

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

December 24, 1918

No. 52



"BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY, WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE"

# From Here and There

Home Rule for India has been proposed by the British Parliament.

Florida is the fifteenth State to ratify the national prohibition amendment.

The Republicans now hold the leadership in both the House and the Senate.

During the four years of the war just closed, German submarines sank 21,404,913 tons of shipping.

The money spent for liquor every day in the United States would clothe and feed 22,830 soldiers in France for one year.

A recent discovery, looking toward the perfection of the Marconi wireless, makes the use of high towers unnecessary.

Hungary has been proclaimed a republic. Archduke Joseph, the new president, has taken the oath of office and entered upon his duties.

The largest locomotive in the world has just been built for the Virginian Railway. It has a tractive power of 176,600 pounds, and is 105 feet long.

Iron crosses, which the former kaiser bestowed with such a lavish hand, are now being sold in Berlin for an amount equal to one cent in American money.

Recently \$170,500,000 was contributed by the American public for the United War Work Campaign, an organization which includes seven welfare agencies. Washington alone raised \$800,000.

"My violin does not dine," was the reply of the renowned violinist, Paganini, to a dinner invitation. He had grown weary of receiving such courtesies with the pointed postscript, "Do not fail to bring your violin."

Two hundred thousand dollars was sung from the pockets of dinner guests in a New York hotel recently, when Geraldine Farrar, the celebrated grand-opera star, gave a concert in the interests of the Fourth Liberty Loan.

The suggestion that an Arch of Liberty be erected in Paris by Americans at home and abroad, is meeting with much favor. This memorial will commemorate the 140 years of friendship between France and the United States.

The National Bank of Cuba, a conservative New York City concern, recently advanced Miss L. C. Jones, a stenographer, to the position of cashier. This is said to be the first appointment of a woman to such an executive position.

Music has played an important part in the war just closing. Lieut. Ervin W. Read, former choir director in Trinity Church, at Princeton, New Jersey, has trained eight thousand Red Cross nurses, now in active service, to sing the patriotic songs which the boys in the hospitals enjoy.

Birds are to have a special corner of their own in the playground of every public school, if the suggestions of the Department of Agriculture are carried out. Advanced schools are now offering courses in ornithology, and the primary grades are to enjoy studying the habits of these feathered friends firsthand.

## Respect Due Our Flag

THE official name of our flag is the "Stars and Stripes." In the army it is known as the "Standard" or "Colors." When borne with the regimental color, the two flags are called a "Stand of Colors." In the navy our flag is known as the "United States Ensign."

The flag should be hoisted after sunrise and lowered before or at sunset.

One uncovers during "retreat" and while the "Star-Spangled Banner" is being played. The flag is lowered at "retreat," but not allowed to touch the ground.

A flag lowered at half-mast indicates mourning, but is raised at the close of the funeral.

On shipboard the national flag should be raised first and lowered last.

When several flags are to be displayed on poles, the Stars and Stripes is the first to be hoisted and should be placed on the highest pole.

When displaying two flags, our own is placed to the right of the building.

Other flags should not be flown from the same staff as the United States flag; but during religious service, on board a ship, the church pennant may be displayed above the Stars and Stripes.

During a parade the national flag either precedes all other flags, or is carried in the center above the others.

When a flag is used to cover a pulpit, the union is at the right. Nothing but the Bible should ever be placed on the flag.

When two flags are crossed, the national flag should be at the right.

ELOISE WILLIAMS.

## The Coulee Cricket

THE wheat country of eastern Washington has been infested in one hundred and ten square miles of its territory by the Coulee cricket. This pest was controlled by the national and State authorities co-operating. Trenches were laid, and the crickets were driven back to a small area of only ten square miles. The Coulee cricket is built on the lines of the battle tank, with a swordlike tail for laying "death bombs" in the wheat fields—that is, eggs for next year's generation. When a trench is used to check the crickets, pigs are turned in to eat them, or they are singed with a gasoline torch, and fed to pigs and poultry, for which they make an excellent food.—*Selected.*

# The Youth's Instructor

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VOL. LXVI

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## I Gave My Life for Thee

SOMEWHERE within a garden lone,  
He kneels, he prays, he weeps;  
Forsaken there and all alone,  
Sorrow — her vigil keeps.

Somewhere I see a lowly form  
Nailed to a cruel tree;  
From far-off comes the lonely strain,  
"I gave my life for thee."

And yet I see a wondrous Star  
Whose light shall never dim,  
But always through a sinful world  
It points to Bethlehem.

O Father, shall our hearts forget  
The shame and agony?  
Forget the sorrow in thy voice:  
"What hast thou given for me?"

And as thou prayed in olden time,  
Today the words ring true,  
"Father, dear Father, forgive them;  
They know not what they do."

A world at strife — forgotten is  
Thy grief, thy pain, thy loss —  
With blinded eyes men cannot see  
The Christ upon the cross.

And brother seeks his brother's life,  
And blood for blood is shed —  
Forgot the peace that hovered once  
Over a manger bed.

It leads to a bright land afar,  
Where strife and turmoil cease,  
And through its gates of shining gold  
There floats a song of peace.

— Florence N. Murray-Smith, in the *Cumberland Presbyterian*.

## Peking: The "Righteous Harmony Fists"

R. F. COTTRELL

THE "Righteous Harmony Fists," or "Big Knife Society," otherwise known as the "Boxers," was a secret society that had its beginning in the province of Shantung in the latter part of the nineteenth century. It was organized with the explicit purpose of driving the Manchu rulers out of China, and restoring a Chinese dynasty. As they looked about their native land and beheld its afflictions and distresses, they were convinced that Manchu misrule and weakness in yielding to foreign demands was the chief cause.

About this same time, numerous acts of aggression on the part of Western powers caused the Boxers to become violently antiforeign. The Manchu court feared their growing power, and skilfully cultivated their hatred of the foreigners, thus hoping to accomplish two objects,—the salvation of the dynasty and riddance from the country of the intruding Europeans and Japanese.

### Charms Made Bodies Invulnerable to Bullets

For the accomplishment of their ends, the Boxers depended largely upon charms, incantations, and hypnotic arts by which they believed their bodies were rendered invulnerable to the foreigners' bullets. A few of them obtained firearms, but the majority were armed with swords and spears, and in the use of these, as well as in their special forms of hypnotism, they began their antiforeign crusade. Throughout Shantung Province large numbers of recruits were enlisted and drilled, and by the autumn of 1899, they were ready to advance fearlessly against the enemy, and fight with fiery fanaticism.

### The Boxer Murders

On the last day of the old century, the first foreigner, a Church of England missionary, was murdered by the Big Knife Society, and although strong representations were made to China by various foreign governments, only half-hearted efforts were put forth for the suppression of this formidable organization. In fact, a number of the political leaders, governors, and princes, became Boxer converts, and at length influenced the empress dowager to hope that they could make good their extravagant claims to supernatural power. Accordingly, the imperial proclamations began to give evidence of sympathy with the Boxer Society.

Thus encouraged, in the spring and early summer of 1900, they grew bolder and committed countless outrages in the northern provinces against foreigners and native converts. Finally, a secret edict was issued from Peking calling for the extermination of all foreign residents. In some places the missionaries were executed by order of the officials, but in the majority of cases, they were given over to the tender mercies of the angry, cruel crowds, who tantalized and tormented their victims. Many books have been written by survivors and others concerning the innumerable horrors and sufferings endured by many during those months of Boxerism.

### No Denomination Exempted

A total of more than two hundred missionaries, together with several thousand native Christians, both Protestant and Catholic, were killed; and had it not been for a curious, yet bold alteration in certain copies of the death proclamation by friends of the foreigners at court, in which the word "kill" was changed to "protect," the loss of life would probably have been considerably greater. A prominent Manchu official also sent secret communications to governors and viceroys instructing them to ignore the edict, and in the central and southern provinces this advice was followed.

After having wrought terror and destruction in other places, the Boxers moved on to Peking where they soon arrived at an understanding with Tung-fu-hsiang, who was a favorite with the empress dowager, and who had recently arrived from distant Kan-su with a promiscuous horde of Chinese and Moslem cavalry. Thoroughly alarmed, the foreign legations sent to the warships lying off the Taku forts (forts guarding Tientsin) for assistance, and in response a company of about four hundred fifty marines composed of British, Americans, French, Italians, Japanese, Russians, Germans, and Austrians, were sent forward. Very soon after their arrival, communication was cut off between Peking and the outside world. By this time, nearly all the foreigners in Peking and vicinity, together with several thousand native Christians who had escaped the wrath of the Boxers, crowded themselves into the Legation Quarters.

### Boxers in Control of Peking

Throughout the city of Peking, the Boxers had obtained complete control, and were burning and looting at will. On June 11, the chancellor of the Japanese Legation was killed, and on the twentieth of the same month, Baron von Ketteler, the German ambassador, was shot dead while on his way to an in-



Each gate of Peking and each corner of the wall is provided with a blockhouse, or fortification, similar to the one shown in the picture. Some of these were built four or five centuries ago. Merchant camel trains are common in this section.

terview at the Chinese Foreign Office. With this act, the siege of the foreign legations began. On one side the legations, eleven in all, were protected by the Tartar Wall, which was a height of forty feet; and on the other three sides hasty barricades were thrown up.

The siege that followed is one of the most remarkable in history. For almost two months the little company within was subjected to a violent and almost incessant bombardment, and to frequent rushes from Boxer detachments and Chinese soldiery. In a short time four of the more outlying legations fell into the hands of the Chinese and were destroyed by fire, while the little company of defenders fell back into the remaining seven, which included a strip of territory about half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide. The women, children, and men incapacitated for military duty, found refuge in the British Legation, which afforded the best protection, and was made a base for operations.

In the entire force of defenders, there were but few trained soldiers, the most of the company consisting of soldiers from the foreign fleet, and all the Westerners in Peking who could be impressed into service. Again, there was little co-operation throughout the first part of the siege between various nationalities, none being ready to expose themselves unduly to the enemy's fire, and each being distrustful of the courage or ability of other detachments to hold their sections of the defenses.

But to tell of the desperate encounters to hold back the thousands of onrushing assailants, of the many deeds of valor, of the ever-growing casualty list, of the shortage of food and ammunition, and of how these were obtained in hours of extremity, would require a volume. Humanly speaking, it would seem that the only thing which kept the little band from complete annihilation was the divided counsel at court, a number of high Manchu officials considering the attack on the foreign ambassadors as a foolish

outrage for which China would be made to pay dearly. This fact did not deter the Boxers from doing their worst, but there is clear evidence that to a certain extent it neutralized the efforts of the regular government troops.

Day after day, and week after week, during that hot Peking summer, the besieged wondered what was taking place in the outside world and why relief was so slow in coming. Of the Seymour expedition that had started to their assistance and had been forced to retreat with heavy loss, of the battle of the Taku forts, and of the siege and capture of Tientsin by the allied forces, they were unaware. Such terrible anxiety and suspense when from hour to hour the fate of all hung in the balance, only those who have experienced can appreciate.

### The Last Night

The night of August 13 brought the climax. As darkness fell, fire from all directions poured in upon the legations. By ten o'clock, every available man had been called up for duty, and posted behind the barricades. Furious charges by masses of enemy troops were frequently made, and were as vigorously repulsed. By two o'clock the attack had become fiercer than ever; and the besieged realized that if it continued another two hours, their ammunition would be exhausted. Suddenly, above the clamor of rifle fire came a distant "boom;" and then another, — yes, five others, each properly spaced; and oh, such a thrill as went through the camp! *The last night of Boxerism had arrived!*

Soon, all the rifle fire ceased, and when morning dawned everything was quiet. Later in the day,



EVANGELIST C. C. FANG AND THREE OF HIS FRIENDS  
View taken inside of the temporary quarters of the Seventh-day Adventist Mission in Peking.

crowds of retreating Chinese soldiers came pouring into the city, and by the middle of the afternoon some of the troops of the allied nations had forced their way into the Legation Quarters, and were setting up their camp for the night. At the sight some wept,

some shouted for joy, and some were wild with excitement; the long-looked-for relief had actually come!

The Boxers had freely looted the city, but the havoc they committed was slight as compared with the terrible vengeance taken upon the place by the foreign army. Peking was sacked and plundered in a way that cast much discredit upon Western civilization. In particular, certain European detachments went about hunting Boxer bands, and treating the people with much needless cruelty.

After several weeks of spoliation and destruction, things quieted down in the capital and vicinity, and subsequently Li Hung-Chang and Prince Ching, representing the Chinese government, agreed to the severe and humiliating terms of peace imposed upon them by the Western powers. By this treaty, the Chinese agreed to pay a cash indemnity equaling about \$300,000,000, to execute eleven of the leading princes and ministers of state who had taken part in the movement, to banish others, to send missions to Germany and Japan conveying the government's apologies, and in other ways to atone for the outrages committed.

Dreadful and harrowing as were the experiences through which hundreds passed, a beautiful spirit of love and forgiveness was manifested by practically all the sorely stricken families and missionary societies; and as soon as the clouds cleared away, most of the survivors returned to their stations, and again took up their labor of love for the ignorant, superstitious, and misguided people who had so recently thirsted for their lifeblood.

Again was verified the statement that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church." Provinces, like Hunan, that had hitherto been bitterly antforeign, now threw open their doors to missionary effort; in nearly all parts of the empire the preaching of the Word was attended by gratifying results, and the church of Christ rejoiced to know that the things which had "happened" unto their brethren in China had "fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel."

#### Inca Indian Method of Making an Engagement

MY Indian boy interpreter decided he wanted to get married; so he asked me to act the part of guardian for him, as his parents are dead. Here the marriage parties are not supposed to have anything to do with the matchmaking, but the guardians are expected to do that. I asked him whom he wanted to marry, and he told me. I then asked him if he thought the girl was willing. He replied, "*Quien sabe?*" (Who knows?) He said he had not talked to her about it, but wanted me to go and make the arrangements. A meeting at the girl's home was therefore planned for that evening.

About six o'clock, my wife and I, the boy, an older brother of his, and another Indian for an interpreter (under the circumstances the boy did not want to interpret), went over. When we arrived, we were first of all given a plate of soup, and then I told the father the reason of our visit. He sent all the family out, and I asked him about the matter. After talking awhile, he called in his wife, and I then explained the matter to her and got her consent. Then, we had to send for the grandparents and get their consent; and finally, after we had talked it all over, had made all plans, and had set the date for the wedding, the

girl was called in. When I told her of the plan and asked her if she was willing, she looked surprised,—more so, I think, than had my own wife when I asked her the same question. She thought a few moments, and then asked if her father and mother thought it was all right. On learning that they thought so, she said she was willing.

To seal the bargain, the brother of the boy gave the parents and grandparents a present of sweet bread. The custom is to give bread or a glass of alcohol, but as they were all believers, of course they did not have or want the alcohol.

This is a peculiar way of making an engagement, but I thought, if our young people at home would have as much faith in their parents' advice in this matter, there would be less marital trouble.

ORLEY FORD.

*Puno, Peru.*

#### The Gift of Song

TWO young women whom I know make useful text for a preachment. Both of them sing, and sing well. One must be "teased" to sing; the other is modestly willing to help entertain or worship. One comes in late and takes a long time to find her place, and then often waits till the others have sung a few lines before she gives the needed help that her excellent voice affords. The other is on time, as a rule; but if she is late, she joins quickly — she can even sing while she removes her gloves or adjusts her books!

They play, too. One plays well if she likes the selection; but if the number called for is one she dislikes, her playing is listless and disappointing. The other plays any hymn called for, plays it with good spirit, in a helpful way, with no "agony." Can you guess which one is the more often called upon?

These young women have gifts from God. One is selfish with her gift; the other loves to make good use of her talent. The Giver of every good gift expects his children to use the gifts he bestows in blessing and helping others. When they fail, they cannot claim his blessing. Selfishness and vanity are sisters, and they are not very distant relatives of evil-doing, which, as you may know, is full brother to sin.

A gift carries with it a command; it must be used. A neglect of privilege is a neglect of duty; and neglect of duty is sinful. My two friends should go on singing — the one the way she does, the other the way she should; and the blessing of lovers of song will be upon them, with the greater blessing of Heaven in addition.

MAX HILL.

#### How to Be Strong

LOOK at that," I said to a friend, as in traveling through Yellowstone Park we came by a very thick forest of pine trees, tall and straight. "There seem to be about as many trees as could possibly grow on the ground, and yet see the hundreds of fallen ones. It looks as if a tornado had swept over this forest and brought down half the trees." "It could not have been that," said my friend, "for see how the trees lie in every direction." No, the trees had fallen by their own weight. They had grown and lived in a crowd, each depending on the other, so did not develop strength.

"But that is the nature of the pine," you say. Perhaps so, but see that sturdy old pine on yonder hilltop.

which has stood the storms and snows of a thousand winters. He lived in solitude and grew strong.

So it is with the Christian. He becomes a weakling who does not spend much time "alone with God." "Solitude is the mother country of the strong." Those who would become strong in spirit and efficient in God's service must take time for study, meditation, and prayer.

Jesus did. "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." Robert E. Speer has said that "the first impressive feature of His prayerfulness is his love of solitude. There are three kinds of solitude—the solitude of time, the solitude of place, the solitude of spirit. Jesus knew all these."

If there ever was a time when strong men and women were needed, it is now.

"The work that centuries might have done,  
Must crowd the hours of setting sun."

And where are the boys and girls, the young men and young women, who, putting self aside, will enter into the secret place of the Most High, and obtain inspiration, wisdom, and strength to help finish the work?

Who that read these lines are anxious enough to become strong workers for God to make some sacrifice, and exercise some determination to take daily lessons in the school of prayer?

The answer to this question will be made by many, not in words, but in what you do about the Morning Watch. Have you tried and failed? As Jesus prayed for his drowsy disciples, so he is praying for you that you fail not. Will you not watch with him at least one-half hour each morning of 1919? If you will, you may become strong—strong to live above the power of sin, and strong to win souls.

The little Morning Watch Calendar will help you to keep the Morning Watch. Get it! circulate it! but above all, use it!

M. E. KERN.

### "In a Manger"

**J**UST a group of simple shepherds they were, going about their jobs as usual, with no suspicion that this night would be different from any other.

And to them, of all men in the world, the heavenly vision came. In *their* ears, mingled with the noises of their daily toil, the angel voices sounded.

Thousands of men were looking eagerly for the appearance of the Messiah that night—as they had looked for his appearance every night for years.

Surely with great acclaim he would come: in a king's palace, with signs and wonders to restore his chosen people.

And while their eyes were fixed on high to see the great event, lo, the great event took place at their very feet; and they never saw it.

He came to the world out of the depths, not on the heights. They found him "lying in a manger."

It often happens so in life.

There is in the world today a man who has toiled terribly that he might achieve a vast success. He has piled dollar upon dollar and business upon business. Mounting to the top of the great pile which he has made, he has looked longingly for a glimpse of the thing worth while; and he has not found it. While, only one short block from his home, in a little cottage, surrounded by his red-cheeked children, a man who will never have ten thousand dollars to his name, looks out on life through reverent eyes, and finds it wonderful.

Not in the palace on that street will one find the Kingdom of Happiness, but in the little cottage. Even as they found Him, years ago, lying in a manger.

There is another man who cherishes in his heart the vision of a reconstructed social order.

He hopes by laws and ordinances, and by this and that, to hedge the people in and mold them so that they must be good in spite of themselves.

His mind is full of social betterment, and in his heart is no appreciation whatever of the men and women whom he seeks to better. He has no confidence in them. He forgets that it was from them Lincoln sprang.

He forgets that it was the French Revolution, in spite of its violence, and not the thought and plan of statesmen, that started the modern world on its great roll toward democracy. Almost every great movement has grown up from below. Yet he does not understand it. He seeks to hand improvement down, like old clothes, from above.

It is an easy thing to fix one's eyes on the distant splendor, and, pressing toward it, lose the nearer splendor that lies everywhere about.

It is a temptation to say, "I am so busy with the great work I am doing, my activities are so important, that I cannot be bothered about little things."

He who was born in a manger was never busy. With the burden of the world on his shoulders, he was not too preoccupied to hear the cry of a single blind man. Wearing by anxious hours of toil, he was not too weary to open his arms to little children.

"Take time to live each day in simple friendliness"—this would be His message to you this Christmastide.

The Kingdom of Happiness lies, not far off, but close about you.

It was thus that the shepherds discovered it.

*In the midst of their daily work* the heavenly light broke around them: with the noises of their *regular, routine labor* in their ears, the voice of the angel sounded:

"Ye shall find the babe . . . *lying in a manger.*"—  
Bruce Barton.

### Betty and Christmas

**T**HERE goes the Sherman girl, as chipper as a squirrel. I shouldn't think any one that thought so much of Christmas as she always seemed to would go with her head so high, now that she can't give any Christmas presents. And she hasn't said a word about not wanting folks to give her any. Lora Ann Hurd told me that all her mates are planning to give to her the same as usual. I don't see how any one with any proper pride could accept gifts."

"Maybe she thinks Christmas isn't just the amount one gives," Miss Bathsheba Tyson suggested timidly. Miss Bathsheba at sixty still offered all her thoughts to her sister Sarah for inspection before she dared tell them to any one else.

"Maybe it isn't," Miss Sarah returned, severely, "but I don't know why people can't have proper pride on Christmas same as any other day."

Betty Sherman, passing the gate, turned just then to wave her hand to Miss Sarah and throw a kiss to Miss Bathsheba. Miss Sarah, looking after her, spoke as if in rebuke of Miss Bathsheba.

"There isn't any one in town that can come up to Betty Sherman," she declared, "I don't care who it is."

"I thought I'd like to send her a little trifle," Miss Bathsheba said, timidly.

Her sister turned upon her sharply. "I'd like to know who has suggested that you shouldn't send her anything," she said.

The "little something" was delivered Christmas morning, and Sarah walked the half mile in spite of her rheumatism, lest Bathsheba should be disappointed. Upon her return, she found Bathsheba in her invalid chair, excitedly holding two envelopes.

"Betty's been here," she said, "and she left these, but I wouldn't open mine until you came."

"Well, I'm ready for mine," said Sarah.

Together they opened the envelopes, each decked with a tiny holly spray. Each envelope contained a card decorated with tiny sketches cut from some magazine. Miss Bathsheba's was a picture of two old ladies gossiping, and with it was a sheet of paper made up in the form of coupons, promising a dozen hours of gossip, payable upon demand. Miss Sarah's revealed a row of books, and held a promise to exchange her library books once a week.

"And I heard more," Miss Sarah confessed. "She sent Constance Payne a dozen sets of quotations for her luncheons, and Molly Williams a cute little bow no bigger'n a minute, with the promise to make all her bows for her party dresses—you know Betty always could bewitch a piece of ribbon; and she's promised letters to some folks, and I don't know what all. I guess you're right, Bathsheba. Betty Sherman can't be cheated out of Christmas."

Which amazing concession to her judgment so paralyzed Miss Bathsheba that she could find no word to say. But the face in the invalid chair was full of Christmas joy.—*Youth's Companion*.

### In Place of Presents

THE red card had been taken off the door, but the three Perrys, with their Southern cousin, Bushrod, who had arrived just in time to have his share of diphtheria, were still prisoners in the little upstairs sitting-room.

"It's Christmas Eve," croaked Charlie, "and how are we going to buy our Christmas presents for mother?"

"I shall finish embroidering the handkerchief I began before I was sick," said Eva in her cool little voice.

"The doctor said we couldn't use our eyes for any length of time," objected Madge, who did not embroider.

Bushrod lazily arose from the armchair. "It isn't always necessary," he drawled, "to purchase expensive presents to express one's appreciation—"

A red-and-green striped sofa pillow went flying through the air. The three Perrys were trying to cure Bushrod of talking like a book. The little colored pillow just missed Mrs. Perry as she brought in a tray on which were four glasses of despised medicine.

"Mother," protested Charlie, "we don't need that horrid stuff any more. We're perfectly well."

"I don't see how bitter tonic can make people well anyway," announced Madge; "and as long as we don't need it, mother, what is the use of our taking it?"

Mrs. Perry never argued with the children. She put the tray on the little table and sat down in the little chair.

"I hope," hinted Charlie after a while, "that we're going to have something nice for supper."

"Scotch gruel," said mother without a smile.

"Mother!" came the indignant chorus.

"I had planned baked custard," she explained, "but now I shouldn't dare give you anything stronger." Her eyes twinkled as Madge marched up to the table and hastily swallowed the bitter dose. The other three followed her example.

"I believe it's worse when it stands," mourned Madge; "and wouldn't you think, mother, that we'd know you well enough to do things the first time?"

"I must go and start your custard," smiled Mrs. Perry, patting the frowsy head as she passed.

"And now, Bushrod," demanded Charlie, "what did you mean we could give mother?"

Bushrod wisely stuck to simple words this time. "Aunt Margaret works so hard," he explained, "that I thought we could promise to do something to help her. Something hard, and perhaps we could make a jolly rhyme about it."

"I don't think much of that," remarked Charlie, frankly. But Madge's gray eyes glistened, a sure token that she had a thought of her own.

"There's that gold-edged paper that Aunt Susan gave me," she remarked, "and we could put Christmas stamps on the envelopes."

"It's better than nothing, I suppose," admitted Charlie.

"We've got to choose something hard," commanded Madge; "now let's keep perfectly still and think!"

"I am willing to make a cake every Friday morning," announced a cool little voice.

"And you just love to cook," protested Madge. "I'm going to do something I perfectly detest. I'm going to dust and to make beds."

"Hurrah for Madge!" shouted the boys.

"I don't know anything I can do," grumbled Charlie.

"The dining-room rug is prettily heavy, and so is the red one in the living-room," prompted Madge.

Charlie scowled, then his face cleared. "All right, I'll beat rugs for a Christmas present," he promised.

"And I—I'll mend stockings," reconsidered Eva.

"Now, Bushrod, help us with the rhymes," commanded Charlie. For over an hour the children tried to persuade unruly words to jingle. They were flushed but happy when the last masterpiece was completed.

"Eva's is splendid," praised Madge warmly. "Read it again, Eva."

"'Tisn't any better than yours," contradicted Eva, politely.

"Dear mother, it is very shocking  
To find you always mending a stocking,  
Or sewing a patch on the Perrys' clothes;  
So my Christmas gift  
Is my needle swift,  
And I'll darn the worn-out hose."

"Madge's is just like her," mimicked Charlie, "short and sweet you know."

"Gold may melt and iron may rust,  
But honest, I won't forget to dust.  
On every Friday each bed I'll make,  
All for a merry Christmas' sake."

Madge laughed at the clever imitation of her quick, brisk manner of speaking. "Read your own now."

"Prisoners, mother dear, you know,  
Can't a-Christmas shopping go,  
But weekly the heavy rugs I'll beat,  
And I hope your Christmas will be sweet."

"Sweet was the only thing that rhymed with beat," he explained. "Now, Mr. Bushrod King, we'll hear from you."

Bushrod flushed. "Read it to yourselves," he stammered, and he handed the little sheet of paper to Madge. As the Perrys read it, they suddenly remembered Bushrod had no mother, and that his father was too busy making money to praise or scold him. And for a minute they felt very rich indeed.

"My promise is to Aunt Margaret,  
I won't touch another cigarette,"

whispered Madge to herself, then she said quickly aloud, "Mother'll think that the best, Bushrod."

Then the tiny envelopes were addressed, and gay Christmas seals were pasted on them.

"But they're not real Christmas presents," grumbled Charlie, and Eva and Madge looked very sober, and began to feel around for their handkerchiefs.

"Why not give them to her now?" suggested Bushrod as Mrs. Perry's light, quick step was coming.

"Yes," said the others miserably. The tall Southern boy gathered the little sheaf of envelopes together and bowed low over the little wrinkled hand that held the tray with the custards.

"Aunt Margaret, we've been writing you Christmas letters, and Madge and Eva are crying because they couldn't pack enough love into them."

"We wanted to buy real Christmas presents," sobbed Madge.

But mother was deaf and blind to the tears. She sat down in the little chair, and very carefully opened the gay envelopes. The Perrys looked out of the window at the snowflakes and thought of the last year's surprises.

"My dears, my dears," sang a happy voice, "I never expected such precious presents as these. And I'm going to kiss my tall boy first!" None of the little Perrys were jealous of that kiss, but they looked in surprise at mother's radiant face.

"But I wanted to buy you a bottle of violet water," half sobbed Madge as the soft lips met hers.

"That would have been lovely," said mother sincerely, "but don't you see, Madge, you are putting yourself into the drudgery of dusting and bed making? And the most precious gift is yourself. Charlie beating rugs, Eva giving up her embroidery to darn homely stockings, and Bushrod making a sacrifice! I hope every mother in the land gets such precious presents tomorrow!"

"They were like the Christmas Baby's gift," said a cool little voice.

"Yes," said mother softly, and the room was very still.—*Mary Davis, in the Congregationalist.*

### Rebecca's Only Way

THE thin blue line wound evenly through the corridor and out of the big doors. Just out — no farther. At the first whiff of the blessed freedom of out of doors the line broke into sixty-three pieces, every "piece" a little free blue orphan. The silence broke, too, into sixty-three shouts. For an hour the sixty-three little lone ones would forget that they were lone, and be joyous little players in the sun.

In a corner, Rebecca and Sarah Mary had their playhouse; they were "partners."

"I know somethin'!" sang Sarah Mary, bursting with the joy of what she knew, "about Christmas. *There's goin' to be dolls!*" A trustee said it. "Dolls," she said, just like that!"

"Oh!" breathed Rebecca. "But I don't suppose she said one *apiece* —"

"She did! She said 'every orphan,' an' that's one apiece! An old lady left some money because once *she* wanted a doll an' didn't anybody know it. An' guess who's goin' to dress 'em."

"O, I can't wait to guess!"

Sarah Mary edged closer.

"A — live — dressmaker!"

"A live — *what?*"

There was actual awe in Rebecca's voice.

"Dressmaker — in pieces o' silk an' satin an' *trimmin's!*"

Rebecca sat very still. She felt that beautiful Christmas doll warm against her little mother-breast. If she rocked gently — like this — and sang a soft hushaby, her baby would go to sleep! In its silky-satin little dress!

Sarah Mary was chattering on. "I was helpin' Ellen carry the lemonade in for the trustees. Somebody said, 'Sh — little pitchers!' That was me. They were afraid I'd hear, an' I did! The dressmaker is a relation to the person-that-wanted-a-doll-once; and she said — the dressmaker — she'd make the dresses for her part. Don't you hope yours will be sky-blue, Rebecca?"

"O yes, sky-blue!" thrilled Rebecca. "Though red would be lovely, or goldy yellow, or green. If she didn't have *any* color dress, I'd love her," Rebecca thought, rocking her darling-to-be in the tender cradle of her arms.

For ten days Rebecca thought of the Christmas doll by day, and dreamed of it by night. A dozen times she named it. Sweet — Love — Delight — Joy — a dozen beauteous names. The tenth day she settled upon Joy. Her little silk child, Joy!

The eleventh day Rebecca saw the Picture. It seemed to start up out of all her happy dreamings and dangle before her eyes — "Look! look at me! Look at my dreadful little orphans!" And Rebecca looked with shocked and horror-stricken eyes. The picture stayed right there, dangling. Nights, too, she could see it.

A visitor to the home had brought the paper and read to the children about the hungry orphans across the sea in Belgium, who were glad for just one meal a day. How contented, then, the visitor had said, ought these orphans at the Saint Luke Home to be with their breakfasts and dinners and suppers!

When she went away, she left the paper; and in the paper Rebecca saw the picture. A score of thin, sad little faces looked out at her. Such — hungry faces! One smiled a little, and the smiling hungry face hurt most.

"They are orphans, too; I'm kind of a relation to them," thought Rebecca. "But I'm never — hungry. O, never!" She could not feel herself that kind of "relation." One night she went without her supper, and lay in the dark in her cot in the row of little cots, trying how it felt to be hungry. If she hadn't had that apple between meals — probably the Belgium orphans never had apples between. Perhaps if she didn't eat any breakfast tomorrow — But at breakfast Rebecca ate her bowl of cereal eagerly. She could hardly wait for the breakfast bell. It was terrible to be hungry! That night Rebecca dreamed of her Christmas doll, but it was made of bread. A bread child that she rocked in her arms! And a score of sad little Belgians stood round her as she rocked, and the smiling one broke Rebecca's heart, so that — in the dream — she held her Joy-child out to her, and said, "You may eat her — my beautiful child!"



The Picture first, and then the Plan. Rebecca made that plan with sweating little soul—it was such a bitter, hard plan to make!

There was so little time left. Anxiously she watched her chance, but it was two days before Christmas before it came. She was sent down town on an errand, and as a special favor given permission to "look in the windows." That meant she need not hurry. She could do her own errands, too.

She was a little scared. It wouldn't be exactly—easy. A great automobile stood before a toy shop, and a lady was preparing to alight. She was going in to buy a doll for her little girl! Rebecca read it all instantly, for she was Rebecca.

"Wait! O, if you'd only just as *lieves* wait! I—I've got one to sell—I mean a doll for your little girl. With a silk dress that a real live dressmaker made! If you'd just as *lieves* buy mine—"

The small earnest face gazed upward into the surprised face of the lady. There was no doubting the child's seriousness of purpose, however wild her words sounded. The lady was interested.

"May I see it—the dolly you have to sell?" she said smilingly.

A faint pink color surged into Rebecca's cheeks, and deepened to red.

"I haven't got her yet. You—you'll have to trust me to deliver her Christmas. If you'd only as *lieves* trust me!" cried Rebecca.

"My dear! Suppose you come up here into the car, and sit down beside me, and tell me all about it."

"Yes'm—oh, yes'm, I will. It won't start, will it, while I'm getting in? I never was in one before."

On the broad, soft seat Rebecca drew a long breath. Then quite simply she explained the plan.

"So I've got to get some money to buy bread," she concluded wistfully. "Do you think a doll would buy quite a lot? A *silk* doll that a dressmaker dressed? If—if you was going to buy your little girl a silk doll, would you think a dollar 'd be a great deal to pay?" Oh, a dollar was a great deal! But a great deal of bread was needed. And bread had gone up; the matron said so. Rebecca set her lips firmly.

"I've got to ask a great deal for my chi—I mean, doll. An' I'm going to sell my orange an' stockin' o' candy, too; we always have those at Saint Luke's Christmas."

The lady's eyes, gazing backward through the years, were seeing the crumpled pink face of the little girl who had not lived long enough for dolls or Christmas candies. "My dear," the lady said gently, "I will buy your dolly. Here is the dollar. Now shall I drive you to Saint Luke's? You are from Saint Luke's Orphanage, aren't you?"

"Yes'm, I'm a Saint Luke orphan, an' I'd like to be driven, thank you; but I've got two places to stop at first."

"We will stop; tell us where. You may start now, James."

To Rebecca, the "Saint Luke orphan," that ride was a thrilling adventure, so thrilling that she forgot her two stopping places entirely; and the big car had to turn about and retrace its swift, glorious way.

"Are you afraid? Shall I ask James to go slower?"

"Oh, don't! Oh, I mean, please don't ask James!" Rebecca's cheeks were scarlet, her eyes like stars. "I love to fly this way!" Rebecca craned an eager neck, and shouted to the lady above the whir of the car and her whirring little heart, "Do you—s'pose—James—would drive clear—*up*?"

"Clear up?"

"Yes'm—to Saint Luke's door, so they could see me, 'specially Sarah Mary. If James would just as *lieves*—"

"James would 'just as *lieves*,'" the lady said with a smile.

The fruitman's was the first stop. Rebecca stepped down carefully, and stated her amazing errand to him with perfect simplicity.

"Will you buy an orange?" she said clearly. "It will be a nice orange, I think. I'll deliver it Christmas morning, but if you'd just as *lieves* pay for it now—"

Over Rebecca's head the foreigner's eye caught that of the Lady of the Automobile, and some message appeared to travel to him across the short space—over Rebecca's head. It was as if the Lady of the Automobile said to him, "Buy the orange; I will make it all right." She seemed a rich lady, and the automobile was very grand and big—and the risk was very small—

"If it is not too much a price," the man said, gravely.

"Oh! Oh, just a—a loaf of bread!" Rebecca stammered nervously. "Could you pay as much as that? I need the bread—I mean *they* need—"

Was the Lady of the Automobile holding up ten fingers? The man went into his little store, and came back. Into Rebecca's hand he dropped two nickels. And Rebecca never knew that the lady dropped two into his.

"He was a nice fruitman," Rebecca said, and added shyly: "An' you were ve-ry nice. I'm glad everybody's nice—I kind of dreaded it. I never expected to have a beautiful time!" She jingled her money joyously. "It must be quite a lot o' bread, it makes so much noise!" she laughed.

At a candy store the lady accompanied Rebecca. Once more a message flashed silently over the child's head. The remarkable advance sale of a Christmas "stockin' o' candy" was accomplished without difficulty.

"Why, so was *she* nice! Now I can take the money to the Belgium orphans," Rebecca cried. "I know the way; that visitor told us."

And to the whimsical fancy of the lady it would hardly have been unexpected if Rebecca had gravely asked if James would just as *lieves* take her overseas to lay this unique gift of bread before the little "Belgiums" themselves.

"I'm glad it will buy a lot of bread; they're very hungry orphans. One of them is smiling—I couldn't *smile*, could you? But perhaps Belgium orphans are courageouser. Than Saint Luke orphans, I mean. I couldn't hardly *wait* for my breakfast—" Rebecca broke off at that shameful little memory. Oh, Belgium orphans had to wait!

At the Belgian Relief headquarters Rebecca went in alone. She did not talk much to her new acquaintance the rest of the way back to the Saint Luke Orphanage. And she had forgotten her desire to show off to Sarah Mary. It had come suddenly to Rebecca that it was her dear child Joy she had left behind her. A great anguish grew within her—the anguish of affliction. Her Joy was dead.

The matron of Saint Luke's had always maintained that Rebecca Dill was a very *different* orphan from the rest. The queer notions that child took! And now this notion to have her Christmas doll—how did she know there was going to be one?—tied up tight in a paper bag—

"If you'd just as lieves," Rebecca pleaded. "I don't want to see her. I mean it would be *easier*. With a string tied 'round the top."

But Rebecca was not to be present at the Christmas eve celebration at the Saint Luke Orphanage. She was feverish and so nearly sick that the matron decided she must stay in bed. It was Sarah Mary who carried her up the doll (her beautiful, darling child!) in the paper bag, and the candy and the orange. It was to Sarah Mary that Rebecca intrusted the delicate mission of "delivering" them all the next morning to their separate owners.

"Aren't you goin' to *look* at it, Rebecca Dill? Not *peek*?" It was all very puzzling and unheard of to Sarah Mary. "Mine slept with me last night, right in my bed. I could hear her silk dress creakin' in the dark."

"Mine creaked, too," whispered Rebecca, though of course it might have been the paper bag. "She slept with me, an' I kissed her through a little teeny hole." Rebecca did not say that she had poured her anguished, torn young soul through that "teeny" hole — that she had cried: "O my beloved little child, how can I let you go? O my sweetest, never forget your mother loved you!"

On Christmas afternoon came the Automobile Lady to Saint Luke's. She was a flushed and starry-eyed lady. In her hand she had a curious paper bag, tied at the top. Would the matron send it up to the little Rebecca-orphan, who, it seemed, was sick? Surely not very sick —

"A little feverish, that's all; children often are," the matron said. And the lady smiled gratefully at the reassurance.

"I can go and see her?" she asked. "Not just yet — in a few minutes."

Up in her bed Rebecca tremblingly opened the paper bag. But first she read a "teeny" dangling note.

"The dolly I bought for my little girl — will my little girl love it as I am going to love her?"

"THE AUTOMOBILE LADY."

And under the signature Rebecca found a tiny postscript — oh, a beautiful, dear postscript!

"If you'd just as lieves be my little girl —"

— Annie Hamilton Donnell,

in the *Junior Christian Endeavor World*.

#### Contrary Missionary

DEAR friends, I haven't come to speak  
A bit of worthless rhyme;  
I'd have you know that I'm a maid  
With precious little time  
For all this sentimental stuff  
You hear of every day.  
In fact, I've learned to look at things  
In quite a serious way.

My teacher calls me practical,  
Whatever that may be;  
Perhaps its analytical —  
It's all the same to me;  
While there are those who will insist  
I've quite contrary grown,  
But I am sure it's 'cause I've got  
A mind that's all my own.

Now why should people make such fuss  
About the Christmas day?  
It really, really isn't true  
No matter what they say;  
For Jesus wasn't born at all  
December twenty-five,  
And those old wise men were not there  
To see the babe arrive.

God never mentioned Christmas day  
In all his Holy Word!

At least he never mentioned *mass* —  
The thought is quite absurd.  
He never said to offer gifts  
To every one you know,  
And then expect to get some back,  
The way most people do.

On Christmas day they fill you up  
On pumpkin pie and roast,  
And then for days and days and days  
They give you milk and toast!  
They send you pictures, great and small,  
And books you never read,  
And lots and lots of other things  
You really do not need.

I've thought so much about these things  
And seen so little in it,  
It must be true that foolish folks  
Are born *one every minute*.  
But while they tell these ancient tales  
Of myth to one another,  
I'm sure the only Santa Claus  
I have is God and mother.

So now, my friends, I'm going to start  
A plan, and show you how  
To throw tradition overboard  
Before I make my bow.  
I'm going to shatter all the rules,  
Admit that I'm contrary,  
And give my money all to God  
To be a missionary.

E. F. COLLIER.

#### Why Be Thankful?

THERE are numberless reasons. To begin to enumerate them places us in the quandary in which the little girl found herself, who, walking with her father one bright winter night, said: "I am going to count the stars." "Very well," he replied. By and by he heard her counting, "Two hundred twenty-three, two hundred twenty-four, two hundred twenty-five — why, I had no idea there were so *many*!"

God's blessings are as numberless as the stars. If we would make an inventory of those that come to us each day for which we do not return a "thank you" to the kind Giver, we would be astounded at the debt of gratitude we owe. Suppose, only suppose, that the so-called "common blessings" of life were suddenly removed — but no, our minds cannot picture such a situation. We become so accustomed to these things that we take them as a matter of course, forgetting that it is God who renews them to us moment by moment. Let us endeavor to remember whence they come, and "give thanks to God for every token of his unfailling love and care." If we would only *think* more, we would *thank* more. The word "remember" is repeated many times in the Scriptures, oftentimes in connection with exhortations to praise and thanksgiving for the multitude of God's tender mercies; and surely we cannot but conclude that it is highly pleasing to God that a spirit of thankfulness be woven into the fabric of the daily life.

All the blessings of God come to us through his one supreme Gift. He so loved us that he *gave* — and with the gift of his Son he poured out all heaven, not only to the world in general, but to every individual in particular. That gift is priceless, — the multiplied millions of a thousand worlds like this could not begin to buy it, — but it is offered freely to you and to me. In Jesus we have everything that is worth having. I wonder whether we begin to appreciate that tremendous fact? Just as a ray of light passed through a crystal prism is broken up into its component parts and we see all the beautiful colors of the rainbow, so in analyzing this one Gift we find that it comprises every other blessing.

If we know what it means to have Jesus for our Saviour and Friend, and if we experience the peace and joy of obedience to his will, I am sure we could not be tempted to exchange all this for anything that the world might offer. But God does not want us to enjoy this priceless blessing selfishly. He wants our lives, by cherishing a spirit of gratitude in our hearts, to be a living invitation to all with whom we come in contact to "taste and see that the Lord is good."

Besides the many spiritual mercies that come to the Christian, there are the temporal blessings that we enjoy. Who would venture to place an estimate upon the blessings of health? Only as we see the poor suffering ones of earth,—the crippled and deformed, the blind, deaf, and dumb,—and contrast their lot with ours, do we come to realize to some extent at least the debt of gratitude we owe.

Then who can measure the blessings of home and loved ones? To be alone in the world, with no one to care—ah, few of us know what it means. God has given to us the sympathy and understanding of those bound to our hearts by the ties of nature. Let us not neglect to thank God for kindred and friends.

Do we know what it means to be without food and clothing? Ask the starving thousands of Armenia, Syria, and so many other places, what these blessings are worth. Let us express our gratitude for these blessings by sharing with those who lack the temporal necessities.

Then there are many beautiful things in nature for all to enjoy. "God is love" is written upon every opening bud, upon every spire of springing grass. The birds making the air musical with their happy songs, the delicately tinted flowers with their pleasing fragrance, the lofty trees of the forest with their rich foliage, all testify to the tender, fatherly care of our God, and of his desire to make his children happy.

With the poet, let us express our gratitude:

"For thy sweet sunshine after nights of rain;  
For thy sweet balm of comfort after pain;  
For thy sweet peace that ends a long-drawn strife;  
For thy sweet rest that ends a burdened life;  
For joy, dispersing sorrows as the sun  
Sucks up the morning mists, and as thy winds  
Dispel the clouds and show the blue again,—  
The deep, pure, tenuous, heavenly blue that seems  
In its infinity of tenderness,  
Like to thy love, that fills all time and space  
With thy sweet Spirit's all-abounding grace,—  
For all thy healing ministries,—  
We thank thee, Lord.

For hearts estranged, won back to fellowship,  
And closer knit by sweet forgiveness;  
For hearts made tender by misfortune's blows;  
For souls by sorrows ripened in thy love;  
Yea, and for pain that took our pride away,  
And cast us wholly on thy charity;  
For darkened ways that led us to the Light,  
For blinding tears that yet renewed our sight;  
For travails and perplexities of mind  
Through which we wrestled, nobler life to find,—  
And found, beyond our craving souls' upreach,  
The wonder of the lessons thou wouldst teach;  
For dear lives salvaged from the hand of Death,  
For pure souls' fiery purgings without scathe;  
For answered prayers that showed thy boundless love;  
For prayers unanswered, wiser love to prove;  
For all thy leadings through life's devious ways,  
With faith illumined and high heart of grace,—  
We thank thee, Lord."

And then, summarizing our mercies, realizing the Fountainhead from which they flow, let us exclaim with the apostle of old:

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable Gift."

BERTHA UNRUH.

## Our Bible

THE word "Bible" is found nowhere in the book which bears that name. It was taken from the Greek word *biblia*, meaning "the books."

Perhaps the most ancient version of the Bible in existence is that known as the Septuagint, so called, according to tradition, on account of its being translated from the original Hebrew into Greek by seventy learned men. The work was done at Alexandria, Egypt, about the year 297 B. C. At this time the language of Greece had become almost the universal language. This translation was probably made for those Jews who had been scattered abroad during the dispersion, and had adopted the Greek language. The Septuagint was later translated into the Latin. This version, known as the Vulgate Version, was made in the fourth century A. D., by Eusebius Hieronymus, better known as St. Jerome. This translation has influenced all later translations, and was the accepted version for many years. It formed the basis for our Authorized Version, and still exists in practically its original form in the Douay Bible of today.

### Old Manuscripts

Among the oldest manuscripts of the Bible is the Vatican, so named on account of its being kept in the Vatican at Rome. It has always been so jealously guarded that it has been of little service to the various translators.

The Sinaitic manuscript is also regarded as belonging to the fourth century, and was discovered in 1859 by Dr. Tischendorf in the monastery of St. Catherine at the foot of Mt. Sinai. It is especially valuable for the fact that it is the only ancient Bible which contains the whole of the New Testament. It is kept in the library at Petrograd.

### The Bible Translated

The first complete translation of the Bible into English was made about 1382 by John Wycliffe, the Morning Star of the Reformation. It was never printed, but many written copies were made, some of which are still in existence.

In 1525, William Tyndale finished the first translation of the New Testament ever printed in English. It was printed at Worms, and was secretly imported into England. He was the first translator who made use in his work of the Hebrew and Greek manuscript.

The Authorized, or King James Version, was translated under the direction of King James I of England, by fifty-four learned men, High-Churchmen, and scholars, who were impartial in their work. This work was completed in 1611, and for more than three centuries has remained the favorite Bible of English-speaking peoples.

### Books of the Bible

The Old Testament contains thirty-nine books, which are commonly divided into four groups: Pentateuch, historical, poetical, prophetic. The first five books, known as the books of Moses, form the Pentateuch; the next twelve, from Joshua to Esther, the historical books; those from Job to the Songs of Solomon, the poetical books; the prophetic books include the major and minor prophets. The major prophets are those from Isaiah to Daniel; and the minor prophets from Hosea to Malachi.

The books of the New Testament are generally divided into three classes: history, epistles, and prophecy. The historical books include the four gospels and the Acts of the Apostles; the epistles include the

fourteen epistles of Paul and the seven general letters; while the Revelation, or Apocalypse, is the only prophetic book in the New Testament.

The men who gave their lives to the making and translating of our Bible are worthy of mention. The Waldenses were not allowed to copy or to use a Bible, under pain of death. They were compelled, in order to preserve any of the Scriptures, to learn parts of them by heart. Huss and Jerome in Bohemia and Tyndale in England, each appeared just when most needed, and did his part in saving the Word from utter destruction. These all died, martyrs to their faith and work for God. John Wycliffe, who first translated the Bible into English and had much to do with the beginning of the Reformation, was often miraculously saved from his enemies until he had finished his work. Luther was also God's special instrument to help bring the Bible out of its ages of darkness. Thus the Word is handed down to us in its written form, and will live on, growing brighter under trial and scourge, being a lamp to our feet and a light to our path until our Redeemer comes to take his people home.

GEORGE WAUGH.

#### A Christmas Wish

MAY the Christmas bells of happiness  
Peal so loud for you today  
That you still will hear them ringing  
When the year has passed away.

— A. Dickson.

#### A Lesson at the Sheepfold

THERE is told a story of a minister who contended that the children should not be invited to join the church. The church was only for the mature in years. But though he held strongly to his view, there were members of his church who held otherwise. One of these was an old farmer. On the occasion of the minister's visit to his farm, the farmer took the clergyman to the sheepfold to see the sheep as they came in for the night. The rancher stood at the door, letting in the old sheep, but always as a young lamb approached he would hit him on the head with a stick and keep him out. This he did several times until the clergyman, unable to stand it any longer, remonstrated: "Why let the old sheep in and not the little lambs, which need even more protection?" "But," retorted the farmer, "that is the very thing you are doing in the church; you are letting the older ones in, but you are keeping out the lambs of the flock, the children." And the minister understood.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

#### Bright People

THE world is full of bright — failures!  
Yes, really.

There was a bright young woman who took six studies in her senior academic year. Six was the number, I am sure, for I heard her tell it so many times.

While the other poor students plodded and toiled, she tripped along with six! And she didn't have to study hard, either. She "got through" with them all. But you should see the marks she secured. She was shocked. She never got such low grades before. School work was easy for her, always had been. Papa and mamma wondered about it, too, and made anxious inquiry.

Let me sum it up as papa and mamma were told: Daughter is bright. Studies are easy for her. Therefore daughter did not work very hard; and having so many studies, her interests were scattered, and even her bright mind could not assure a good recitation on subjects hastily studied. Result: What the boys call a "get-by." Moral: Even bright people must study to succeed; also: Too good an opinion of oneself is not always the wise and safe attitude. Ever hear of the hare and the tortoise? MAX HILL.

## For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHAT spiritual lessons can we learn from the lion?
2. What from the vine?
3. What from the spider?
4. What lessons can we learn from a railway and its danger signals?
5. What is God able to do for us? (In the answer use those texts with the word "able" in them. Give the statement, and tell where found.)

#### Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of November 26

1. SOLOMON said: "He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord." Prov. 17:15.
2. Solomon said: "The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly." Prov. 18:8.
3. Solomon said: "Keep my commandments, and live; and my law as the apple of thine eye." Prov. 7:2.
4. Moses said: "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." Deut. 23:23.
5. Hannah prayed thus: "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." 1 Sam. 2:1.
6. Hannah said: "The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed." 1 Sam. 2:3.
7. Moses said: "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." Deut. 33:27.
8. Paul said: "Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean: from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles." Acts 18:6.
9. John the revelator said: "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Rev. 20:15.
10. Paul said: "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." Gal. 6:1.

WERE I to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a solace of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.— *Judge Anthony Donovan.*

# Missionary Volunteer Department

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

## A Suggestive Policy for the Term

1. INCREASE the membership of our society.
2. Enroll every society member in a working band. Encourage him to do some missionary work each week, and to report it regularly.
3. Double the work done in every band in quantity and quality.
4. Urge all members to observe the Morning Watch.
5. Add at least three books to the society library.
6. Get at least ten per cent of the members to study for Attainment membership.
7. Have at least fifty per cent of the society members taking Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses.
8. Have at least twenty-five per cent of the society members in the Bible Year.
9. Raise at least \$2.50 per member for foreign missions. (This would mean \$5 during the year.)
10. Have good spiritual meetings, and preserve good order during the meetings.
11. Strive for full attendance at society meetings, and arrange for persons to call on absent members each week.
12. Urge all to take an active part in other church work.
13. All study the community for openings for missionary work.
14. Interest as many as possible outside the society in the Morning Watch, Bible Year, Reading Courses, and the Standard of Attainment.
15. Urge every Missionary Volunteer to endeavor to lead at least one young person to Christ.

## Do You Keep the Morning Watch?

LET me tell you why thousands of our people, young and old, are keeping it,—because they recognize that they do not waken of themselves in the morning, but it is the loving voice of the Father that whispers to them. In Isaiah 50:4 we read, "He wakeneth mine ear." We usually speak of wakening our eyes from sleep, but what does he waken the ear for? The answer follows: "To hear as the learned."

There are but few of us who have time to do as much as we should like. But we all would do much more if we would begin every day right.

The first hour is the best, and hence belongs to the Master, if we would keep the first commandment. We do much, but accomplish little, because we start out alone, with the devil's pet lie in our hearts, "I haven't time to spend in study, meditation, and prayer this morning; later today I'll have more time."

"Procrastination is the thief of time," and "The road to hell is paved with good resolutions." If there ever was a time when we should know God through his Word, that time is now. So let us one and all, old and young, follow Jesus' example (Mark 1:35), and observe the Morning Watch.

S. A. OBERG.

## Read the Bible Through

"IT'S no use," confided the busy young woman to her friend; "I simply cannot read the Bible through, for I've tried again and again and failed miserably. I start out bravely enough, but soon find myself stranded in Exodus or Numbers. I should like to read it through, but I really haven't time to do it."

"Let me see,"—her listener's eyes twinkled,—"was it last week you read that library book through in one evening? And how about that splendid series of articles in the *American* which you enjoyed so much? You found time for them, didn't you?"

"Yes, of course; but they were *interesting*. I don't mean to infer that the Bible isn't, only you must admit that there are some parts that are difficult to read."

Yes, there are parts which are difficult, but they all contain lessons for us, otherwise God would not have placed them in his Word. The trouble with this young woman was that she did not *take time* to get interested in the Bible. She had all the time there was, but she chose to spend it in some other way. The Bible is a book which requires quiet, unhurried, prayerful reading to be understood and appreciated. "When you are reading a book in a dark room and come to a difficult part, you take it to the window to get more light. So, take your Bible to Christ."

Is there a Christian man or woman in our denomination who has not at one time or another made an attempt to read the Bible through? Surely not; but many have never succeeded. Are you one of that number? Perhaps your experience has been like this young woman's—you became "stranded" somewhere in the Old Testament. If so, doubtless the difficulty was that you were not sufficiently interested in what you were reading to keep you at it for its own sake, and you lacked the perseverance which never gives up until a task is completed. Don't allow this to be true of you again. Begin and finish!

The Missionary Volunteer Department has published a little book called "The Bible Year," which is going to be especially helpful to our young people in reading and studying the Bible. It gives the assignments for daily reading, and with these assignments are notes, explanations, and outlines which will help to make the reading wonderfully interesting, besides affording a valuable fund of information on the historical and biographical phases of the Bible. Every young person, whether or not he has read the Bible through before, will find it almost a new book when read in connection with our Bible Year book. The price of it is 65 cents.

Resolve this year to take plenty of time for your Bible reading. Think not so much of the number of chapters you must read to cover your assignment as of the lessons you desire to receive from the Father through his Word. And remember that your real progress will depend not on the reading of so many chapters daily, but on how well you understand and assimilate what you have read.

"I did not think I would read the Bible through again in 1919," said a lady a few days ago, "but I have concluded that is the only way that I can be sure of reading it every day." Then she told how she had completed the Bible Year the previous week, and since that time several days had elapsed during which she had not read her Bible at all. Many have had a similar experience. There is something about a constant, systematic plan of reading that helps one to be faithful.

The daily assignments for the Bible Year will be found in the back of the 1919 Morning Watch Calendar, but those who wish to get the very most out of their Bible reading this coming year will purchase our new book "The Bible Year," and be prepared to start on January first to read it in connection with each day's Bible assignment.

E. I.

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## Our Counsel Corner

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**I** AM interested to know the best way to conduct the review of the Morning Watch texts in our society. Can you offer any suggestions? H. B. H.

First of all, a "re-view" implies that one view of these texts has already been taken by the members of the society. Unless at least some of the members have previously studied the texts, your review will be a failure; for to make it successful there must be a hearty response from the young people. Personal work must be done beforehand to insure this. It will take patience and tact, but it will pay.

One could hardly say that there is any one "best way" of reviewing the texts. There should be variety in the manner of conducting the drill. The one who leads out should himself know the texts thoroughly, and be prepared to give some helpful thought, or personal experience, on one or more of the verses as they are repeated. Never have the texts read if it can possibly be avoided; the idea is to conduct the review so that the young people will see that they can memorize these verses of Scripture if they will.

Occasionally have seven young people appointed beforehand, who will rise in order and repeat the texts for the week without being called upon. Another time call for those who will repeat the whole week's verses in order.

Now and then repeat the verses yourself, and call upon the young people to give the references. A brief Bible study on the general theme of the texts for the week may occasionally be a helpful change. Never allow the time taken to exceed ten minutes. Five is better.

A few moments of silent or audible prayer before the review is given might be well occasionally, asking God to give each member a real experience in making and keeping an appointment with him each morning.

Seek to show that it is the use of the Morning Watch Calendar *each day*, in connection with the morning devotional hour, that will bring the greatest blessing.

E. I.

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## Just for the Juniors

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### What Some of Our Juniors Have Done

**CANADIAN JUNIORS.**—The five members of our Junior Canvassers' Band in Hamilton are earning the money for their camp-meeting expenses by selling magazines. They never earn less than two dollars each of an afternoon.—*N. H. Saunders.*

**TWO GIRLS IN AUSTRALIA.**—One girl supplied their baker each week with a copy of the *Signs*. Just recently he said to her, "I must obey God." He gave notice to his employer that he could not deliver any more bread on Saturday, and lost his place. He has three little children, so it took some faith on his part. He is now preparing to enter the canvassing field. This girl had been especially anxious to lead a soul to Christ this year, and she was overjoyed.

Another girl hopes to see two persons accept the truth through missionary correspondence. She had almost given up in despair, when a letter came which caused her to rejoice, for others were also interested in the letters and tracts sent to one individual.—*A. S. Higgins.*

**GATHERING MONEY FOR MISSIONS.**—The Junior Missionary Volunteers have certainly done splendidly in the Harvest Ingathering work. They raised the goal that had been set for them and then decided to double it.—*Lois Carmichael.*

**JUNIORS AT STUDY.**—The Juniors are all very much interested in the lessons as given in the *Gazette*, and it is certainly inspiring to attend their meetings. It seems to me that they are more interested if possible in their meetings and work than the majority of Seniors. Some have already answered the questions on Bible Doctrines in the Junior Standard of Attainment, also on denominational history, and they have written splendidly.—*A Conference Secretary.*

**WHAT ONE JUNIOR DID.**—A conference secretary writes: "I must tell you about one dear girl here who is a little wonder. She is only twelve years old, but does more work than any other member of the society. She has sold twenty-three books in about two months, besides giving away and selling large numbers of papers, tracts, and magazines. Today she went out to a place of business with her father; and while he was busy, she worked the houses in the neighborhood. She is a sincere Christian. She is one of the new converts. How I wish we had more like this girl! Just a few like her in a church would set the church members on fire."

**A JUNIOR GIRL IN HAITI.**—She was only a young girl, and she lived away back in the island, seventy-five miles from the Missionary Volunteer secretary's home. But the girl had found Jesus, and was a loyal Junior. She tried to lead others to Jesus, and felt that she must report her work to his glory.

How did she do it? There were no railroads near her home, no village post office, and she was too poor to own a burro. Really she could have found a good excuse for not reporting, but she was not looking for an excuse. She was determined to be faithful in every possible way, so she took her report and walked seventy-five miles over the mountainous path, wading or swimming across rivers, that the Missionary Volunteer secretary might know how Jesus was blessing her in working for others.

These are only a few of the many, many reports that might be given. Almost everywhere Junior boys and girls are letting Jesus use them in saving others. Isn't it lovely that Jesus will let us help him in this grand work? Will you let him have you for this kind of work during 1919? Will you work for him in your home by being kind, cheerful, and obedient? Will you serve him among your friends by being a true Christian and talking to them about him as you find opportunity? Will you try to become a better soul-winner by taking some time each day to pray to Jesus and to read his Word?

M. E.

**WHEN** Madame Curie was asked on one occasion to what she attributed her success, she replied without hesitation: "To my excellent training: first, under my father, who taught me to wonder and to test; second, under my husband, who understood and encouraged me; and third, under my children, who question me."

# The Sabbath School

## I — The Fall of Jericho

(January 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 5: 1, 10-15; 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "Through God we shall do valiantly: for he it is that shall tread down our enemies." Ps. 60: 12.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 487-493; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 254-258.

"When pealed thy wild shout to the blue-mantled sky,  
The foreman shrank back as he heard it pass by;  
The torches grew pale in the halls of their mirth,  
And turret and battlement crumbled to earth."

### Questions

1. How did the people of Canaan feel when they heard that "the Lord had dried up the waters of Jordan from before the children of Israel"? Joshua 5: 1.
2. What religious feast did the Israelites observe before they left Gilgal? What food did they then have? What ceased the next day? Verses 10-12.
3. What experience did Joshua have near Jericho? Verses 13-15. Note 1.
4. What new obstacle confronted the Israelites as soon as they had crossed the Jordan? Joshua 6: 1. Note 2.
5. What encouraging words did the Lord speak to Joshua? In what remarkable manner was Joshua to take the city? Verses 2-5.
6. In what order did the people march? What was carried in the midst of them? Verses 6-9. Note 3.
7. What did Joshua command the people not to do? What was the program for the first day? For how long a time was this continued? Verses 10, 11, 14. Note 4.
8. What change was made on the seventh day? After marching around the city seven times, what order did Joshua give to the people? Verses 15, 16. Note 5.
9. What came to pass when the seventh circuit was completed, and the people shouted? Verse 20. Note 6.
10. What instruction had the Lord given concerning the people, the city, and the things in the city? Verses 17-19.
11. How strictly was this command obeyed? Verses 21, 24.
12. Who only of the people living in Jericho were saved alive? Why was this exception made? Verses 17, 23, 25.
13. What curse was pronounced upon even the site of the city? Verse 26. Note 7.
14. What part did the people act in obtaining this victory? What was the Lord's part in it?

### Things to Remember

What the Passover feast commemorated.  
An experience in the life of Moses which was similar to that of Joshua when he was near Jericho.  
Whose presence the ark indicated.  
How Rahab's house was to be marked so that she and her family might escape death.

### Notes

1. "The 'Captain of the Lord's host' was Christ, the Commander of the armies of heaven, the Angel who, hidden from their view in the pillar of cloud, had directed all the movements of Israel from the day they left Egypt until that time. 1 Cor. 10: 1-4; Acts 7: 38; Isa. 63: 8-10."—*"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, p. 255.*
2. "Jericho was one of the principal seats of idol worship, being especially devoted to Ashtaroth, the goddess of the moon. Here centered all that was vilest and most degrading in the religion of the Canaanites. . . . To reduce Jericho was seen by Joshua to be the first step in the conquest of Canaan."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 487.*
3. "First came the warriors, a body of chosen men, not now to conquer by their own skill and prowess, but by obedience to the directions given them from God. Seven priests with trumpets followed. Then the ark of God, surrounded by a halo of divine glory, was borne by priests clad in the dress denoting their sacred office. The army of Israel followed, each tribe under its standard. Such was the procession that compassed the doomed city. No sound was heard but the tread of that mighty host and the solemn peal of the trumpets, echoing among the hills, and resounding through the streets of Jericho. The circuit completed, the army returned in silence to their tents, and the ark was restored to its place in the tabernacle."—*Id., p. 488.*
4. We can only imagine the effect of this strange proceeding upon the minds of the people of Jericho. Doubtless their watchman reported every move made by the enemy surrounding the city. It is not unlikely that the Israelites were made the target of jest and ridicule. Some no doubt were solemnly impressed with a method of warfare which was carried on in a manner befitting a religious service. The news of these very strange movements may have also spread through all the country.

5. "Now the Israelites begin their march very early, with the dawn, because they have to make the circuit seven times. If we suppose that Jericho had a compass of an hour's journey, then a formal procession like this, which moved slowly, would require at least one hour and a half to accomplish it. Seven circuits would be ten and a half hours. Allow a quarter of an hour for rest each time, added to ten and a half, makes twelve. The fall of the wall must have taken place near evening."—*Lange.*

6. "The watchers on the walls looked on with rising fear, as the first circuit ended, there followed a second, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. What could be the object of these mysterious movements? What mighty event was impending? They had not long to wait. As the seventh circuit was completed, the long procession paused. The trumpets, which for an interval had been silent, now broke forth in a blast that shook the very earth. The walls of solid stone, with their massive towers and battlements, tottered and heaved from their foundations, and with a crash fell in ruin to the earth. The inhabitants of Jericho were paralyzed with terror, and the hosts of Israel marched in and took possession of the city."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 491.*

7. "The curse was literally fulfilled in the fate of Heil, the Bethelite, who rebuilt Jericho in the reign of Ahab (about B. C. 925); his first-born son, Abiram, died as he was laying the foundation; and his younger son, Segub, while he was setting up the gates."—*Smith's "Old Testament History," p. 301.*

### The Mysterious Guests

I HAD three friends. I asked one day  
That they would dine with me;  
But when they came, I found that they  
Were six, instead of three.

My good wife whispered, "We, at best,  
But five can hope to dine.  
Send one away." I did. The rest  
Remaining numbered nine.

"I too will go," the second cried.  
He left at once, and then,  
Although to count but eight I tried,  
There were remaining ten.

"Go call them back!" my wife implored;  
"I fear the third may go,  
And leave behind to share our board,  
Perhaps a score or so."

The second one then straight returned;  
As might have been expected,  
He, with the ten, we quickly learned,  
Eleven made. Dejected,

We saw the first returning; he,  
With all the rest, turned round,  
And there, behold! were my friends three,  
Though six they still were found.

(For those of you who yet may find  
My riddle too complex,  
I'll say the friends I had in mind  
Were "S" and "I" and "X.")

— Selected.

The boy who thought if he should shirk  
That other boys would do the work,  
Found his surmise was strictly true,  
When he could get no work to do.

— E. C. Dolson.

A MAN from the American Bible Society called at the home of a blind man and read a part of the Psalms to him. The blind man ran his hand into his pocket and pulled out his only coin—a dime—and said: "I must have some of God's Word in this house, and when I catch some one passing by I can have him read a line or so to me. Though my body may be hungry at times, my soul will have food near it to feed upon." The Bible man said: "Take the book and keep the dime." He left a very happy man.—*Selected.*

Christmas

RESEARCH as to the origin of this, our most beloved holiday, invariably leads us back to obsolete pagan times, when it was featured by the struggling apostatizing Christian church as a religious festival commemorating the birth of Jesus Christ. But with the passing of the centuries it has lost its distinctive religious aspect.

Candid investigation has drawn aside the veil of quaint mystery enshrouding Bethlehem's manger, proving that no one knows the exact date of the Saviour's birth. But while our modern Christmas is merely symbolic as to time, it still preserves the spirit of fellowship born among the Judean hills centuries ago, when the very angels left heaven to fraternize with a group of humble shepherds, bringing them news of the Father's greatest Gift, with the greeting, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

And long may the true Christmas spirit live!

Merry Christmas! It echoes and re-echoes from pole to pole, and from ocean to ocean, the wide world over. Every nation of earth keeps holiday together. This is a season of good cheer when we wish each other well, and perhaps send tokens of remembrance to friends here and there. And why not? God gave a Gift to us — his friends. But with all our giving, let us not forget the great Giver. Mrs. E. G. White suggests that "Christmas day, precious reminder of the sacrifice made in man's behalf," should not be spent in selfish indulgence. It is a most appropriate time to render thank offerings to God.

Merry Christmas! Let bygones be bygones. Today the heart holds only a full measure of good will.

Merry Christmas! The happiest time of all the earth. Hungry, wounded, shell-torn Europe reciprocates in gratitude for the gifts we bring her, and returns the greeting.

Merry Christmas! Peace has come once more to year for young and old, not alone because of the gifts we receive, but for very joy of living and giving.

The real Christmas spirit — the unselfish Christmas spirit! May we cherish it alway — this gift of Heaven to earth — for the truest Christmas is the Christmas in the heart.

"Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,— Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin, Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right, Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light, Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight."

L. E. C.

The Right Kind of Christmas Tree

THERE is no particular sin in selecting a fragrant evergreen and placing it in our churches," wrote Sister White years ago, when asked whether or not it is permissible to have a Christmas tree; "but the sin lies in the motive which prompts the action, and the use which is made of the gifts placed upon the tree."

"Christmas day, precious reminder of the sacrifice made in man's behalf, should not be devoted to self-indulgence, thus exalting the creature above the Creator. Let us who are partakers of this great salvation show that we have some appreciation of the gift by rendering to God our thank offerings."

The article further says that God would be well pleased if each church would have a Christmas tree on which shall be hung offerings for his cause. "The

tree may be as tall and its branches as wide as shall best suit the occasion; but let its boughs be laden with the golden fruit of your beneficence, and present this to him as your Christmas gift."

What a praiseworthy and beautiful thing it would be if this year our young people and children, and the older folks as well, should plan Christmas trees such as God's servant has described — trees loaded with gifts for the King. When our Saviour was born in Bethlehem, the wise men "brought their gifts to Jesus and laid them at his feet." Why should not we follow their example, and instead of lavishing our gifts upon one another, make this festal season an opportunity to bring our offerings to the One who above all others is deserving of them?

There are many things with which the "right kind of Christmas tree" might be adorned. Attractively wrapped parcels containing gifts of clothing or food for the poor, offerings for missions placed in pretty boxes, or made into dainty packets, gifts of money to help the starving Armenian orphans across the Atlantic, and other tokens of love for those in need, will all be appropriate. It will not be difficult to think of what to put on the tree when once the true Christmas spirit has taken possession of the heart.

Try this new kind of Christmas tree. It cannot fail to bring happiness to you and others. ELLA IDEN.

The Same Boy

SOME years ago, in a farming neighborhood, a middle-aged man was looking about in search of employment. He called at the house of a respectable farmer, and told his errand.

"What is your name?" asked the farmer.

"John Wilson," was the reply.

"John Wilson — the same that lived here when a boy?"

"The same, sir."

"Then I don't want you."

Poor John, surprised at such a reply, passed on to the house of the next farmer, and there a similar reply was given; and he found nobody in the neighborhood where his earlier days had been spent who was willing to employ him. Passing on, he soon came in sight of the schoolhouse.

"Ah," said he, "I understand it now. I was a schoolboy there years ago; but what kind of schoolboy? Lazy, disobedient, often in mischief, and once caught in deliberate lying, and though since I have been trying to reform, they all think me the kind of man that I was boy.— Episcopal Recorder.

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