

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

November 26, 1918

No. 48



THE year declines, but leaves behind its store,
And promise gives, as years have given before.

From Here and There

Three hundred thousand American troops are landed in France each month. Do you realize that this means seven soldiers landed every minute of each day?

The aggregate of the cent pieces coined by the United States mint from the time of its opening up to the last fiscal year (ending June 30) amounted to nearly \$35,000,000.

Of the 150,000,000 telephones in the world, 12,000,000 are in America. There are in this country 25,000,000 miles of telephone wire. The Bell Company handled 10,000,600,000 calls last year.

Decidedly novel is a new outfit for walking on the water, which is shown in *Popular Mechanics Magazine*. It is a combination of a balloon and a set of floats. The small gas bag used has a lifting capacity almost sufficient to raise an adult from the ground, and it is attached by ropes to a belt worn about the waist.

More than 1,000,000 sheets of letter paper are used every day by the Young Men's Christian Association huts operating in the United States, which supply our army and navy men with correspondence facilities. The weekly expenses of this organization, since the beginning of its extensive operations overseas, are \$3,000,000. The red triangle of the Y. M. C. A. stands for all-round manhood, the three sides representing the development of body, mind, and spirit.

"Pilgrim's Progress" has been arranged as an oratorio by Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley, an American composer of distinction. The composition is divided into three parts. The first deals with the city of Destruction, Christian's Departure, The Wicket Gate, and the Valley of Humiliation. The second, with Vanity Fair; and the third with the Delectable Mountains and the Entrance to the Celestial City. After working upon it for a year, a great chorus rendered it at the Cincinnati Musical Festival. The chorus was led by the Belgian violinist, Ysaye.

Marbles are made in great quantities in Saxony, for export to India, China, and the United States. A hard calcareous stone is used. This is broken into square blocks, and about 150 of these blocks are thrown into a mill, in which is a flat slab of stone with numerous concentric furrows on its face. A block of oak of the same diameter as the stone, a part of which rests on the small stones, is made to revolve on the slab, while water flows upon it. The whole process requires but a quarter of an hour, and one mill can turn out twenty thousand marbles a week.

The most wonderful doors in the world are the bronze doors at the main entrance of our Capitol building in Washington. They tell the story of the discovery of America in *alto-rilievo* (every figure standing entirely away from the surface of the door), and are usually called the "Columbus Doors." They were designed in Rome, Italy, in 1858, by a young American named Randolph Rogers. The doors are 18 feet high and 9 feet wide, and are made of solid bronze. They weigh twenty thousand pounds, and cost \$30,000 gold. You will find them guarding the east entrance to the Capitol.

A flag was raised over the Jamestown (Pennsylvania) Worsted Mills. From the owners of the mill we learned the following facts: The flag was made of wool from American sheep, sorted by an American, carded by an Italian, spun by a Swede, warped by a German, dressed by an Englishman, drawn in by a Scotchman, woven by a Belgian, supervised by a Frenchman, inspected by an American, scoured by an Albanian, dyed by a Turk, examined by an Irishman, and pressed by a Pole. Where else could this be true except in the "land of the free and the home of the brave"?

In Fontanell, Iowa, a rooster was contributed to the Red Cross. It was sold and paid for, and again presented to the Red Cross. Since then "Jack Pershing," as he has come to be known, has been sold hundreds of times, and has added \$22,108.30 to the Red Cross funds. A child can own him a few minutes for one dollar, a woman can enjoy the same privilege for two dollars, but a man must pay ten dollars for temporary ownership. It is hoped Jack will survive this perpetual breaking of family ties long enough to round up an even one hundred thousand dollars for the Red Cross.

At the University of Minnesota is a garden where nothing is grown but weeds. These are segregated in groups where the professors of agriculture study them as if they were the choicest vegetables, trying to find out what the plants best thrive on in order to give them the opposite. Here are more than two hundred fifty varieties of weeds. Students in agriculture learn to know every weed, its leaf, stock, and seed, and what treatment will discourage its growth and spread.

The Quartermaster's Department of the United States Army has just completed in France a chain of what are probably the most complete military bakeries in the world. They are also the largest bakeries in the world, civilian or military. The huge machines which do the work never stop, and the men work in three eight-hour shifts.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, on its mountain lines between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, is using the most powerful electric motor ever built. In a recent test it hauled up grade more than four hundred freight cars and a giant locomotive, which had been attached in case trouble should occur.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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

LXVI NOVEMBER 26, 1918 No. 48

Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription	\$1.75
Six months	1.00

Club Rates

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

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

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

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 26, 1918

NO. 48

THANKSGIVING

C. P. BOLLMAN

We come today to thank thee, Lord,
For myriad blessings of the year.
We would remember all the good,—
And love, and reverence, and fear.

We come to praise for our fair land,
So just, so free, so big and broad,
Where thousands find a refuge safe,
And all are free to worship God.

We thank thee for our harvests great,
That feed the hungry, warring world;

That thus we give a helping hand
To men in war's great caldron hurled.

We thank thee, Lord, for tender hearts,
For sense of justice, all from thee,
That we may care for others' rights
And help to set our brothers free.

But most of all we thank thee, Lord,
For light of present truth divine;
For grace to walk the narrow way,
And thus to cause thy light to shine.

A DEFENSE OF DADDYISMS

PEOPLE who passed Miss Brining's modest rooming house for university girls smiled this morning when they heard Price Rawling's sweet voice trilling the overflow of her joyous heart. Miss Brining, who heard it regularly, wondered with sisterly solicitude what was the matter with Price. Indeed, one had only to see the pucker in the broad white forehead and the perplexed look in those frank brown eyes to know something was under consideration.

Dust-capped and sack-aproned, Price was absent-mindedly tidying her room, keeping all the while tucked under her arm the large placard which usually hung above her study table. Slipping into her one rocker, she held the card at arm's length and shook her head reprovingly at the man's picture that stared back at her from one corner.

"It's no use, daddy; I can never decide as I wish with your dear eyes looking at me that way. Jane and Katheryne must know in another half hour. Therefore, down on your face you go, daddy and 'isms' and all, right here on the window sill to get the dust blown off. I'm going to put the whole business out of my thoughts for five minutes and practice real hard. Then, when I think again, maybe I can make up my mind."

Acting on the word, she seated herself at her rented piano, and set free a perfect riot of runs and trills and quavers. Two sparrows outdoors, making the most of the bleak sunshine, twittered appreciatively, turned their heads to listen to a discordant burring sound in the distance above, and hopped warily along the bare branch to better seats for the concert. The whirring overhead grew louder. The music stopped so abruptly as to cut a word in half, and the sparrows flew away in disgust. Since the big, man-carrying birds had become common to that locality, even concerts were failures, and life to ordinary flyers wasn't worth a chirp.

Leaning out of her window, Price searched the sky for the passing airplane heralded by the peculiar noise. Since the recent building of Government aviation schools in a near-by town, airplanes had passed over the city frequently, but they were still so new as to cause a thrill of interest and to bring people to their doors to watch.

"There it is!" Price cried excitedly. Shading her eyes, she looked until it had dwindled to such small proportions that it could scarcely be seen. Finally it

disappeared. "I just must go," banging the window down positively. Here the question under consideration refused to be sideswitched longer. Jane and Katheryne had offered her a chance to ride across real country in a Hudson Six. There would be a picnic supper, then a visit to the aviation camp to see airplanes and aviators—and she was too squeamish to go, because there was no chaperon for the crowd.

What if Y. W. C. A. speakers and city papers had been asking girls not to go to the camp unchaperoned, couldn't she behave as sedately as if forty chaperons were present? If Jane only were not such a giggly girl, and did not wear such low-necked waists and such short skirts! Never before was the staid old name given to such a giddy girl. She could not even add "e" and insert "y" to soften it as Katheryne did. Then Katheryne's eyes invited attention, and she never bothered about introductions, even to young men. If only it were Ruth and Hazel, or Marion, instead, she would not hesitate.

But, notwithstanding the deficiencies of Jane and Katheryne, she wanted to go—to enjoy the unique trip. What if the orphans at Cunnington Home would be expecting her to sing for them this afternoon! They would soon forget their disappointment, because this was the day on which Mrs. Boone made her monthly visit to the home with pictures, magazines, and children's papers. Still, the children were always so happy when she sang, and happiness was not overplentiful in their lives.

Price hung up her dust cloth despairingly. "I'm a squirrel running from side to side of the same little cage till I'm dizzy. Oh, here's —! Come right in, Miss Brining. You're just in time, I need your advice."

Miss Brining's keen eyes had been sharpened by years of scrutinizing girl students. What a sweet, strong face the girl before her had. How young she was, too, not a day over eighteen. There was a battle on, just as she had thought.

"Kind of breakfast food, color of a new dress, or selection of tooth paste—lay out the problem, dear; I'm ready." She tucked a plump cushion behind her frail form in the rocker, her attitude obliging expectancy.

"I'm serious, Miss Brining. Here's the proposition." Price fumbled a pencil as she told of the invitation, how she would like to go, but could not quite get

her own inward assent. "To be real frank, an aviator friend of the girls wants to meet me." Her cheeks flamed. "That sweet little brown-eyed song bird" they said he had called her.

"Jane and Katheryne special friends of yours?" Miss Brining's right hand, concealed under her white apron, seemed to release the grip of something in her lap, then came out to wrap her knitted hug-me-tight more snugly.

"No; just acquaintances in classes." The color mounted to the curly brown hair. She was recalling how the girls had said: "If you'd only cut loose and be a sport, you'd be some swell chum." She had told them crisply a sport was the one thing she hoped never to be.

"Well, my corn bread's in the oven. Here's something I found out in the front yard a few minutes ago." Searching her apron, she drew out Price's placard.

"Oh, my daddyisms! Thank you, Miss Brining," reaching for it hastily. "It must have fallen from my window when I rushed to see the airplane. What if some one else had picked it up! I know them all, so I could reproduce them, but daddy had this printed before I came away to school. That's his picture in the corner."

"Sounds mysterious — and interesting. Read them to me, dear; if you don't mind."

"They're just epigrams full of the advice daddy was always giving me at home. He's had to be mother, too, since I was ten years old. There are six of these 'isms:'

"When in doubt as to the rightness of any action — don't. Do something you are sure is right instead."

"Miss Flirt is not worthy of Mr. Greatheart."

"Self-conquered means victory for Christian soldier."

"Deep souls cannot run in the same channel as noisy, giggly, gossipy shallows."

"The triumph of a life is what really counts, not sensual indulgence for a brief time."

"Be modest, innocent, on the square. I want my girl to be different."

"Um — h'm. Have Jane and Katheryne ever seen those?"

"Oh, yes," smiling. "Jane said her paternal advice could never be condensed to a placard, it would need a whole library to accommodate it; and Katheryne threatened to steal it to hang above the desk of Miss Kyle, our dean of women, since it couldn't fail to edify her."

"Do I smell that corn bread?" sniffing ominously. "Glad to return your daddyisms, my dear. With them, my advice would be superfluous. You can be trusted to make your own decision." Her gray head disappeared through the door, and she hurried downstairs to the rescue of her patriotic war bread.

Price patted the card lovingly before hanging it on its customary nail over her study table.

"Good old daddy. I can look at you straight now. Aviation camps may aviate undisturbed by me. I know it's right to sing to the orphans, and maybe I don't make them sit up and shout today! Wonder if I'll see Mrs. Boone."

Declining an invitation was not so easy a matter as it might seem. In spite of Price's putting her decision into simple, forceful words, Jane affected not to understand. She would be over directly. She was, and Price had once more to face the allurements — the long ride, the gay picnic, the somebody who

would be so disappointed; but there was no appeal. Price remained firm, though not without wild longings to throw qualms to the winds and go.

There was, however, no regret visible in the exercise-flushed face that peeped into the sitting-room of Cunningham Home that afternoon.

"Oo-oo! Here she is! Here's our singing girl! She said she'd come." The shout brought the gingham-clad flock dancing around her.

"Singin' durl," echoed the smallest orphan, tense with excitement, as she reached one daring finger up to Price's furs and said, "Mew, kitty." The shrill laughter made Price's heart ache. Poor babies! It was bad enough to have no mother, but no father either was an unbearable calamity. Giving baby a squeeze, she went to hang up her wraps. Her eyes were dim with tears. How could she ever have even thought of deserting them when they were counting on her? Never mind, she would make up for it by giving them the jolliest kind of sing.

When she was seated at the rickety old piano, they pressed about her, a compact squad, with smallest in front so all could see. Emily, who held the baby, had the place of honor at her right hand. Buttons on the checked aprons stretched threateningly, as little bosoms flung high the strains. They swung imaginary babies in the Fairies' Holly Swing, shook persimmons lustily from the trees with the little squirrels who "took a heap, just a heap home to their mas." At every intermission, baby thrust an autocratic finger excitedly into the "sing durl's" face. "Sing free chairs for de red, white, and boo."

"She means three cheers!" shouted the rest gayly, and they sang it with such a burst of patriotic enthusiasm that none noticed the two ladies who had entered, and were standing in the other room, amused auditors.

"Is that the girl?" whispered one, raising her eyebrows inquiringly.

The other nodded. "I think I told you she is a 'varsity freshman. She is one of the few faithful members of my Sunday school class who has attended conscientiously to the practical task I have assigned, coming here Thursday afternoon each week. They adore her, Mrs. Griggs. Just look!"

"Wonderful voice, sweet face, winning personality, modest clothes," nodding approval of the inventory. "You have not misrepresented her, and I think I shall act on your suggestion, Mrs. Boone. Where does she room?"

"With Miss Brining, Home Avenue."

"With Jennie Brining?"

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Boone, keeping time to the sun-away tune, "Dixie." "Know her?"

"Very well, indeed. I am confident this girl will be the treasure you foretold in tonight's event, but Jennie can perhaps assure me more fully as to her character, so there may be no mistake. Excuse me while I step to the matron's room and telephone to her."

When she returned, she met her friend's inquiring look with one of radiant satisfaction. "As opportune for her as for me. Jennie told me how she was tested this very morning. Listen," in an undertone the gist of the telephone conversation followed. "Your mentioning her to me was surely providential leading."

"Shall you tell her all about tonight's affair?" Mrs. Boone gathered up her bundle and basket of magazines.

"Decidedly not. I'm still young enough, in heart

at least, to appreciate mystery and surprise parties. Leave it to me. The sing is evidently over."

After warmly greeting Mrs. Boone and being introduced to her friend, a former Y. W. C. A. leader, who still found time for all good work, Price lingered in the room awhile to see the touching eagerness with which the papers and pictures were received. One small girl clasped a worn copy of *Everyland* tightly in her arms, sighing rapturously, "I'm so full of glad and singing I s'pect I'll burst."

The laugh that followed was close to tears, and Price turned to slip away.

"Just a minute, Miss Rawling," said Mrs. Griggs. "We'll take you home in my electric. I want to speak to you."

The car was already rolling up Home Avenue when Mrs. Griggs turned to Price with her most girlish, winning smile.

"I'm having some guests at my home tonight whom I am most anxious to please and help. I want to borrow your voice for this end. Will you dine with us and sing to us later in the evening?" Noting Price's downward look, she added: "I know it is late to be asking you, but at Mrs. Boone's suggestion I have been waiting till today to hear you sing. It is to be very informal and as homelike as possible. Wear something simple, and sing heart songs just as you have sung to the children today. I shall be much mistaken if your audience tonight is not even more appreciative. You'll come?"

Price dimpled, her eyes shining with wonder and girlish delight.

"Surely I'll come, and sing my best for very joy at getting invited. I was only feeling mean inside, because I didn't deserve to have this happen to me."

Mrs. Griggs smiled. "If things happened according to deserts, most of us would be in sackcloth and ashes the whole time. Mrs. Boone will come for you a little before six."

Price's pulse beat fast that evening as she and Mrs. Boone were welcomed at the door by their hostess, and ushered upstairs to remove wraps. Not a clue yet as to the identity of the other guests. They were young, anyway. She could hear distant voices and laughter.

Mrs. Griggs looked at her approvingly. What a sweet girl — face pink with excitement, bright, honest eyes, hair becomingly arranged, simply but tastefully gowned, prettier than she had thought.

"Oh, Ruth and Hazel and Marion are here, Mrs. Boone!" Price smiled happily as she pointed to the hats already deposited on the bed. How nice that she should be asked to a party with the three very choicest members of their Sunday school class. How perilously near she had been to missing it. On the hall tree downstairs hung three broad-brimmed, khaki-colored hats with distinctive bands, so she was prepared for the sight of three young men in clothes to match, as she entered the long living-room with cheery log fire glowing in the fireplace. Three other young ladies from the Y. W. C. A., Mr. Boone, and Mr. Griggs completed the party.

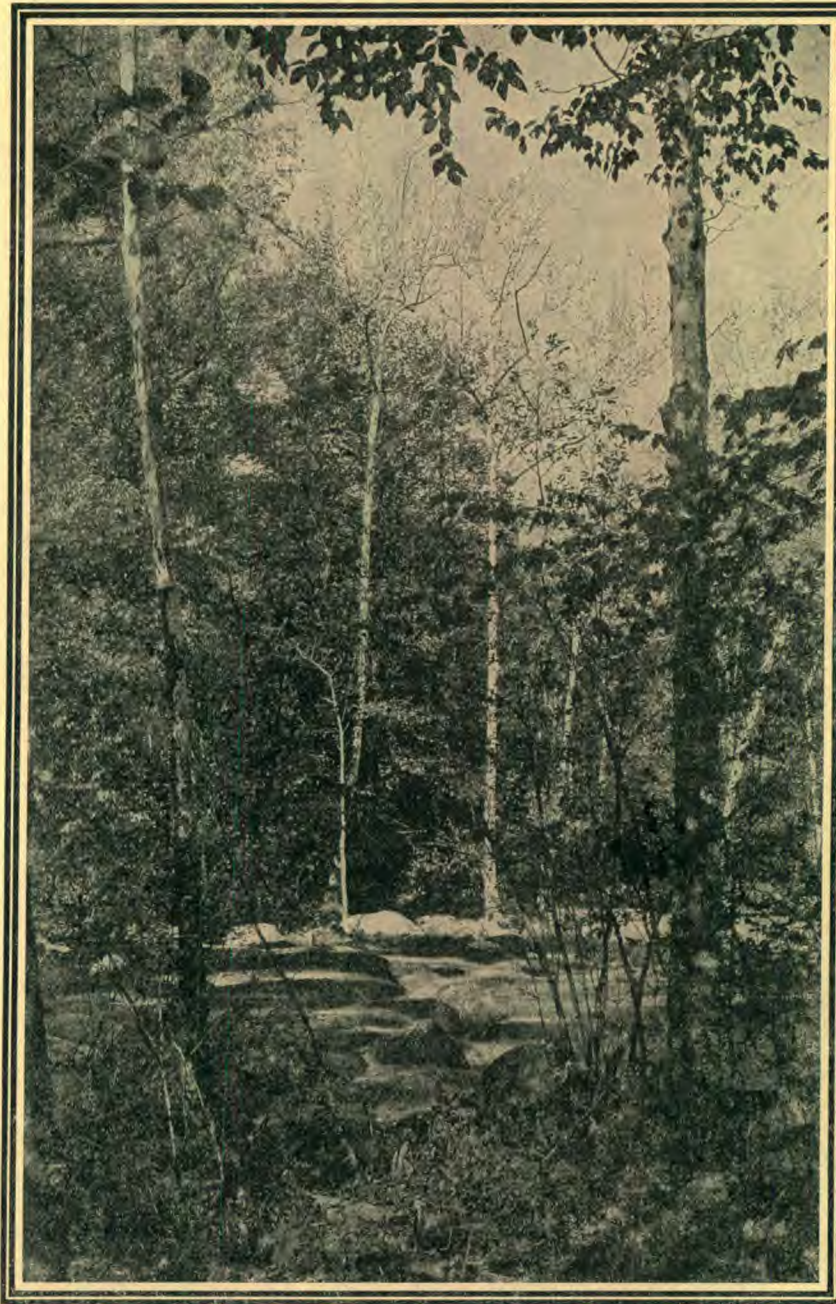
Price thrilled to her finger tips with enjoyment of the stirring conversation about the dinner table.

Never was so sim-

ple yet so good a dinner served, with so much hospitality and graciousness. The topics finally centered on the young aviators themselves — their experiences in learning to run the airplanes and incidents connected with the homes they left.

"A good many of us fellows come from Christian homes," remarked Mr. Mosier, a self-possessed, purposeful young man.

"Good thing for us, too." Mr. Brownell, an officer, compressed his lips grimly. "We know all of us stand a big chance of 'going west' from a spilled plane even before we cross to France, yet it takes about all the grit and grace a fellow has to keep straight with flirty



"When the frost-tinged golden leaves come sailing to the sod,
And Autumn walks the dappled plain with rustling sandals shed."

girls meeting us at every turn and worse representatives of their sex hanging around camp."

"I know it does," his hostess agreed quickly. "That's the very reason we wanted you to meet some womanly girls tonight, who will restore your confidence in their sex, and show you they understand and are comrades in this awful war situation. This matron and this Sunday school teacher," nodding at Mrs. Boone, "have resolved to do their bit in getting good girls to enlist to guard their soldier brothers from temptation in this community, at least."

"I don't think those other girls mean to do harm," some kind-hearted person volunteered a word of extenuation.

"When I was a boy," Brownell's face was grave as he spoke, "I took mother's one cut-glass vase from the sideboard. It fell. The consequences were none the less disastrous because I didn't mean to break it."

Price's mind was in a turmoil as they returned to the sitting-room. Uncomfortable memories of Jane and Katherine intruded. Under cover of the gayety and the lively games they had remembered for the occasion from former socials, Price was handling weighty thoughts. How terrible that young soldiers facing death should be robbed of purity by those for whom they were laying down their lives. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes flashed. When Mrs. Griggs called on her to sing, she was ready, fired by a new patriotism.

Hazel's nimble fingers played the well-known airs, as Price sang. The rest of the party joined in the popular and patriotic songs. The light from the big rose-shaded lamp fell on the girl's face lighted with a brave womanliness, upon her golden-brown hair, and the capable hands clasped before her. It is not strange if the picture she made was carried by some present into the thick of the fight. Pure, sweet womanhood has always inspired knights to valorous deeds.

After a little intermission she placed a songbook before Hazel, and with unaffected earnestness began softly:

"One thing I of the Lord desire,
For all my paths have mired been,
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean! O make me clean!"

The soldiers, with bent heads, looked into the red embers of the fire as the clear voice searched their hearts.

"So wash me, thou, without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that must be,
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me, die out in me."

When she slipped into her chair, the silence was tense for a moment. When Mr. Brownell finally spoke, his voice was gruff from trying to hide emotion. "Thank you for that, Miss Rawling. It'll make us more fit for whatever the war may hand us." As Price sat in the hall waiting for Mrs. Boone to accompany her home, Mr. Mosier took a seat on the bench beside her.

"Brownell's all broken up over saying what he did about girls before this crowd. He was feeling bitter. I'll tell you why. His young brother is easily led, and this afternoon he and some other fellows fell in with a bunch of girls who came over in a Hudson Six. They hung around camp without a chaperon, acting so scandalously that the boys were called down and the girls ordered home."

"Oh!" a shock of exclamation from Price, then impulsively, "I'm so glad!"

"Glad!" in startled astonishment.

"Not about them, but because I was not there."

"Oh, that," in a relieved tone. "You wouldn't have been there. You're different."

"If I am," softly, "the credit's wholly due to my precious daddyisms."

Being of an investigating turn of mind, Mr. Mosier promptly started after explanations of the unusual protective agency; and when he left the aviation camp for active service, he took as a valued possession a copy of those same daddyisms changed and adapted suitably for him. The picture in the corner was not the one for which he had asked. Price had really enlisted, so she pasted on, instead, a small oval picture of the young man, Christ. Underneath she wrote: "Like as a father." "God so loved that he gave."—*Mrs. D. O. Hopkins, in Young People.*

A Real Thanksgiving Day

ONE day each year,
As sacred hours, with thankful hearts,
We've reverently set apart;
Not as a day of feast and glee,
Not as a day of luxury,
Nor, as a day of merriment,
Of pleasures, or of money spent.

We would, dear Lord,
Just thank thee for thy presence, near;
Thy guidance through another year;
For health, for food, for fragrant flowers;
For singing birds, sunshine and showers;
For happy songs, and friends so dear,
And all that makes us joyful here.

We thank thee, too,
That though the storms and shadows dark
Oft gather round our little bark,
Yet through the darkness and the rain
The bow of promise shines again.
So, then, whate'er our lot may be,
'Tis well, if we but follow thee.

So we would now
Return thee thanks, as we recall
Thy many gifts, both great and small.
Then as this day draws to its close,
And evening brings us sweet repose,
Oh, heavenly Father, may it be
A real Thanksgiving Day to thee.

MABEL BLIVEN.

Mutilated Courtesies

GOLDSMITH, in his story "The Vicar of Wakefield," tells of a "mutilated" curtsy, or bow, that one of the women of the church at times gave the vicar's good wife. We have all noted the difference between the way different persons perform the same courtesy. In one case the deed is mutilated; in the other it is glorified.

In the former case the heart is not in the act; there is neither love nor kindly feeling to lend beauty and grace to the courtesy.

A favor may be granted in a way that it seems not a favor. Such is a mutilated courtesy. Again, a refusal of a favor may be given so graciously as to seem a courtesy.

When we do things in the spirit of the young woman who was accustomed to accompany her gracious deeds with the words, "I just love to do it," we shall not be guilty of mutilating our courtesies. We shall the rather glorify them.

Unmutilated Courtesies

Surprisingly beautiful stories are told of the unselfish, heroic, and magnanimous deeds of mere lads on the battlefields of France. Their bodies were mutilated, torn, and bleeding from shrapnel and bullet;

but not so their spirit. For example: A young soldier with a badly mangled foot was brought in on a stretcher. In reply to the doctor's interrogation, "Hard luck, pal?" he said, "I'm getting along fine, if you doctors can save that foot. If not,—all the same."

"We'll run you right in," said the doctor.

"Not me. I'm getting past all right; nothing the matter but my foot. You just let me stay here and you get busy with the men who are hurt. I'm on the waiting list."

Lord Denbigh was walking through the House of Commons not long ago when he saw a party of wounded Australian privates. Two appeared to be dwarfs, but on drawing closer he noticed that their legs had been shattered below the knee. "Have you not yet been fitted with artificial legs?" he asked one of them. "Yes, I have," he replied, "and I am going along with them all right, but my pal has not, and as he is a bit shy about going out alone with his stumps, I left my legs behind."

Capt. Melville M. Fagan was one of the men who lived through the tragic Gallipoli experience, and who endured for days a "torturing, consuming, intolerable thirst" under a blazing tropical sun. He says:

"Some of the men had been more careful than the rest of us, and when our bottles were empty, they still had part of their supply left. They themselves were half crazed with thirst. Don't make any mistake about that! But, even though they had a right to every precious drop in their bottles, they did not think of themselves, but shared what was life, and dearer than life just then, with their comrades.

"We reached the point where we would take a single drop of water as if it were a gift from heaven. At first a bottle would be passed to us, and we would tip it up and just let the water touch our swollen tongues. And we were square about it, too. When it seemed as if you could tear the thing to pieces to get the last bit of moisture, it wasn't easy to let go with just that taste. But the time came when we had to be even more careful; when a man would put out his tongue, and the owner of the bottle, just wetting his finger, would put it into the man's mouth. Afterward, he would lick his own finger, so as not to lose even the last vestige of moisture."

No mutilated courtesies at Gallipoli!

When as members of the great world brotherhood, we all really learn the lesson of rejoicing with those who rejoice and weeping with those who weep, there will be no mutilated courtesies. They will all be glorified. Shall we not as young people endeavor to be whole-hearted in our courtesies, learning to cherish a feeling of confidence and love for all about us? If we do this, we shall not abbreviate or mutilate the deeds that otherwise would cheer and uplift our fellow men.

F. D. C.

First Peter 5:7

"It matters to Him about you"—

Oh, is it not wonderful truth?

"It matters to him about you,"

In babyhood! old age! youth!

"It matters"—just what you shall say!

"It matters"—just how you shall look!

For he reads you as clear as the day,
As a scholar who reads from a book.

"It matters to him about you"—

If you're glad, or if tears your eyes dim,

"It matters to him about you."

Does it matter to you about him?

—Sunday School Times.

God's Preparation for His Advent of Peace

WE are positively told that God does nothing without first revealing his intention to the prophets. Amos 3:7. But though his predictions are made in an obscure past, yet he provides that they be not released to general knowledge until near the time of their intended fulfilment. On this principle, the angel who had imparted so much divine information to the prophet Daniel, when closing his interview, said: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Dan. 12:4.

This language would seem to imply that the knowledge given to the prophet, would not be fully grasped until the time of the end, when interest would be awakened in the fulfilment of the events predicted. The fact that general knowledge has so greatly increased, and corresponding inventions so rapidly appeared within a generation, is strong evidence that the days now passing are a part of the prophetic "time of the end." But inasmuch as the stated increase of knowledge was to wait upon the unsealing of the sacred Book itself, it is safe to conclude that the predicted increase of knowledge was to be based on the unfolding volume of inspired instruction.

The Bible in Manuscript Only

It is a well-known fact of history that up to the time just prior to the Reformation of the sixteenth century, the Bible was quite an unknown quantity to most of the world's inhabitants. True, it had long existed in manuscript form, but as such was not available to any but very rich people. Even the treasured thoughts of ancient poets and men of science were held in manuscript, and were so scarce and dear in price, that they were frequently sold for double their weight in gold. In some cases, indeed, so precious were these that they were conveyed by title deed, like landed estates.

Under the circumstances, an advanced mind could have but limited influence, since ideas were conveyed almost wholly by personal addresses to the few who might gather under forbidding conditions. No means of record being in general use, an address was, for the most part, transmitted orally, and therefore most commonly inaccurate. Social stagnation was the legitimate result of this state of things, almost entirely debarring mental and moral progress.

A Bible Cost Hundreds of Dollars

In those days a copy of the Bible cost from thirty to forty pounds sterling simply for its writing, since an expert copyist must work about ten months to produce it. But in our day this statement does not convey the true status of those times; for when one thinks that in the middle of the fifteenth century, according to Fleetwood's annals, a penny was the ordinary day's wage of laborers and servants, in addition to their meat and drink, it is hard to conceive how one could possibly become the possessor of a copy of the Sacred Writings.

But the Word had gone forth, and this state of things was destined to change through the introduction of printing. This invention, however, like so many other unusual variations, long struggled in humble seclusion for existence. The advance from Coster's wooden blocks to the separate types of the same material, then to the large types cut in metal, and finally to the characters cast in a matrix by Schöffer,

the associate of Gutenberg, was indeed a masterly accomplishment. Lord Bacon stated the thing right when he said: "If the invention of ships was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, to make distant ages participate in the wisdom of all past times."

The Bible the First Book to be Printed

The type inventors having greatly improved their process, secured the good will of John Faust, a wealthy goldsmith of Mainz, and with his assistance, brought out their first book. It must have been by divine direction that this first printing product was the Bible itself. Mr. Hallam, in his literary history, says of this: "It is a very striking circumstance that the high-minded inventors of this great art, tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing of an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armor, ready, at the moment of her nativity, to subdue and destroy her enemies."

The first edition of the printed Bible found a ready market, and brought most satisfactory returns. Mr. Faust carried a quantity of the second edition to Paris, a portion of which he sold; but so many of them appearing, the authorities began to compare the copies, and finding them exactly uniform, declared they must have been produced by magic, since it was considered that such uniformity was beyond human contrivance. The police soon arrested Faust as a magician, and the proof of this was the red-ink embellishments in the Bible, which were decided to be from the blood of Mr. Faust. He was therefore taken to prison, from which he was released only after making a full revelation of his printing secret.

The disclosure becoming generally known, the clergy began to express fears that much harm would result from the invention. Sismondi records that one French monk said from the pulpit: "They have now found out a new language, called Greek; we must carefully guard ourselves against it. That language will be the mother of all sorts of heresies. I see in the hands of a great number of persons a book written in this language, called 'The New Testament;' it is a book full of brambles, with vipers in them. As to the Hebrew, whoever learns that becomes a Jew at once."

Catholic Church Alarmed

Smiles, in his book "The Huguenots," says that the "numerous editions of the Bible appearing, as if heralding the approach of the Reformation, seriously alarmed the church; and in 1486 the archbishop of Mainz placed the printers of that city, which had been the cradle of the printing press, under strict censorship." It soon became clear that if the people were permitted to read, and to pray in their vulgar tongue,

instead of the Latin of the priests, the church would soon lose its prestige. Seeing this, the vicar of Croydon is said to have declared in a sermon delivered by him at Paul's Cross in London: "We must root out printing, or printing will root out us."

But this was not to be, for the sake of the poor suffering and struggling of humanity. To all these the Bible became the aurora of a new world, because they made it their very charter and title deed of Christianity. For them to read it was like meeting God face to face, and hearing him speak to them. With this in hand they could well bear momentary affliction, the indicator to them of a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

"I was twenty years old," said Luther, "before I had even seen the Bible. I had no notion that there existed any other gospels or epistles than those in the service."—"Table Talks," p. 255. But one day he chanced to discover a copy in the library of the convent where he was taking his novitiate, and opening to the

story of Hannah and her son Samuel, he was charmed with the history. "O God," he murmured, "could I but have one of these books, I would ask for no other treasure." His wish was granted; for his friend Staupitz, hearing him very ardently express his desire, presented him with a copy. For years after he read the volume twice through every twelvemonth.

Printing Helped to Bring the Reformation

Printing was, indeed, one of the prime agents of the Reformation. As Smiles has so beautifully said: "The ideas had long been born, but printing gave them wings." Because of this, men did run to and fro, and knowledge greatly increased. Society became electric, and was stirred to its depths. Even peasants, who had so long been downtrodden, raised their voices in all directions, demanding to be recognized as God's free men. Ecclesiastical orders for the burning of the Book, and the establishment of the bloody Inquisition for the apprehension of heresy, could not arrest the movement; for it was born of God, and must live.

J. O. CORLISS.

Was It You?

SOME one started the whole day wrong —

Was it you?

Some one robbed the day of its song —

Was it you?

Early this morning some one frowned;

Some one sulked until others seowled,

And soon harsh words were passed around —

Was it you?

Some one started the day aright —

Was it you?

Some one made it happy and bright —

Was it you?

Early this morning, we are told,

Some one smiled, and all through the day

This smile encouraged young and old —

Was it you?

— Stewart I. Long, in New York Sun.



GUTENBERG PRINTING THE BIBLE

Educational Work for Women in Hunan

DURING the past year the province of Hunan has been suffering the ravages of war and famine. Yet in spite of this the progress of the work has been very evident. The canvassing record has been excellent. In the face of grave dangers and much suffering the brave colporteurs have gone forth with books and papers, making a splendid record through the year of struggle.

But what of their wives and families? All things work together for good to them who love the Lord and are called according to his purpose. To leave



STUDENTS AND TEACHERS IN THE CHANGSHA SCHOOL

these women and children alone amid the atrocities of war would be unwise, to say the least.

This winter a self-supporting school has been held in our Changsha chapel. To this school came the wives of the canvassers. The wives and friends of other workers also attended, each paying all her expenses. They did not even mention the thought that the mission be responsible for any of their expenses, whether car fare, rice, or books.

Our Changsha Bible woman, Deng Ai Djen, had oversight of the school, and acted as preceptress. I taught Bible and gave lessons on the works of God in nature, as long as conditions would permit of travel to the chapel.

The Chinese teachers and evangelists formulated a set of rules, which they brought for my signature. I give a few of these below. They show a little of the Chinese ideas of propriety.

1. All letters received by women attending the school, other than those written to students by their husbands, shall be read by Deng Si Mu (Mrs. Deng Ai Djen).

2. No student shall receive visitors during school hours.

3. No student shall leave the premises without permission from Deng Si Mu.

4. No woman shall go into the city until four o'clock.

5. Every woman shall keep her place clean.

6. All visitors to students shall be received by Deng Si Mu.

One day I said, "Deng Si Mu, what do you teach these women?" She replied in a monosyllable, "*Dzi*," characters, which corresponds to our words, and the letters of our alphabet. It came to light that six of the women could neither read nor write.

Deng Ai Djen has been assisted in her work by Hwang Sin, a great-hearted woman with a good education, who has taken a real interest in teaching these women, who in their turn are eager to learn. They

had been hobbling along with the rest of poor, bound-footed China, trying to improve their condition, and the help they have received this winter has been of untold value to them.

They will be of greater help in their homes, and the months of example and training will show more lasting and far-reaching results than could a few days of institute work.

In Yo-chau, recently devastated by fire, we have a different sort of school. A class of educated women are being taught the Bible by the wife of an evangelist.

If our friends in America could see the difference in the expression of face between a Christian and a heathen woman it would be an inspiration, not only to send means, but to do the more important thing, come!—come and help other women to a better, cleaner, happier life. There are twenty-two million inhabitants in Hunan, and one family to give the message for this time.

Pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth workers. The fields are white, ready to harvest.

MAY COLE-KUHN.

Fourteen Mistakes of Life

ACCORDING to an English paper, "the fourteen mistakes of life" are:

1. To set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.
2. To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.
3. To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.
4. To look for judgment and experience in youth.
5. To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.
6. To look for perfection in our own actions.
7. To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.
8. To refuse to yield in immaterial matters.



WOMEN IN THE YO-CHAU BIBLE CLASS

9. To refuse to alleviate, so far as lies in our power, all that which needs alleviation.

10. To refuse to make an allowance for the infirmities of others.

11. To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform.

12. To believe only what our own finite minds can grasp.

13. To expect to be able to understand everything.

14. To live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.—*Selected*.

NEVER read borrowed books. To be without books of your own is the abyss of penury. Don't endure it.—*Ruskin*.

Heart Calls and Bells

I WAS tired and sick of the struggle,
Reluctant in heart to go on,
Life's currents were ever against me,
The battle forever unwon;
I shrank from the test of the morrow —
How useless it all seemed to be,
This fighting 'gainst foes without honor
Who slandered and buffeted me!

Those tireless friends who pursued me
Were allied with flesh and with blood
That sought with relentless desire
To sever my treaty with God.
A horde of accusers were daily
Profaning the grave of my past,
Till helpless, discouraged, I faltered
And swayed like a storm-riven mast.

Then down through the sickening midnight
Of doubt that encompassed my soul
I heard, sweet, the chiming like silver,
Heaven's bells, with an answering toll.
Through the chimes came the voice of a Caller,
"Come back, child of mine — child of mine!
Complete, O, complete one more struggle,
And the palm shall be thine — shall be thine!

"You are young — you are young, my disciple,
I counted your strength to be great;
And I needed — I needed a conqueror
To stand at the gate — at the gate.
I needed — I needed a soldier
To stand in a difficult place,
Though smitten, enduring — enduring
With a smile on his face — on his face!"

"God!" I cried, while the heart call and chiming
Blent clear from the dolorous toll,
And the wing beats of rescuing angels
Fought Death for the life of a soul —
"I'll come back now, repenting, renewing
My task and fulfilling thy trust!"
And the bells, like the chiming of silver,
Answered back, "God is just — he is just!"

E. F. COLLIER.

A Tragedy of the Forest

THIS morning as I sat by my table under the great, towering pines of my mountain camp, I was visited by two inquisitive Steller's jays, who came to spy out any crumbs which might have been thrown out. With their fine-formed bodies of deep, rich blue and great, crested heads they were surely handsome visitors, and I watched, with no little interest, their curious searchings and heard their notes of warning and surprise. Finally, with great ado and commotion the finding of a piece of cheese rind was announced. Of all the screechings and clatterings, you never heard the equal. So loud were the notes of glee that two other jays were attracted, and immediately swooped down to see what there was for them, too. Scolding and warning notes now filled the air as the newcomers flew up into the oak tree in which the finder of the precious cheese rind with its rare odors had taken refuge. In spite of covetous care, constant pecking broke the cheese in bits, which flew in several directions, and each greedy bird had a share. What a dinner party they had! Silence was at a premium.

While I was enjoying their happy time, there came a swish of wings that startled me, and almost before I realized what the sudden motion was there was a hawk on the ground, with a screeching, agonizing jay in his talons. He had swooped down, straight from the skies, and in another instant was off with his prey.

A friend was with me who also saw the tragic end of this ill-starred jay, and when it was all over and we had discussed it a minute, he said: "Strange, isn't it, but all these beautiful forests are every day full of tragedies such as these,—one creature preying upon

another. As I came down the trail, I saw an ant with an aphid in his mandibles; a spider had an insect in his web, and from it was sucking the lifeblood. In Europe we have aces in aeroplanes bombing their fellow creatures. Perhaps all this tragedy of war is only the natural course of events, after all. I sometimes wonder why we are so shocked and surprised at it all. The whole course may be a part of the natural economy — a survival of the fittest, the hard, painful, upward struggle of the living world."

Somehow, through the teachings of certain European philosophers, there has developed this sad, melancholy, and misleading philosophy of struggle, and the world accepts its assumptions that whatever course nature takes is natural and right, and must continue indefinitely. And somehow, notwithstanding the gloomy shadow cast by it, one manages to find a few rays of hope, and tries to build upon its foundations a philosophy of life which will satisfy the soul's longing for a better, fuller life.

In a recent letter from France a young man said: "I believe I have found in the philosophy of both Darwin and Weismann my biggest inspiration and justification for every good effort in life. Whether or not that effort is a success materially matters little; the effort itself is contributing to the upbuilding of all things, and so all good things count. Perhaps never before has such an opportunity been given for the racial upbuilding of mind and body."

Like many social psychologists, he feels that war is justified by the fact that through the struggle racial progress is made; he accepts its tragedies and misery as necessary, and therefore to be endured stoically.

I happen personally to know the lad, and sat for a whole half day with him on a wagon seat, traveling behind a team of mules on a desert road, while he told me what he had learned from the writings of philosophers. Though a mere boy, yet he had delved deeply into both ancient and modern philosophy. He leaned heavily toward the more melancholy Russian view. With all the earnestness at his command he was seeking to solve satisfactorily the problem of life's ultimates. But having left out the teachings of the Christ, and looking to nature and human wisdom alone, his hope seemed to me a barren one, for it had led him to doubt the existence of a future state. He could see nothing beyond the world drama of this present age.

A grave and solemn responsibility devolves upon those of us who know the philosophy of the plan of salvation, to show these truth seekers that nature alone is not a safe guide to follow, that this struggle and mutation for survival is but a perverted course that nature pursues because of sin, that not through endless time, but through the Christ this accepted order of "upbuilding" is to be supplanted in the near future by a method of peaceful and harmonious progress and development — surely a much more satisfactory and hopeful philosophy. This drama of struggle and warfare with its horrors is not to be continued age after age.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

CHARACTER is the finest flower of humanity; it is the beautiful capital that adorns the column of human life.— *E. W. Work.*

"WHENEVER you read the Bible, remember that God is trying to talk to you."

A SCHOOLTIME WISH

I'LL tell you what I'd like to do:
I'd like to live next door to a zoo!
The animals I'd have for chums;
I'd get the adder to do my sums;
And when I'd a task in geography,
The kangaroo would bound for me.
The seal would seal my letters, you see,

And the monkey steal dates from the history;
The elephant would lend me his trunk, I know,
When off on my travels I wished to go.
I'd spend the eagles and fly the kites,
And the tapir would light my room o' nights.
I should have great fun, I think, don't you?
If I only lived next door to a zoo!

— Author Unknown.

THE STORY OF A LINCOLN PENNY

IT was new. It had just come from the mint, and had traveled a long way with a lot of other little bronze coppers just like itself. Wasn't it glorious to be born a Lincoln penny? The little copper swelled up so with pride that it almost burst the tight wrapping around it and its nine fellow coppers. And it wouldn't have cared much if it had, for it was very curious to see where it was and where all those strange noises came from.

Suddenly there was a little tearing of paper, and out the ten of them rolled onto a glass-top desk. As it spun around, the happy little copper caught a glimpse of its reflection in a mirror. How lovely it was! How bright and shiny! And there was more swelling with pride. While it was still admiring itself, it was suddenly swept off the desk into a big, strong hand, and in a few minutes was nestling with about fifty other coppers in a large money sack. There was more traveling in the dark, and then the bag was set down in a place where there were more queer noises and loud talking. Being shut up and crowded together with so many dimes and quarters and fifties wasn't at all comfortable; and it was a great joy to the little Lincoln penny to see daylight come peeping in at the top of the sack, and a minute later again to be spinning proudly around on another glass-top desk. Following this, there was a great clicking of silver, and finally the pennies were counted and stacked.

The new copper happened to be next to the bottom one, and recognized it as one of its ancestors, the Indian-head penny. The two held quite a lively conversation while awaiting their turn to be put into a small pay envelope. The Indian penny explained to its Lincoln descendant that their family originated in the mind of a man in the Government employment who was visiting a friend one day just before pennies were first made. His friend's little girl came into the room, dressed as an Indian child, with a row of feathers around her head. The Government man was looking for some picture to put on his new coin, and this gave him an idea. Since the first Americans were

Indians, why not put a stately Indian head on the first American pennies?

Before the Lincoln penny could tell its history, they were both slipped away into a pay envelope. They were glad to be together, and kept up their friendly conversation all afternoon. At five o'clock the pay envelope in which they were put was taken out and



given to a big, rough-looking man, who tore it open, poured out the pennies and dimes into his hand, and after counting them, put the envelope back into his pocket. When he reached home, his little girl, about seven years old, came running to meet him.

"Any pennies today, daddy?" she asked.

"Yes, love," said the rough-looking man in the gentlest of voices, lifting her to his shoulder.

"How many?" asked the eager, childish voice.

"Guess," said her father.

"One."

"No, two; and one is a brand-new Lincoln penny."

Wriggling down from his arms, the little girl held out her hand. "Do give them to me quick, daddy. I think I wanted just two."

He placed them in her small hand, and she flew past into the house, climbing a chair to reach a small iron bank that was on the mantel. Then she sat down on the floor and began shaking the bank over her lap. Penny after penny rolled out; and when there were none left, she gathered her skirt in one hand and ran to her father.

"Please count 'em for me, daddy. Quick!"

"One, two, three," counted her father, up to twenty-three. The pretty, new Lincoln penny and the Indian head one were lying on the floor where the little girl had sat, and they began to think that they had been forgotten. "Twenty-three," replied her father.

"How many more does it take to make twenty-five, daddy?"

"Just two, pet."

Then Edith darted across the floor, picked up the two neglected coppers, and held them up in glee. "I've twenty-five," she cried, "just even twenty-five,

and I'm so, so glad!" And she danced up and down for joy.

"Well, what are you going to do with them?" her father asked. "Buy a doll?"

Edith looked up quite disdainfully when he said doll, and shook her head. "Guess again, daddy."

"Candy?"

"No."

"Chewing gum?"

"No."

"Well, I'll give up. What is it?"

"A thrift stamp," she cried in delight, "a really truly thrift stamp, to help buy things for Susie Smith's brother who had to go away to fight. Won't Susie be glad?"

Edith's father gathered her close into his arms and kissed her. He felt proud of his little daughter. But that new Lincoln penny was the proudest of all. Think of being used the first time to buy a thrift stamp! That was enough to make any little penny proud.—*Ruth Giersch, in Progressive Farmer.*

The Real Thanksgiving Spirit

IRVING:

SAY, aren't you glad tomorrow's Thanksgiving?
Doesn't it make you glad you're living?
Mother wants our dinner to be a surprise;
But can't I just smell the turkey and see the big
pumpkin pies?
I know there'll be cranberries, cookies, and jelly,
And big heaps of goodies I can't stop to tell;
I can hardly wait till I get to the table,
And I tell you I'll eat as much as I'm able.

EVELYN:

Is that all Thanksgiving means to you?
Haven't you time to be thankful, too?
Mother says that's not the way
For us to spend Thanksgiving Day—
To play, and eat, and enjoy the food
That God has given us for good,
And forget to thank him for his care
And all the blessings that we share.
God gives us life, and health, and food;
All things beautiful and good.
Shall we not offer him our praise
For joys of life and length of days?

IRVING:

I think you're right in what you say;
So I had better change my way,
And forget about the cakes and pies
That look so good to children's eyes.
And since you told what your mother said
It reminds me now of what I've read—
That eating much of such rich food
For boys and girls is never good.
So I will try to temperate be,
And not partake of all I see;
But rather think of blessings given
And praise our Father who's in heaven.

FRANKLIN:

What you say reminds me of a poem in my reader.

LA VERA:

What is it, Franklin?

FRANKLIN:

I'll repeat it. The teacher had me memorize it:

"For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see;
For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

"For mother love and father care;
For brother strong and sister fair;
For love at home and here today;
For blessings lest we go astray;
For thy dear, everlasting arms
That bear us o'er all ills and harms;

For blessed words of long ago
That help us now thy will to know,—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!"

HARVEY:

That surely will help us to remember to be thankful. Now let us each think of a verse from the Bible containing the word "thanksgiving" or "praise." I will begin:

"Therefore will I give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the heathen, and sing praises unto thy name."

FRANKLIN:

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever."

EVELYN:

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High."

LA VERA:

I like this one: "I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name forevermore."

IRVING:

"Praise ye the Lord." "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." And now let us repeat that Thanksgiving psalm we learned in school.

ALL REPEAT TOGETHER:

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations." LULU PRESSNALL MOORE

The Man Who Ate the Days in the Week

RATHER an untruthful story, it seems, the story about the man who ate the days in the week; for how can any one eat a day, to say nothing about a week? But the man who did eat the days in the week, and many, many weary weeks too, was no giant out of wonderland nor out of any strange legends. He was just an everyday man, who wore a slouch hat and spent many hours every day on horseback under the hottest sun that ever shines.

The immense sheep farms, or ranches, in Australia are each divided into districts, and each district has a man to look after it—to keep the high fences of wire in good repair and to see that the sheep come to no harm. It is a very lonely life that he leads, and very often he does not see another human being for months. Many of these boundary riders, then, have strange ways of keeping count of the days.

One of these riders, who has lived for thirty years in the back country of Queensland, tried several plans to keep count of the days, but always failed. At last he contrived one, which few people would ever think of, and it proved most successful. He ate the days in the week. He made a big damper—the name which the Australians give to a cake of flour and water, with a seasoning of salt—on Sunday of every week, and marked it into seven parts. Each part was his bread for the day, and the parts that remained told him the number of days that must pass before Sunday came round again.

For a long time this way of keeping count of the days in every week was very successful, and he always knew when the next day was Sunday, for then he had no damper to eat and had to bake another one. But one Tuesday, as he was riding along his boundary, he met a fellow rider, who had a message for him, and the two dismounted to have some food. The newcomer had eaten all of his the night before, so he was very hungry. Eagan, who had the damper, ate very little himself in order that the ravenous one might be satisfied with the day's part of the damper. But it was of no use at all.

Slice after slice was cut off the damper, till not only Tuesday's part was gone, but Wednesday's also. Again the friend's knife sliced the damper. And this time Eagan could stand it no longer. "Stop, now, stop! D'ye hear me?" he yelled in great dismay as he grabbed at the remains of the damper and glared at his visitor. "There," he continued, "you've eaten Tuesday, and you've eaten Wednesday, and now you want to cut the best of the morning off Thursday! I won't have it! No, not if I can stop it, sonny! Why, I won't be knowing the day of the week if you eat it all!"

So there and then he had to tell the other boundary rider of how he contrived to keep recollection of the days of the week.

There was another of these riders who also had a very quaint way of keeping the weeks in mind. He used two jam tins and seven little pebbles. One of the tins was marked "This Week," and the other "Last Week." On every Sunday morning he used to take a pebble out of "Last Week" and drop it into "This Week." This he did every morning, until "This Week's" tin had used up the seven pebbles. Then they were all returned into "Last Week," and one by one each day all found their way into "This Week" again. And so the lonely Australian knew when another week had passed.—*N. Tournour, in the Visitor.*

Get the Habit

NOW while you have your pencil in hand will you read the following list of good habits, and check off as many as you can conscientiously subscribe to?

- Get the habit of early rising.
- Get the habit of retiring early.
- Get the habit of eating slowly.
- Get the habit of being punctual.
- Get the habit of being grateful.
- Get the habit of fearing nothing.
- Get the habit of speaking kindly.
- Get the habit of radiating sunshine.
- Get the habit of seeking the sunshine daily.
- Get the habit of speaking correctly.
- Get the habit of pronouncing correctly.
- Get the habit of closing doors gently.
- Get the habit of neatness in appearance.
- Get the habit of relying on self always.
- Get the habit of a forgiving spirit.
- Get the habit of being industrious.
- Get the habit of apprehending no evil.
- Get the habit of anticipating only good.
- Get the habit of always being progressive.
- Get the habit of always paying as you go.
- Get the habit of promptness at meals.
- Get the habit of a quiescent concentration.
- Get the habit of daily physical exercise.
- Get the habit of being accommodating.
- Get the habit of being a good listener.
- Get the habit of economy.—*Nautilus.*

For the Finding-Out Club

Who Said?

1. "HE that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord."

2. "The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly."

3. "Keep my commandments, and live; and my law as the apple of thine eye."

4. "That which is gone out of thy lips thou shalt keep and perform; even a freewill offering, according as thou hast vowed unto the Lord thy God, which thou hast promised with thy mouth."

5. "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord, mine horn is exalted in the Lord: my mouth is enlarged over mine enemies; because I rejoice in thy salvation."

6. "The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed."

7. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say, Destroy them."

8. "Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean: from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles."

9. "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

10. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of October 1

1. HIRAM, king of Tyre, was a heathen king who was a great lover of David.

2. The Sidonians were noted for their skill in hewing timber.

3. The temple was begun 480 years after the children of Israel left Egypt.

4. 70,000 burden bearers and 80,000 hewers worked in the Lebanon district.

5. 3,300 men were required to oversee these workmen.
NORENE JENSEN.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

The Lone Member

AWAY up in the mountains, far away from any railway station and a good half mile from the nearest neighbor, is a tiny farmhouse, standing somewhat back from the road. The old-fashioned flowers bordering the little path which leads up to the broad front veranda through a tangled mass of vines and weeds, look choked and lonely as they nod their heads in the afternoon breeze. The blinds are drawn, giving the little cottage a deserted and solitary appearance.

A peep in the kitchen window reveals some signs of life about the place, however. A still closer inspection brings to view a girl apparently in her early twenties. She stands at the worn old sink, busily washing up the milk pans and cooking dishes. The expression on her face is half sad, half hopeless, and her shoulders droop as she works.

It is Friday afternoon; the sunset hour draws on, with its accompanying rest and peace. But it awakens no answering chord in the girl's heart, for the Sabbath is to her a day of loneliness. The little church six miles away holds no special interest for her. She is the only young person who attends. She has no responsibility in the Sabbath services; the older church

members carry the burdens from force of habit. Occasionally when the regular organist is absent the girl is called upon to play the organ, but that is seldom.

She has no young companions in the truth, nor out of it; for the young people of the village three miles away think that Adventists are the queerest people in the world, and treat this young girl accordingly.

On week days the farm work is confining, the duty of caring for the home takes most of the time from morning till night; and when there is an hour to spare there is no place to go, nothing to do that will relieve the monotony. Although fond of reading, the girl has no means of obtaining good books, and rarely sees a current magazine or paper.

She does not care for housework, though obliged to do it. There was a time when she had other ambitions, but the need at home always seemed to demand her first consideration; besides, she had had no training for a different kind of work, even though the opportunity should one day come to her.

What a lonely picture, you say. Yes, but a true one. Scores of isolated young people are living daily under much the same circumstances as does this girl, feeling their isolation and longing for a change, but apparently unable to lift a finger to alter the condition.

"I am not helping to give the message," is the discouraging thought that forces itself home to many an isolated one. "I am not improving my mind; my Christian experience is not growing; in fact, I do not count. I am just a lone member, drifting with the tide and powerless to do otherwise."

Ah, but is that last phrase true? Is one powerless? Is there not a bright side to the picture, a way out? — Yes, there surely is. No one need be habitually sad and discouraged, none need be inactive in the cause of God, none need retrograde intellectually, nor stand still in his Christian experience. God has a better plan for each of his children.

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you," he says, "thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a happy future."

If circumstances seem to bind you down, if the confinement of the home and farm is irksome, remember, God knows and cares. Perhaps he sees that this very experience is the discipline you need to perfect a character of true worth. Trust him, be courageous, keep cheerful; make each day a "glad, sweet song" by doing in the spirit of Jesus the humble tasks that come to you.

In missionary endeavor you may have a part. Where there is no other opportunity, missionary correspondence is an avenue for service open to even the isolated. A list of names secured from one of our canvassers through the tract society, or otherwise, together with a supply of *Present Truth*, may form the basis for a very fruitful kind of missionary endeavor. If persevered in, it is bound to win souls to the truth.

Have educational advantages been meager? Prepare for the opportunity for wider usefulness which will surely come sooner or later, by taking a correspondence course. It will strengthen the mind, lend added interest to the daily round of duties, and help to fit one for service.

Read good books. The Missionary Volunteer secretary of the conference will be glad to supply these from the circulating library, if he knows of isolated young people who are anxious to read. Nothing gives more lasting pleasure than the reading of good books,

while at the same time it develops the mind, and increases its capacity for intelligent thought.

Use the little Morning Watch Calendar every morning in your daily devotions. It means companionship with God, and also with a great army of young people throughout the world, for many thousands are studying the same verses day by day. Read your Bible regularly for renewed love to God and courage in him. Do something each day that is truly unselfish. Manifest an interest in the church services, taking part in prayer and testimony whenever the opportunity is afforded. These things will help to keep the Master's love burning warmly in your heart, and will help you to be a blessing to others.

And, Lone Member, do not think that you do not "count," for you *do*. A life lived sweetly, cheerfully, courageously, cannot help having its influence. It is bound to bear fruit for God. Do not be sad or discouraged, for he will use you to his glory and make you a vessel unto honor, if you will let him have his way with you.

"Lonely? No, not lonely
While Jesus standeth by;
His presence always cheers me;
I know that he is here."

"Friendless? No, not friendless,
For Jesus is my friend;
I change, but he remaineth
The same unto the end."

ELLA IDEN.

Our Counsel Corner

WOULD it not be a good idea to have the Morning Watch verses printed as well as the references? In that way many would read and commit the verses to memory who otherwise would not. J. W. B.

This has been suggested several times during the years we have published the Morning Watch Calendar. We have presented this, and other suggestions, to our Missionary Volunteer workers at different times, but the majority of them have always advised us to stick to our present form. This suggestion could not be carried out without making the calendar much larger and more expensive. Most of our workers and young people seem to prefer the present size so that it can be kept in the Bible.

While some might commit the verses who otherwise would not, is it not much better to go to the Bible itself? It is often very desirable to read a portion of the scripture in which the text is found. It does seem that we should make all our plans with the idea of keeping our Missionary Volunteers close to the Bible.

The Morning Watch Calendar for 1919 is now on the press. Those who have seen it say it has the most beautiful cover yet designed. The texts are selected entirely from the New Testament. In planning it thus we had in mind the soldier boys, many of whom do not have the entire Bible. M. E. K.

Please explain the representation on the service flag.
C. H.

The *Official Bulletin* of May 25, 1918, had an article on the "Origin, Design, and Proper Display of the Service Flag." It is there stated that a blue star is used to represent each person, man or woman, in the military or naval service of the United States.

While there is no authoritative ruling as to just how representation shall be made of those invalidated, wounded, or killed in service, the following is given as the consensus of opinion:

For those killed in action a gold star will be substituted for the blue star, or superimposed on it in such manner as to entirely cover it.

For those receiving wounds in action with the enemy or disabled by a gas attack, necessitating treatment by a medical officer, a silver star will be substituted for the blue star, or superimposed on it in such manner as to entirely cover it.

For those who subsequently die from such wounds or gas disablement, the gold star will be superimposed on the silver in such manner as to leave a margin of silver around the gold.

For those disabled or invalidated home by injury or disease incurred in line of duty in the military or naval service, a silver star will be superimposed on the blue star in such manner as to leave a margin of blue around the silver. This may properly be extended to those who are so injured or diseased at a training camp or before reaching France. However, those rejected at a training camp as physically unfit, before any substantial service, and those incurring injury or disease otherwise than in line of duty, and especially if the result of their own misconduct, clearly are not entitled to this additional distinction.

For those who subsequently die as the result of such accident or disease contracted in line of duty, and who were thus previously represented by a silver star superimposed on the blue with a blue margin, a gold star will be substituted for this silver star, or superimposed in such manner as to entirely cover it, leaving, however, the margin of blue.

It is explained that no distinction should be made between those who are in combatant or noncombatant service.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

X — King Balak and the Prophet Balaam

(December 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Numbers 22; 23; 24.

MEMORY VERSE: "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." James 1: 8.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 438-452; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 237-240.

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

Questions

1. After the conquest of Bashan to what place did the Israelites return? Num. 22: 1. Note 1.
2. Who was king of the Moabites at this time? Why did he and his people fear Israel? What did they say to their neighbors, the elders of Midian? Verses 2-4.
3. For whom did the king of Moab send? For what purpose? Verses 5, 6. Note 2.
4. What did the messengers to Balaam take with them? What did he invite them to do? What did he say he would do? Verses 7, 8. Note 3.
5. When Balaam inquired of the Lord, what reply was given him? In the morning what did he say to the messengers? Verses 10-13.
6. When this word was brought to Balak, what did he do? How were these messengers received? What shows that Balaam was very anxious to go with these men? Verses 14-19. Note 4.
7. What did the Lord now permit Balaam to do? How did the Lord first manifest his displeasure at Balaam's ways? Verses 20-23. Note 5.
8. How did the angel of the Lord continue to hinder Balaam as he journeyed? How did Balaam receive the reproof of his beast? Verses 24-30.
9. When the Lord opened Balaam's eyes what did he see? What did the angel say? What did Balaam acknowledge? What did the Lord permit him to do? Verses 31-35. Note 6.
10. Who came out to meet Balaam? With what words of

reproach did the king greet him? How did Balaam answer? To what place did Balak take him? Verses 36-41.

11. What preparations did Balaam ask to have made? After the offerings were made, what did the Lord say to Balaam? Instead of cursing Israel, what did Balaam do? Num. 23: 1-11.

12. What did Balaam again try to do? Verses 13-25.

13. What third attempt was made to curse Israel? With what result? Verses 26-30; Num. 24: 1-9.

14. With what angry words did Balak dismiss Balaam? Where did Balaam go? Verses 10, 11, 25.

Things to Think About

What led Balaam to sin?

Was he in ignorance of the will of the Lord regarding the matter?

Why did the Lord permit Balaam to go to meet Balak?

If you want to do wrong, God will not hinder you from doing it.

Notes

1. "Returning to the Jordan from the conquest of Bashan, the Israelites, in preparation for the immediate invasion of Canaan, encamped beside the river, above its entrance into the Dead Sea, and just opposite the plain of Jericho. They were upon the very borders of Moab, and the Moabites were filled with terror at the close proximity of the invaders."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 438.

2. Balaam "had a great reputation as a prophet . . . and appears to have been a worshiper of the one God, coming from the country of Abraham."—Schaff.

"Balaam was once a good man and a prophet of God; but he had apostatized, and had given himself up to covetousness; yet he still professed to be a servant of the Most High. He was not ignorant of God's work in behalf of Israel."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 441.

3. Balaam "well knew that it was his duty to refuse the rewards of Balak, and to dismiss the ambassadors. But he ventured to dally with temptation."—*Ibid.*

4. Balaam "longed to comply with the king's request; and although the will of God had already been definitely made known to him, he urged the messengers to tarry, that he might further inquire of God; as though the Infinite One were a man, to be persuaded."—*Id.*, p. 442.

5. Balaam answered, "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God, to do less or more." "The spirit of these words was just right. But his action at this point began to be just wrong. If God had said *no*, he meant *no*, and Balaam should have meant *no*, too. He should have sent back the messengers at once. But his fingers were by this time tingling for the offered money, and his ears were itching for the applause that would come to him as he entered the country of Moab, escorted by gorgeous Moabite nobles and Midianite sheiks; and so he tried the Lord again; and the Lord, perhaps willing to make him an example that should help to keep future generations out of sin, let him go."—*Peloubet.*

"Balaam had given evidence of the spirit that controlled him, by his treatment of the beast. 'A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' Few realize as they should the sinfulness of abusing animals or leaving them to suffer from neglect. He who created man made the lower animals also, and 'his tender mercies are over all his works.' The animals were created to serve man, but he has no right to cause them pain by harsh treatment or cruel exaction."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 444, 445.

6. "The Lord suffered him to proceed on his journey, but gave him to understand that his words should be controlled by divine power. God would give evidence to Moab that the Hebrews were under the guardianship of Heaven; and this he did effectually when he showed them how powerless Balaam was even to utter a curse against them without divine permission."—*Id.*, p. 445.

The Uses of Salt

AS the salt of the earth, Christians are not always to bring only joy and comfort into the lives of others. Salt has other uses. A Bible study group of college girls were recently discussing the familiar passage in the Sermon on the Mount, and were asking why Christians are like salt. All thought at once of salt's preservative qualities. Then a Chinese girl in the group quietly suggested: "Salt creates thirst." The truth went home. As one of the leaders afterward said: "Our lives should be such that people would continually come to us and ask us to explain ourselves." Do our lives create in others the thirst that only the Water of Life can satisfy?—*Sunday School Times.*

A Song of Thanks

"For eyes to see this autumn world,
And lips to sing its beauty;
For feet to take the happy trail
Of winter's waiting duty;

"For light of home and love of friends
And wholesome joy of living;
For grace to know my good estate,
Thanksgiving!"

Let Us Be Thankful

THANKSGIVING! What a host of memories cluster round the word! What anticipations it holds in store! When the hustle of spring, the strain of summer, and the rush of harvest are over; when the fruitage of field and meadow and orchard is gathered and garnered;

"When the frost-tinged golden leaves come sailing to the sod,
And autumn walks the dappled plain with rustling sandals shod,"

then we pause a moment, as it were, to render special thanks to the Giver of all good.

And how much cause we have for gratitude in this year 1918. We are in a land of plenty, if not of peace. War, with its retinue of pestilence and famine, is abroad in the world of men. We have escaped the worst of its horrors, and while Europe is drenched in blood, devastated and starving, America has enough and to spare. We may contribute of our abundance to ameliorate this suffering. And after all it is far "more blessed to give than to receive." Shall we not return thanks for this privilege?

At many a Thanksgiving board there will be vacant chairs; familiar faces will be missing. The war, which seemed so far away, has begun to take its toll. Absent loved ones are "over here" in training, or "over there" in answer to duty's call, helping "make the world safe for democracy." We may render indirect service to our country and honor to our flag at this time when the Government needs most loyal support, for the home fires must be kept brightly burning till the absent ones return. Shall we not be grateful for this privilege? The cross of separation is often heavy, but there is always grandeur in needful sacrifice.

To each of us there has come in various ways proof of a wise Father's loving care. But among the many gifts he has bestowed upon undeserving men one is all-surpassing. He gave us a Saviour, an ever-present Friend, a Guide who has walked the rugged, thorn-lined way to Calvary that we must follow. Let us render heartfelt thanks for this mercy.

For these, and for other blessings, numberless and manifold, we owe a tribute of praise and gratitude. Then let us be thankful.

L. E. C.

A Labor of Love

IN the archives of the British and Foreign Bible Society may be seen a curious copy of the New Testament, whose production was indeed a labor of love. It is all written by hand, but by no means elegantly done, the crude, cramped chirography betraying the toilsome patience of one little used to the pen, rather than the rapid dexterity of a professional copyist.

This singular volume is the work of a poor Irish laborer, whose education was better than his advantages, and whose thirst for the Word of God conquered every difficulty to obtain it.

In the county of Cork, when copies of the Scriptures in the native language were a novelty and a rarity, a Protestant peasant learned that one of his neighbors, a country gentleman, owned a copy of the New Testament in Irish, and went to his home to ask the loan of the book.

"What would you do with it, my man?" said the gentleman, kindly, but in some surprise.

"I would rade it, sir; and if ye'd let me 'ave it that long, I'd write it off, an' be kapin' a copy o' me own."

"Why, how could you possibly do that?" exclaimed the gentleman, still more surprised.

"I can rade and write, sir."

"But where would you get the paper?"

"I would buy it, sir."

"And pen and ink?"

"Faith, I'd buy them, too, sir."

"But you have no place nor convenience to do such work. How will you manage that?"

"Ah, then, where there's a will, there's a way. Maybe Your Honor wouldn't be willin' to lind the book?"

"Well, well, really, my man, I don't know where I could get another copy, and I should feel reluctant to let the volume go out of my house, especially for so long a time. You might come here and read it, you know."

The poor peasant was evidently disappointed. But he made one more appeal.

"Beg pardon, Your Honor, but if ye'd jist allow me to sit in yer hall now, I cud come up whin me wurruk's done in the day, and write it off in the avenins."

The gentleman was so struck with the pious sincerity of his humble neighbor that he granted his request, and for months a candle and a place in his hall were allowed the poor man, till he had actually copied every word of the New Testament.

Years afterward a printed New Testament was presented to the Christian peasant, when he gave his manuscript copy to the society, which has since kept it as a relic.—*Young Reaper*.

LAWNS we wish to keep in the best condition are frequently mown; the grass has scarcely any respite from the scythe. Out in the meadows there is no such repeated cutting; once or twice a year serves for them. Even so, the nearer we are to God, and the more regard he has for us, the oftener and the sharper will he afflict us.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Thanksgiving (poetry)	3
A Real Thanksgiving Day (poetry)	6
Mutilated Courtesies	6
God's Preparation for His Advent of Peace	7
Educational Work for Women in Hunan	9
Heart Calls and Bells (poetry)	10
A Tragedy of the Forest	10
The Real Thanksgiving Spirit (a dialogue)	12
The Lone Member	13
Let Us Be Thankful	16
SELECTIONS	
A Defense of Daddyisms	3
Was It You? (poetry)	8
The Story of a Lincoln Penny	11
A Labor of Love	16