

The *YOUTH* INSTRUCTOR

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JESUS THE PROTECTOR

From Here and There

Mrs. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese ambassador to the United States, died of pneumonia, following influenza.

At noon, October 1, the American flag was raised at five hundred schools and colleges in honor of their taking up military training.

To supply the American army with food a supply ship must sail from a home base every hour of the twenty-four making up each day.

There recently arrived in this country Henri Rabaud, the French musical conductor engaged to replace Dr. Karl Muck, the interned German, as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse has been elected king of Finland by the Finnish Landtag, the republican members refraining from voting. Prince Charles is a brother-in-law of Emperor William of Germany.

Oxygen tanks containing sufficient air for six to eight hours' breathing will be carried aloft hereafter by every American aviator going over the German lines in combat or in bombing planes going higher than 15,000 feet.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young died at Washington, D. C., on October 26. Mrs. Young has long been before the public eye because of her effective school work and other service of national importance. Mr. McAdoo said of her: "She died as a soldier."

Manila is to have four new Artesian wells and two public baths. The wells are to cost in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars. Each of the public baths will cost approximately \$3,600. The amounts have already been made available by the municipal board, and the project will be undertaken at once.

In the ripeness of years, Dr. Joseph H. Gilmore, writer of that hymn that has comforted thousands, "He Leadeth Me," is dead. Dr. Gilmore was a professor in the University of Rochester until his retirement, but has constantly led a Bible class for men in the Y. M. C. A. His life was a blessing and a benediction.

On October 25, the "Princess Sophia," on its way from Skagway, Alaska, to Victoria, ran aground on the Vanderbilt reef. Ships went to the rescue of the passengers, but owing to the high winds could not get near enough to the vessel to remove those on board. It was thought there was no immediate danger, but after a few hours, a terrific gale tore the ship loose from the rocks, carried her over the reef, and hurled her to the ocean's depths with the loss of all on board, 368 passengers, and a crew of 75 men.

King George heard that the Y. M. C. A. hut was overcrowded, and hundreds of boys landing from an American transport were on the streets in London without beds. He sent word: "Send one hundred over to the palace for bed and breakfast." Quickly secretaries scouted the streets, found the fellows without rooms, and sent them to the palace in automobiles furnished by the king and the association, to be the king's guests. When Secretary Young offered the invitation he got the characteristic American reply: "Aw go on, you're kidding us." "Jump into this auto and see." They jumped, landed at the palace, rubbed their eyes. "Say, the king's all right, and so is the Y. M."

Make the Most of Spare Time

IT is astonishing what a difference there is in people. Some with regular work of eight or nine hours and with few extra cares and responsibilities think they are too busy to spend time in home study for self-improvement, while others with more work and many cares accomplish much in self-improvement through the habit of improving spare time. Here, for example, is a busy nurse who has—but we will let her tell her own story:

"It is just a little more than two years since I began study with the Fireside Correspondence School. I think I may be justly proud of the accomplishments of these two years. Besides working ten hours a day and many days even longer, I have taken my senior year in the nurses' course, reviewed the whole course and taken State board examination, kept up with our own papers and read the 'Trained Nurse' and the 'Mentor,' done several nice pieces of needlework, read twenty-seven books, taken three months of postgraduate work, and finished three subjects with the correspondence school and nine lessons on a fourth subject. I assure you that I am very thankful for the privileges of the Fireside Correspondence School."

The subjects referred to are college rhetoric, journalism, and minor prophets. She is now studying church history.

It is probably too much to say that everybody could do as well, for there are limitations of time, health, and other conditions that restrict some. But it is not too much to say that most of us could accomplish more than we do if we would cultivate the habit of making good use of the odds and ends of spare time.

I should be glad to correspond with any one, young or old, who wishes to encourage the use-of-spare-time habit and desires to know how the Fireside Correspondence School can help him. C. C. LEWIS,
Principal Fireside Correspondence School,
Takoma Park, D. C.

If Japan were placed alongside the United States, it would stretch parallel to the entire coast, from Maine to Florida; it is more than two thousand miles long. But its average width is less than one hundred miles, so that its area is only a little larger than that of the State of California, which has been so often opposed to Japan in our national politics. About five hundred islands make up Japan, and some of them are so small that they disappear in time of flood.

"THE one true glory for a nation is to enlighten the world."

The Youth's Instructor

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IN SEASON, OUT OF SEASON

ELIZABETH ROSSER

Be instant with the Word of Life both in and out of season;
(2 Tim. 4:2)
For the hope that is within you always give a ready reason;
(1 Peter 3:15)
We have our Lord's example for such a course of living,
For he preached in all their cities, hope of life eternal giving.
(Matt. 11:1)

Beside the well of Sychar he sat at sultry noon,
And ministered life's water,—a free yet priceless boon.
(John 4:6, 13, 14)
With timid Nicodemus he spent the lone, dark night,
And to the haughty rabbi revealed the heavenly light.
(John 3:1-21)

At eve the people thronged him with whatso'er disease;
He bare their sickness for them, took their infirmities,
(Matt. 8:16, 17)
And in the early morning, from Olivet returned,
Forgave the contrite sinner whom the Pharisees had spurned.
(John 8:1-11)

He changed the water into wine where Cana's feast was kept,
(John 2:1-11)

And o'er the grave where Lazarus lay, the Master stood and wept.
(John 11:35)
In converse sweet, by paths apart his followers he led,
(Mark 6:31)
Or to the multitudes declared, "I am the Living Bread."
(John 6:48)

The mothers brought their children, and, smiling, them he blessed;
Methinks that day of all his life might have been the happiest.
(Mark 10:13-16)
And as upon the cursed cross he hung in agony,
He blessed the dying thief who said, "Dear Lord, remember me."
(Luke 23:42, 43)

So, as life's sun is sinking low, and day is waning faster,
(Zeph. 1:14)

Be ever up and doing good, the servant as his Master.
(Matt. 10:25)

Be instant with the Word of Life, both in and out of season,
(Eccl. 11:6)

And for the hope within you always give a ready reason.

THE GREATEST "Y" MAN

OF the three types of great men — those who are born great; those who achieve greatness; and those who have greatness thrust upon them — the last two are frequently disappointing. "There is Senator So-and-So," some one says to you; or, "There is the millionaire you have read so much about." And, following the direction of the gesture, your eyes report to you that another of your illusions has been shattered. Your exclamation is of surprise, tinged with a trifle of dismay; you marvel that one who has so much impressed his contemporaries should seem so singularly unimpressive.

On the other hand, there are a few men in any generation whom nature seems to have stamped for greatness at their birth. These men look the part. Upon the drab and monotonous map of humanity they stand out like New York or Chicago, like Pike's Peak or Niagara: once looked upon they are not forgotten. Conceal them in a crowd and the eyes travel to them as filings to a magnet. John R. Mott is such a man. To such men no one ever says, "Your face is familiar, but I can't seem to recall your name." We see them, and are satisfied. We stand a little straighter in their presence, pleased that the humanity of which we also are a part is capable of so much.

In common with most other prominent New Yorkers, Mott came out of the Middle West. He was born in Iowa fifty-three years ago. After a year at a strait-laced little Methodist college, he rebelled and struck out for Cornell University. He knew that Cornell had no religious affiliations, and that information was

enough. He had no quarrel with religion, but it quarreled constantly with him, for he recognized in it the most subtle and persistent foe to his ambition. He coveted success and wealth; already he knew the value of his voice; he sensed in himself that power which gives command, and there opened up before him all the attractions of the law, with perhaps a fortune, or the United States Senate, at the end. In the pursuit of that desire he wished to be hindered by no voice reminding him to throw aside ambition and to seek first the kingdom of God.

Like Adam, after he had eaten the apple; like Jonah, on his ill-starred mission, he sought to hide himself from the voice of the Lord.

At Cornell he studiously avoided all meetings of a religious character and devoted himself to athletics, which have given him a phenomenal physique, and to the studies which rewarded him with a Phi Beta Kappa key.

But the Lord is a persistent caller, and issues his summons in

strange ways and through the most unsuspected messengers. Surely nothing could seem to be safer for a man in Mott's frame of mind than a meeting addressed by J. K. Studd, the famous English athlete! Yet it was this meeting which overthrew all his defenses. He was late in arriving and, as he entered the door, he heard Studd thunder these words, seeming to look directly at him as he spoke:

"Young man, seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!"

That was the beginning of the end of John R. Mott the lawyer. For a few months he fought with his



Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
JOHN R. MOTT

conscience, compromising at last by agreeing with himself to give a year to Y. M. C. A. work. With this, he told himself, he would discharge his obligation and be free to follow his own desires. But long before the end of the year he had caught the vision which has driven him for thirty years since, taking him into every corner of the globe, and making him a figure of international acquaintanceship and influence.

In truth, the vision was stirring enough, for it was nothing less than a union of the college students of the world, pledged to the immediate evangelization of the world. *Immediate* — mark you. Youth has little interest in dreams which are to be realized sometime in the long reaches of posterity. "The World for Christ in This Generation" was the motto on the banner which Mott flung to the breeze. For nineteen hundred years men and women had been fooling along with this proposition. It was time for fooling to stop.

In the next five years, by constant travel and countless speeches, Mott laid the foundations of a great student organization, which began to pour its recruits into the foreign mission fields. The echoes of his achievement were carried across the ocean to Europe. The dignitaries of the church in England heard of him, and, half out of curiosity to see this strange new thing which America had produced, they assigned him a brief ten minutes on the program of one of their conventions.

He came, a tall, fiery young man of only thirty; and his speech set the convention on fire. From that moment he became a marked man in the religious life of his generation.

Another man might have turned back to his own country to enjoy his triumph while the reports of it were still fresh. But Mott has no capacity for self-indulgence; his mind is "forward-looking" with a vengeance, it has no department of reminiscence. From England he moved on to Sweden, where the World Federation of Christian Students was formed under his direction — the first international organization of its kind in history.

Then began the extraordinary succession of world journeyings which have kept him away from home most of the time ever since. In India and Ceylon he held meetings, in universities where the authorities had forbidden him even the use of a hall. An associate of his, now in New York, and formerly in China, tells of meeting him at midnight in a town where a meeting had been scheduled for that evening. Because his boat was late Mott did not arrive until early the following day. But he had come to hold a meeting! And so, at two in the morning, that meeting was held. At five o'clock he was on his way to the next appointment. In Russia, his first meetings were held between midnight and four o'clock, because of the opposition of the czar's government and the Russian church. It is a significant comment on the progress which the past quarter of a century has brought to Mott and his program that the great convention of the Russian church received him two years ago, when he visited Russia as a member of the Root Mission, and cheered his speech to the echo.

I doubt if there is another American who has traveled so many miles in so many different countries. Certainly no other has presided at so many conventions or spoken so often through an interpreter. The map of the world which lies under the glass top of his desk talks to him as familiarly as the map of his home country does to the average man. In the past quarter of a century he has been in Europe every

year except one; and of the men who were premiers of European states at the time the war broke out, he had known every one intimately for more than fifteen years.

The war has laid a heavy hand upon Mott. At its outbreak he was forty-nine and might easily have passed for thirty-five. There was a youthfulness in his manner, a resilience in his step, a thrill in his tones, that made men wonder. He still looks younger than his years, but there is that in his face and voice which was not there before this war came. Men cannot look upon the sights which he has seen in the prison camps of Germany and on the Allied battle fronts without bearing away scars. One sees something of the same look in the eyes of the men who have fought at the front, or who have witnessed the crucifixion of a whole nation in Belgium. It is a sadness born of suffering, a certain solemnity which has come through looking upon sacrifice and immolation.

Mr. Mott had become a few years previously the active head of the Y. M. C. A., under the title with which the "Y" camouflages its active head — general secretary. For years, the "Y" had been working with soldiers and sailors. It understood their language and their needs; it had men and equipment ready. Mott's first trip overseas after the war began showed him that there was an immense job of friendliness to be done in Europe, and convinced him that only the "Y" could do it. In a few weeks his men were at work in the European prison camps and among the soldiers of the Allies.

With our own entry into the war the "Y" expanded its organization step by step with the expansion of the nation's forces. Today five thousand men and women in the Red Triangle uniform are doing for American boys what their own parents would do if they could follow them into camp and across the water. Almost every letter carried into American homes from a soldier son is written in a Y. M. C. A. hut on Red Triangle paper. The baseballs the organization has sent to the front would reach more than two miles if laid side by side. Thousands of feet of films are exhibited in the "Y" huts every night. For the boys who want to make their leisure time count, the best teachers in our universities are being commandeered for France. The hut is home, library, lecture hall, theater, church, and club combined. All that is best and most helpful in American life follows the boys to the trenches and gathers under the sign of the Red Triangle.

A few weeks ago the king of Italy, in a personal interview with Mott, asked for a very large extension of the "Y" work among the Italian forces. The French minister of war, in seeking to have the number of *Foyers de Soldats* — the French name for the huts — increased from thirteen hundred to two thousand, quoted Napoleon's remark that morale is to munitions as three to one. "This is a war of morale," said he, "and the great creator and conserver of morale is the Y. M. C. A."

Among thirteen nationalities on the western front the "Y" is carrying on its work. These men will go back to their own countries carrying the leaven of internationalism. Mott's dream of universal brotherhood, through mutual understanding and mutual service, the dream which seemed to be shattered by the war, promises now, through the agency of the Y. M. C. A. in the war, to move forward toward realization.

Every great man I meet or read about makes genius seem less a mystery to me. At the bottom of it lies

nothing more mysterious than plain, old-fashioned hard work. It was so with Napoleon, who was up at two in the morning attacking his correspondence with an energy that drove his secretaries to despair. It was so with Webster. "I have worked twelve hours a day for more than twenty years," he said. Hamilton, Gladstone, Lincoln — run through the dictionary of biography as you will, you will discover that the truly great men have invariably added to their genius toil unremitting. Mott is no exception. His day will average fourteen working hours. He is never sick. For eleven months of the year he gets no regular exercise, and sleeps and eats wherever he happens to be. The twelfth month he spends in his camp in Canada, where neither telegrams nor the telephone can reach him. And there, in clothes so old that they can almost button and unbutton themselves, he fishes and cuts wood and stores up another year's supply of strength.

With his capacity for work goes a fine talent for concentration. "How in the world did you ever discover gravitation?" asked a pretty young woman of Sir Isaac Newton. "By constantly thinking about it, madam," Sir Isaac rumbled in reply. Constantly thinking about it is Mott's formula for success with his job. From morning to night there is just one subject on his mind — how to make the Y. M. C. A. do its work more efficiently. Surroundings apparently make little difference: the noise of a railway train, or the confusion of a group in his office, simply does not register on his consciousness. He used to turn out a book a year, and most of them were written on Pullmans in the intervals between speeches.

That he has a highly original mind, neither he nor his friends would claim. His speeches contain few flashes that strike the reader as new. His strength consists in taking old truths and animating them with the power of a big, vibrant personality. Also, he is a great "picker of other men's brains." A few weeks ago he was to deliver an exceedingly important address. A great deal depended upon the effect which it was to produce, and I expected that he would make very careful preparation, perhaps take a day off and work on it at home. Instead of that, he called a conference of his chief associates on the evening before the address and asked them what line of argument, in their opinion, he ought to take. For two hours he sat and listened, making notes in his careful, methodical fashion. His speech the next day was his own — there was no mistaking the Mott trade-mark. But it embodied all the best thought of the strongest men in his organization. I thought as I listened to it: "Here, indeed, is a secret of success: that a man should keep his own mind fresh and growing by building into it constantly the brains of the men about him."

There is in the Bible a seemingly absurd verse to the effect that if any man is constantly thinking about saving his life, he is sure to lose it; and that the man who deliberately loses his life will find it.

The average man sets no goal for his life. From day to day he lives, asking of each new circumstance, "How can I turn this to my advantage?" And he guesses wrong almost as often as he guesses right. The trail he leaves is ragged, turning aside wherever it comes in contact with a petty distinction, or a bit of money, or a woman's smile. But in each generation are a few men who catch a vision so big and steadfast that in the pursuit of it they lose all thought of their own interest or advantage. The furrow they plow is straight and purposeful, because their eyes are fas-

tened on the goal. The thing they have to do engulfs them so completely that they forget to think about themselves. And, forgetting themselves, they carve out careers which the world refuses to forget.

The rewards which such a man determines to forego come to him as a by-product of his service. Seeking first the kingdom of heaven, he finds, to his own astonishment, that all these other things — position, reputation, and the friendship of the great — are added to him.

The complete abandonment of self-interest to the service of a vision — this is the secret of real greatness. It is the secret of John R. Mott. — *Bruce Barton, in American Magazine.*

"Everybody's Doing It"

RECENTLY a young man was asked, "Why do you give up the Sabbath, begin to smoke, and go to questionable amusements?" "Oh, because everybody's doing it," came the careless reply. But as he walked away, apparently justified in his course because many others were doing the same thing, it could be seen that his conscience was troubling him. Young people, this hackneyed answer will not stand the test of the judgment.

Hundreds of years ago there lived a young man who spent several years in an Egyptian prison because he would not betray the confidence placed in him by his Master and his God, when, without doubt, many others placed in his position would have failed. But during the long years that have intervened between that day and the present, the name of Joseph has been used as an example of principle and purity. And when the 144,000 stand on the sea of glass with palms of victory in their hands, one twelfth of that beautiful throng will be sealed under the name of that young man who would rather suffer imprisonment and death than commit a great wickedness and sin against God.

Undaunted by the King's Fiery Threat

Later on in the history of the world a great image was made and set up in the plain of Dura, and the command went forth from the lips of a heathen king that at a given signal every one must fall down and worship it. The time came, the signal was given, and the king and his officers had the pleasure of seeing almost every one bowing in obedience to the royal command. But there were three young men who decided that although a fiery furnace awaited them, they would not betray their Lord. Their bitterest enemies lost no time in having them brought before the king, and when asked why they did not bow down with all the rest, they answered: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." To show his approval, the Lord not only came down and walked with his children through the flames, but caused their noble answer to be recorded, and it has been used as the basis of many a lesson since then, while the record of that vast throng of idol worshipers perished with them.

And today, while it is true that many are giving up the Sabbath and joining the forces of the world, a faithful few are determining within themselves, as

Daniel did, that they will not sell their souls for naught in order to escape a few hardships. From the training camps reports are coming from young men who desire most earnestly to serve their country in its time of need, and at the same time be true to their Lord. Characters are being formed today as verily as in the days of Joseph and Daniel, and the day of judgment will reveal who have been true to principle and who have followed the crowd.

The Sign Between God and Man

The Sabbath is a sign between God and his people, and we cannot desecrate it with impunity. Only a short time of testing is left to us, and we ought to decide as the young man Moses did, that we would rather suffer affliction and keep the Sabbath holy than enjoy worldly pleasures and lose our souls. Our Lord is earnestly pleading through his Word and Spirit, "My son, forget not my law; but *let thine heart keep my commandments*: for length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee." (See Prov. 3:1-10.)

May God strengthen us, as true Missionary Volunteers, to thoroughly do his will.

FRANKLIN F. MILLS.

"And Then"

'Twas when

A youth stood on his threshold, looking forth,
With dreamy eyes, upon the smiling earth,
And picturing joy amid the coming years,
A strange and solemn voice fell on his ears —
"And then?"

"What then?"

I shall go forth to mix with pleasure's throng,
Join in the dance, the revel, and the song,
Till youth with all its joyous scenes hath fled."
The voice once more with chilling whisper said,
"And then?"

"What then?"

I'll labor then to gather wealth and gold,
To meet my wants when I am weak and old;
To smooth my path in life's declining years."
Again the solemn voice fell on his ears —
"And then?"

"What then?"

Why, when age bends my frame and dims my eye,
My fate will be the fate of all — to die;
Of years and honors full, I ask no more!"
The voice replied, more solemn than before,
"And then?"

"What then?"

He answered not, but with his youthful heart
Resolved to choose the nobler, better part,
That nevermore amidst his visions bright
Those whispered words might mar his soul's delight,
"And then?"

— E. E. Edwards.

Creation According to the Chinese Philosophers

THE Chinese philosophy of creation is very complex, mysterious, inconsistent, and unreasonable. In fact, there are several systems of philosophy concerning creation more or less related to or connected with each other. The most common belief is that of the yin and yang and the eight-diagram system. Even this is very bewildering, and the average Chinese has only a vague idea of it all. The yin is the female principle, and the yang is the male principle, of nature. The yin and yang stand for the sun and moon, heaven and earth, and male and female. It is taught that heaven and earth are the parents of all things. Some say that the sun and the moon are the beginning and maintenance of creation.

The Eight Diagrams

The eight diagrams are said to be eight beings, father, mother, three sons, and their wives; eight parts of the animated universe, head, womb, feet, thighs, ears, eyes, hands, and mouth; eight portions of the material universe, heaven, earth, fire, water, thunder, wind, hills, and seas; eight animals into which the eight beings are transformed in order to generate the brute creation, horse, cow, dragon, hen, swine, pheasant, dog, and goat.

The names of the diagrams are as follows:

1. *Chien*: male, heaven.
2. *Kan*: a pit, a precipice.
3. *Li*: separate, to leave.
4. *Djen*: to shake; to agitate.
5. *Hswan*: mild, gentle.
6. *Dui*: to exchange.
7. *Gen*: perverse, obstinate, limit.
8. *Kun*: female, earth.

In spite of the fascinating teaching of the ancient Chinese philosophers, the account of creation given in



A diagram of the chart used to teach the philosophy of creation. It was also used in daily worship. In the original chart one half of the circle is red and the other half blue.

the book of Genesis appeals strongly to the people. Some missionaries begin a series of meetings with the story of creation, telling about the true God and his wonderful works. The establishment of the Sabbath day at the close of the six days' work of creation is very interesting to the Chinese. They have no weekly day of rest. The majority have no rest from work the year round, excepting a few days at New Year's time.

O. B. KUHN.

Words of Appreciation

FROM Lakewood, Ohio, there comes the following encouraging word, which we share with the readers of the INSTRUCTOR:

"Just a word in favor of the INSTRUCTOR. I am a reader of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and I enjoy it greatly. The questions for the Finding-Out Club are instructive and helpful. I believe that our young people would have no time for light reading if they would take advantage of the INSTRUCTOR, and become interested in the Counsel Corner and the Finding-Out Club. The INSTRUCTOR is interesting and educational to me.

HAROLD B. HANNUM."



Venezuela — Where Is It ?

A MAP of South America reveals the fact that Venezuela occupies the northernmost extremity of that continent; and that La Guaira, the seaport of the capital, is farther north than the cities of Colon and Panama on the Isthmus of Panama. Venezuela is bounded on the west by Colombia, on the east by British Guiana, on the south by Brazil and Colombia, and on the north by the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. The republic comprises an area greater than that of the British Isles, Germany, and the Netherlands combined. To illustrate how little was known of Venezuela even at as late date as 1892, the following authoritative incident is cited. At a meeting of Congress it was proposed to unite the missions to Venezuela and Guatemala, the idea being that the two countries joined, whereas Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, and Colombia intervene. After considerable discussion one member arose and seriously asked, "Where is Venezuela, anyhow?" Then another member, fully as well informed in geography, and also desirous of economizing, suggested uniting the missions to Venezuela, Ecuador, and Peru. The same year also a St. Louis merchant wrote to inquire of our minister in Caracas "the most available Venezuelan seaport on the Pacific." These statements hardly seem credible, yet they are asserted to be actual occurrences.

A bird's-eye view of Venezuela reveals high ridges of snow-capped peaks, low tropical valleys, rolling hills, thick forests, and treeless plains.

There are swamps and jungles inhabited only by reptiles and wild beasts; immense prairies with great droves of domestic cattle grazing upon them; vast coffee estates and sugar plantations; and other districts rich in gold and silver.

The physical formation of the country makes it possible to find almost every variety of climate within the compass of a few miles as well as every variety of useful plants common to the torrid and temperate zones. At an altitude of two or three thousand feet the climate is most agreeable and vegetation plentiful, the mean temperature being about 70° F. The temperature of any locality, as well as the character of the vegetation, depends upon the altitude.

There are but two seasons, the wet and the dry. The wet season usually begins in April and lasts until October, and the dry season begins about October and ends with March. Sunstroke or heat exhaustion is



almost unknown, even where the heat is most intense in the lowlands and along the coast.

The chief river is the great Orinoco, which is said to have two hundred tributaries and twelve thousand square miles of delta, and is a key to nearly one fourth of South America. The only part of the South American continent that Columbus ever saw was a few rods of the Venezuelan coast near the delta of the Orinoco.

Nature seems to have poured out her bounties lavishly on this country; and with a location in such easy connection with the world, its advantages and possibilities are indeed many. Venezuela is coming to be noticed more, and many from other continents are recognizing that this is in truth one of the most desirable countries in the world for residence.

MRS. W. E. BAXTER.

The Lost Paper

PRAYER is a wonderful privilege. One of our soldiers remembered that he had left his certificate in a Y. M. C. A. hut on a writing desk. Two days had already elapsed. In the meantime the desk had been cleared several times. He began to study thus: If the Lord sees fit for me to have such a thing, I'll get it back. If that is the only thing that will keep me out of unnecessary trouble, the Lord will help me find it. So he knelt in prayer, asking God to help him. It was a prayer of faith. Believing that it would be found, he ventured back to the same desk, but all had been swept and garnished. Then he went to the rear of the building. There to his sorrow he found the heap of waste paper aflame. Going over to the fire, he kicked into the pile. Seeing a folded slip underneath, yet unscorched, he fished it out; and lo, it was the lost certificate! This was a simple but blessed experience. We can all have such, if we exercise the same faith. "God has not forsaken his people, and our strength lies in not forsaking him." Let us take courage and start anew, being zealous in good works.

PRIVATE B. P. SPEAR.

Two Styles of Work

BEFORE I owned a typewriter — of the keyboard variety — I occasionally had copying to do. On one occasion I took some work to a young lady whose sign read, "Stenography and Typewriting." There was absolutely nothing the matter with the sign — would that I could speak of the young lady's work after the same fashion!

At night the work was ready. I paid the price, which was fully fifty per cent more than it should have been, then took the work to my office and looked it over. The copy was valueless. Errors stood out on it "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Words were changed, letters were missing; all kinds and conditions of errors abounded in that luckless manuscript.

The next morning I returned the manuscript. The young lady recopied it, but she did it neither willingly nor well. Even in this second copy errors flourished in appalling numbers.

I took a farewell look at that perfect sign of hers and then traveled elsewhere. I found another sign just as perfect, but what a difference there was in the owners! This young lady was polite, neat, and accurate. Mistakes in her work were almost as rare as the proverbial hen's teeth. Her prices were reasonable, and when I paid her she smiled and said, "Thank you; come again," just as if she meant it.

Yes, I went again. She was always busy. Work just flows to people who do their work in that faithful, conscientious way. The girl who is looking for a salary instead of a job will hold neither. The faithful, careful, thorough workers are always in demand. No work is unimportant. Faithfulness counts.

Dependable is a big word. Can people depend upon you? — *Selected.*

The Silent Lie

ALIE may go forth to the world and live without actually having been spoken; for lying is giving a false impression, or deceiving. The Bible says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

A little girl made a noise with her pencil in school. "Who did that?" sternly demanded the teacher. The frightened child said nothing. The angry teacher blamed a small boy for the offense and punished him soundly. By no look or word did the little girl betray herself. She thus bore false witness against her neighbor. That was a silent lie.

A very timid young woman was asked to teach a Sabbath school class in a totally strange place. She hesitated, but wishing to serve her Master, accepted the responsibility. Another teacher of long experience in teaching in Sabbath school as well as day school, was a stranger to embarrassment, and thought to have some fun at the young woman's expense. So she led her to believe that she would be in her Sabbath school class, thus causing the timid one much anxiety and foreboding, as the older woman was given to making fun, and possessed the faculty of making one feel uneasy in her presence. To the young lady's great relief, however, Miss B. did not appear in the class, but later said to Miss Bashful, before others, "Did you mark me present this morning?" Then laughing, said: "I told you I *was* placed in your class. Oh, I was very careful what I said; I didn't tell a falsehood."

"But you led me to believe one," was the answer.

"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord." And why? It is because they deceive, and deceitfulness is one of Satan's deadliest weapons. Let us be careful lest we assist the prince of darkness in his evil work. None of us want to be the servants of the devil, yet we are really assisting him if we tell the silent falsehood.

MABEL F. MITCHELL.

When Jenny Lind Sang

ONE day in Edinburgh Jenny Lind went into a music seller's shop on Prince Street to buy some songs. The man who waited upon her, not recognizing her, asked whether she had ever heard the famous Jenny Lind sing. "Yes," said the lady. "Have you heard her?" "No," replied the shopman, "I should like very much to do so, but unfortunately I cannot afford to go to the concerts." The customer then asked the young man if he would be good enough to play the accompaniment of a song which she had chosen. She sang the song all through, and never had the player heard anything so beautiful! "There," she said to him when she had finished the song, "now you have heard Jenny Lind."

"If we said 'Thank you' oftener, both to God and man, the road would grow smoother, and the burdens would seem lighter."



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."



PINKY

PINKY, of course, was only a stepbrother to Ralph Henwood. There was no tie of blood to make him tender toward the little chap. When Mrs. Henwood had married Mr. Davis, Pinky's father, six-year-old Ralph had looked the two-year-old boy over with a critical and unfriendly eye. The boy, all pink and white, suggested but one thing to Ralph,—a shy, white rabbit,—and he promptly nicknamed him "Pinky."

The name held, too. In time, even Mrs. Davis took it up. His earlier name was all but forgotten. Now and then, his father whispered it to him, and when this happened, Pinky eyed him wonderingly.

Pinky, for all his soft whiteness, was a sturdy little fellow. He followed Ralph about the place, and endeavored, in his baby way, to keep up with the interests of the older boy.

"Isn't it nice to have a little brother?" Mrs. Davis said to Ralph at times.

But Ralph never committed himself. "I—don't know," he hesitated. "He's too little."

"He'll grow," smiled the mother. "Some day he'll be a lot of company for you."

"He tags after me all the time. I wish he wouldn't," Ralph murmured under his breath.

But if Mrs. Davis caught the rebellious whisper, she wisely did not appear to.

"Ralph can't help coming to love him," she thought to herself.

Months passed, and still little Pinky tagged continually at Ralph's heels, and he still continued to be snubbed by the older boy.

"If something would happen to draw the boys together, I should be perfectly happy," said Mrs. Davis to her husband. "There's enough difference in their dispositions to make them good comrades, and they ought to be a great deal to each other. But Ralph is always off with other boys."

"Never mind," Mr. Davis cheered her, "these things always take time. In a few years the difference in their ages will not seem so great. Their living together daily will form a stronger tie than you realize. By the time Ralph is fourteen, you will see they will be the brothers that you want them to be."

Mrs. Davis dropped the subject, but not because she was entirely convinced. She saw more of the boys than did Mr. Davis, and the closest observance failed to bring to light any signs of their growing nearer to each other.

By the time Ralph was ten, he was carelessly superior in his treatment of Pinky. Pinky, never harboring a suspicion that Ralph was slighting him, trudged to school after the older, with the same dogged devotion and admiration he had shown since his baby days.

"Help Pinky with his lessons, dear," Mrs. Davis often suggested. But Ralph was ready with an excuse, reasonable or unreasonable.

If she urged still further, he fell back upon an old line of reasoning that he would know his lessons better if he worked them out alone. "Our teacher tells us that, and I guess he knows."

"But a little help over the hard places means a good deal to a beginner. I used to help you, you know."

"But Pinky learns easier than I did."

It was true. Pinky, perhaps from his loneliness and lack of aid, mastered lessons far beyond his years. By the time Ralph was fourteen, Pinky had cut the difference between them to two years, as far as standing in school was concerned.

Ralph had done well, too. At fourteen he entered high school. The school was twenty miles away, and necessitated Ralph's being away from home.

Mrs. Davis worried over that. "I know Ralph is a good boy, and I am not afraid to trust him. But—"

"But what?"

"I know you will laugh when I say I would really feel safer if Pinky were with him. Pinky is the younger, I know, but there is something about him—"

"Without a doubt, Pinky would keep close at Ralph's heels. Well, why can't we send him? Your sister could keep two boys as easily as one. The schools are better, too, in the city."

"But the expense—"

"Don't think of that. I am sure I shall not where the good of our two boys is concerned. And, if Pinky's going will make you feel easier, he shall go, of course."

"Yes, it would greatly relieve me."

"Then Pinky shall go. Let's tell him now. It will please him, all right."

Pinky indeed showed great delight when the change was announced. He could hardly wait while arrangements were being made.

"I can go right away, can't I?" he asked. "I don't have to wait till Monday do I? I'd like to go and surprise Ralph."

"Don't you think it would be nicer to wait and go with Ralph, when he comes home at the end of the week?"

But Pinky shook his head.

"Today's only Tuesday. Please, please let me go tomorrow and surprise him. It will be the surprise of his life to find I am to be there, too."

Mr. and Mrs. Davis talked it over, and decided to let Pinky have his way.

"He doesn't have many good times, poor little fellow!" Mrs. Davis said. "And doubtless Ralph will be only too glad to have some one from home with him."

But if Ralph was glad when Pinky arrived, he managed to conceal the fact effectually. Pinky's face fell at his cool reception.

"If you don't want me—" he began.

"Oh, it's all right," Ralph said carelessly. "The

"schools are better here, and you'll get along faster, but don't expect to see much of me. I'm in high school now, you know, and the fellows I go with aren't keen on grammar school boys."

"But who'll I go with?"

"You'll find plenty of boys in your own class. I see them every day. Your school is next to mine."

"But — I wanted to be near you."

"You'll be near enough," Ralph said irritably. "Too near!" he added to himself.

Pinky never stayed despondent for any length of time. He brightened now at a sudden thought. "There are all the nights!" he cried. "I'll have you to myself, then, won't I?"

"Well, I rather guess not!" Ralph said hastily; "I have to prepare my lessons then."

"But after you get through with them, there'll be lots of time. We can talk after we're in bed, can't we?"

"I don't see how, with the doors shut."

"Can't I sleep with you?"

"No."

"Why? I saw two beds in your room."

"There were two, but I asked Aunt Mary to take one out."

Pinky said no more. His disappointment was keen, but he ceased to show it.

He started in the new school the following day. The work was harder than it had been at home, and for a time he was occupied solely with keeping up with the class. But by degrees the work became familiar and easy to him, and he began to find time heavy on his hands.

"What shall I do after school, Ralph?" he asked.

"Can't we go somewhere, just the two of us?"

"No, we can't. I'm busy enough with my work. Find some of the boys, and go around with them."

"But —"

Ralph turned at the odd tremble in the word. Pinky's eyes appealed to him, and the older boy half hesitated.

"I just can't, Pinky," he said. "I would if I could, but the other fellows wouldn't want a fellow of your age hanging around. Find your own chums. You used to be a friendly chap back home."

"But these boys seem so different."

"Oh, well, you'll get used to them in time. Run away, now, and don't bother me."

Pinky went out slowly. He did not turn at the door and look back with the little crooked smile to which Ralph was so accustomed. He did not leave the door partly ajar, as if he expected to come again soon. Instead he closed it, and with an air of finality.

"Now he's huffed!" Ralph thought. "I'm sure I don't care. I only hope he'll stay that way, and leave me entirely alone."

As time went on, Ralph found that Pinky was following his suggestion. Pinky's school was dismissed an hour before Ralph was free, but he was not waiting around the corner for Ralph to walk home with him. Nor did he come up the stairs, three steps at a time, if Ralph missed him and reached home first.

"I'm glad he has found a way of amusing himself," Ralph thought, "without having to pester me all the time."

Apparently Pinky had. Ralph looked at him sometimes as they sat at the dinner table as if he saw him for the first time. There was something new about his face — something puzzling; whether pleasing or not, Ralph could not quite decide.

"Pinky looks different," he thought. "He has found his bearings, and will get along all right now."

Aunt Mary noticed the change, too. She watched Pinky with shrewd, kindly eyes. "That boy is up to mischief of some sort," she said to herself. "Sister said he was as steady as a clock. I thought so myself when he first came, but he has not a steady look any longer. He never meets your eyes if he can help it. When I get a chance I must speak to Ralph about him."

The chance was not long in coming. There was no longer any danger of Pinky's happening in; he was in the house only when he was obliged to be.

Aunt Mary dropped into a chair by Ralph's littered table. "Ralph," she asked, "what's the matter with Pinky?"

Ralph held his finger in his book as he answered. "Oh, nothing, I guess, Aunt Mary," he said carelessly.

"Do you mean that you can't see any change in him?"

Ralph searched back through a mind as littered as his table, trying to find the image of Pinky therein.

"Why," he replied, "I believe he is a bit changed. He's growing up, you see. When he came here he was only a little white rabbit."

Aunt Mary sighed again. "He will be a black one the first thing you know, or I miss my guess. He is into mischief, and I know it. I have had much experience with boys, and I know most of the signs."

"I guess not. I don't know what he could get into."

"You ought to find out." Aunt Mary went on. "It is your job to look out for your brother. Just have a good talk with him, and find out what has gone wrong."

"I will when I get a chance," Ralph promised.

"Don't be too long finding a chance," cautioned Aunt Mary, as she left the room.

Ralph thought of Pinky more than once that afternoon. There was something new and strange about the boy. And yet if there was anything wrong with him, they would have noticed it at home.

"Aunt Mary just imagines things," he summed it up at last. "If Pinky had been changed any, who would have seen it more quickly than mother? Mother would have noticed right away. However, I will have a heart-to-heart talk with Pinky one of these days. There are some pretty bad boys at that school, and it's just as well to put Pinky on his guard."

The intention, though, was as far as it went with Ralph. His work at school was interesting and engrossing. In his leisure time he had his own friends and his own pleasures. There really was no place for Pinky and his troubles to be wedged in.

"But I'll do it some day," Ralph promised himself.

Then suddenly he found it was too late. He was called to the telephone in school one day. Aunt Mary's voice, strained and strange, bade him come home at once. Ralph was white-lipped by the time he reached the house.

Aunt Mary broke the news without preamble. "There is no good beating about the bush," she said.

"Pinky is in trouble. He has written to me."

"To you?"

There was a hint of hurt in Ralph's voice.

"To me, of course. To whom would the poor boy write? He sent only a few lines, but —"

"Why didn't he come instead of writing?"

"Come! He couldn't. He is in jail."

Ralph sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

Aunt Mary eyed him with the pity of one who had known regret. "Don't feel hard toward him," she began. "He is not altogether to blame. I want you to go right down and see him. I do not know what he has done, but whatever it is, we are going to stand right by him. Go right down now. And—don't be hard on him, Ralph."

Ralph groaned. How little Aunt Mary understood the thoughts that were hammering in his brain—the regret, the pity, the love, the brotherhood! Ralph knew that by the sudden rush of tears to his eyes.

Down in the jail he found little Pinky, white-faced and miserable, with no longer a claim to the old name. He gave Ralph no greeting, made no explanation, but sat in stubborn silence, his eyes on the floor.

Ralph was obliged to leave him at last, and ask information of the police sergeant at the desk. The man was kindly and talkative. A till had been robbed. Three of the boys, two of whom were old offenders, had been caught.

"Very likely that little fellow you have come to see just happened to fall in with bad company. I do not believe he had a thing to do with it. It will all come out when the others confess. O yes, they are pretty certain to. The captain has a way of making them own up."

Ralph steadied his lips at last to ask a question. "Could I—could I just stay there in place of him tonight? He'll be afraid. He's so—little."

"Why, no," said the kindly sergeant, "you couldn't do that. But bail will be accepted, of course. Let's see what it will be."

An hour later Ralph went in to tell Pinky of his liberty, temporary liberty at least. Pinky still sat in sullen solitude. He did not turn at the opening of the door. Ralph fell on his knees beside him.

"Pinky!" he cried. "Brother!"

Pinky threw off his hand. "You were ashamed of me before," he said, "how will you feel now?"

"But, Pinky, I'm not ashamed of you. I'm ashamed of myself. I am the one who ought to be in jail. If it comes to a trial, I'll tell my story to the judge, and perhaps he'll punish me instead of you. It's all my fault."

He put his arm around Pinky again and the younger brother did not draw away. Ralph held him closer. A love that was almost fierce welled up in his heart, and he longed to protect him, to do battle for him against the whole world. There was not much he could say now, but he would show his love from now on!

"Come, brother; come on home with me."—*Mabel Leaton.*

The Hand of God

OH, 'tis the very sweetness of life
To hie me away from this study and strife
To the beautiful garden of God,
Out with the trees and the springy sod—
For this is the life I'd love to live,
Yea, gladly my soul I'd give,
Give in the temple of God.

Yet life's aim is not pleasure,
Life's aim is duty's treasure.
So if all our days we give
And for others our lives we live,
Surely the reward will be
To reign for eternity—
Reign in the land of God.

—*Theodore Gates, in Forum.*

A WARM, blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise man.—*Cecil.*

Nature and Science

Clouds Hold a Lot of Water

DO you know what an "inch of rain" means to farmers? When the Weather Bureau reports that an inch of rain has fallen, it means that on one acre of ground water to fill more than 600 barrels of 45 gallons each has fallen. That quantity of water weighs more than 110 tons. If the rainstorm covered 1,000 acres, which would be a very small shower indeed, 113,000 tons of water would fall from the clouds.

Rainstorms frequently cover whole counties, and often two or three or five inches of water fall in one storm. In that case the weight of water that falls to the earth is simply enormous. A single widespread and heavy storm might result, it has been estimated, in 100,000,000,000 tons of rain.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Traveling Stones

THE famous traveling stones of Australia are rivaled by round stones, from the size of a pea to six inches in diameter, found in Nevada.

When distributed about upon the floor, table, or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling toward a common center, and there lie huddled like a lot of eggs in a nest.

A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows; if taken away four or five feet, it remained motionless.

They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found.

The cause of these stones' rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone or magnetic iron ore.—*Selected.*

A Birthday Present to the Nation

THE heart of an airplane is its engine. We know a great deal about gasoline engines, especially automobile engines; but an airplane engine is a very different proposition. It must be tremendously powerful, and at the same time extremely light. Every ounce of unnecessary weight must be shaved off. It must be built with the precision of a watch, its vital parts must be true to a ten-thousandth part of an inch. It takes a very powerful horse to develop one horsepower for a considerable length of time. It would take one hundred horses to supply the power for even a small airplane, and they would weigh one hundred twenty thousand pounds. An airplane motor of the same power would weigh less than three hundred pounds, which is a quarter of the weight of a single horse. It was this powerful, yet most delicate machine that we were called upon to turn out by the thousand. There was no time to waste; a motor must be designed that could be built in the American way, without any tinkering or fussy handwork.

Two of our best engineers met in a hotel in Washington on June 3, 1917, and worked for five days without once leaving their rooms. They had before

them all the airplane knowledge of our allies. American engine builders offered up their trade secrets. Everything was done to make this motor worthy of America's reputation. There was a race to have the motor finished by the Fourth of July. Sure enough, on Independence Day the finished motor was there in Washington—the "Liberty motor," a birthday present to the nation. It was a wonderful engine. Twelve different factories, from Connecticut to California, had helped to make it, yet so accurately had the parts been machined that they were assembled and put into a single motor without any special hand fitting. The Liberty motor has stood up splendidly under every test. Big factories are now making the motor, and turning them out by the thousand.

A Twenty-Six-Acre Factory

The bodies and wings of our air fleet are being turned out in other factories. One big plant, which was built in three months' time, covers twenty-six acres with a single building. It measures nine hundred feet one way and thirteen hundred feet the other way. To give some idea of its enormous size, let us imagine how it would look if placed in the heart of New York City. Suppose we pick out Madison Square as the site of the vast factory. We should have to push back a little the buildings on the north and south sides of the square to squeeze the factory in, and then we should have to tear down the buildings on the west side of the square nearly all the way to Sixth Avenue to make room for the enormous length of the structure. The factory is an enormous mill into which canvas and spruce are being fed at one end, while from the other end a steady stream of airplanes will be ground out, when everything is in good running order, at the rate of fifty machines a day, or one every nine and a half minutes of an eight-hour work day.—*St. Nicholas.*

Extraordinary Dolls

IN China and Korea straw dolls are placed over the doors of a home where a child is sick, with the hope that the sickness will leave the child and enter the doll. In case the child recovers, it is steadfastly believed that the disease did enter the straw doll, and it is forthwith taken down and burned.

Scapegoat Dolls

The "scapegoat dolls" of China and Korea are also made of straw. When a wrong-doer wishes to atone for some sin or sins he has committed, he goes to a sorcerer for help. The sorcerer, at the request of the wrong-doer who wishes to atone, and for a stipulated sum, fashions a straw doll and hides in its body a few Chinese coins. Then, by weird, unintelligible utterances, the sorcerer declares that he persuades all of the avenging spirits into believing that the straw doll is the one guilty of evil-doing. The real wrong-doer then casts the straw doll into some thoroughfare. Passers-by understand why the straw doll is put in their way, and proceed to kick, beat, and in other ways illtreat it, until it is at length torn into small bits. It is believed that the destruction of the scapegoat doll pacifies the wrath of the avenging spirits, and thus rids the wrong-doer of his sins.

Sickness Dolls

The natives of the Nicobar Islands have queer-looking dolls which they use in cases of illness, and they are known as "sickness dolls." As soon as a

member of a family becomes ill, the sickness dolls are suspended from the ceiling, and it is believed that they will in some miraculous way restore the sick one to health.

Living Dolls

Forty dolls which are said to possess supernatural powers of many kinds are in Asakasa Pagoda, in Tokio. In Japanese these are called the "living dolls." They are kept in a room by themselves and are exhibited only by the priest in whose care they are placed.

Washington's Huge Collection of Dolls

Not all the extraordinary dolls are in foreign lands. There is a most interesting collection of between three thousand and four thousand dolls in our National Museum, at Washington, D. C. They are kept in big drawers that were made for their storage, and are under the care of a superintendent. The greater number by far of this great collection of dolls came from the savage tribes of American Indians and Eskimos of the West and North. There are, however, in the collection dolls from every country of the globe. We are told that the purpose of this collection of dolls is that they may be carefully studied by Government experts in ethnology. It is possible, so it is claimed, for these experts in ethnology to learn from the nature of a tribe's or nation's playthings and toys much of the character and mental development of the individuals of which it is composed.—*Miss D. V. Farley.*

A Letter from England

THERE are none of us but would like to step upon English soil that we might see how things are over there,—learn how our workers are prospering, and how the people in general are getting along; but since we cannot do this, the following personal letter from one of our lady colporteurs, Miss Jennie Normansell, of Birmingham, England, will interest us, as it answers some of these questions:

"I was greatly pleased to receive your letter, and it is one I shall treasure. You would like to know how we are getting on? We are faring splendidly for the time in which we are living. The people here are opening their hearts to the truth. As I canvass for our periodicals I frequently meet persons who are seeking the truth for this time. What a blessed privilege we young people have in the scattering of the precious leaves of truth! I am glad that God has given me the opportunity of working in his vineyard, only I pray that he may make me a more efficient worker. Many times the Lord has given me great success in my work. Last Sunday morning I sold one hundred twenty papers in one and one-half hours. Now that people in England are getting the money, they seem quite willing to buy.

"A few months ago we had a conference at our church, and two of your American soldiers were in attendance. One was Brother Wilson, and the other Brother Walter Rollins, of Colfax, California. The latter came to my home, and we enjoyed his visit. His mother has been dead for some time, his father is bitter against the truth, and he is very anxious for his younger sister to enter one of our schools. I am corresponding with his sisters, and we must pray earnestly for his father that God will work with him and lead him to accept the truth for this time. There are quite a number of American soldiers here, and all wear a serious or sad look.

"What a glorious thing it will be to have Jesus come and reign, so all sorrow and sickness will be swept away! Truly we need to pray, 'Come quickly, Lord Jesus.'"

Pussy settled herself contentedly before the kitchen range and began to purr. Small Ruth regarded her for a moment in amazement, and then cried: "O grandmover, tum here quick! The tat's begun to boil!"

A True Story of the War

IT was a military hospital, in an out-of-the-way corner of Normandy. This hospital had been rather hastily organized, and everything was on a modest scale, as were so many things at the beginning of a war for which no preparation whatever had been made. Nearly every week arrived a convoy of seriously wounded directly from the front.

Oh, the sad sights, in the gray, damp November mornings, or the misty twilights; the long slow trains, carefully stopping at the obscure little station! The white forms carried away, the bandaged heads, the pale, weary faces, all in a line toward the ambulance near by, between the leafless trees. And the great, solemn silence, enveloping the ominous scene. . . .

In a snowy bed a big wounded soldier is moaning. His hard, sour face has a shut, defiant air, mixed with anxiety. His leg has been pierced in several places, and some bullets are still there. The head surgeon had gently told him, this very first morning, that he was not sure the leg could be saved.

"But of course I will do my very best, you know that, my boy," he had added, looking at him with his kind brown eyes. "You must not give up hope. I only warned you in case it becomes urgent, and so that it may not be too great a shock to you." And he had passed on.

After the surgeon's visit, the wounded man asked the nurse: "Who is this doctor? I seem to know his face."

"It is quite possible," she answered. "You may, in any case, have seen his photograph. He is Doctor X from Paris." And she named the most famous French surgeon of the day.

The soldier opened his eyes wide. "Do you mean that he *stays* here? In this small, unknown place?"

The *infirmière* smiled. "What does that mean to him? Men are men, everywhere. . . ."

The next morning the wounded man waited impatiently for the doctor. When the dressing was done, with the minutest care, in the gentlest way, the soldier said rather brusquely, to hide his emotion: "Monsieur le Major, have you seen my *livret*?"

"No, boy, I have not seen it."

"Then you don't know that I am a *légionnaire*?"

[In the French army, the doctors alone have the title of major. The *livret* is the book of civil and military identity carried by each soldier. The *légionnaires* are a regiment of men who have been condemned to punishment, either in their civil or military life.]

"How does that affect me?" said the major.

"Well, I wondered if you would be so kind to me if you knew what I am, and had read all about my condemnations."

The great surgeon smiled, and pinched the soldier's cheek. "My poor boy, I don't care what you *were*. Now I know you are a soldier of France; you have fought valiantly; you are wounded. Why should I look at your *livret*? It is not my business. I am not a *gendarme*!" He was laughing, standing there, imposing and erect, gathering his tools; he added brightly: "No, I am no *gendarme*. I am only your friend. Good morning, lad. You may perhaps keep this naughty leg of yours, if you are very good and quiet."

When he had gone, the *légionnaire*, who could not turn to the wall, covered his face with a newspaper

that was on his bed and, underneath, indulged in the first tears he had shed since he was a little boy of twelve.

The days passed. He watched narrowly all around him, nurses, doctors, and, above all, the head surgeon, to discover any sign of disgust or of disdain toward him. He could see none.

He knew that in the bed next to him the son of a noble French house was suffering like himself. Could it be possible that this young man of high birth, great fortune, and honorable past would receive no better attention than a poor wretch who had been many times in prison, and had only just begun to be sorry for it? Yet, incredible as it seemed, it was so.

In spite of the most attentive watching, he could see no difference, except, perhaps, on his own side; a little more kindness, tinged with pity, in the famous surgeon's voice, when he personally dressed the wounds every day.

Then the soldier thought of his motherless childhood, without love or caresses; of his first fall into evil ways through the bad examples of older and wicked friends. He thought of his long, weary days and nights in prison; his heart full of hatred and rebellion against those who had put him there, and never the least feeling of repentance. He thought of the despising look of good people when he came out, the difficulty of obtaining work, the poverty, the loneliness. And then, as an only way, the next fall into still uglier sins. . . . And through it all, nobody had ever been kind to him, had ever loved him. . . . He had become an outcast, until he had come here, where one of the greatest men of the country had called him "my boy," and said he was his "friend!"

Time went on only too rapidly. The leg was saved, though still stiff. The soldier's health was excellent. The hour had come to leave this hospital, to give his place to another.

The morning he went away he asked a private interview to say good-by to the head surgeon. He found him in his laboratory, and thanked him heartily for all his care and kindness.

The famous doctor stood up and put both hands on the young man's shoulders. "My child," he said gently, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Of me?" echoed the soldier. "Oh, Monsieur le Major, what can that be?"

The surgeon looked very serious and fatherly. "Promise me to live, from this day, a different life. I don't know what you have been guilty of, and I don't wish to know. But I want you to promise me to become an honest and good man, with God's help."

The big soldier, with the defiant air, who had been, perhaps, a redoubtable "Apache," bowed his head, and in a childlike gesture leaned it against the great surgeon's arm. Then he burst into tears, broken down by the man who had revealed to him the possibility of a new life. He wept over the wasted years, his dark past.

At this moment an assistant, entering the room, saw a strange, unexpected scene.

The celebrated scientist had passed both his arms around the *légionnaire's* shoulders and was kissing his forehead. He also had tears in his eyes, but the man who until then had believed himself despised and fallen forever was suddenly transfigured under this paternal embrace. At this supreme hour a divine

spark had lit in his dark soul a wonderful fire that nothing could ever extinguish. He felt he could, indeed, live another life. God had not forsaken his poor soul, since a good man had loved him and gathered him to his arms.

And he thought of a simple story he had heard when he was a little child, . . . the story of a prodigal son, who had come home to his father. . . .

Love had done it for him also!—*Hedgar Pluvinnes, in the Christian Herald.*

Dreams

CHARLES DICKENS had a hard boyhood. When he was ten years old, he left his home in the beautiful country of Kent, and his father was sent to prison at Marshalsea on account of his debts. Charles, a delicate and sensitive boy, was set to work in a huge basement in London, where he labeled and tied up numberless pots of blacking. He never told his own children of those days, but under the name of "Murdstone & Grimby's warehouse" he gives us the story in "David Copperfield."

There was a reason why he did not sink to the level of the boys of the street with whom he had to associate. It was the same reason that kept him from being disheartened by the disgrace of his father. The boy had dreams, great dreams. In his Chatham home he had resolved that the great house at Gadshill, which he admired very much, should be his some day. And it was. Other dreams he had of school and university, some of which were never realized.

Speaking of these days, long after, to an intimate friend, he said: "There was nothing in those days, *except my dreams*, that kept me from becoming a vagabond of the streets."

It reminds one of the couplet:

"Two men looked out from prison bars:
One saw mud; the other, stars."

Young Charles saw the stars and would not shut his eyes to them. He "hitched his wagon to a star" and pulled himself out of the mud and slime of things, while the majority stayed where they were.

Abraham Lincoln "shucked" corn three days to pay for a secondhand copy of Weems's "Life of Washington." After he read the book, he said: "I don't intend always to delve, grub, shuck corn, split rails, and the like."

"What do you want to be?" asked Mrs. Crawford.

"I'll be President," confidently said the boy.

"You'd make a purty President, with all your tricks and jokes, now wouldn't you?" asked the woman.

"I'll study and get ready, and the chance will come," concluded Abe.

The chance came, and Abraham Lincoln was ready for the biggest job of the nineteenth century.

"I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," was Paul's explanation to King Agrippa as to the secret of his life. Privations and punishments could not make him forget it, prison could not make him lose sight of it, and not even death itself could make him disobedient to it.

"It takes a soul
To move a body; it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses even to a cleaner sty;
It takes the ideal to blow an inch inside
The dust of the actual."

But to see visions, dream dreams, and have great ideals is not enough. If one goes only so far, he be-

comes nothing but a dreamer and a visionary. Visions mean work revealed, work that must be done, not work accomplished. The castles in the air must be brought down to earth. The New Jerusalem must not be simply in the clouds; it must descend unto the city where you live.

A young artist in England was painting a lost woman of the streets. So real was the look of abandonment, sin, and despair, the vision reached past his artistic ability and challenged his very soul.

"I can paint this, and yet—I am doing nothing to help," he said, half aloud.

He did help, and went into the slums of London to do social service work. Then he became a minister in the Church of England, and was finally its missionary bishop in Africa.—*Wellspring.*

The Man Who Wins

THE man who wins is an average man,
Not built on any peculiar plan;
Not blessed with any peculiar luck;
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question, he does not "guess;"
He knows, and answers "No," or "Yes."
When set a task that the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he's put it through.

So he works and waits, till one fine day,
There's a better job and bigger pay.
And the men who shirked whenever they could
Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes—
The man who wins is the man who tries.

—*Selected.*

For the Finding-Out Club

PART I

1. WHY is Ezekiel said to be the world's first Herbert Hoover?
2. What is the origin of the term "bluestocking"?
3. What gave rise to the name "Huguenots"?
4. How many moons has Saturn?
5. What is meant by a "mosquito fleet"?
6. How far from the coast does the authority of the United States extend over the sea?
7. How can holes be drilled in glass?

PART II

Where Is It?

NAME and locate the smallest republic in the world. It has an area of only thirty-eight square miles, and the population numbers 11,000. Though surrounded by strife and changing social and political conditions, it has kept its independence through sixteen centuries, and today this, our "littlest ally," stands calm and unafraid, ready to defend its ideals of liberty should the tides of battle which ebb and flow thirteen miles away come nearer.

There is nothing "on the level" in this land, geographically speaking, and one writer asserts that the whole republic would surely be breathless were the inhabitants not accustomed to mountain climbing. Against its sky line stately peaks stand in outline, and the highest point is 2,500 feet above sea level. From the mountain tops one looks out over a landscape history-laden and rich in legendary lore dating back to the middle of the fourth century.

The government is in charge of a grand council composed of sixty citizens, and this body has supreme power. From among its members two captains regent are chosen every six months, and inaugurated with medieval ceremony. In these officials is invested executive power for their term of office, and they can be re-elected only after an interval of three years.

In this peaceful little land life all through the long summer is a gay kaleidoscopic picture. In winter, however, the weather "is so cold and such deep snow fills the narrow streets that the people practically hibernate."

There are several co-operative societies in operation, and of these the public bakehouse is one of the busiest. In the good old days, before the war turned things topsy-turvy, each family sent its bread to the public oven to be baked. However, economic conditions have now made it necessary for the government to prohibit private bread making. Bread tickets are issued, and the bread is sold during certain hours of the day in the market.

"Taxes are so insignificant and rents so low that this republic does not have to face the serious problems of other countries, since the government has no complex and expensive state organization to maintain."

This country has coined its own money until recently, but at present the Italian monetary system is in use. "It has its own postage stamps, the ever-present three towers being engraved in different colors in accordance with the value." Some time ago an alluring plan was laid to convert this republic into another Monte Carlo. But although this would have meant immense wealth to the citizens and the government as well, the offer was declined, and today "the littlest republic in the world stands true to the precepts of its fourth-century founder, a Dalmatian stonemason."

L. E. C.

The Sabbath School

IX — The Brazen Serpent: Battles with the Enemy

(November 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Numbers 21; Deut. 3: 1-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." Isa. 45: 22.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 428-432; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 234-237.

"There's life in a look at the sacred cross,
Jesus has said, 'Look unto me';
Earth with its riches is only dross,
Bright treasures beyond in the cross I see."

Questions

1. From Mt. Hor which way did the Israelites journey? Num. 21: 4. Note 1.
2. Instead of rejoicing that they were so near their journey's end, what did they do? What did they say about the manna? Verse 5. Note 2.
3. What was permitted to come among the people? What did the people then wish Moses to do? Verses 6, 7. Note 3.
4. What did the Lord tell Moses to make? How were some of the people saved? Verses 8, 9. Note 4.
5. Whom did the brazen serpent represent? John 3: 14, 15.
6. What message did Israel send to the king of the Amorites? Num. 21: 22.
7. What reply was given? What was the result of the battle with the Amorites? Verses 23-25. Note 5.
8. When they reached Bashan who came out against them? What comforting assurance was given to Moses before the battle? Deut. 3: 1, 2.
9. How complete was the victory gained? Verses 3, 4.
10. What defenses had been built for these cities? Who were destroyed? What did the Israelites take for themselves? Verses 5-7.

11. What is said of Og the king of Bashan? Verse 11.

The Lesson to Us

With what deadly serpent have we been poisoned? Rev. 12: 9.

With what has he stung us? 1 Cor. 15: 56.

How many of us have fallen under this sting? Rom. 3: 23.

How only may we be healed from the sting of sin? John 3: 14, 15.

Notes

1. "'By the way of the Red Sea.' That is, they went southward down the Arabah Valley directly away from Canaan, parallel with the Edomite range till they came to the Red Sea, where the mountain range ended so that they could cross it eastward beyond the Edomite country, and then turned northward, and so compass, i. e., go around, the land of Edom."—*Select Notes.*

2. "Every day of their travels they had been kept by a miracle of divine mercy. In all the way of God's leading, they had found water to refresh the thirsty, bread from heaven to satisfy their hunger, and peace and safety under the shadowy cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. Angels had ministered to them as they climbed the rocky heights or threaded the rugged paths of the wilderness. Notwithstanding the hardships they had endured, there was not a feeble one in all their ranks. Their feet had not swollen in their long journeys, neither had their clothes grown old. God had subdued before them the fierce beasts of prey and the venomous reptiles of the forest and the desert. If with all these tokens of his love the people still continued to complain, the Lord would withdraw his protection until they should be led to appreciate his merciful care, and return to him with repentance and humiliation."—*Patriarchs and Prophets,* p. 429.

3. "Because they had been shielded by divine power, they had not realized the countless dangers by which they were continually surrounded. In their ingratitude and unbelief they had anticipated death, and now the Lord permitted death to come upon them. The poisonous serpents that infested the wilderness were called fiery serpents, on account of the terrible effects produced by their sting, it causing violent inflammation and speedy death. As the protecting hand of God was removed from Israel, great numbers of the people were attacked by these venomous creatures."—*Ib.*

4. "Now there was terror and confusion throughout the encampment. In almost every tent were the dying or the dead. None were secure. Often the silence of night was broken by piercing cries that told of fresh victims. All were busy in ministering to the sufferers, or with agonizing care endeavoring to protect those who were not yet stricken. No murmuring now escaped their lips. When compared with the present suffering, their former difficulties and trials seemed unworthy of a thought."—*Ib.*

5. "During all the years that Israel had been wandering in the wilderness, the heathen nations had been preparing to resist them. They had fortified their cities and trained their armies. Now the children of Israel had a much more difficult task than they would have had forty years before. It is better to overcome a fault or to perform a duty when it is first shown to us."—*Bible Lessons,* McKibbin, Book One, p. 237.

Surrendering Slavery

A MAN who was seeking to become a Christian bemoaned the lot that would come to him if he gave himself to Christ. "I shall have to give up so much," he said. "There are many things I can do now that I can't do then." "But," said a Christian brother, "there are many things you can't do now. You cannot eat mud or drink it." "No," replied the man, "but I don't want to do a thing like that." "That's just it," was the reply. "And when you become a thoroughgoing Christian, all sin will become distasteful to you. You will not want to commit it." In accepting Christ we do not surrender our liberty but our slavery, and we become free to do what we please, because we shall please to do God's will.—*Christian Age.*

ABOVE all things, be truthful; never try to appear what you are not; honor your father and your mother. Be diligent, recollecting that all permanent success in life is based on labor. Be charitable, not only with your purse, but in your opinions. Prefer the respect of mankind to their applause.—*Winfield S. Hancock.*

Kinship

AH, not so blest are they who stand
An envied throng,
Within the bulwarks of success,
Aloof and strong,

As they, who, fighting heavy odds,
Their comfort find
In sacrifice that brings them near
All human kind!

— Charlotte Becker.

A Stable Loft Communion in France

THE day was young, and yet it was a rather tired "Y" man who was sitting above the road leading to the trenches on a hot day in July. I was contemplating the distant line where lay my real work. Soon, with pack on my back, I would be ministering to the "buddies" who lay out there — the undaunted barrier to military aggression.

The distant boom of great guns could be heard, and the shells came screaming over and broke with a mighty bang upon the hills close by. Overhead could be heard the put-put-put of the guns where contending squadrons fought for aerial supremacy, while behind me the whiplike crack of the anti-aircraft guns that sought to take part in the fray. Our own artillery, parked under trees and along the hedges, added to the din of battle and hurled steel defiance to the enemy that were battling to cross the Marne.

It was in such a scene and with meditations easily imagined that my Sunday morning reflections were interrupted by a hail from an orderly down on the road.

"Say, Doctor, there's some of the boys and staff officers who want to see you in the attic."

This was a call to service, and coming down to the old farm building, which was stable, granary, and residence combined, I climbed up into the attic to find a group of earnest men, officers, non-coms, and privates waiting for me.

"Well, what's up, fellows?" I inquired.

"It's like this, Doctor," spoke up one of the officers. "This regiment has been so much on the move, and we've not been able to get together, that a few of us wondered if we could have a Communion service. We're 'going in' today, and we wondered — well, seeing that you're a minister, couldn't you serve the Communion to us?"

"And we have to report at ten," said another.

"I can get you everything you need," volunteered the mess sergeant.

Looking into the earnest faces of these men who sought to express their faith in his holy act of devotion, there could be but one answer.

"Meet me in the back room in ten minutes, and bring any of your friends."

And so it came to pass that at the appointed time and place, eighteen soldiers met in an upper room in this old building in France. A table had been found and covered by the "Y" man's silken flag. Overhead were the great wooden rafters draped by spiders for many generations. In the corner was a pile of oats; benches brought from a deserted barracks made an altar. Dormer windows cut through stone wall roof admitted a soft light upon this holy scene. Jerusalem — France, we could not help but make the comparison.

Before the "Y" man were grouped officers, non-coms, and privates; Baptist, Episcopalian, Methodist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Catholic, and Jew, together with several who had never known

church membership, but were attracted by the One who said, "I . . . will draw all men unto me."

At a call to attention all stood while the invitation was read. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Then, humbly kneeling, confession was made, while the "Y" man gave to each; nor did he stop to question the symbols of pardon, redemption, and immortality. No one questioned, but all prayed that the God who watches over all might fill the heart with grace and give to each strong courage for the great task.

The answer to "Glory be to the Father" was a breath of fervent consecration, and with a hearty handclasp without regard to rank, they departed to their stations. When the bugle called at ten each was in his place strengthened for his duty.

I felt impelled to put my arm over the shoulder of my Jewish friend who evidently lingered for the purpose to the last.

"Dick," I said, "you know that you are welcome, but if you are willing, tell me why you were there."

"I knew you would ask, Doctor," he said, speaking tensely, "but you know that I believe in a loving heavenly Father, and somehow it all seemed so appropriate and to me so necessary, that while it was far from the forms to which I am accustomed, yet to me he seemed so near."

Together we went to our appointed stations, some never to come back, for ere a second sun had set a storm of iron hail fell upon us and beat us down with pitiless power. Nor had the "Y" man time to mourn, for in the week that followed were busy days and nights. On every hand opportunity called for service, — walking wounded, hospital, trenches, all called more loudly than ever for the service which could easily be given. Not until eight days had passed and the enemy had been driven back across the Marne and our glorious dead had been buried, was it possible to re-enter that "upper room." — *Selected.*

The Reason

ACCORDING to an article in the *Canadian Churchman* on "War Delusions," written by a chaplain at the front, the reason in many instances why the soldiers of France have had no better place in which to worship than stable lofts, and smelly farmyards, is because the Catholic authorities would not permit Protestants to hold services in Catholic churches.

COULD I but know
The care and woe,
That in, perhaps, your life is hid,
I'd cease to show
Contempt, I know,
And try to make it love instead.

— *The Silver Cross.*

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