to catch the flakes. They might have mistaken the flakes for great white moths, but seemed to know them for what they were, since the same bird flew out again and again to catch flakes that he must soon have learned would literally 'melt in his mouth' without leaving any food taste whatsoever.

A Happy Family

"Last summer these same friends had a waxwing family for near neighbors. On August 20 a pair were discovered repairing an abandoned thrush's nest near 'The Aviary.' Their repairs consisted mainly in filling the nest to overflowing with the fresh white down of fireweed; and, as this silk was not then plentiful, they spent some days at it, so happy that they whispered and lisped, and even whistled squeakily, as they worked. It may have been a pair of young birds

prematurely mated, or old birds that had met with unfortunate household troubles during their first attempt, or a pair that, having safely reared one brood, were tempted by their knowledge of the beautiful, summer-like weather northern Minnesota often enjoys during the early fall. At any rate, in due time two little bluish-white, black-freckled eggs appeared in the downy mattress, whereas the usual number are four to six eggs.

"The mother incubated for two weeks, with her mate in close but silent attention from some near-by lookout. Whenever approached, the male would give a peculiar, beady 'tseep,' and his mate was instantly alert. She would sit close, her crest depressed and her neck straightened up to resemble a dead stick or leaf stem. When she did decide to leave, which she did if her unwelcome visitors came too close, she uttered not a sound when flying away. But when Mr. and Mrs. M—— kept to the path, which was within seven feet of the nest, the brooding mother had no fear of them, and did not change her expression while looking them straight in the eye.

"The young that hatched out were hideous little creatures—blind, naked, and perfectly helpless, with great round stomachs that made them look like deformed paper weights. And they were always crawling about the cradle, resting upon their pot-bellies and using both wings and legs for support. They were hungry all the time, and one parent was in constant attendance, standing over a youngster and pumping it full of insects and fruit.

"Before the little ones were able to leave the nest, the mother brooded them at night. Mr. M—— wished a picture of her, and tried a flashlight. He wanted the bird awake, and so tired was she from her day's work that he stood close to the nest and whistled her awake before she would withdraw her head from under her wing, too tired to be frightened away by his pocket lamp or the flashlight.

"The youngsters were not permitted to suffer because of the unusual lateness of the nesting, and had donned their pretty soft-gray coats and spotted vests, without the family jewels, however, when the equinoctial storms came. All through those long, cold, rainy days and nights the parents divided the work of foraging and brooding, one always being on the nest while the other gathered food. Both bantlings survived the deluge, and soon thereafter the family folded their tents like the Arabs, and as silently stole away to join a band of their gypsy friends."

"ON Paris Island, South Carolina, where many of our boys have been sent to learn the marine service, there are many signs which say, 'If you don't know, you will get killed.' This teaches the boys that their very lives depend on their knowing well the things that are taught there. And eternal life depends on our knowing Jesus. 'This is life eternal, that they know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ.'"

"A LOW-CASTE man of the Telugu country [India] who could neither read nor write, lost faith in his village demons, and began to pray to the unknown God this simple prayer:

"O God! teach me who thou art.
O God! show me where thou art.
O God! help me to find thee."

Steel Buttons

THE Fourth Liberty Loan campaign has closed, and the thirty million subscribers in all parts of our country are wearing bond buttons, visible tokens of Uncle Sam's appreciation for the loan of their hard-earned money. The task of providing these buttons for a badge-loving public is no small one. It would require fifteen freight cars to hold them all, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, the man who has this work in charge, is a busy person.

Buttons used in previous loans have been made of celluloid, metal, and white paper, at the approximate cost of one-half cent each. This has been an expensive proposition for the Government, and for months before active work on the fourth loan commenced every one in the Publicity Bureau of the War Department was on the lookout for a cheaper button — for buttons there must be. One day a salesman visited Mr. Emerson's office, and as he was leaving handed him a small mirror with an advertisement lithographed on its steel back. This lithographed advertisement gave the necessary clue to a cheaper button. The idea was worked out; orders went forth to the factories; and the steel buttons we are wearing today are the result, effecting a saving of \$65,000 in actual money, an enormous amount of celluloid and white paper, hundreds of gallons of wood alcohol, and an untold amount of labor. How fortunate that Mr. Emerson is a modest man, else he might never have looked at the back of the mirror!

L. E. C.

A Tree's Way

A TREE'S way is the best way
When earth's no longer green,
And the sun's cold, and the wind's bold,
And the frost is cutting keen:
No whining, no pining,
No seeming drab and dreary —
It just puts on its brightest look
And makes the whole world cheery.
— Nancy Byrd Turner.

A Museum in a Sand Box

IF a man were to go out into Lake Michigan and get tons and tons of sand from it, and use this sand to fill a giant box thirty feet deep, 350 feet wide, and 700 feet long, and then on top of this, with the aid of 160 columns rising up through the big sand pile, erect a monumental structure of enduring marble, he would have done just what was done in the case of Chicago's newest and biggest municipal improvement — the new Field Museum of Natural History.

Twenty-five years ago the members of a Chicago boys' club used to go swimming in Lake Michigan at the foot of Twelfth Street. Today one member of this same club is superintending the erection of the massive museum right at the spot where he and his chums paddled in the water. In that interval Chicago has been growing tremendously, even out into the lake itself.

The filled-in site was but little above lake level, whereas the specifications read that the basement floor, on account of the terracing, should be at an elevation of thirty-four feet, and the ground floor fifty feet. This meant that the concrete foundation columns would have to be built in mid-air instead of being sunk. These columns are supported on piles. More than 10,000 Georgia pine piles were driven, averaging

about sixty under each column. Upon the pile cluster was then molded a concrete cap surmounted by the column itself.

Around these concrete columns there was poured a stream of sand until finally the big box was filled. The brick piers were then laid on top of the concrete columns, and the outer walls were raised.— *Illustrated World.*

With Winged Philosophers

COME with me
To the papaw tree
In the heart of the shady wood;
The laughing chat
And the mocking "cat"
Are offering a concert free;
The cares you have are forgotten,
And the world is wonderfully good,
When the sun sifts its golden shadows
Through the heart of the shady wood.

Steal away
From the care-pressed day
Where the breeze blows low the grass;
And fill your soul
With wealth untold
Of the indigo's gurgling lay.
The sky is unclouded above you,
And life is too sweet to last,
When you lie relaxed and care-free
In a nest of the tall blue grass.

Tragic war
In the world afar
Slips listlessly out of mind,
As father towhee
Calls "chee-wink-chee,"
His matin and au revoir;
And memories crowd fast upon you,
The best that fate has to give;
By the papaw tree in the evening
You will learn to love and live.
— Myra Kenton Lowden.

The Library Inscription

OVER the door of the library at Thebes is inscribed "Medicine for the Soul." When friends are absent or disappoint, when discouragement or loneliness overtake, on the bookshelves we will always find the master minds of the ages, and to us they are always "at home." Their friendship is ever helpful, constant, and true.

He who has learned to love books has found the avenue to contentment, and he who has learned to apply the accumulated wisdom of the centuries, which he gathers through books, to the busy world that surrounds him, has found the secret of service.

It is the writers of great books who have voiced the universal brotherhood and predicted the international patriotism. Through books, as through nothing else, any soul may become the most intimate friend of the greatest souls.

Through books we become the heirs of the spiritual life of all the past. Through them the voices of those who have advanced the world become audible to us. For us the orators declaim, the historians recite, and the poets sing. They give meaning to the life that is and aspiration for the life to come. Books are, indeed, the imperishable friend of man and the medicine for the soul.— *Richard Lloyd Jones.*

RESOLVE to do a little reading every day, if it be but a single sentence. If you gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year.
— *Horace Mann.*

A Soul-Winning Agency

MATILDA ERICKSON

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS should look upon the social life as a soul-winning agency. Satan was not slow in appreciating the potential value of the social life, and he has made great conquests. In fact, the trail of the serpent is perhaps more visible in the world of recreation than anywhere else. But this fact must not discourage the Missionary Volunteers in your society. Rather let it challenge them to be "social to save." "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VI, page 172, says: "Especially should those who have tasted the love of Christ develop their social powers, for in this way they may win souls to the Saviour." In speaking of opportunities to win young people, one young people's worker, after many years of experience, said: "No means is so effective as a hearty, happy social life."

Where is there a successful soul-winner who is not a good mixer? Our Saviour was an ideal soul-winner. But he is also the best example we have of unselfish sociability. And do you not think his sympathetic interest in those about him, and his charming friendliness, set like jewels in a pure life, were in some measure responsible for his remarkable success as a soul-winner? Let him be your example. In all your personal sociability and in all your social gatherings let your aim be —

"Social to Save."

And if you would follow the Master in genuine soul-winning sociability, then "let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." Be in mind and heart what he was, for the real self will out. Influences of good or ill are ever emanating from your character, as surely as germs escape from a tubercular's cough. If your life is full of heaven's glorious light, it will shine; if darkness prevails, it will cast a shadow. If your heart is full of selfishness, you will freeze people away from you; but if you are glowing with love for your fellow men, others will press about you for warmth, and you can be a real blessing to them.

A Special Subject for Prayer and Study

"Take up his cross daily, and follow me." That *daily* includes the days devoted to social gatherings. It covers all our visiting and all our recreation. Everywhere the Missionary Volunteer goes, he must carry the colors of the cross, not to trail them in the dust, but to honor them with his loyalty, and if possible to lead others to swear allegiance to them.

To do this, will call for both prayer and study. A careful study of the Bible, as the spirit of prophecy says, "will give the students desire for that which is infinitely higher than worldly amusement. As they draw near to God, becoming partakers of the divine nature, earth-born amusements will sink into nothingness." By studying the Bible you may learn to discern between right and wrong, even when the two seem to lie close together. But only as the conscience becomes educated up to the Bible standard can it guide you safely in this matter. And the Bible study must be accompanied by prayer that you may have courage to be true to your convictions, and that the Master may add his blessing to your efforts to be social to save and to have socials to save.

The Missionary Volunteer's Position

One evening while Jenny Lind was sitting on the sand by the sea, holding an open Bible on her lap and looking at the setting sun, a friend came and asked this famous singer why she had abandoned the stage at the height of her success. This was her quiet reply: "When every day it made me think less of this [laying her finger on the Bible] and nothing at all of that [pointing to the sunset], what else could I do?"

Jenny Lind decided to live by principle rather than by impulse. She took a firm position to let nothing alienate her from God and his Word and his work. Just so the Missionary Volunteers in your society must take a firm position on this question of recreation before your society can conduct soul-winning social gatherings.



MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER SOCIETY OF PUEBLO, COLORADO

"The King hath commanded me a business." 1 Samuel 21:2

MINDING YOUR BUSINESS

Llewellyn A. Wilcox

WHAT is your occupation?" It is a challenge to every Christian. Answer: "I am a knight-errant, seeking by paths of loyalty and chivalry the Holy Grail of wisdom. I am a treasure hunter, searching for yet more of the riches of God's grace. I am a promoter. I am a prospector."

That is your business. A prospector is one who looks beyond. There cannot be a nearsighted Christian. No! You can look beyond all the trials and tribulations of this war-racked world, and see the promised land of your immortal inheritance in the everlasting kingdom of peace. Through the promise that rifts the black shadows enshrouding this world in midnight gloom, you can see the dawning of eternal morning. Above the shifting tragedies of ineffable woe and injustice and suffering, you can see the perfect glory that awaits.

There is nothing that is steadfast or sure or enduring in this world—nothing that is satisfying to the soul. All that it has is delusive; all that it holds is disappointing.

"The world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven."

"And the world passeth away," and the transient, ephemeral, evanescent things thereof; but across the wrecks of shattered air castles, ruined plans and demolished hopes, thank God that you can see the deliverance and seize the prize.

Christian, be glad! for you know that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." 2 Cor. 4:17, 18.

You are living today for tomorrow. You are ordering your conduct by what you discern in the future. And because the uplook is bright, "looking unto Jesus" will reflect on your face the image of his smile, by which you can brighten the life of the dreary and lighten the load of the weary.

Christian! surveyor from earth's mountain tops of the imperishable glories beyond, God has made you purveyor of the blessed hope and the true riches from that land to your fellow men who walk below you in the valleys of the shadows.

You are seeking the treasure of a character incorruptible in good deeds. Then as you gain more and more of it, store it up in the safe-deposit vaults of heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." That is an investment that pays good dividends.

God's bank never fails, because it is inexhaustible in its resources. And behold the paradox! you lay up your treasure in that bank in this way—the more you give away, the more you have. You may give without loving, but you cannot love without giving.

This kind of prospecting will serve you well in your calling as a traveler. "Not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, . . . and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." For you journey on, like the Christian of the allegory, from Destruction to Zion; you have an infallible Guide Book, and a Guide who has trod the way before you, and you steadfastly look for "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

Press on! You are almost there! You will not stop at Vanity Fair. You will not be lured aside by enticement. You will go on and on, and get there!

The Value of a Purpose

IT was midnight, and a storm was raging on the deep. Dark, heavy clouds lowered to meet the sea as it lashed itself into fury. Surely no ship could make headway in such a tempest, but the pilot's hand was steady as he held the steamer to her course. "Shall we ever reach port?" questioned the panic-stricken passengers. "O yes," answered the pilot, "we shall be at anchor by noon tomorrow." He realized the danger, but his ship was not drifting with the current; neither could the fury of the storm divert his attention from the chart and compass; and true to his promise, they came to anchor at midday in the desired haven.

Sailing Without Chart or Compass

Many young men and women are adrift upon the ocean of life; they have no aim nor end nor purpose; they are sailing here and there without chart or compass, and the changing winds of public opinion direct their course; they are steering toward no particular port; they do not allow their Pilot to direct the way or hold the helm.

Cannot Drift to Success

Why is it that often the boy who was a brilliant student and graduated with honors, is beaten in the race for success by the steady plodder who was obliged to study diligently for even a secondary scholarship? It is because the former depends upon his brilliance, and does not realize that a constant striving is necessary for the attainment of any desired end, in the sterner things of life. At school he did not take his lessons seriously, and spent the most of his time in pleasure. It is true he completed the prescribed

course, but college is not so hard a taskmaster as is real life, and he failed to sense the fact that he could not drift along toward success the same as he had toward graduation. The plodding student realized that he must work hard toward a certain end—he had a purpose.

Walk along any street on any day and you will meet both these types—the purposeful and the purposeless. The former has a keen eye, a prosperous look, an air of assurance and alertness. The latter is marked by a lusterless eye and careless air. He is drifting through the world without purpose or ideal.

Mere Putty or a Fixed Star

“A young man without an ultimate aim is mere putty. He is little better than a piece of clay. But the man of definite purpose is the man with a conquering spirit. He flashes out on the horizon like a fixed star. He sets the pace for other men. He leads the way. He has seen a vision. He knows which way he is traveling, and he knows why he is traveling.”

So much for the value of a purpose from a worldly viewpoint. But, fellow Christian, does this world have aught to offer as compared with eternity? If the glittering treasures of earth which soon fade away spur us on to our best efforts, how much more should we be possessed of an overmastering purpose when we set out to obtain the joys of heaven, and the wealth that brings eternal peace and happiness.

Trials Are Essentials

It is true that the Christian pathway is rough, but let us look beyond the present toward the higher ground for which we are bound. Each obstacle overcome along the rugged way gives new strength and brings the traveler nearer the ideal for which he is striving. Trials are essentials in the earthly preparation for heaven, and heaven it is our purpose to gain.

No man need be the slave of environment; circumstances cannot bind one indefinitely. Each person is the creator and master of his own destiny. Then do not wait for something to turn up; get to work and turn it up. Have a definite purpose; keep it constantly in view.

“Drifting like a helpless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.”

PRIVATE HAROLD L. BOGAR.

The Acid Test

I WONDER what Joy intends to be when she graduates?” asked one voice; “I know what most of the class are planning on. Some are going to college, some are planning to be nurses, and Margaret, I believe, intends to teach.”

“I do not know what Joy does expect to do; but it does not matter, she is probably only joking, anyway,” returned the other, laughing.

Joy and Margaret overheard the foregoing conversation as they passed the boys' pressing-room in one of our academies. For a few minutes neither said anything, Margaret hoping Joy had not heard. Suddenly Joy turned to her friend and said, “Did you hear what Jack said? I never knew he could talk so horrid,” she finished, near to tears.

“Never mind,” Margaret said, sympathetically, “I don't think he meant to be mean. You are a joker, you know.”

“Well, I don't think you would like to have your aims and aspirations called ‘jokes,’” Joy replied.

“I am sorry, Joy, really, but I shouldn't lay it up against Jack,” said Margaret, as they parted.

Joy did more real thinking that evening than for many a day. Over and over she turned the question in her mind as to why Jack had considered her ambitions as no matter and jokes. Slowly her resentment died away, and she resolved to ask Margaret if she did joke so much that no one knew she had a sensible side. The evening sun was setting, and the bell for study period rang before Joy arrived at this decision. She stopped for Margaret on her way down, but Margaret was already busy over her books when Joy came into the study-room. Soon Margaret raised her eyes and looked thoughtfully out of the window. She was thinking of Joy and the remark which had so irritated her. Then her mind ran rapidly over the practical jokes of the last few weeks in which her classmate had figured, and a little smile curled her lips as she thought of the morning when Joy's host had tried to eat sawdust, thinking it was granola.

Joy, having obtained permission to speak, sat in the seat in front of her friend and said: “Margaret, I want to talk to you.” Margaret, startled from her reverie, turned her gray eyes on her friend.

“Really, Margaret, I can't get over thinking about what Jack said. Am I indeed such an irresponsible? Do you suppose every one thinks I am silly?”

Margaret's ready sympathy tempted her to falsify to comfort her friend; but instead she evaded the direct issue by saying: “Don't worry any more about that. I am sure he meant no harm.”

“But, Margaret,—now be honest,—do people really think that I do not have a serious, sensible side? I feel almost discouraged, to think I am nearly ready to graduate, and have made such a failure of life.”

“Joy dear, do not be discouraged, I know you have a serious side, and that you do think of sensible things. Of course you do not show your serious side very often; I hardly suppose you ever gave Jack reason to think you had one. But life has only begun for us. If you were forty years old and people thought you were a joke, it would be quite serious; but now—why, you ought to be glad you have so many years to grow into the kind of woman you want to be.”

“I am glad I am not any older, for it is serious enough now; but as for talking seriously to most people, as I am to you for instance, I cannot. They would not understand me if I did.”

“Are you not judging others as harshly as Jack judged you? He thought you did not have a serious thought, and you think most of your acquaintances are not serious enough to understand you if you were sensible. I myself have had much to conquer along this line of frivolity, but I have found people eager for some one to talk to them of real things.”

“But what am I to do, Margaret? I wish I knew if it is only reputation or my character. I hope it is not my character, for that is what one really is.”

“Even if it is your character, you can change it; character is developed, and if you see something in yours which you would not want there when you are a woman, you can develop the opposite characteristic by persistent effort. If you know you have been thoughtless and too full of fun, in the future try to think more of other people's feelings, and plan just as definitely how to do something to make some one else happy as you have planned how to play jokes. Before you carry out one of your ‘sudden inspirations,’ think whether it will look so clever and funny to you afterward as it does beforehand.”

"If I should always do that, I am sure a lot of things would go undone," said Joy.

"A very good test for our actions is this: Does an act help some one else, give some one happiness, or really benefit us without injuring any one else? We may call this 'the acid test,' and if, after giving any proposed action this test, it seems right, we may be quite safe in going forward."

"I never gave that much thought to anything I ever did, at least not before I did it," said Joy.

"We all do too much of our thinking afterward instead of beforehand, although it is very illogical."

The monitor's glance told Joy she had been whispering long enough, so she slipped back to her own seat to think.

Soon she passed a note across the aisle to Margaret:

"I have decided to try out your plan for one solid week, and any time you think I need advice, please give it to me. Then let me know the results of your observations, if you will be so kind as to observe. Will you do this?"

Margaret penciled the following reply:

"Joy dear, I am glad of your resolve, for I am very sure it will help you to be the fine, noble woman you are capable of being. I certainly will do anything I can to help you, and since I am a firm believer in the adage, 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' I shall make a few more suggestions which may help you. Read some in the Bible every day, and pray definitely for yourself and others, and remember 'the acid test.' But do not go to the other extreme and be a long-faced Christian. Remember your sense of humor is a God-given blessing, if you only use it to his glory and not to please yourself. If used rightly, it will greatly aid you to become the sweet, strong woman I am sure you want to become."

Just before the lights went out that night, Joy slipped into Margaret's room and putting her arms around her, said:

"Margaret, I do thank you for all your good advice, and I will try your suggestion, not only this week, but always. I have, I think, high ideals, but when I come so miserably low I feel discouraged. But if I can forget self and put forth all my efforts to make some one else happier, my life will not be in vain. Remember me in your prayers, for I do come far short of what Christ would have me be."

With a loving kiss Margaret answered: "I am glad if I could help you any. My own life is full of imperfections. Sometimes I too feel almost discouraged. You will pray for me, won't you, dear?" Joy nodded, and gave her a good-night hug and kiss before she hastened back to her own room.

FLORENCE E. BASCOM.

Thanksgiving with a New Meaning

IT was nipping cold for November. Winter had arrived before schedule time.

"My, this coat feels good!" Joseph gave a little flying leap to express how good it felt. His thin legs seemed to lose themselves upward, his happy face, mounted on a thin little neck, to lose itself downward, in the huge new coat.

Of course not really a huge new coat, but Joseph had never worn it before, anyway. The fact that several cousins had, in a near-by city,—one at a time, as they grew to it,—did not at all prevent its Joseph-ness. He wanted to—*to hug* Aunt Caroline for sending it to him.

Mother was happy today, too, as she watched him down the road.

"Nobody will look at his back," she thought. "They'll just look at his face, and say, 'My, that boy's warm, I know!'"

But somebody looked at his back. At the junction of roads, a little way on, the Minister's Boy and his particular friends swung in behind Joseph. They were all warm, too. The Minister's Boy's coat was new, too, but a different "new" from Joseph's. It had a fur collar that turned up—up—about his ears, and it was exactly broad enough and long enough.

All at once somebody shouted. It was the Minister's Boy.

"O, look! Joseph's coat—Joseph's coat o' many colors!" Then the others took it up. "Joseph's coat o' many colors! Looker there! Looker there!"

Suddenly Joseph was no longer warm; a nipping cold struck through to his small vitals.

"Joseph's coat! Joseph's coat!"

He knew there was something the matter with it, and it must be with the—*the behind* of it, for that was all those boys could see. All the leap had oozed out of Joseph's thin little legs, all the joy out of his heart. He went on because you couldn't get to school without going on. But that was all—just went on.

At the schoolhouse he waited round, instinctively keeping front on to folks, until they had all gone in. Then he took off his "new" coat, and looked at the behind. Then he knew.

There was a long straight seam in the middle, and on either side of it the thick cloth had faded to a different shade, a distinctly different shade. Two colors really, one on each side of that long straight seam—a cruel little trick of the sun. Joseph was only eight, but he saw at once why they had called it Joseph's coat of many colors. It *was* Joseph's coat of many colors.

The next day Joseph waited behind a wall at the junction of roads until the Minister's Boy and his particular friends had come along and gone along. Then he slipped out and followed them. That helped a little—he tried to think it helped a little. But there were recesses and noonings—of course he might stay in recesses and noonings; you don't have to wear an overcoat when you stay in.

Joseph stayed in. Through the window he could see the Minister's Boy's new coat having a splendid time. The third day he saw something else. He saw the Minister's Boy in *his* coat,—the one Aunt Caroline sent,—strutting about the yard amid the others' shouts of delight. Some of the others tried it on and strutted. Joseph sat in his seat and looked at them.

The next day he turned Aunt Caroline's coat inside out, and wore it so. He waited till he got nearly to the fork of the road, and then turned it; he wasn't going to make mother feel bad too. She had lined the coat anew with shiny black cotton stuff *all of a color*. Joseph felt a little better; this would help.

But it only made things worse. The Minister's Boy and his particular friends instantly saw the ridiculousness of that inside-out little coat. "Look at it! Look at it—inside out! *Wearin' 'it* inside out!" The joke was too good!

There was just one other thing to do, and Joseph did it next day. The place where the roads forked was about halfway from Joseph's home to the schoolhouse; so he went warm halfway the next day. The other half he shivered along, very small indeed, and very cold indeed, outside of the Aunt Caroline coat. For he had left Aunt Caroline's coat folded up behind a stone wall. Going home that afternoon, he was warm the last half of his way, anyway. It helped to be half warm.

For a day or two the sun and the wind conspired together to befriend little Joseph. But the fourth day the wind blew and the sun rested. There was snow, too, in fine steely flakes, and Joseph's teeth chattered, and he ran on stiff little legs, and blew on stiff little fingers. He kept looking ahead to the last half of going home. He wished he had pushed the Aunt Caroline coat farther in under the stones out of the way of the snow.

"Joseph Merriam," called the teacher on the day after the snowstorm. She had her roll book and pencil waiting, but she got no answer. It was queer for Joseph Merriam not to answer the roll call; he was one of her little steadies. "Joseph is not here, I see; can any one tell me if he is sick? He must be sick."

"Yes'm, he is. He's got the pneumonia dreadfully," some one answered. "There were lights in his house all night, my father said."

For many nights there were lights, and for many mornings the doctor's sleigh. Joseph lay in his bed, saying wild, queer words in a weak little voice.

"I'm most to the stone wall; then I'll be warm!"

"Joseph's coat o' many colors — Joseph's coat o' many colors!"

"I don't want mother to know they laughed; don't anybody tell mother."

The Minister's Boy heard of those wild little words, and pieced them together into a story. He remembered who had cried, "Joseph's coat o' many colors!" tauntingly, cruelly. And now — oh, now he remembered that Joseph had not worn any overcoat at all those last days that he went to school! *No* coat. The Minister's Boy's heart contracted with an awful fear. He took to haunting Joseph's house in all his free minutes — waiting at the gate for the doctor to come out, and shivering with something besides cold at his brief answers. The answers grew worse and worse.

There came a day when the answer struck the Minister's Boy like a blow in the face, and a night when lights shone all over Joseph's house, in every room. The day and the night were Thanksgiving day and night. *Thanksgiving!* It had always been such a beautiful day at the minister's house, and for weeks the Minister's Boy had looked forward to it. But now everything was different. The day that usually hurried away in leaps when you want it to creep, crept today. Would it always be Thanksgiving Day? The Minister's Boy was glad — *glad* — when the cousins drove off at nightfall. He was glad to go to bed!

But going to bed was not going to sleep. He lay in his own bed, remembering that other little bed of Joseph's. When remembering was too great torture, the Minister's Boy crept out of bed and dressed himself. Out into the clear, cold starlight, down the frozen road, he crept toward Joseph's lighted windows. He was not sensible of being cold anywhere but in his soul; he shivered there.

A long time he stood waiting for he knew not what. Then some one came out of the house. It was not the doctor; it was the minister. The boy could not see his face, but you don't have to see your own father's face. They went back down the dim night road together, and together into the minister's study.

"I've killed him," the boy said. "I've killed Joseph. I did it."

The minister's face was curiously lighted in spite of this awful confession of his son. The light persisted.

"Sit down, Philip," he said, for the boy was shaking like a leaf. "Now tell me."

All the story, piece by piece — the boy told it all.

"So it was I — I killed him. I — I didn't expect to —"

Silence for a little, then:

"Did you think Joseph was dead, Philip? He came very close indeed to it; but the crisis is past, and he will get well. I waited to know."

"You mean — I — *haven't?*"

"I mean you haven't, thank God. Kneel down with me and thank him." Father and son knelt together, their hearts overflowing with glad Thanksgiving praises.

When, after a long while, the boy was slipping away, the minister called to him gently,

"Come back a moment, Philip."

"Yes, I'm back, father. I know what you're thinking of. Father, may I — may I punish myself this time — for making fun of a boy — a *little* boy? It needs a good deal o' punishin', but I'll do it — please let me do it, father! Please — please *try* me, anyway."

And because the minister was a wise minister he nodded his head.

When little Joseph got well, he wore to school a beautiful warm coat with a soft furry collar that went up — up — round his ears. It was very thick and warm and handsome, and all of a color. Joseph wore it all the way.

The rest of the winter the Minister's Boy wore to school an Aunt Caroline coat of many colors. — *Adapted.*

A Fish Story

COME, children, I'll take a trip with you;
We'll go wherever you wish.
Suppose we go down in the ocean blue
And visit a school of fish.

We'll find them each at his tiny desk,
As good little fish should be,
Cod and herring and mackerel,
All down in the deep blue sea.

They're having a singing lesson now,
And beating time with their tails;
But the tunes seem rather strange to us,
For they always sing in scales!

A drawing lesson will follow this,
But they draw with dots so fine;
For every fish, from the very first,
Is taught to avoid a line!

And now up goes a tiny fin
From the smallest fish in the class,
"Please, teacher, may we go to the door
To look at the soldiers pass?"

The teacher says, "Yes," and they all swim out
And wave their fins on high
As a regiment full of swordfish brave
Goes gallantly swimming by.

Then back to their lessons the wee fish float,
And eagerly they recite,
Till the teacher blows on a conch shell loud,
And school is out for the night.

For a while they play in the seaweeds tall,
Far under the ocean foam,
And romp with their catfish and dogfish pets
Till their mothers call them home.

And then, when the sunfish has set in the west
And the starfish shed their gleams,
They all go to sleep on the bed of the sea,
Wrapped in their happy dreams.

— Helen Hilliard, in *St. Nicholas*.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

IS it allowed to keep a star in the service flag for a soldier who has been in the service a few months and then discharged?

L. H. R.

If discharged because of wounds or physical incapacity contracted in the line of duty, such a soldier would be entitled to a silver star to take the place of the blue one. If discharged because of request, dependency, or any cause not mentioned above, he is not considered entitled to any representation on the service flag, no more than any other person not in the military service.

M. E. K.

Just for the Juniors

The Prize Dime

LITTLE May was going home from school. Her lunch basket swung from her arm, and out of it gayly nodded some flowers she had picked on the way. She kept glancing toward them because there was something precious under them in the basket. The birds were singing brightly, rejoicing in the afternoon sunshine, and the brook bubbled merrily along as it went under the bridge and down through the meadow.

Around the curve of the road, May saw some boys who were shouting and laughing. She knew at once that they were not the kind of boys with whom her mother let her play, but that they were rough and boisterous ones who lived near the river.

As May approached, she saw why they were laughing. On the ground near them lay a little bird, hurt in some way, and when the boys poked it with a stick, it would try to hop away.

The little girl stood still, unseen. She was wondering if she dared to speak to them, and what she would say if she did. The boys poked the stick at the bird again, and the poor little thing fluttered along, vainly trying to get out of their reach. May hesitated no longer. Straight up to the group of boys she went, and picked up the bird almost before they saw her. She started to run away, and they began to follow her, and to call to her:

"Gi' me back that bird! It don't belong to you!"

One of them seized Mary's arm.

"It's not yours, either," she said, wrenching herself free. She was familiar enough with the birds to recognize that it was one of the wild ones. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves to be poking a poor, hurt bird in that way?"

The boys looked sheepish.

"Well, you can't have it, 'cause we're goin' ter sell it," said one.

"Yes," chimed in another, "an' we're goin' ter get ten cents fer it, too."

The largest boy tried to get the bird away.

"Don't!" exclaimed May. "You'll hurt it!"

The boy had seized her arm again and was trying to get the bird out of her hand, but she held it close.

"You're not goin' ter steal our bird that way," he said. "You've got ter pay ten cents fer it, if you're goin' ter keep it."

May looked sober. Down in the bottom of her basket, under the flowers, lay a small white envelope which her teacher had given her that very afternoon. In the envelope, which had her name on it, was a brand-new ten-cent piece, the spelling prize for the month. She had worked so hard to win it, and knew papa would be so glad to see her successful. The little bird lay in her hand, and the boys waited impatiently to go on with their cruel sport. She moved the bird into her other hand and, feeling under the flowers, found the envelope.

"There," she said, handing it to the big boy, "take it. There's a dime inside. It was my spelling prize, but I'd rather have the bird safe."

The boys looked shamefacedly at each other as she turned away and hurried home. The big one uneasily turned the envelope over and shifted it back and forth in his hands as he read her name on it. He thought of his own little sister at home, and of how much she treasured her school prizes. She trusted him. He could not bear the thought of losing her confidence, for he was not at heart a bad boy. In some way, too, May reminded him of his sister. He said quickly, "Say, fellers, what'll we do with it, now we've got it? I don't want ter spend her prize!"

"Oh-h! Quitter! Quitter!" they taunted, and tried to get the money away from him; but he held it firmly and turned in the direction in which May had gone.

May had taken the bird home and made a soft bed for it, and tried to feed it; but it was useless. It was soon dead. She had told her mother about it, and covered it up when she saw Dick coming. When he knocked at the door, and she opened it, he said, very much embarrassed, "I'm sorry about the bird now, and I brought yer back yer prize." He held out the envelope to her. Her name and school address were uppermost. "How is it?" he asked.

May shook her head sadly and told him about it. The boy was sobered now. His thoughtlessness had left him, and he looked manlier than he had seemed before, a boy of whom his sister might be proud.

"Have you anybody to bury it?" he asked. "Would you let me do that fer you?" he asked eagerly.

May looked into his eyes that answered hers with an honest gaze. "Thank you," she said, and brought the bird and gave it to him, and he carried it away with him.

When May went to school the next morning, her teacher called her up to the desk. "May, here's a note a boy left for you this morning. I don't know him, and hesitated to take it, but he said I might read it, so I let him leave it."

May unfolded the paper and read:

"DEAR MISS: Look behind the pine tree over the bridge and you'll see I kept my promise. I ain't ever going to fool with birds agin.
 DICK JENKS."

On her way home May looked, and there, as the note had hinted, was a little mound of freshly dug earth, with a bunch of wilted daisies lying on it. A stick beside it said, in roughly chalked letters, "Birdie."

The boy had kept his promise, and the prize dime stood for more than the mere winning of the spelling prize.—*Edith Azalia Adams Bailey.*

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."

The Sabbath School

VIII — The Sin of Moses

(November 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Numbers 20; Deut. 3: 21-29.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Prov. 16: 32.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 413-432; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 231-233.

"The path of life we walk today
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
We need the shadowing Rock, as they —
We need, like them, the guides of God."

Questions

1. When the time of the wanderings of the children of Israel was nearly ended, where were they? Who died and was buried there? Num. 20: 1. Note 1.
2. What necessity failed at this place? What rash and sinful wish did the people make? On whom did they place all the blame? Verses 2-5. Note 2.
3. To whom did Moses and Aaron turn in their trouble? What was Moses told to do? Verses 6-8.
4. With what impatient words did Moses speak to the people? In what did he disobey God? Verses 9-11. Note 3.
5. What sentence did the Lord pronounce upon Moses and Aaron? Verse 12. Note 4.
6. In telling the people of this, what did Moses say he had done at that time? Deut. 3: 23-25.
7. How did the Lord answer the prayer of Moses? Verses 26, 27.
8. What message did Moses send from Kadesh to the king in Edom? Num. 20: 14-17.
9. What reply did the king make? Verses 18-21.
10. To what place did the children of Israel then journey? What did the Lord say concerning Aaron? Verses 22-24.
11. Who was chosen to succeed Aaron? Who went up to the top of Mt. Hor? What was put upon Eleazar? Who came down from the mount? Verses 25-28. Note 5.
12. How was respect shown for Aaron? Verse 29.

Something to Do

Read these texts: Ex. 2: 1-10; 15: 20-22; Num. 12: 1-16; Micah 6: 4; Num. 20: 1, and write the story of Miriam's life. Find a reason why Moses should call himself "thy brother Israel" when he sent word to the king of Edom.

Notes

1. Near the end of the forty years' wanderings, we find the Israelites again near the Promised Land, in the wilderness of Sin. Almost forty years have passed since the Israelites were made to turn back into the wilderness. Nearly all those who rebelled and doubted God at Kadesh-barnea have died, as God foretold. Num. 14: 28-32. Their children are now grown, and are waiting to enter into the land of Canaan, as the Lord promised. Num. 14: 31. Moses, Aaron, Caleb, and Joshua are still with them.

2. "Just before the Hebrew host reached Kadesh, the living stream ceased that for so many years had gushed out beside their encampment. It was the Lord's purpose again to test his people. He would prove whether they would trust his providence or imitate the unbelief of their fathers."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 413.

3. In 1881 Dr. Trumbull visited Kadesh-barnea, the place where the event of this lesson is thought to have taken place. He writes: "Standing out from the earth-covered limestone hills was to be seen the large single mass, or a small hill, of solid rock, the cliff smitten by Moses. From underneath this ragged spur issues the now abundant stream. The water is remarkably pure and sweet; unequaled by any we had found after leaving the Nile."

4. "By his rash act, Moses took away the force of the lesson that God purposed to teach. The rock, being a symbol of Christ, had been once smitten, as Christ was to be once offered. The second time, it was needful only to speak to the rock, as we have only to ask for blessings in the name of Jesus. By the second smiting of the rock, the significance of this beautiful figure of Christ was destroyed."—*Id.*, p. 418.

5. "Together these two aged men and the younger one toiled up the mountain height. The heads of Moses and Aaron were white with the snows of sixscore winters. . . . Many years, Moses and Aaron had stood side by side in their cares and labors. . . . They moved on very slowly, for every moment in each other's society was precious. . . . In the plain below were encamped the vast hosts of Israel, for whom these chosen men had spent the best portion of their lives. . . . The forms of Moses and Eleazar were at last discerned, slowly descending the mountain side; but Aaron was not with them. . . . As the people with heavy hearts gathered about their

leader, Moses told them that Aaron had died in his arms upon Mt. Hor, and that they there buried him. The congregation broke forth in mourning and lamentation, for they all loved Aaron, though they had so often caused him sorrow."

For the Finding-Out Club

Name This Man

WHO deserves credit for working out the present registration plans and draft regulations for the national army? The same man is chiefly responsible for the landing of a million American soldiers in France months ahead of schedule. He wears the silver star of a brigadier general on his shoulder straps, and is the youngest man to hold such a commission since Civil War days, for his age is just thirty-seven years.

This soldier is a native of the Sunflower State, and was appointed to West Point from Oklahoma in 1900. Upon graduation he was stationed on the southwest border with the First Cavalry, but promotions in the army was exceedingly slow in those days, and he was not advanced to a first lieutenant until 1911. He was a member of Pershing's expeditionary force which entered Mexico in pursuit of Villa. The year following this period of active service he was detailed for duty in the judge advocate's office, and when General Crowder was assigned to the task of inaugurating the draft system of military service, he took his brilliant young assistant with him into the office of the Provost Marshal General.

It was due principally to this young man's genius for organization that some of the most puzzling problems having to do with registration and classification were solved. This brought him to the attention of the general staff, and when the Division of Purchase, Traffic, and Supplies was organized as a branch of the War Department, he was placed in charge.

This young brigadier is the brains of a great machine. If an order comes from General Pershing for provisions, engines, railway coaches, automobiles, steel rails, horses, uniforms, or any other army necessity, it is his particular duty to see that these supplies arrive in France expeditiously. He must not only arrange for their transportation overseas, but for their transfer from factories to the shipping ports as well. Truly "Black Jack" Pershing could not get along without this helper at the home base of supplies, but rumor says that the general has made more than one plea for his former cavalry officer to become a member of his staff on the western front.

L. E. C.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of October 8

1. ADONI-BEZEK was the heathen king who suffered a taste of his own cruelty, at the hand of Judah. Judges 1: 5-8.

2. Luz was the early name of Bethel. Judges 1: 23.

3. A man of Bethel was the founder of another town by the name of Luz. Judges 1: 22-26.

4. Jericho was called "the city of palm trees." Deut. 34: 3.

5. The altar of burnt offerings, the great laver, and many other articles of furniture for the tabernacle were made in the plain of Jordan. 2 Chron. 4: 17.

6. Solomon's temple was erected without the sound of hammer, everything having been made ready beforehand, to prevent noise, which is conducive to irreverence.

7. Solomon was reconverted before his death.

Conscience

FROM out of my heart there spoke a voice —
 A calm little voice and still —
 And it said to me, "Have you done your part,
 With a steady, cheerful will?
 Have you brushed the care from another's life?
 Have you smiled in the face of dread?
 Have you done your part?" asked the voice of me,
 And I wondering spoke, and said:

"What are you, Voice, that you ask me this?
 Why do you seem to care
 Whether I shirked my task or not,
 Whether I did my share?"
 And the voice rose out of my heart again,
 And it said, "I am just the trace
 Of the hand of God that is stretched to you,
 And the smile that lights his face!"

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

"A Servant of God"

THE great apostle Paul, in introducing himself to the world in the opening verses of some of his letters, says: "Paul, a servant of God." So does the apostle James introduce himself, "James, a servant of God."

The following incident emphasizes the meaning of this expression: "A minister of God hesitated about going out through a storm to a little preaching service seventeen miles away over the bleak hills. He asked an old friend's advice, and the reply was suggestive, 'If you are a master, stay at home; if you are a servant, go.' And the man said, 'Thank God, I am a servant,' and he went."

If all professed servants of God were real servants in the light indicated by the old gentleman's advice, the kingdom of God in the earth would be greatly advanced. When undecided as to a given course to pursue, why not let the thought, "I am a servant of God," decide the question?

The Unknown Face

WE do not mean any ghostly phantom stolen out of a mystery story, not any face of perplexing oddity or sudden surprise. We mean just your own.

No doubt you would readily recognize your features, if you met them in the street. You see them in the glass daily and many times a day, and probably you think you study them with peculiar care. But that is just the point. Whenever you see them, you are studying them. The expression is conscious, artificial—the expression of a person who is being watched and studied. You know what the photographer's "look pleasant" produces. You know how you feel and can imagine how you look when you are aware that some one is observing you.

Think of the expressions you catch on others' faces when they are completely unconscious, not giving a thought to how they look. Some faces are sweet, kindly, sympathetic, delightful. Some faces, again, often the same faces, are sad, anxious, dreary; others still are harsh, bitter, angry, or selfish. Remember that all those expressions are likely to come on your own face, too. When you look in the glass, you do not find them there. Your mere curiosity erases them as a wet sponge erases figures on a slate. But they come just the same. Remember how you love to watch the kindly look in others, and how you shrink and turn away from the ugly and the hateful. Perhaps the memory and the consciousness will help you to control the uncomely expressions in yourself. Or,

since expressions are not easily controllable, and are in any case an unfailing index of the feelings that produce them, perhaps you will set more busily about the task of repressing and subduing feelings that make faces look as you wish they would not.

The great Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, once refused to be introduced to a man because he did not like the man's face. "But," urged a friend, "he is not responsible for his face." "Every man over forty years old is responsible for his face," answered the Secretary.—*Youth's Companion*.

Notice

FOR the next Temperance number will not some one in every town and city send to the editor the name and address of at least one man who was formerly a saloonkeeper, but who is now engaged in a legitimate business?

Please state his present business.

No very great effort or amount of time will be required to comply with this request; but the information will serve a good purpose, and will be greatly appreciated by the editor of the INSTRUCTOR. Will not you do it? If you leave it for some one else to do, the information will no doubt be wanting.

Caleb Cobweb's Black List

A BOSTON newspaper speaks of "a pall of smoke that shut them from view absolutely and beneath which a brigade of troops could have maneuvered unobserved by an enemy."

Why "that" and "which," referring to the same "pall of smoke"?

"That" and "which" have different uses. "That" is definitive, demonstrative, points out one of a number: "The man that spoke to me," implying that other men were near, but silent. "Which" and "who" are descriptive: "The man who spoke to me," implying nothing about other men.

As only one "pall of smoke" is under discussion, "which" should be used in both places in the quotation; though it would be better to say, "so that beneath it a brigade," etc.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

"As surely as violence makes enemies, so surely does love make friends."

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