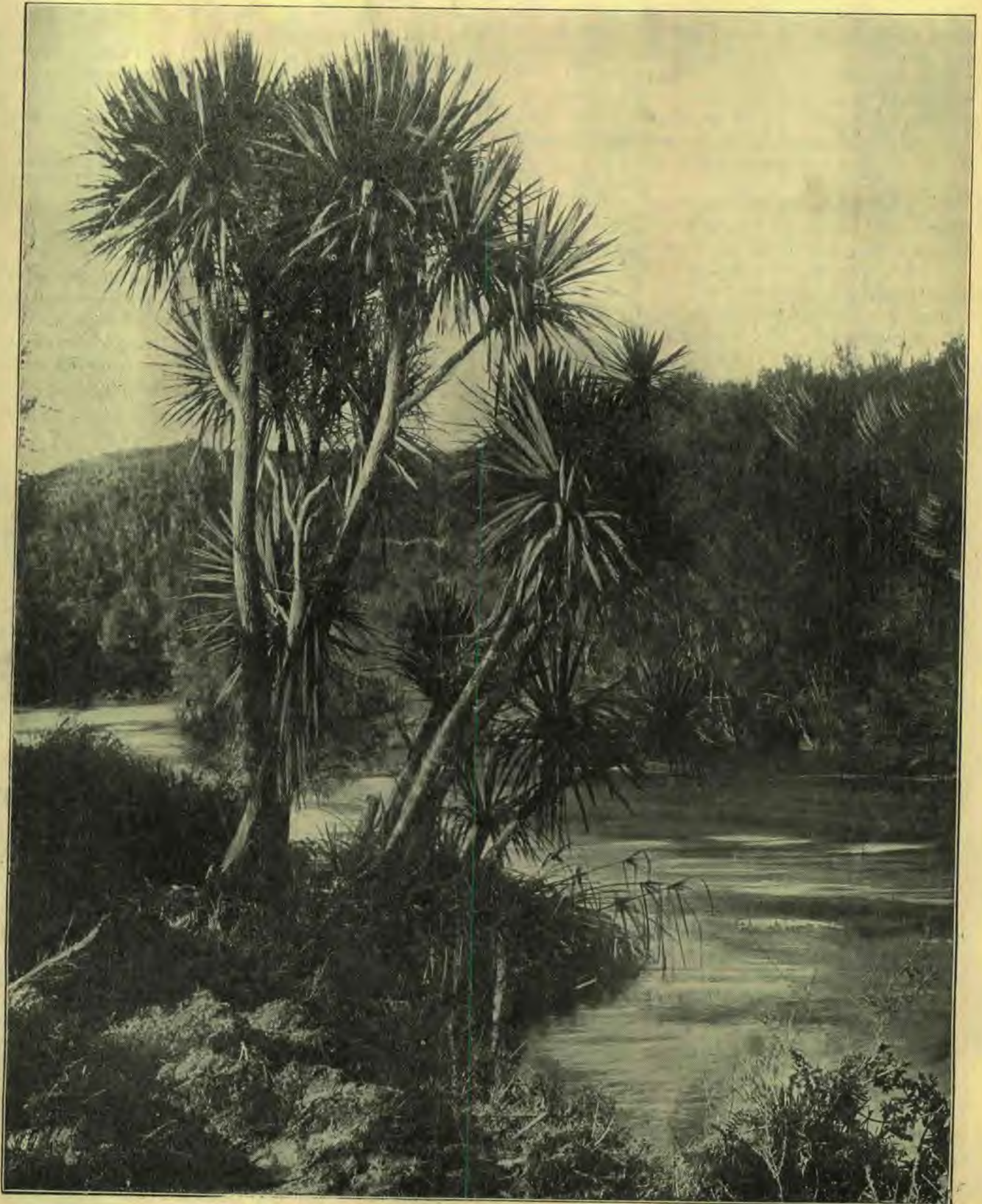


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

January 14, 1919

No. 2



LIKE A SENTINEL STOOD A SCRAGGLY PALM AT THE RIVER'S BEND

From Here and There

Oklahoma has granted suffrage to its women.

Michigan and South Dakota, on November 5, adopted woman suffrage.

The prohibitionists won an easy and a decided victory on Dec. 23, 1918, in their campaign to make the District of Columbia "bone dry." By a vote of 42 to 18 the Senate adopted a rider to the war revenue bill applying the celebrated Reed amendment to the capital city.

Remember that "peace does not add one pound of food to our supply. On the contrary, it enormously increases our food obligations, because it allows us to reach with food the people of Poland, Rumania, Serbia, Armenia, European Russia, Germany, and others who are now without adequate food supply. The total number of these peoples has been estimated at 300,000,000, some of whom have partial food resources and some of whom are now literally in a starving condition." Our duty to conserve is clear.

If the British crown had descended by strict hereditary right instead of by authority of Parliament, Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, who has commanded a German army in the field throughout the greater part of the war, would be king instead of George V. Through his mother, who was a princess of Austria-Modena, he is the ranking descendant of the Stuart kings, but his ancestors were ruled out of court by Parliament some two centuries ago, because they, like James II, whom Parliament deposed, were Roman Catholics. There exists today a curious society called the Order of the White Rose, the members of which recognize the Bavarian prince as the true king of England, the real vessel of the divine right to rule!

The rice crop of the United States has almost doubled since the beginning of the war, and it is probable that the crop of the current year will be the largest yet raised. Rice requires land so wet that ordinary farm machinery cannot be used on it; but a few years ago it was discovered that it was possible in certain parts of the country, particularly Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana, to prepare land and plant rice by machinery and then flood the land from near-by streams and artesian wells, and that the land could also be drained when the rice approached maturity, so that ordinary reaping and threshing machines could be used to harvest the crop. Rice growing in this country was revolutionized. Our total production increased from 136,000,000 pounds in 1890 to 253,000,000 pounds in 1900, 656,000,000 pounds in 1914, and 1,007,000,000 pounds in 1917.

It is said of a returned English soldier that, when he was being commiserated on the loss of his arm in the trenches, he replied, proudly: "I didn't lose it. I gave it." Glorious reply. What a transformation of our stewardship if we could think of our tithe not as the payment of a debt, but as the offering of a gift! What a transfiguration of our service if we could list it as a heart impulse instead of a conscience pull! What an ennoblement of life if we could live it as a gift to the world! When a man gives his health or his time or his money—or his life—you cannot talk to him about being robbed. He has forestalled the comment. Jesus said, "No man taketh it [my life] from me, but I lay it down of myself." Such ought to be the spirit of his disciples.—*Selected.*

Good School Games

Pom-pom-pullaway

ONE evening in Chicago I chanced upon a vital discovery. I went into the street in front of our home, called together a few of the omnipresent youngsters, and told them I was "it" for pom-pom-pullaway.

I lined the children up on one curbstone, and explained that they must run across the street to the opposite curb when I called out:

"Pom-pom-pullaway!
If you don't come,
I'll pull you away."

When I caught any runner and tagged him three times, he was "it," too, and must help me catch the others. Each player tagged became a tagger until all were caught. Then the player who had been caught first was "it" for a new game.

I was so awkward at first that I fell, tore my trousers and scratched my hands. Buttons were torn off my old coat. I learned that the good old game is too strenuous for the aged, but my vital discovery was that the game would not let me remain aged. Many times since that night, thirty minutes of pom-pom-pullaway has recreated me,—physically and spiritually,—and, for good measure, has won me friends among the neighboring children.

Red Light

is an inactive modern form of tag, which illustrates the present-day tendency away from vigorous play. My children taught me to play it with them on the sidewalk and grass plots before our house. The player who is "it" turns his back to the others or closes his eyes while he counts ten. Then he shouts:

"No moving;
No talking;
No laughing;
Red light!"

At these words the players—who have been moving away from "it"—must "freeze" and remain motionless. If any one moves, "it" chases him, and if he is tagged, he becomes "it" in his turn.

Traveling Apes

is of my own devising. One day after I had read "Tarzan of the Apes" I made up a new combination of tag and pom-pom-pullaway as a means of getting my boys and girls to move rapidly down the street on an errand upon which we had been sent by the household powers.

(Concluded on last page)

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 14, 1919

No. 2

Bay City Whaling Station

GEORGE F. ENOCH

AT Bay City, Washington, on the south shore of Gray's Harbor, is located a large whaling station, one of five on the Pacific Coast. The writer's duties in connection with the academy fund for the Western

There is a bomb in the end of the harpoon that does most effective work when a hit is scored. One hundred fifty feet of rope are coiled on the deck, called the "foregoer," with 250 feet more in reserve in the



Harpooning a Whale in the Gulf, Vancouver Island, British Columbia

Washington Conference recently brought the privilege of enjoying the hospitality of Captain and Mrs. Le Marquand, who have charge of this station. I feel sure that a word of description will be appreciated by INSTRUCTOR readers.

To reach the whaling station we traveled by automobile about fourteen miles over, for the most part, a board corduroy road, much the worse for wear. But the privilege of seeing a fifty-five-ton whale drawn up and every part of it disposed of in less than two hours was well worth the shaking up we received.

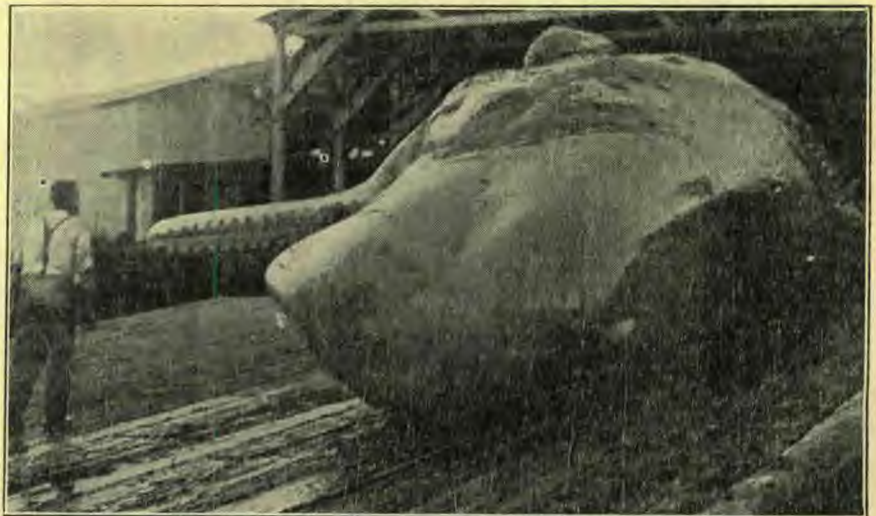
It is interesting to follow the unfortunate whale from the time the harpoon strikes him until he is meat, soap, and fertilizer.

There are four whaling boats attached to this station that cruise a hundred miles north and south of Gray's Harbor. These boats have a harpoon gun in the bow and a barrel at the top of the observation mast. They leave the station so as to reach the cruising ground early, and every one is on the *qui vive* watching for whales. The telltale spout when the whale comes up for air can be seen for five or ten miles. It is then full

speed ahead with no attention to the roughness of the seas and no mercy for the passenger inclined to seasickness. Often it is a merry and fruitless chase; but when luck favors the whaler by allowing him to come within about fifty or sixty yards, the whale is doomed.

the boats come in with two great whales in tow.

Just before we arrived at the station the whaler had towed in a large fifty-five-ton humpback whale. He was towed to the wharf, where great chains were fastened around his tail, after which he was unceremoniously drawn up an inclined slip reaching the large dissecting platform. A company of men awaited his arrival, armed with large knives on long handles, and quicker than it takes to tell it, the blubber was



Sperm Whale. The Large Head is Filled with Oil

cut off the back and body in immense strips. This blubber is a great layer of fat lying between the skin and the body, and is very thick along the back bone. It is from two to fifteen inches thick, and is cut into small chunks and placed in a great chopper made of



WHALER WITH TWO WHALES IN TOW

revolving knives, and is soon emasculated into a soft mass which is lifted by an endless chain into vats. It is here mixed with water and the oil is boiled out. The oil rising to the top is drained off and again put through the boiling process three times. By this time it is refined oil, the most of which is supposed to be made into soap, and is stored in huge vats where it awaits shipment in tank cars to Cincinnati.

We must except the oil from the head of the sperm whale. This is the most valuable of whales, as in the great head of this whale are found from fifteen to twenty-five barrels of pure refined oil of the best quality, which only awaits pumping out. The lower cut, page three, gives some idea of the size of this valuable head. This oil is called spermicetti, and is stored in large vats where it solidifies. In order to remove it it must be melted by steam pipes. This oil is one of the most valuable lubricants known, and shares with castor oil the honor of being the best and practically only lubricant suited for aeroplanes.

After the blubber is removed, the next step is to carve off the steak, if it has been less than twelve hours since the whale was harpooned at sea. From twelve to twenty tons of steak are taken from an ordinary whale. This steak is sent to the meat market of the great cities, or to the huge canneries in such cities as Tacoma. Whale steak is now being quite commonly used.

If the animal has been dead more than twelve hours, or after all the steak is removed, the carcass is drawn up to a still higher platform where the carving process is completed. The remainder of the carcass, with the entrails, are placed in huge trying-out vats, where the

oil in them is boiled out. Everything but the bones goes into these final vats. Here the contents are boiled until they have lost all consistency. This mass is then carried on endless chains to great presses where all liquid is pressed from it. It then passes into a huge drier and is dried into a powdered form, which is blown by air pressure over into the warehouse—a first-class fertilizer, ready to be sacked and sent broadcast over the country.

The bones are piled in a great heap until the end of the season, when they also are ground up for fertilizer. The bone strainer of the mouth is sent away to be made into whalebone for buttons, corset stays, etc.

There is one valuable abnormal product that should be mentioned. Sometimes in the digestive tract of the whale is found what is known as ambergris. It, like the pearl of the oyster, arises from a diseased condition, and is worth many dollars an ounce. Captain Le Marquand has found one large chunk of ambergris in his whaling experience, and it brought a tidy sum.

After we had been shown all through the works, we concluded that every part of the whale served some useful purpose, with one exception, the smell—as any one could testify who had come within miles of the Bay City Station. We were all clearing our throats and nasal passages for hours after we bade our friends good-by.

There is one more prospective use for the whale which has been jokingly discussed by the newspapers on the Pacific Coast. The whale is the largest mammal in the world, hence the cow whale gives an enormous amount of milk, amounting to many barrels at one milking. One dreamer has looked into the future when these great bays on the Pacific Coast will each have its herds of whales coming regularly for milking, and helping solve the threatened shortage in food supply.

War Casualties

CASUALTIES sustained by the American Army were tabulated by General March as follows:

Killed and died of wounds	36,154
Died of disease	14,811
Deaths unclassified	2,204
Wounded	179,625
Prisoners	2,163
Missing	1,160
Total	236,117



MAN SEATED IN MOUTH OF HUMPBACK WHALE

Mission Experiences Among the Navajos

ORNO FOLLETT

SHORTLY after arriving in the Navajo country, one day Mrs. Follett was sitting with her back to the window, reading. An uncomfortable feeling prompted her to look over her shoulder toward the window, and there, with faces painted red, and great dark eyes staring out from under tousled heads of black hair, stood two native-costumed Indians! The natural feminine impulse would have suggested a scream, but Mrs. Follett did not scream. She simply sat there and trembled, perhaps too badly frightened to scream.

They peep into our windows, or walk into the house without knocking. They seem to think the mission home was built for their special benefit, and often since beginning to write these sketches I have been interrupted by my moccasined friends ushering themselves, uninvited, into my private study.

Nearly every day, we have from one to several calls for medicine or medical attention. Trachoma and tuberculosis are the two most common ailments aside from colds, but the people are visited by other afflictions. *Yaa-a-zah*, or medicine to kill lice, is often asked for.

A Medicine Man Left Alone to Die

A medicine man near the mission contracted smallpox early this summer. I learned of it some days after. So I went to call on him, taking food and medicine. I met his brother-in-law, who, by the way, is also a medicine man. I asked where the sick man's camp was.

"Where? Up there somewhere on that hill," pointing to a mesa about a half mile away.

"How is he getting along?" I asked.

"How? I do not know. I haven't seen him for seven days."

"But you are a medicine man. Haven't you done anything for him?"

"Me? O no. Just as soon as we learned he had smallpox, we sent him up there. And he will stay there a long time. We shall not see him."

I called often on my sick friend. He finally recovered. He is now one of our warmest friends, and is going to send his children to our mission school at the opening of the fall term. He says that he wants them to "learn to pray."

Olth-tah Bought His Wife

Olth-tah lives in the hills about five miles from the mission. This young man worked for us on the mission buildings. Finally, he quit work and married. All seemed to go well for a while, but about three weeks later, he came to see me. He was in trouble. His wife had left him and returned to her mother. I went with him to the mother's hogan, where I found a slender girl of fourteen summers, almost as timid as a wild deer. I did all I could to persuade the couple to be reconciled, since they had already married, but did not succeed very well. I asked the girl and her mother to come to our house the next day, and have a talk with Mrs. Follett.

The young man accompanied me on the return home that night, and I asked, "How much did you pay for that girl?"

"Forty dollars cash and five ponies," he replied.

Little wonder he was anxious to get permanent possession of "property" that had cost him so dearly!

Well, they became reconciled the next day, and are now living happily together.

No Mother-in-law Troubles Here!

A-tsid-da-bi-yey and I were ascending the ancient trail to the top of Powell Mountain. Suddenly, A-tsid-da-bi-yey pulled his pony's head sharply to the right, at the same time whipping him into a gallop, and calling to me to follow; for, said he, "that road is no good." I followed more leisurely. Just as I left the main road, a number of Navajo women came around a curve, on their way down the mountain.

Coming alongside my friend, I demanded an explanation for his strange actions. He insisted that the road was *do-yah-shon'da*. But, I replied, your mother-in-law was with those women, was she not?

"Yes."

"Then is it really true you Navajos believe you will become blind, if you see your mother-in-law?"

"O yes, indeed! If a Navajo ever sees his mother-in-law, he will surely go blind."

Clever philosophers, they! those ancient Navajo priests who so wisely provided for the domestic peace of future generations!

The Dying Sun

One Sabbath evening last June, about two hours after the eclipse of the sun, A-na'k'e-se-nil-i-be-yey came to me for an explanation of the sun's actions.

"Was the sun really dying?" he wanted to know.

With the help of our school globe, I explained to him the eclipse, both of the sun and the moon. He was much interested. It was all new to him. He said he had never heard that explanation before. He further told me that all the Navajos thought the sun was dying that day, and had just got through having a big prayer meeting, which they believed restored their dying sun god to life again.

They Believe in Prayer

The Navajos were in trouble. They needed council and good advice. Some of the younger men suggested they go to the new *a-ne-sho-de* (missionary), for, said they, "he can help us."

On a set day, they came from far and near, chiefs, counselors, medicine men, and all were present. The head chief, A-tsid-i-nez, delivered a long lecture, and asked many questions, some of which follow:

"Who sent you here?"

"What was your object in coming?"

"Did you come to help the Indians?"

After replying that by God's good pleasure, our General Conference at Washington had sent me to help the Indians to learn of the true God, he said:

"That is good. I know about missionaries. They *own prayer!* They have power to do good, because *they own prayer.* You are here for a good work. We are glad you have come. We welcome you among us. You are helping us, and we will help you. And we will send our children to your school."

And so we might continue to relate the interesting as well as the strange experiences that come to us day by day, but this will suffice. Dear young people, remember in your prayers these poor people groping in heathen darkness,—almost, yes, quite, *blindly* seeking for the true God.

Thoreau, New Mexico.

The Will of God

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore (Ps. 40: 8);

And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more (Ps. 1: 2).

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears (John 5: 30);

Thou wert the passion of his heart
Those three and thirty years (John 6: 38-40).

And he hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee (Ps. 119: 127),

A love to lose my will in his,
And by that loss be free (John 8: 36).

I have no cares, O blessed will!
For all my cares are thine (1 Peter 5: 7),

I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine (2 Cor. 2: 14).

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its ends can never miss (Isa. 30: 18),

For men no work on earth can do
More angel-like than this (Rev. 7: 11, 12).

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost (Rom. 8: 31);

God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost (1 Peter 2: 15-17).

Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill (Deut. 23: 5);

And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will (Rom. 12: 1, 2).

— Frederick Faber.

Advertise, Advertise!

IT pays to advertise. "There's a reason" for this. We are such a busy people that we should forget the virtues and even the existence of many things worth while were we not forcibly reminded of them by the advertiser's art.

A manufacturer of a certain article that had been extensively advertised concluded that his product was so well known that publicity methods might be dispensed with. Within a year his sales had fallen off ten per cent, and at the end of two years eighty per cent. By the end of the third year at that rate he would have been bankrupt.

So disaster would soon come to the temperance cause were temperance workers to relinquish their advertising; were they to feel that since national prohibition is assured they could cease their efforts to educate the people in regard to the harmful effects of intoxicating beverages and in regard to the blessings of prohibition, State and national. Without these memory and heart prodders men, towns, cities, and States would gradually revert to their former wet habits. The circulating of temperance literature, and election and educational campaigns are effective advertising measures which must be maintained to insure permanent dry conditions.

The extension of the kingdom of God in the earth is also dependent on advertising agencies. The minister's work is to advertise the kingdom of grace. The believer's supreme desire and responsibility is to give publicity to the great saving power of Christ. He can do this by showing forth the work of grace in his own life, and by recounting in the public assembly the blessings he has personally received from the Lord, or he can do it by advertising the kindness, love, and service of his fellow Christians. By so doing he increases their influence and efficiency, and extends the knowledge of God, while at the same time the reaction of his service results in increased graces for himself.

The sequel of the story of the widow and her two mites discloses the wondrously rich returns that may come from a small effort at advertising another's service.

Even the Lord's status in the world is dependent upon the successful working of an extensive advertising scheme. Every Christian, by the beauty of his life and by offering praise to God for blessings received, advertises the Lord. But the Lord himself does most to advertise himself by the marvelous ways in which he helps righteous, praying men and women

out of their perplexities and troubles; by the way he manifests his wisdom and power in their behalf when he alone could bring comfort or deliverance.

It is the miracles wrought by the Hand that so often and so wondrously intervenes to save and direct his faithful children that exalts the Lord, and lifts the Saviour up, bidding the world look to him and live.

The following true incident is a good example of the Lord's way of advertising himself to both believing and unbelieving children:

The Clock That Struck Thirteen at Midnight

"It was about the midnight hour, in the town of Plymouth, England, many years ago when two men stood close to the great clock of the town. It struck the hour; both men heard it, and remarked to each other that it had struck thirteen times instead of twelve. One of these men was a gentleman by the name of Captain Jarvis.

"It was not very long afterward that this same Captain Jarvis awoke very early one morning, got up, dressed, and went down to the front door of his house. When he opened it, what was his surprise to find his groom standing there, with his horse saddled and bridled, ready for him to mount.

"'I had a feeling that you would be wanting your horse, sir,' he said, 'so I could not stay longer in my bed, and just got the horse ready for you!'

"The captain was astonished at first, and then mounted the horse and rode off. He did not direct his steed where to go, but let him go wherever he chose. Down to the riverside they went, close to the spot where the ferryboat took passengers across. What, then, was the captain's amazement when he saw the ferryman there, waiting with his boat to ferry him across at that early hour.

"'How are you here so early, my man?' he inquired at once.

"'I couldn't rest in my bed, sir, for I had a feeling I was wanted to ferry some one across.'

"The captain and horse both got into the boat, and were safely conveyed to the other side.

"Again the horse was given his own way as to where he should go. On and on they went, until at length they came to a large country town.

"The captain asked a passer-by if there was anything of interest going on in the town.

"'No, sir; nothing but the trial of a man for murder.'

"The captain rode to the place where the trial was going on, dismounted, and entered the building. As he walked in, he heard the judge say, addressing the prisoner, 'Have you anything to say for yourself — anything at all?'"

"I have nothing to say, sir, except that I am an innocent man, and that there is only one man in all the world who could prove my innocence; but I do not know his name nor where he lives. Some weeks ago we stood together in the town of Plymouth when it was midnight, and we both heard the great town clock strike thirteen, instead of twelve, and remarked it to each other. If he were here, he could speak for me, but my case is hopeless, as I cannot get him."

"I am here! I am here!" shouted the captain, from behind. "I was the man who stood at midnight beside the great Plymouth clock, and heard it strike thirteen, instead of twelve. What the prisoner says is absolutely true; I identify him as the man. On the night of the murder, at the very time it was committed, that man was with me, at Plymouth, and we remarked to each other how remarkable it was that the clock should strike thirteen at the midnight hour."

"The condemned man was thus proved innocent, and was at once set free."

Everywhere and throughout all time has the Lord thus wrought for his children.

Shall we not do our part in co-operating with the Lord in making himself known to all the world?

F. D. C.

Nature and Science

Camping by the Winding Road

UNDER the open sky, have you ever heard
The dry leaves rustle down, by the fall wind stirred?
They sound in the quiet night like a gentle tread,
As a child might lightly step o'er the unknown dead.

Under the open sky, by our camp fire bright,
We read in God's Holy Word by our lanterns' light.
Not an altar of stones we build, but one of praise,
As we kneel by the wagon tongue in the moon's soft rays.

Under the open sky our couch is made,
On a drift of fallen leaves, in the forest shade.
We hear the acorns fall, and the dry leaves drift
O'er our canvas wagon top, as they slowly sift.

Under the open sky, the pine trees' scent
Flows out on the evening air — we are content;
For God, who has called us out on the winding road,
Will lead us safely on to our new abode.

Mrs. J. W. Purvis.

Uncle Sam's Hunters

PERHAPS you did not know that Uncle Sam is a hunter as well as a farmer. In fact, the energetic old gentleman seems to be an "all-round man," able to do many things and to do them all well.

He doesn't hunt because he takes pleasure in the death of the beasts of the field; but, as usual, he works for the good of both country and individuals.

The stockmen of the Western States lose thousands of cattle and sheep each year because of the raids of wild animals upon them.

For the conservation of the sources of war supplies of meat, leather, and wool, Uncle Sam determined in 1915 to lend a helping hand to the stockmen by sending out hunters to the grazing districts. During the last three years these men have killed 70,713 animals, which has meant to the ranchers of the Rocky Moun-

tain section a saving of sixteen million dollars.

The serious inroads even one or two of these predatory creatures can make upon a stockman's property the following paragraph discloses:

"Recently a government hunter shot 2 male wolves which had killed 150 sheep and 7 colts on two Wyoming ranches; while another trapper bagged a pair of old wolves which had a record of killing \$4,000 worth of live stock a year. A third trapper destroyed 85 coyotes and 2 bobcats in one month, using 6 horses and 200 traps over a trap line varying from 50 to 100 miles in length. A coyote was recently captured which had destroyed \$75 worth of sheep in one week. Two wolves, 7 mountain lions, and a huge grizzly bear, the largest of its species ever killed in the Yellowstone Park section, are the kill of another of Uncle Sam's sharpshooters in the course of freeing his district of predatory animals."

F. D. C.

Opossum Commissioned

THE United States *Official Bulletin* of November 8, gives an account of an opossum adventure that is unique:

"Engine trouble forced two army flyers from the 2d Provisional Wing, Park Pace, Houston, Texas, to stay overnight near Anderson, Texas, recently. They were Lieut. Harry McDonough, pilot, and Fred W. McConky, Jr., observer. McDonough, in a hunt in an adjacent grove that night, caught a live 'possum. The airmen shut the 'possum in the fuselage of the plane for the rest of the night, and the next morning they started for headquarters, eighty-five miles away. In some manner the 'possum escaped from his cubby-hole after the plane was in the air, and rode the rest of the way hanging by his feet and tail to the scarf mount over the rear cockpit. Upon landing, the animal was handed over as a mascot to the men of the 343d Squadron, who christened him "Aëro," and today he enjoys the distinction of being the first flying 'possum of the air service."

Cubebs: What Are They?

CUBEBS are nothing more or less than dried pepper berries with some of the stalk attached. This pepper is indigenous to Java, Borneo, and Sumatra.

Cubebs contain a volatile oil that possesses some medicinal value for asthma, chronic pharyngitis, and hay fever, when used in the form of cigarettes. Persons ignorant of their real nature sometimes smoke them instead of the real cigarette. The *Christian Endeavor World* recently printed a word from a good physician on the subject. He said they were "worse than tobacco. They stimulate all the mucous membranes, also the kidneys, and the use of them tends to cause overstimulation. In addition to this, they are apt to cause all the bad effects which go with tobacco itself."

The Balmy Arctic

ANOTHER cherished illusion is dispelled and relegated to the junk heap of vivid misconceptions that have suddenly faded. Explorer Vilhjalimur Stefansson, who has just returned from a five years' cruise in the regions around the North Pole, tells us that the weather up there is by no means the frigid terror we have pictured in our minds. It is much

cooler in central Siberia than at Herschel Island. Even near the geographical pole, the climate never gets really bad, although the mercury occasionally runs down to 60 below zero! Indeed, it was so mild and compatible with physical comfort that he usually disrobed on the porch of his igloo, and passed the evening in his underwear, resting at night in his sleeping bag. His underwear, by the way, was of reindeer's skin with the fur side inside. He has explored some 250,000 square miles, amid all kinds of weather, and claims to have suffered no hardships until his return to civilization.—*Christian Herald*.

Frog Adds Aviation to Other Achievements

NOT satisfied with winning the broad jump and scoring points in swimming and fancy diving, members of the frog family have gone in for aviation. In sporting circles they would be known as all-round athletes, and in the Olympic games we would enter them in the pentathlon. You're acquainted with the swimming and diving frog, and the broad jumpers. Let us introduce you to their cousin, the aviator.

He's at home in Asia, and in Borneo, Java, and neighboring islands. He is about four inches long, and wears a green suit so near the color of the leaves of the tree where he lives that he can safely hide from preying birds and other enemies.

Both forelegs and hindlegs are fitted with webs, which form his flying machine. When the frog spreads his toes out, the webs of all four feet cover a surface of about twelve square inches. Then he puffs up his body like a balloon, spreads out his toes and webs like a parachute, and glides away from his home in the trees to the ground.—*Selected*.

An Elephant Pensioned

GREAT BRITAIN'S enormous pension list has just been relieved of the payment of an annuity of \$500 through the death at Delhi of a magnificent elephant of the name of Timouh. He was the elephant who bore Lord Hardinge, when viceroy of India, and his wife, the late Lady Hardinge, on the memorable day, now eight or nine years ago, when an attempt was made on their lives by means of a bomb.

The viceroy and his wife were making their official entry into the ancient capital of the Moguls, and now the metropolis of the Indian Empire, through the densely crowded streets in a gorgeous procession, in which some two hundred elephants, each bearing British or native dignitaries, took part. The perpetrators of the outrage had evidently assumed that when the bomb, which was thrown from the balcony or parapet of one of the houses along the route, hit its mark the viceregal elephant, terrified by the explosion and undoubtedly injured thereby, would be seized with panic, would communicate it to the other elephants, and that there would be a wholesale destruction of British officialdom, which was wished for, and of native life, which was a matter of total indifference to the assassins.

Viceroy Badly Wounded

The bomb burst on the back of the viceregal howdah, blowing to fragments the two native attendants standing like footmen at the back of Lord and Lady Hardinge, the severed foot of one of them falling over the shoulder of Lady Hardinge into her lap. The viceroy was badly wounded in the back, and after

exclaiming, as if in surprise, "A bomb! How unkind of them!" became unconscious from the shock, loss of blood, and muscular lacerations of an extremely painful character. Lady Hardinge, uninjured, retained her presence of mind, and while supporting her husband, directed the means to lower him from the badly wrecked howdah.

In the midst of all this, with the shouting and the turmoil caused by the outrage, the elephant, drenched with the blood of the two native victims and of the viceroy, and also with his own blood, for his flanks and his back had been cut in every direction by splinters of the bomb, stood perfectly still except that he swung his trunk to and fro, as if in pain, and then raised it gently toward the howdah, as if to encourage Lady Hardinge and to tell her that she could rely upon him. That is, at any rate, how Lady Hardinge and those near by interpreted the action of the elephant, who shared with her the honors of the day.

Timouh Becomes Great Pet

None of the injuries sustained by the elephant were mortal. His wounds in course of time were entirely healed, and, relieved of all further work, a pension of \$500 a year was granted to him by the government for the remainder of his life, his own mahout and an assistant being assigned to devote their entire time to caring for him. It is needless to add that Timouh became a great pet of Lady Hardinge, who realized that both she and her husband undoubtedly owed the preservation of their lives to the huge beast's intelligence, courage, and presence of mind.

Lady Hardinge, although unwounded, never recovered from the shock, and returning home to England very ill, died there, nursed to the last by Queen Alexandra, who was devoted to her, and while Lord Hardinge was still at his post in India. On his return from the East two years ago he placed his services at the disposal of the crown for the remainder of the war, and was reappointed to his old-time post of under-secretary of state for foreign affairs, which he held before becoming viceroy. He has lost his eldest son at the front in France in this present war, and has still a boy left and a daughter, the latter rejoicing in the Christian name of Diamond.—*The Washington Post*.

A Frown and a Smile

SUCH a silly little, foolish little, naughty little frown —
Too small to do the slightest harm, you'd think,
Yet the naughty little frown frowned the nursery pleasure down,
And made a pleasant room as black as ink.

Nurse scolded — Jamie sighed —
Kitten ran and baby cried —
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true)
Every smile was blotted out
With that naughty frown about —
Just think how much a little frown can do!

SUCH a pleasant little, happy little, jolly little smile —
Too small to do the slightest good, you'd say,
Yet that happy little smile kept the nursery all the while
As cheerful as the sunshine and as gay.

Nurse was singing like a bird —
Baby cooed and kitten purred —
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true)
Everywhere that small smile went
It brought pleasure and content —
Just think how much a little smile can do!

—*Theodosia P. Garrison, in Youth's Companion.*

HE who moves not forward goes backward.—
Goethe.

Letters from Home

If you and I were soldier lads or sailor boys in blue,
In training camp or land remote, where all was strangely new,
I wonder in the lonely hours, the time when thoughts will roam,
How much we'd give for just a note, a friendly word from home—

A message bright, a jolly joke, a bit of news to cheer,
With not a hint of anything to make a moment drear.
I wonder if from gloomy trench or battleship at night,
We wouldn't long to telegraph this one request, "Please write!"

If you and I were sailor lads or soldier boys in brown,
On ship of war, in training camp or some queer foreign town,
I wonder if there'd come to us in moments dark with fear,
A message from some one at home—a message fraught with cheer—

No gloomy word, but gladsome, brave, no hint of worried mind,
A glimpse of friends about the hearth, a bit of gossip kind.
Or would we wait with aching hearts the stern command to fight,
And vainly long to telegraph this one request, "Please write!"

A letter seems a little thing, but we may never know
The value of the written page to those who need it so—
Your soldier boy in khaki brown, your sailor lad in blue,
The boy across the street from me, the one next door to you;
The lad who marched away last week, the one who counts the days
Till peace on earth shall come again and mourning turn to praise—
Not one of these must we forget, these lads who bravely fight,
And from some trench or camp or ship would telegraph, "Please write!"

—Alice Annette Larkin.

The Giants of Today

LOOKING up from the picture book he was eagerly reading, Teddy exclaimed, "I'd like to be Jack the Giant Killer and frighten all the giants away!"

The other children laughed heartily at Teddy's choice, and Bob remarked:

"There never was such a man, Ted. It's only a foolish story, you know. There aren't any giants."

Teddy looked disappointed. That was taking away the charm from his storybook.

"There are giants, aren't there, Uncle John?" he asked, throwing down his book and coming to his uncle seated in the armchair. Uncle John laid aside his paper and took the little fellow upon his knee.

"Giants, Teddy?" he repeated gravely. "Yes, my boy, there are a great many giants around us; and we have to learn to be good fighters if we do not wish to be overcome by them."

Teddy beamed triumphantly, but the other children opened their eyes in wonder, and Alice asked, "What do you mean, Uncle John?"

"Why, my dear," he answered, "there is one dreadful giant, named Intemperance, that is harder to fight than any the famous Jack ever vanquished. And there is another, called Selfishness, a terrible monster, with nine heads; and a third, named Cruelty, and a fourth named Dishonesty. We might mention ever so many more."

"O, that kind!" said Bob. "I meant there were no real giants."

"Well, they are fairly real giants, Bob. Did you ever try to fight one?"

Bob looked sober. "I don't believe I have tried as hard as I might, sir," he confessed frankly. "I think my worst giant is Selfishness," he added slowly.

"And mine is Idleness," whispered Alice.

"What is mine? It must be Quick Temper," admitted Nellie, blushing over memories of recent defeats.

The three had formed a semicircle around Ted and Uncle John, and their bright faces were more thoughtful than usual.

Little Ted looked perplexed. They were talking in riddles.

"Has everybody got a giant?" he ventured.

The others laughed at this, but Uncle John answered kindly:

"I'm afraid so, Ted. Anything that keeps us from doing good is our giant that we have to fight. Have you one, my little man?"

The child's face blushed as he replied, after a moment's hesitation:

"Yes, there are lots of them. There are my cross words to the nurse this morning; and I disobeyed mother; and I broke father's penknife, which he told me not to touch; and I, oh!—"

There Ted stopped suddenly, and hid his face on uncle's shoulder. The children didn't laugh this time. —Selected.

Perseverance Wins

MILDRED threw down her algebra with a disgusted sigh.

"I'll give it up!" she exclaimed. "I've worked and worked and worked over that old problem, and I simply can't get it. I don't see why I should have to study algebra. I'll never have any use for it. I'm ready to give up now."

"Don't do that," said Cousin Dick, who was sitting reading on the other side of the library table. "Don't you know that you are just at the winning point?" Mildred opened her eyes wide.

"I mean it," he responded. "Don't you know that when you have worked and worked over a thing and come at last to the point where you are fairly desperate, if you still persevere, the solution will come to you in a twinkling? I've tried it, Mildred, and I know it is true."

"It's so in everything," he continued, "especially in learning shorthand." Cousin Dick was an expert reporter. "Teachers will tell you that every student reaches a point, after she has studied hard, where she doesn't seem to be gaining as she should. She reaches a time when she becomes so discouraged that she is ready to give up the whole thing, lose all her months of hard study, just because the goal seems so unattainable. Hundreds of shorthand students have turned back at that point, and have given up shorthand, but those who have persisted in spite of the discouragement, find that that point of despair was so near the goal that they look backward and laugh at themselves for becoming discouraged and wanting to give up. When they once reach that point, if they persevere, the long-sought speed and ability come to them suddenly—in a moment. It seems that way, but, of course, it is the result of the weeks and months of study and practice that have gone before. It is so in everything. You'll find, little cousin, that if you persevere beyond the point of desperate discouragement, the reward will come to you suddenly and unexpectedly. I'm not preaching, Mildred, I'm simply giving you a little of my own experience. You prove it for yourself."

Mildred eyed him earnestly, half incredulously.

"Perhaps you're right," she said. "I'll try, anyhow."

For several moments she worked in silence, then a smile broke over her face.

"I have it!" she cried, exultantly. "Your plan works, Cousin Dick! I'll try to remember it again

when I'm discouraged. I'm glad you spoke when you did, for I felt I had reached my 'Waterloo,' and was ready to give up."

"You'll find, little cousin," he said, smiling, too, "that perseverance in the right always wins."—*Anne Guilbert Mahon, in Queen's Gardens.*

How the Conscience Brings the Greatest Success

SEVERAL boys were once fighting. Johnnie came into the house all put out. "What's the matter, Johnnie?" asked his father, as the boy threw his coat on a chair in disgust. "'Tain't no use," said Johnnie, "'tain't no use to play fair. Before the game began the boys on my side agreed together to play fair. But the other side cheated, and won the fight. You can't never win by playing fair!"

But his father said, "Johnnie, you boys won the game." To Johnnie's astonishment, his father explained that when a game is played according to certain rules, nobody who breaks these rules wins the game, and that when one side breaks the rules the game goes to their opponents. When Johnnie learned that he had really won the game, he threw his hat into the air and dashed out of doors to tell the boys on his side, shouting as he went, "Hurrah for playing fair!"

Do you see that little tug going down the bay, towing that great big freighter looking about the size of half a block? That tells the story. It is not mere vastness that counts, but potentiality. It is not mass, but life. The conscience is the steam boiler to the intellect, and to the will. The conscience is the bellwether, the trail blazer, the torch carrier of the mind. It brings the one who thought he had lost the game back again into the circle claiming victory. And no one can dispute his claim.

The traveler through Spain is astonished to ride in certain parts mile after mile without seeing a tree, a house, a man, or even a cow. What is the matter? Spain is going back to rocks. She was once the mightiest empire in the world. But she rejected the light which came to her through the rise of Protestantism. Instead of accepting it, she created the Inquisition, and put hundreds of thousands of people to death for no other crime than that they believed the Bible as God convicted their conscience and not according to the state-paid church. Suppose a nation scorned the offer of wireless telegraphy as a new invention and murdered those of her citizens who advocated it. In the first place, it would be a great loss to lose those able, progressive people; and, in the second place, some other nation or nations would adopt the wireless telegraphy, and go far in advance of the one which refused it. Nations, like men, impose on themselves a heavy burden when they reject the light of God.

There is no progress outside the conscience. Those who are truly conscientious eventually come into their own. Any doctrine which strikes at the conscience is to be shunned as ultradangerous; but any truth which exalts and quickens the conscience brings to those who receive it the greater success. To be staggering under the remorse of conscience is like having an enemy on the inside of you fighting against you. Respond at once to your convictions. Do promptly the thing you are convicted to do, and leave off immediately where the voice of God tells you to cease. You will then be led into higher joys. You will then experience the coming of greater capacity.

B. G. WILKINSON.

Sadie

SADIE always knew that she would have to work as soon as she was sixteen—indeed she wanted to get a special permit to begin at fourteen, not because of ambition, for Sadie did not know the first letter of the word, but because she did not like to study and wanted to be earning money, and, even more than that, wanted to be out in the world. But Sadie's mother—pale, tired, and silent—refused to let her leave school. Sadie's mother scrubbed floors in an office building half the night.

"You don't know what you're talking about," she told Sadie sharply. "You might just as well stop teasing, for I shan't let you leave. I don't intend you shall have the life I've had. You can't get anywhere without an education."

"I could go into a store," Sadie retorted sullenly. "I could begin as a bundle wrapper."

"It's no use your talking," her mother repeated. "I ain't going to let you."

So Sadie, sullen and defiant, entered the business high school; and having but one purpose—to get out as quickly as she could—she studied only enough to get through. The pity of it was that, although her mother could keep her there, she did not know enough of the world for which Sadie was being trained to help her to prepare for it. So when Sadie, jubilant over her escape, left school at the end of two years, she could typewrite fairly well so far as speed was concerned, but she never had learned to punctuate or to recognize a score of things that make a typewritten page distinctive. She could take dictation as rapidly as most of the girls in her class, but she could not spell, and she made many careless slips in grammar. The teachers had frequently reminded her of those things, but she took little heed, for she was thinking only of getting through. Least of all had she any idea of a business purpose in her life. Her one idea was to earn some spending money for herself with the least possible trouble, and to have a good time.

Stenographers were in demand that year, and Sadie found a position at once. She lost it in six weeks, but got another quickly. At the end of three years she had had a dozen positions, and had learned a few things by experience. She was making eight dollars a week and could not keep any position at a higher wage. All round her were girls who were learning to file, to understand technical details a knowledge of which made them valuable, to handle pay rolls—girls becoming private secretaries or taking charge of offices. Now and then one of them tried to tell her why she was not promoted. But Sadie only shrugged her shoulders, and said: "You can't tell *me!* It's favoritism, that's what it is. The whole thing's wrong."

So she went blindly on—to what?—*Youth's Companion.*

Fame Through Service

THERE were two boys in the Taylor family. The older said he must make a name for his family, and so turned his face toward Parliament and fame. The younger decided to give his life to the service of Christ, and so turned his face toward China and duty. Hudson Taylor, the missionary, died, beloved and known on every continent. But when I looked in the encyclopedia to see what the other son had done, I found these words, "The brother of Hudson Taylor."—*Selected.*

The Widow's Mites

EUGENE LELAND

THE feast of Passover had come, and Jews
From every land were in Jerusalem.
From Parthia, from Media, Elam,
Mesopotamia (the ancient home
Of Abraham), and Judah's sacred hills,
From Cappadocia, from Phrygia,
Pamphylia, from Egypt, and the parts
Of Libya and Cyrene, the throngs had come.
Even from distant Rome were proselytes
With Jews gathered to keep the feast. The throngs
Were greater far than those of other years,
For One whose word gave hearing to the deaf,
Sight to the blind, life to the dead, was there,
And they would see this wondrous One, and know
If he were not the Christ, the promised Seed.

The green and life of spring with bursting bud,
And opening flower, and song of bird, had come.
Nature, released from cold and snows, symbol
Of Israel's release from servitude
To Egypt's tyrant king whose cruelty
And bondage they had borne four hundred years,
Was praising God as they had met to do.
Well-chosen time for the Passover feast.
No loyal Jew came to the feast without
A gift. Little or much, the gift was brought
By every one, the peasant and the prince,
And cast into the temple treasury.
A portly, stall-fed priest stood by the till
And watched with greedy eyes the gold and gems
Given from abundant store, or frowned in scorn
On lesser gifts which came,— he knew not whence,
Nor cared! What need he care? Well housed and fed,
And borne by others' strength when he would go,
What need he care, whether a loyal gift
Obtained from grinding toil and poverty,
Or ostentatiously, though grudgingly,
Bestowed from coffers filled by usury
And unjust gain, extortion and excess?
His but to know that they were given.

The rich
Were there, princes of royal, untold wealth,
Casting into the treasury from their
Abundance, gold,— polluted, tainted gold!
Perhaps with bribery and fraudulence
And blood of souls! Mere fraction of the tithes
And offerings due from such enormous gains,
Had they been honestly obtained; but thus
In robbing God, they merited his curse.
The poor were there. Those whom Misfortune's hand

Lay heavily upon, depriving them
Of everything save life and loyalty
To the traditions which their fathers held.
Crowded aside by Pride and Arrogance,
They waited opportunity to cast
Their gifts into the treasury.

Workmen,
Weary and worn from daily drudgery
In shop and field, were there. With calloused hand
They dropped their gifts into the treasury,—
Mere pittance, yet honest tithe of their
Small earnings since the last Passover feast.

A widow stood amid the throng. Her hair
Was whitened with the frosts of many years.
Her form was bent with taxing toil and care,
For poverty and want had been her lot.
How she found sustenance none knew, nor cared;
But all her substance she had brought—a gift
To cast into the treasury. With slow
And halting steps, supported by a staff,
She sought the treasure box, and, unobserved,
Deposited two mites, and went her way.

Out from the crowd of worshipers she passed,
Out from the temple gate into the street,
Her scanty raiment scarce protecting her
From the chill winds and cold of early spring.
She wrapped her garments close about her form,
And tottered on to what she called her home.
No cheerful smile to welcome her return;
She dwelt alone. No fire was on the hearth,
No food to place upon her humble board,
For she had given "all her living," naught
Had retained. Yet in her cheerless garret
Home, alone and cold, she found contentment
In the consciousness of having given—
Her only sorrow that it was no more.

Standing apart with his few followers
Was One, the mighty Healer, whom the throngs
Would see. He saw her gift, and valued it,
Not by its worth in gold and silver coined,
But by the greatness of the sacrifice.
The rich had given much, but she much more,
For she had given "all her living," yea,
Her life, her only source of sustenance.
She had no friend to whom she might appeal;
If she would live now, it must be by faith.
But she had read, "The just shall live by faith,"



Photo, Press Illustrating Service, Inc., N. Y.

ROPEMAKING IN DAMASCUS BY THE CITY WALL

And she believed the Word and gave her all.
 Valued by men the rich had given much.
 While her two mites were counted naught by them,
 She was assured that it was more than all
 That they had cast into the treasury.
 Assurance sweet! Affording to the poor
 Encouragement; and admonition to
 The rich! The treasures vast which they control
 Are theirs in trust. They are but stewards, and
 They must give account of every farthing
 Kept back which should have reached the treasury.

The widow's gift was not those little coins,
 Nor theirs the larger ones; both were their lives.
 Hers, one of sacrifice, prompted by love
 Of God; theirs, one of selfishness, prompted
 By love of gold and the applause of men.

How often since that great Passover feast,
 The simple story of the widow's mites
 Has stimulated generosity,
 And filled the coffers of the treasury!
 May it be ever so until He comes
 To give her life, who gave her life for him.

For the Finding-Out Club

Name the Authors

WHO said?

1. "Bread is the staff of life."
2. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
3. "God helps them that help themselves."
4. "Pity's akin to love."
5. "A man's house is his castle."
6. "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."
7. "Coming events cast their shadows before."
8. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."
9. "Love me little, love me long."
10. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."
11. "Better late than never."
12. "Look before you leap."
13. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."
14. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Who Is He?

MANY noted men and women lived in Revolutionary days, but this particular individual was a sophomore at Yale College when the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. Two years later, when he was graduated from this institution, his father gave him eight dollars and told him he must make his own way in the world.

The young man was anxious to study law. Since he could expect no further financial help from home, he borrowed books and started studying jurisprudence by himself, teaching school the while to pay expenses. But neither the textbooks which he studied nor those from which he taught suited him, so he hit upon the idea of improving them himself.

In 1783 his first effort, "the old blue-back speller," was published. The popularity of this book increased with the years, and twenty-four million copies were sold during the lifetime of the author. This speller really paved the way for his future endeavors, for with a royalty of one cent a copy he was free from financial worries. Turning from the pursuit of law, he became one of the greatest lexicographers of our modern age.

His monumental work was "The American Dictionary of the English Language," and this in its revised and unabridged form is a standard reference work

today. He devoted twenty years of earnest labor to the preparation of this book, and mastered twenty languages in order to give the proper word derivations and original sources.

Perhaps few men could have completed such a task in twenty years, and neither could this author, had it not been for the perfect system and order with which he carried on his work.

It remained for his brother to become a lawyer and statesman of national reputation, but the work of the lexicographer filled an international sphere.

L. E. C.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Give Them Charge of the Works

WHEN your society elected officers lately what was it you did, in effect?

Did you elect a set of folks to carry large responsibility without giving them enough elbow room? In less dignified words, are they your leaders, or are they holding the bag?

"When I hire a superintendent in my factory, I give him charge of the works," so a business man is quoted in the *Congregationalist*.

Your new leader is such a superintendent. The committee members are expected to assist him. How much freedom of action are you going to give them? Are you willing that they should really take the initiative? Will you follow their leadership? Will you work into their plans?

Or will you wait until they start something and then ask them why they didn't do it another way, or do something else, or do nothing at all?

Will you pull, pull back, or balk? Will you lift or loaf? Will you back up your leaders, or go back on them?

They are duly elected. That they shall be truly supported is your next move.—*Selected.*

The Prayer Bands

THE Bible contains perhaps no lesson more practical and inspiring for our prayer and personal workers' bands than the story of Gideon and his little army.

From this army all the "fearful and afraid" were sifted out. It took out more than two thirds of the number, but in this cause mighty deeds were to be done, and success depended not so much upon numbers as upon courage and unity. But even these brave characteristics were not enough. They might be brave enough to face a much larger force, and yet not possess the humility to give God all the glory, nor the enthusiasm and determination to follow up the victory the Lord gave, and press the battle to the gates.

So the second test was made, and nine thousand seven hundred broke rank and turned toward home. Only one out of one hundred six was prepared for service. Without waiting for elaborate equipment, with only the firebrands and the pitchers and the mighty war cry, "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon," this devoted three hundred went out to battle against an army of one hundred sixty-five thousand.

God could do through the three hundred what he could not do through the thirty-two thousand. They had the zeal, the devotion, the enthusiasm. It was once said to a man engaged in fighting for a great cause, "You are too impetuous, too red-hot,—you will injure your own cause;" but he replied, "I have to be red-hot to melt the icebergs around me."

So in our bands, let us not be discouraged though the majority may be faint-hearted and indifferent. Let the few who love Jesus, and whose hearts beat as one, engage in earnest, faithful prayer and service, and the victory is as certain as the promises of God. Is your society lifeless? Are your members indifferent? Rally your Gideon's band, and, whether there be thirty or three, let every one be a hero. And when faith has been tested, the heavens will open, and refreshing showers will come. Your hearts will thrill with the joy of victory over the enemy and over souls saved for eternity.—*Selected.*

Our Summary

OVER two thousand of our Seventh-day Adventist young men were called to the training camps during the past year, which is more than one tenth of all the Missionary Volunteers in America. No wonder, then, that the report for the quarter ending June 30, 1918, shows a decrease in membership and in the number of societies in North America. In some cases so few young people have been left in the home churches after the departure of the boys for camp, that it has necessitated the disbanding of whole societies. (See next page.)

It is surprising to notice what a large amount of missionary work has been done in spite of the loss of so many members. In some items there is a decided improvement, notwithstanding the fact that the membership is less than usual. The spirit of service has been abroad in the land, and many hearts have been stirred to greater earnestness than they have ever known before. May this good spirit continue!

You will be glad to know that in spite of the recent war, Missionary Volunteer Societies have been multiplying in other lands. Our total number of societies in all the world at the present time is nearly 1,300, over 100 more than we have had in any previous year. The total membership of these societies is 24,000. These are figures worth remembering. E. I.

Even So Send I You

HIDDEN GEMS.—

"THERE'S many a gem lies hidden
Beneath the dross of sin.
The day will soon be over
In which to work and win;
Then let us dig and find them:
God's power is enough
To polish into beauty
These diamonds in the rough."

NO SINGLE ADMISSIONS.—A priest had a striking dream. He dreamed he had ascended the ladder that reached from earth to heaven. Expectantly he knocked upon the door. Some one responded, and demanded, "Who is there?" Proudly the priest called his name. "Who is with you?" came the reply. "No one," answered the priest; "I am alone." "Sorry," said the angel, "but we are instructed never to open these gates for a single individual." And crestfallen and disappointed, he descended to earth.—*The War Cry.*

YOU HAVE WHAT THEY NEED.—"Ah, my friends," wrote F. B. Meyer, "listen to the roar of the Niagara of human souls pouring moment after moment into the unseen without God and without hope. Remember that each one is as sensitive to joy and sorrow, to hope and fear, as you are yourself; *remember that you have that which they need* as urgently as the starving need bread, and then consider if you cannot sympathize in the vehemence of the apostle's passionate desire to carry them the gospel: 'Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel! For if I do this thing willingly, I have a reward.'"

UNPROFITABLE EXPERIENCE.—It is related of Mr. Moody that a man rose in one of his meetings, and gave his experience. "I have been for five years on the Mount of Transfiguration." "How many souls did you lead to Christ last year?" was the sharp question that came from Mr. Moody in an instant. "Well, I don't know," was the astonished reply. "Have you led any?" persisted Mr. Moody. "I don't know that I have," answered the man. "Well," said Mr. Moody, "we don't want that kind of mountain-top experience."

SIDE LIGHTS ON MISSIONARY WORK.—In the Arizona desert there is a well fifty-five miles from any other water. Scattered all around, within fifteen or twenty miles of it, are bones of men and their horses that might have reached it had it been possible to know, on that featureless plain, where to find it. As close as five miles stand two wagons, each with skeletons of its party huddled around it. And at the very gateway of the inclosure a prospector was found one morning, lost and dead. Finally an owner erected a lighthouse. He planted a tall cottonwood pole and strung a lantern upon it, and that has been kept always lighted. We shiver to think that former owners could have been willing to neglect this,—to rescue perishing fellow men by so simple a means. But are you and I doing worse than that? Are we leaving our fellows in a more dreadful danger, neglecting to hold out to them the light of salvation?—*Epworth Herald.*

OBEY WHEN GOD SPEAKS.—There came to my mind one day an impression that I should go to a certain man with the word of life. He was a most unpromising case. Others had labored with him in vain. I tried to reason the impression away, but it would not go. I said, "Lord, you know how full this week is. There is only one evening in which it would be possible for me to see him, and the chances are he would not be at home." Thus I tried to escape the plain, clear call of God. Shame on us that we are so slow to do his bidding! I went reluctantly to the man's home. He responded to my ring, ushered me into the reception-room, and closed the door. Without delay I told him of my interest in his spiritual welfare, and asked him to accept Christ. "I will," was the prompt reply. He was waiting for my invitation. God had prepared his heart. We knelt together, and a soul was born into the fold of grace. O friend, be quick to obey when God speaks!—*"Passion for Souls," pp. 105, 106.*

TAKING MEN ALIVE.—Robert Moffat went to Africa in 1817. There he labored untiringly until 1870. God did a wonderful work through him. Hundreds were converted. In 1840 he spent a short time in England lecturing on missions in Africa. David Livingstone, a young medical student, heard him relate that on a bright morning he could see the smoke of a

(Concluded on page fifteen)

Summary of the Missionary Volunteer Work in North America for Quarter Ending June 30, 1918

Conferences	Number of Societies	Present Membership	No. Members Reporting	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings and Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent and Given	Books Sold	Books Lent and Given	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent and Given	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Articles Clothing Given	Value of Food Given	Treatments Given	Stewards to Temperance Pledges	Requests Given	Scripture Cards Given	Offerings for Foreign Miss.	Offerings for Home Miss.	Conversions	
ATLANTIC UNION																									
E. New York	6	65	16	9	21	22	169	477	225	47	4	423	33	33	\$.25	2	17	4	\$ 19.77	\$ 6.95	4				
Gr. New York	2	450	194	582	300	134	60	60	4224	456	310	316	4347	1061	404	35.23	110	12	87	1567	323.76	267.10	15		
Maine	13	213	132	141	88	39	87	14	3079	2147	794	81	459	218	14	3.00	3	67	92	58.03	2.63	13			
Massachusetts	21	452	270	503	161	110	182	9	976	8279	657	129	12	2663	467 1/2	111	10.75	108	8	57	26	204.49	125.74	21	
N. New Eng.	4	180	7	250	55	20	20	2	200	20	15	—	45	30	10	3.00	8	—	3	—	—	9.00	25.00	—	
S. New Eng.	9	82	41	86	22	90	8	1	256	639	42	54	3	260	87	42	1.49	1	—	9	157	46.05	25.60	4	
W. New York	11	186	77	179	40	376	74	4	1538	3038	182	115	19	467	376	17	1.55	—	—	29	322	38.16	18.76	—	
Bermuda Miss.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
CENTRAL UNION																									
Colorado	35	763	402	586	313	901	155	36	1488	6048	256	286	125	3248	2357	359	96.92	102	62	553	502	203.60	84.31	57	
Kansas	30	515	296	215	119	590	125	5	670	2182	480	261	13	1355	1048	252	40.00	23	9	80	191	117.70	18.95	8	
Missouri	19	332	184	301	139	509	56	47	207	2384	248	136	181	2590	640	105	72.00	97	73	12	65	292.63	5.84	28	
Nebraska	21	487	269	411	136	783	145	56	369	2571	230	140	13	614	641	394	46.15	37	23	64	24	327.39	44.86	40	
Wyoming	6	150	62	54	23	49	—	2	5	561	22	41	2	123	126	258	67.80	—	—	15	30	13.79	7.11	—	
COLUMBIA UNION																									
Chesapeake	10	114	74	78	20	38	19	5	580	2798	243	58	303	325	2033	42	.33	94	—	72	112	10.26	12.60	—	
Dist. of Col.	5	300	50	401	20	94	13	2	—	5162	2	24	14	463 1/2	84 1/2	48	.30	—	—	15	72	20.44	—	2	
E. Penn.	14	176	113	372	140	251	81	14	1959	3249	266	155	564	1192	1341	213	25.15	12	3	73	81	129.78	149.94	16	
New Jersey	26	348	275	181	71	727	121	3	590	4920	488	173	177	2447	822	64	18.30	14	3	156	122	149.92	53.79	9	
Ohio	22	456	371	590	274	637	256	60	2037	10494	1062	293	585	2053	958	259	48.85	33	50	166	185	230.15	82.77	25	
Virginia	2	51	51	27	11	118	21	8	117	145	561	21	40	134	88	35	.60	5	1	6	—	3.10	1.65	20	
W. Penn.	11	227	74	121	45	529	147	2	2597	2229	230	110	104	441	126	32	6.07	14	—	48	156	42.89	71.60	3	
W. Virginia	5	60	39	115	79	103	45	4	742	1454	746	—	—	2111	413	11	5.50	—	—	27	—	38.75	10.00	4	
LAKE UNION																									
E. Michigan	38	631	267	310	91	425	133	64	555	2997	242	187	18	1793	1253	134	22.35	28	—	87	125	317.59	55.83	40	
Indiana	34	437	230	291	135	866	156	14	418	10794	473	268	79	1618	1064	173	34.45	49	6	119	1022	265.52	91.26	3	
N. Illinois	41	800	488	627	433	2162	1270	86	4423	8592	416	309	260	3124	2079	592	154.93	173	36	169	587	607.63	103.89	34	
N. Michigan	16	152	55	77	26	524	7	2	231	1210	33	71	25	282	277	98	10.59	7	—	40	50	56.16	2.42	—	
N. Wisconsin	8	139	62	84	32	38	18	5	98	1144	20	18	—	138	333	21	2.25	3	46	14	11	39.65	4.16	10	
S. Illinois	14	177	83	130	26	1144	22	5	262	1697	390	61	21	780	326	47	9.50	14	8	31	5	53.75	—	—	
S. Wisconsin	21	327	110	100	27	853	100	13	203	1554	122	42	97	382	148	70	13.31	102	50	40	296	109.50	12.61	50	
W. Michigan	49	1070	471	631	132	520	258	40	292	7700	739	411	107	2313	1711	705	20.70	92	21	76	138	461.97	222.21	43	
NORTHERN UNION																									
Iowa	20	392	79	167	85	505	103	21	2515	3781	415	48	—	1232	493	200	32.05	24	—	74	161	263.79	172.90	10	
Minnesota	43	547	170	309	104	176	89	98	312	2754	115	79	224	963	777	213	28.75	19	1	98	174	121.89	31.60	12	
N. Dakota	13	323	150	149	67	88	86	106	85	3908	68	26	188	1674	94	43	8.00	36	—	6	1	52.87	31.25	73	
S. Dakota	7	193	80	177	68	108	39	65	532	1066	38	272	16	602	360	93	34.00	—	2	31	18	222.61	34.70	—	
NORTH PACIFIC UNION																									
Montana	—	—	—	9	—	6	—	—	200	381	6	—	—	29	83	5	—	14	—	1	—	56.81	—	—	
S. Idaho	12	225	—	31	17	98	13	5	11	1375	37	54	9	171	58 1/2	25	3.30	35	8	35	10	33.97	40.04	—	
S. Oregon	7	90	—	50	4	35	45	2	90	1000	20	30	6	200	50	—	—	2	—	—	—	45.00	12.00	—	
Upper Col.	18	491	133	547	40	427	9	4	258	6353	45	121	332	1097	369	217	38.50	7	11	206	361	158.81	120.60	5	
W. Oregon	12	233	77	96	27	186	13	69	517	11297	2	97	31	300	232	51	11.00	7	—	38	40	259.70	77.91	16	
W. Wash.	22	346	160	140	59	150	40	1	633	4967	2	88	65	1880	375	44	1.20	—	20	10	2	203.00	—	—	
PACIFIC UNION																									
Arizona	3	61	56	58	18	50	22	—	12	860	—	20	—	342	58 1/2	—	1.40	—	—	21	48	18.40	—	—	
California	23	464	336	581	164	365	160	827	155	4889	141	184	13	2199	74 1/2	218	37.40	48	28	270	21	336.49	217.52	6	
C. California	34	833	461	223	147	435	83	40	1312	16025	188	670	217	1453	1230	241	69.00	310	13	462	63	464.39	163.44	20	
Int.-Mountain	10	100	25	45	4	37	—	—	—	421	9	19	—	81	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2.50	—	9	
Nevada Miss.	3	24	20	4	1	57	14	6	138	877	10	1	—	10	11 1/2	25	—	—	—	—	—	35.23	5.00	9	
N. California	26	377	176	153	68	205	19	3	231	6011	561	122	31	670	490 1/2	144	7.90	23	—	245	14	164.73	89.97	6	
N. W. Cal.	19	478	16	239	88	210	44	44	699	6470	334	170	13	426	523	157	12.25	—	—	188	492	170.38	26.12	14	
S. California	18	445	91	220	94	1380	268	69	801	821	133	120	171	2403	549 1/2	302	21.30	27	1	205	21	647.98	50.49	3	
S. E. Cal.	25	546	300	113	47	198	20	89	454	5758	46	56	100	729	187	55	—	15	27	50	25	73.30	48.60	5	
SOUTHEASTERN UNION																									
Cumberland	6	140	36	46	30	88	6	—	306	338	129	30	30	316	92	18	2.95	—	—	2	50	—	13.52	71.10	17
Florida	21	270	133	181	69	217	84	8	166	3598	238	55	67	1127	590	116	14.12	30	46	115	29	116.23	26.56	9	
Georgia	8	223	113	237	135	1233	200	5	556	1804	497	149	68	770	1025	125	27.60	36	12	115	44	4.13	84.02	29	
N. Carolina	7	109	103	15	8	221	33	2	126	1066	26	17	—	473	975	32	3.50	3	—	76	—	37.73	3.20	12	
S. Carolina	11	210	108	85	46	396	139	1	371	487	556	58	20	214	4 1/4	36	25								

The Sabbath School

Even So Send I You

(Concluded from page thirteen)

IV — The Battle of Gibeon

(January 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 9, 10.

MEMORY VERSE: "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Ps. 50: 15.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 505-509; "Bible Lessons," McKibben, Book One, pp. 262-264.

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

Questions

1. When the people of Gibeon heard how Jericho and Ai had been taken by the Israelites, where did they go? What pretense did they make? What did they request? Joshua 9: 3-6.
2. How did the men of Israel and Joshua reply? Verses 7, 8.
3. What did the Gibeonites then say? What reason did they give for coming? Verses 9, 10.
4. Who did they claim had sent them? What gave their story the appearance of truth? Verses 11-13.
5. What mistake did the Israelites make? Verses 14, 15.
6. At the end of three days what did the Israelites hear? How many cities did the Gibeonites have? Verses 16, 17.
7. Describe the city of Gibeon? Joshua 10: 2.
8. Why did the Israelites not smite the Gibeonites when they learned of the deception? Joshua 9: 18-20. Note 1.
9. What did Joshua propose concerning them? What did the people of Gibeon say? What was therefore done with them? Verses 21-27. Note 2.
10. When the king of Jerusalem heard of Jericho, Ai, and Gibeon, how did he and his people feel? To whom did he send for help? Joshua 10: 1-5. Note 3.
11. To whom did the men of Gibeon send for help? What assurance did the Lord give Joshua? In order to arrive in time, what did Joshua and his men do? Verses 6-9.
12. How did the Lord fight for Israel? Verses 10, 11. Note 4.
13. When Joshua saw that the day was going to be too short to complete the overthrow of the enemy, to whom did he cry for help? What astonishing command did he then give to the sun and the moon? What came to pass? What has never taken place before or since that time? Verses 12-14.
14. Where did the five kings of the Amorites hide themselves? What was finally done with them? Verses 16-27.
15. How complete was the victory which the Lord gave Joshua over the enemies of Israel? Verses 40-43.

Would You Like to Know

What the command of the Lord was concerning the dwellers in Canaan? Read Ex. 23: 31, 32.

An honorable way by which the Gibeonites might have been received into the family of Israel, instead of being servants? Read Ex. 12: 43-49; Lev. 19: 33, 34; Num. 15: 15.

Notes

1. "The Gibeonites had pledged themselves to renounce idolatry, and accept the worship of Jehovah; and the preservation of their lives was not a violation of God's command to destroy the idolatrous Canaanites. Hence the Hebrews had not by their oath pledged themselves to commit sin. And though the oath had been secured by deception, it was not to be disregarded. The obligation to which one's word is pledged,—if it does not bind him to perform a wrong act,—should be held sacred."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 506.*

2. For centuries the descendants of the Gibeonites were connected with the services of the sanctuary, doing the heavy, laborious work. In later times this class of assistants was called Nethinims. Ezra 8: 20.

3. "The surrender of Gibeon would fill the kings of southern Canaan with dismay. It was, so to speak, treason within their own camp; it gave Israel a strong position in the heart of the country and within easy reach of Jerusalem; while the possession of the passes leading from Gibeon would throw the whole south of Canaan open to their incursion. In the circumstances it was natural that the chieftains of the south would combine, in the first place, for the retaking of Gibeon."—*Edersheim, Vol. III, p. 80.*

4. "It must needs be a very great terror and confusion to the enemy to perceive that heaven itself fought against them; for who can contest with, flee from, or fence against, the powers of heaven? They had affronted the true God and robbed him of his honor by worshipping the host of heaven, giving that worship to the creature which is due to the Creator only, and now the host of heaven fights against them, and even that part of the creation which they idolized is at war with them, and even triumphs in their ruin. Jer. 8: 2."—*Henry.*

thousand villages ascending, and not one of them had ever heard the name of Jesus. That was Livingstone's call. He went to Africa in 1840, and labored strenuously until 1873, doing a mighty work for God. In 1871 the world thought Livingstone was lost or dead. Nothing had been heard from him for months. The New York *Herald* and London *Times* sent Stanley to find him. After eleven months' search, Stanley found the dear old gray-headed man of God, and tried to get him to return to civilization. But Livingstone felt his work was not yet completed. Stanley spent four months with Livingstone, and the newspaper skeptic became a converted man. God then used Stanley to call the attention of the world to Africa and especially to Uganda. Mackay responded to the need, and thousands were converted. Thus Moffat won Livingstone, Livingstone won Stanley, Stanley won Mackay, Mackay won Uganda."

THE REAL VALUE OF A SOUL.—"The value of a soul, who can estimate? Would you know its worth, go to Gethsemane, and there watch with Christ through those hours of anguish, when he sweat as it were great drops of blood. Look upon the Saviour uplifted on the cross. Hear that despairing cry, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Look upon the wounded head, the pierced side, the marred feet. Remember that Christ risked all. For our redemption heaven itself was imperiled. At the foot of the cross, remembering that for one sinner Christ would have laid down his life, you may estimate the value of a soul."—*"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 196.*

ARE we worth the sacrifice that has been made for us? Let us settle it today that we will at least by our unselfish service for the Master prove to him that we appreciate his infinite love. "Live so that those who know you, but do not know him, will want to know him because they know you." By and by it will be our unspeakable, happy privilege to look into the face of our Saviour and express to him in person our thanks for what he has done for us.

"I WONDER if we'll help Him, you and I;
Or shall we look across his work with careless eye?
Shall we not offer some dear service in his name?
Set burning in some heathen heart God's flame?"

"Or better yet, our truest best lives give
That he who died on Calvary, may live
In some sad heart — perha's not o'er the sea,—
That heart may wait next door to you and me."

"How sweet 'twill be at evening,
If you and I can say,
'Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The sheep that went astray;
Heartsick and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And now we come at evening
Bearing them safely home.'"

A CONNECTICUT tobacco grower said at a farmers' meeting: "I am going to take several acres of land that I had planned to put into tobacco this year, and plant it to potatoes. It is going to cost me money, but I guess I can stand the loss, and some more loss too. For, when the potatoes are ripe, I am going to dig them and give them to the Government free of charge. Those potatoes are not going to cost Uncle Sam one cent; they are going to be my 'bit.'" A suggestion for all other tobacco growers.

"THINK all you speak; but speak not all you think;
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more;
Where wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink;
Lips never err when she doth keep the door."

Why People Should Own and Read Books

BOOKS should be owned and read for the same reasons that other necessities and desirable possessions are purchased and retained. Mind and soul require development and re-enforcement equally with the body, and no man or woman is normal who does not recognize the needs of the spirit, and provide for it the refreshment necessary for its sustenance and growth.

It is doubtful if a borrowed book has the same effect and influence on its reader as a book that is a personal possession. Its reading is apt to be that of casual acquaintanceship rather than responsive friendship, and when returned, is very often as promptly out of mind as out of sight. But a book of one's own selection, bought with one's own money, read with the joy of ownership, and kept on the table or put on the shelf, grows day by day an ever dearer friend.

There are people who at times have to make a choice between books and bread. There are times when the bread needed is — books.— *Kate Langley Boshier.*

John Ruskin and His Mother and the Bible

MY mother forced me by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to Revelation, about once a year; and to that discipline — patient, accurate, and resolute — I owe not only a knowledge of the Book, but much of my general power of taking pains and the best part of my taste in literature. . . .

I have next with deeper gratitude to chronicle what I owed to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear in habitual music,— yet, in that familiarity, revered, as transcending all thought and ordaining all conduct.

This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority, but by simply compelling me to read the book thoroughly, for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching at every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; that she did not care about, but she was sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end.

In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse, hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all, and began again at Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience; if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being spoken.

After our chapters (from two to three a day according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed,— none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs, and none from any visitings or excursions except real traveling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known.— *John Ruskin.*

Good School Games

(Concluded from page two)

I explained that Tarzan and his brother apes traveled from tree to tree along the branches, but we would modify this slightly by traveling on the ground. All the apes gathered around a tree trunk. I selected as their first goal another tree — the first, second, or third tree down the street.

As the hunter, I stood between the apes and their new goal, and shouted:

"Travel, Apes!"

Any ape that I tagged as he traveled between the trees became the hunter, while I became an ape for the run to the next tree selected farther on.

To expedite our progress no ape was allowed to run back toward the houses or to stray out of the space between the curbstone and the houses.

Duck on the Rock

One afternoon at Lawrence we picked empty tin cans out of the scrap barrel in the back yard — one can for each player. One boy, volunteering to be "it," stood his can (or "duck") upon a larger can, or on a box (called "the rock"). The rest of us tried to knock it off.

We threw our cans (or "ducks"), one at a time, from behind a marked line about twelve to twenty-five feet away from "the rock." Then each player tried to run back with his duck to the throwing line — to throw again.

While watching for a chance to run home safely, the player must keep his foot on his duck. Whenever his foot is off the duck, the player may be tagged by the guardian of the duck on the rock. But, whenever this duck is knocked off the rock, its owner must replace it before he can tag any one.

When the duck is on the rock and its guardian tags another player, that player becomes "it;" he puts his duck on the rock, and all the other players try to knock it off.

Real rocks may be used instead of cans. Bean bags do nicely — especially indoors — but when a bean bag is the duck, the rock on which it is balanced should be an Indian club — or, in the schoolroom, a desk or small table.— *Charles Frederick Weller.*

"It is when we forget ourselves that we do things that are remembered."

"How strong is he who, brave yet undefiant,
Admits mistakes and still is self-reliant!"

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Bay City Whaling Station	3
Mission Experiences Among the Navajos	5
Advertise, Advertise!	6
Camping by the Winding Road (poetry)	7
Uncle Sam's Hunters	7
Cubebs: What Are They?	7
How the Conscience Brings the Greatest Success	10
The Widow's Mites (poetry)	11
SELECTIONS	
The Will of God (poetry)	6
An Elephant Pensioned	8
Letters from Home (poetry)	9
The Giants of Today	9
Perseverance Wins	9
Sadie	10